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Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the Office, 35 King Street West, Toronto.

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Communications connected with the business department must be addressed to the MANAGER, care of Mr. A. S. IRVING, Exclusive Wholesale Agent, No. 35 King Street West.

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VOL. 2.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1874.

No. 26.

**EDITOR'S
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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beas is the Bas; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1874.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

Next week "GRIP" will appear enlarged to eight pages and illustrated with carefully prepared wood engravings. A gentleman of experience and ability has been engaged as Editor-in-Chief, and a staff of able writers secured. The publishers take this occasion to thank the patrons of "GRIP" for the very generous support and encouragement their enterprise has received in the past, and hope that, through a merited continuance of the same, they may be able shortly to announce further improvements. A canvass of the Dominion, for the purpose of securing a large subscription list is being inaugurated, and suitable persons (of either sex), are wanted as agents. To those who have any capacity at all for such work, the undertaking cannot but be very lucrative, as the commission is liberal and the "field" easily worked. All particulars can be learned from Messrs. CLEVER & ROGERS, subscription booksellers, 10 King street east, Toronto. "GRIP" will be mailed to any address for one year on receipt of \$2. Address "GRIP," Box 958.

Grip's Sense of the Session.

May 11.—Senator's minds were exercised about the dismissal of certain officials on political grounds, and Hon. Mr. HOWLAN wanted Government (to use his own exquisitely grammatical expression) to "get up and state" that they would never do so no more.

In the Commons, Mr. CHEVAL thought twenty cent pieces a nuisance (who doesn't?), and asked if Government would abolish them, which GRIP is happy to say they will.

Major WALKER moved for statistics in connection with Civil Service Employees, and wants them to be subjected to the indignity of competitive examinations. Think of it, ye Tom Noddy's and FITZ NOODLE's who, according to Dr. TUPPER, are overworked and underpaid, toiling for an ungrateful country from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

May 12.—The Premier introduced his Pacific Railway Scheme, and made it rather warm for Sir JOHN in a speech, for which GRIP pats him on the back with an approving croak.

It is to be called "The-Canada-Pacific—part-of-the-way-by-rail-and-the-balance-by-water-in-the-summer-Company," and is intended to utilize those great lakes with unpronounceable names lying between this and the Rocky Mountains.

Of course, in winter, people can stay at home and drink tea (with the tax on), which will swell the revenue, and delight CARTWRIGHT.

\$15,000 was asked for, for unforeseen expenses, but it's no use, ALECK, you can't buy up GRIP. And, at 11:40, members had the usual trouble with their latch keys.

May 13.—They decided in the Commons to sit on Saturday; industrious Legislators!

Mr. FORBES enquired if Government could afford to place a fog whistle on some remote island where one of his constituents lives, but Government wouldn't and couldn't.

Mr. McDUGALL wanted Government to interfere and restrict the St. Lawrence from flooding Three Rivers. Now, Mr. MACKENZIE—emulate CANUTE.

And here GRIP joins with Mr. HOLTON in deprecating the childish practice indulged in by members, of throwing books at one another.

"Some white man's going to get killed with jest sich d—d foolishness as this."

May 14.—Ascension Day, and a holiday. GRIP and the other members adjourned to the cricket match, in which the Commons came out victors.

Let SOUTHEY sing it—

And if you want to know the man
Who such a match did win,
'Twas he who bowled so straight and fast—
'Twas Dr. LANDERKIN.
JAMES YOUNG did well, but 'twas not he
Who won that famous victory.

In the Commons, smokers tried to get the duty off tobacco; failed by 118 to 46.

Old women tried to get the duty off tea—a vote resulted in the following analysis of the House: Old women, 51; others, 108.

What a pity women can't be members? Wouldn't they tuck it on to tobacco, and wouldn't it be "tuck" off the tea?

SMIKE.

PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES.

It has been hinted that there is to be an official and exact report of all speeches made by members of the Parliament at Ottawa. GRIP regards this novelty with dismay. It is totally subversive of all his ideas of the value of things. These speeches are to be printed, and each member will get two bound volumes and six unbound volumes. GRIP supposes that each constituency will provide a safe—one of Taylor's of course—to hold these invaluable works, so that intellectual burglars shall not steal them. There will be great danger of that! Caw! Caw!! GRIP's well fed sides shake with laughter over that. But, behold what will follow. The Provincial legislators will next want their speeches reported accurately, and printed. Aldermen will follow suit, and the archives of the city of Toronto will be enriched with the eloquence of Blunt, Snivel, and Splurge. Lawyers will come in with their demand to be perpetuated; ministers probably, and the chairmen at debating societies certainly. The Pacific Railway is a boy's game compared with this scheme.

After half an hour's unwonted depression of spirits, GRIP has solved the problem of what it all means. Some friend of humanity has devised this plan for cleaning out the House. It is probably another deep laid plan of Sir John's for killing off the majority. Only let them believe their speeches are to be fully reported, he says, and they'll kill themselves talking. GRIP thinks they probably would, but they would take an awful amount of killing, and the story of the dog whose vital spark was quenched with butter rises to view.

After another thirty minutes' deliberation, GRIP abandons the above theory, and now believes that this is one of several steps in a subtle design to advance the interests of the Dominion. It has been already hinted that in the event of a Federal Union of all the portions of the Empire, it would be advisable to remove the center of gravity to some point in Canada, say Toronto; and bring the Queen, Lords, Commons, Squires, men on strike, poor houses, banks, Liverpool docks, Jenkins emigrant agency, everything in fact,—except "Punch," whom GRIP considers a regular allopah in comic practice—and that it would be a fine thing to have a Hansard ready-made for the use of old country wind bags. If it isn't this,—GRIP feels his head giving way—oh, oh, caw! caw!!

After another half hour's insensibility, in an epileptic fit, GRIP gives it up; there is somebody crazy, that's certain, thinks it must be somebody down at Ottawa, or somewhere. GRIP advocates that at the next election a qualification of candidates for parliament be that they shall understand the deaf and dumb alphabet, and be restricted to its use in the debates in the house. Ordinary members to be allowed five minutes each, and the Ministers ten in addressing the house. The reports to be printed in "Hansard" in the ancient Chaldean character. The scheme reminds GRIP of the colored pusson's conundrum—"Why is a rail fence like a hog?" Because it is straight on the whole but crooked in de-tail. We don't want speeches made of de-tail.

A LEGAL LAY.

BY A SPECIAL PLEADER.

My BLACKSTONE! Ah, 'tis with a sigh
I con thy pages tame;
And thou, O COKE, altho' so dry,
Thou feed'st not CUPID's flame!

There is a maiden fair indeed,
Without consideration;
No Notice have I yet to Plead,
Or file my Declaration.

Upon my Suit she seems to smile,
And at my firm adherence,
Should I a Declaration file,
She'll enter an Appearance.

Would that a Habeas Corpus writ
By CUPID signed, could gain her;
Content by my fire-side I'd sit
With such a fair Retainer.

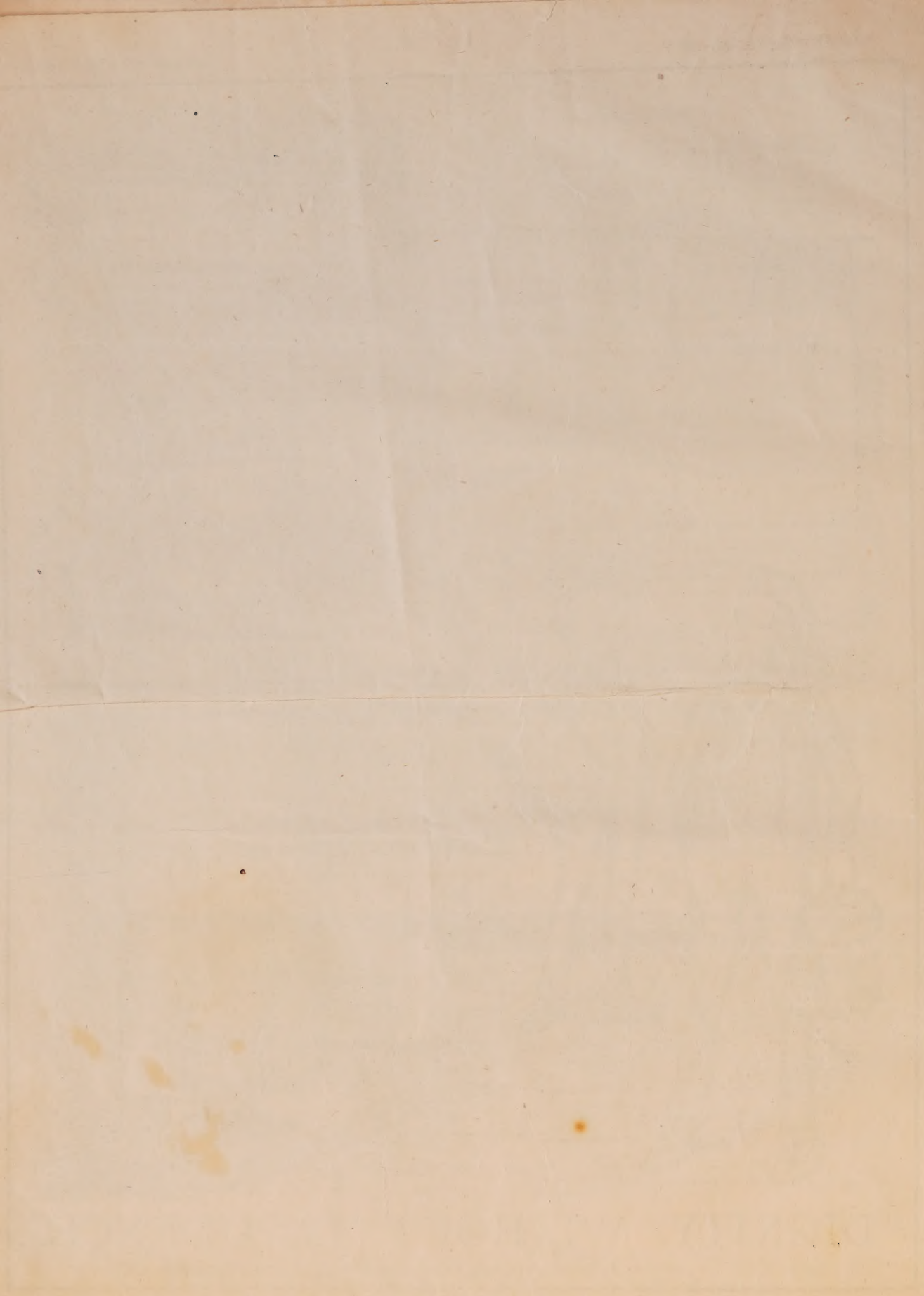
Alas! some weary years I wait
Ere Freedom thou returnest,
Till law has settled in my pate,
And then—a lass in earnest!

SHALL an official report of Parliamentary debates be published?
This question has been Hansard.

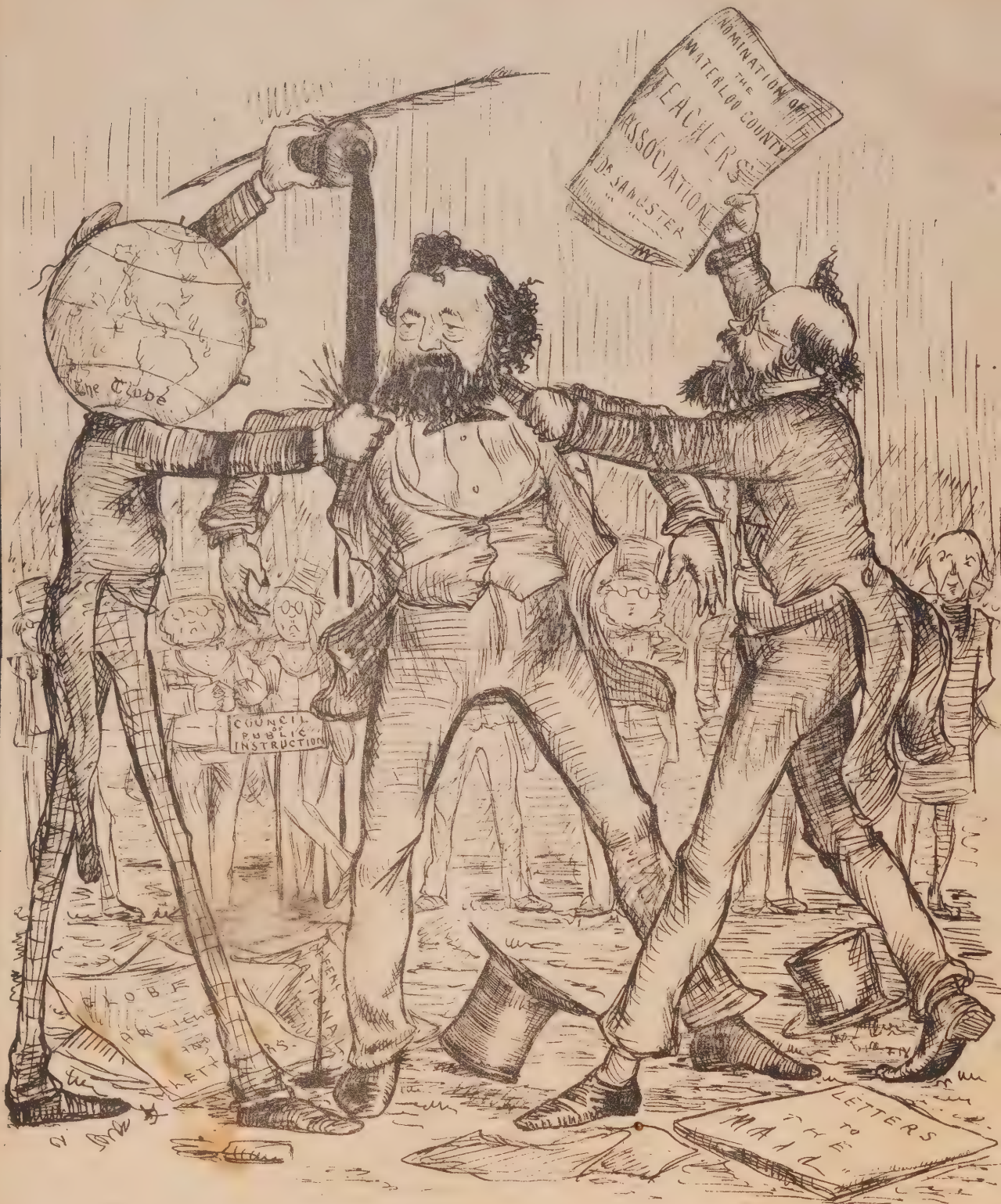


"DIGNITY," WITHOUT "IMPUDENCE."

OLD MADAME SENATE—"I SAY, MR. LOWER-HOUSE MACKENZIE, WHO'S RUNNING THIS COUNTRY, ANYHOW?"







AMBITION'S THORNY PATH.

PUFFERY.

The *Hamilton Spectator*, in noticing the performance of Mr. T. C. King as *Othello*, takes occasion to insert in its critique the remark "this is not a puff." The system of "giving notices" has reached a disgraceful height, if it is really necessary for editors to make a statement of this nature in endorsement of superlatives. It is by no means reassuring to the reader of a newspaper to find that every species of performer from a Shaksperian actor to a nigger minstrel, is spoken of in terms of the most unequalled laudation, after fearful experience of some of the wretched frauds in the musical and dramatic line who visit our shores when unable to "draw" in the States. Now, every petty performer requires a "notice" of his or her previous career, as well as a flattering account of the pending performance before giving an advertisement; and the short-sighted newspaper proprietor, whilst haggling over the price of a line or two in the advertisement, readily consents to insert a "notice," forgetting that he thereby inserts a double advertisement, in addition to degrading his journal in a manner which the lowest class of European papers will hardly stoop to, and the better American ones are rapidly casting aside. As for musical or dramatic criticism, it is, of course, completely non-existent under the present state of affairs. The evil will however work its own cure, as the "opinions of the press" will soon, we fear, be regarded as merely advertisements, even if any take the trouble to read them at all. Even the most credulous readers can hardly be taken in by critiques which mostly appear before the performances have taken place.

A DOMESTIC BALLAD.

BY REV. CHAS. KINGSLEY.

Three women went shopping in King street west,
In King street west as the sun went down;
Nor thought of their husband's stern behest
To run no accounts in Toronto town.
Nor men must work, though it's rather steep,
Where there's little to earn and many to keep,
With the butcher's bill still owing.

Three men sat perched on three office stools,
And posted their books as the sun went down;
And little they knew, poor innocent fools,
Of the bills that were rolling up all over town.
But men must work, their spouses to keep,
Nor men must work, though it's rather steep,
And a whirlwind of debt they're sowing.

Three curses were heard when the New Year came,
When the New Year came, and the bills rolled in;
And three women sat wringing their hands in shame
At the way they'd wasted their husband's tin.
For men will swear both loud and deep,
And as women will sow, so must they reap,
In spite of conjugal blowing.

AN OTTAWA INCIDENT.

AS TRUE AS ANYTHING IN THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

THERE was a little man and he made a little pun,
And then his little face grew red, red, red,
For after he had spoke, nobody saw the joke,
And all remained as grave as the dead, dead, dead.

So the little man went home and related with a groan,
How he had just been talking to a very stupid lot,
And his wife said in a minute, "they were members of the Senate,
Now tell me little husband, were they not, not, not.

Then he said, "I own the corn, for as sure as I was born,
They all sit in the house called the upper, upper, upper,
Except one, most stupid there, who sits in a Commons chair,"
"Oh, that one," said his wife, "must be Tupper, Tupper, Tupper."

DEMOS MUDGE.

P. S.—If MILLS could be got to rhyme with upper, she would have said MILLS.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

A London, Ont., paper, in announcing a lecture by a phrenologist in Spettigue Hall, the other evening, said: "the arguments would be illustrated by the examination of heads secured from the audience." The reporter who wrote the paragraph must have been experimented upon.

AN ANALOGY.

Suggested by a patient perusal of the Poets of the Canadian Monthly.

When they strive to write
They are like the wight
Who, down in a well,
Ere his bucket fell,
Saw the water shine
With a gleam divine.
To him there we turned
While our coppers burned,
And in thought we quaffed
A long delicious draught.
But when on the brink
We had stooped to drink,
Found no water there
More than in the air,
For the bucket leaked
While it upward creaked.
So when these do raise
Their ambitious lays,
To them turn our eyes—
We fancy poems rise.
But when we would drink,
Undeceived we shrink,
For the verse is naught.
Empty and untaught,
Passionless and weak,
They but make a creak.

A BURNING SHAME.

BY SMIKE.

It was on a bright summer evening that little FRANKIE lay a dying. For the doctor had said that ere tub-night came round again little FRANKIE would be where soap would be no longer an object.

Which was inconvenient for FRANKIE and rather rough on the angels.

He had always been what is called a good boy in the general acceptance of the term; he had grown up in preference to growing sideways, which was creditable to him, and he had never told the truth when a lie would answer his purpose.

Five cents would not have led him out of the paths of honesty, and he had gone on and waxed strong and got waxed, and won the esteem and the marbles of school-mates until the fatal Sunday morn when drowsy sleep coming on him in Church, he woke at "Amen," shouting "Knuckle down tight."

And remorse was now working its fell purpose on poor FRANKIE.

By his side sat his toothless and ritualistic mother, the eye that didn't squint gazing heavenwards, the other with equally good intention but defective aim resting somewhere between the key-hole and the door-mat.

"Mother," said little FRANKIE, "soon I shall be gone, and if you go to the cremation, mother, don't weep. (I know its a burning shame), but jaw the stoker, mother, and tell him to pour on the kerosene."

And with a smile on his little face as of one who sees the furnace "gates ajar"—he was gone.

When another spring time came round his weeping mother planted daisies round his little grave (confound it, that's not right), they dusted his little urn and thought of FRANKIE.

JOURNALISTIC COOKERY.

This advertisement is from the London *Free Press* :—

"Cook wanted. She must thoroughly understand the business. Wages \$12 per month. Apply at this office."

Innocent outsiders, who have no idea of what it is to get up a political morning paper, will of course be at a loss to understand why the *Free Press* should advertise for a cook. But let such contemplate the experience and skill required in dishing up canards and rumours, and the matter is plain.

CORRESPONDENCE.—A spirited correspondent intimates that since the imposition of increased tariff on distilled liquors, for increase of revenue, the Premier has received a word of timely advice through a "Spirit medium," which is this: "Be careful not to spend at the bung what you save at the spigot." May the revenue be the gainer by this most timely reminder. It's wholesome as "bitter beer"!

A VOICE from the Maritime Provinces says: They tell us there are too many Heads of Departments at Ottawa. But no matter, provided they don't give us too many and long "tales for the Marines"!

NEW AND SEASONABLE.

Just received, a choice assortment of

**CORONET BRAIDS, PLAITS, CHIGNONS
COILS, &c., &c.,**In Hair, Jute, Mohair and Linen. Pads in sets
of six. Pompadour Pads and Frisettes.

A New and General Variety of Switches.

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patch, to match any color, style or pattern.
Ladies sending their own hair can have it made
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customers, begs to inform the public gene-
rally that he has, by the advice of his friends, add-
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with Oysters from the shell, of the best quality.

Hot Meat Pies at all hours.

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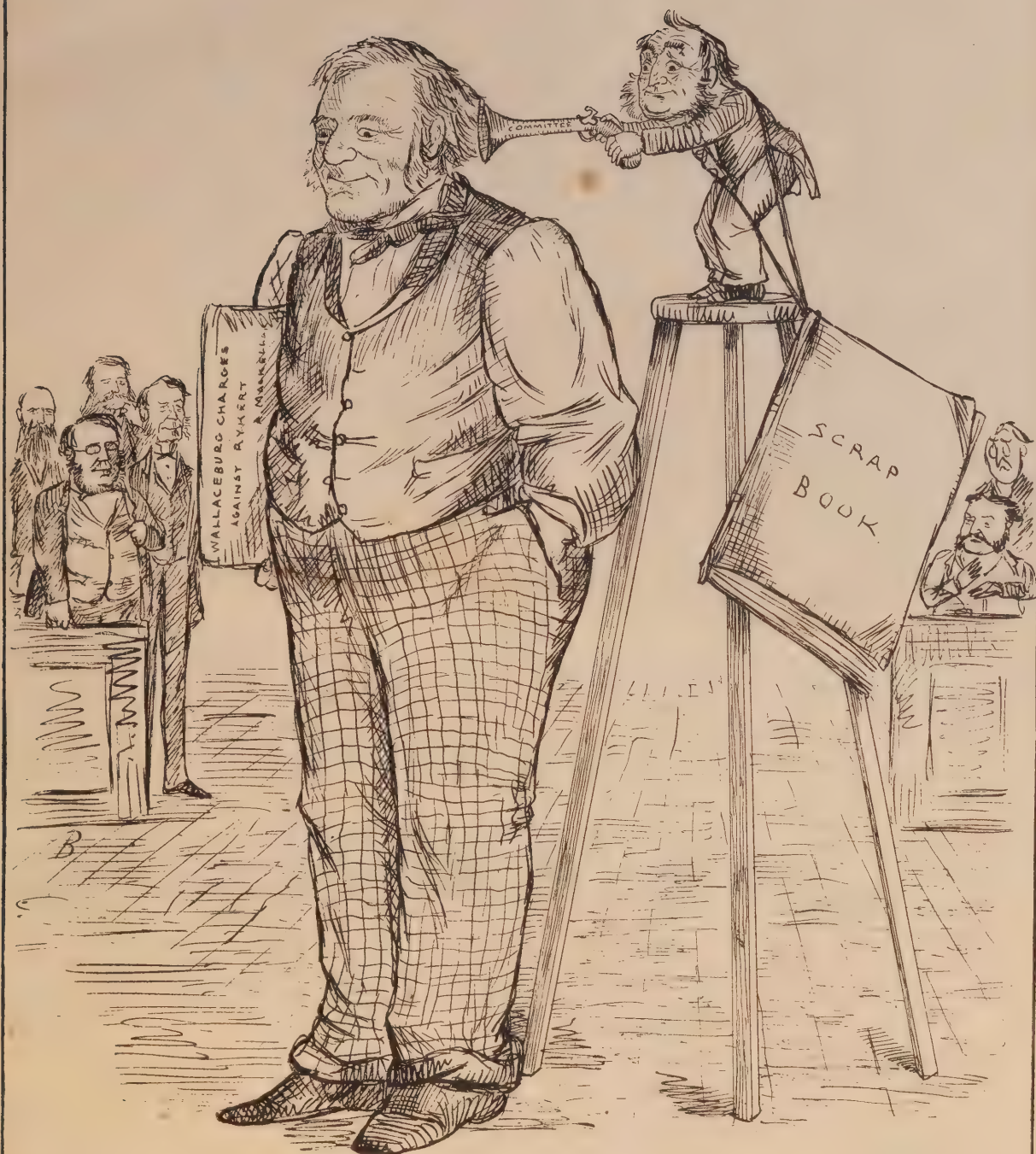
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Organized 1849.

President—Henry Crocker. Vice-President—Daniel Sharp; Secretary—Whiting E. Hollister; Assistant Secretary—Charles H. Brewer.

Statement for Year ending Dec. 31. 1873.

RECEIPTS.	
Premiums, - - - - -	\$1,670,205 13
Interest, - - - - -	501,791 51
Total Receipts, - - - - -	\$2,371,996 64

DISBURSEMENTS.	
Death Losses, - - - - -	\$416,800 00
Paid for Surrendered Policies, - - - - -	189,368 24
Paid Return Premiums, - - - - -	345,401 17
Paid Matured Endowments, - - - - -	7,900 00

Total amount returned Policyholders, \$959,649 41
Assets, \$8,000,000; Surplus at 4 1/2 per Cent, \$1,253,871.

This Company unites absolute safety to low cash rates; it is economically managed, and returns yearly all surplus revenue to its Policyholders. Its liberal features are equalled by few companies, and excelled by none.

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Temple Chambers, Toronto Street, Toronto.

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Energetic Canvassers Wanted throughout Canada.

“ G R I P . ”

CANADA'S SUCCESSFUL COMIC CARTOON PAPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

PROSPECTUS VOL. III.

The Publishers of “GRIP” have great pleasure in announcing the first number of the third (half-yearly) volume. “GRIP” was started on the 24th May, 1873, and has, during the twelve months of its existence, attained a popularity and success quite unexampled in the annals of Canadian Comic Journalism. That it has become a power in the land is attested by the universal voice of the press, and the not unfrequent tributes to its influence uttered upon the floor of the House of Commons, or in other public places, by the most prominent men of all political parties. Its Cartoons have been distinguished for originality, power, and humour, and have made the name of “GRIP” a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land. The willingness of the people of Canada to support a publication of this class, if conducted honourably and ably, is beyond question. The large circulation which “GRIP” has had from its initial number up to the present, notwithstanding that but little effort has been made to obtain subscribers, is an evidence of this. The publishers purposely refrained from sending out canvassers up to the present time, as they desired to prove that “GRIP”—unlike its many predecessors—would be a permanent institution. The uniform interest manifested by the public in each succeeding number, and the undiminished applause with which the caricatures continue to be received, argue that, so far as the people are concerned, this permanency is assured; while the publishers have confidence that with the improvement they purpose making in the paper, and their increased facilities for its prompt and regular delivery to subscribers, there need be no abatement in “GRIP’s” popularity. The leading Cartoon will be carefully engraved by one of the best artists in the Dominion; and will be supplemented by several smaller caricatures in each number. The editorial management has been entrusted to a gentleman whose past performances in connection with a clever satirical journal of Canada are a guarantee of his fitness for the position. Contributors will be paid liberally for articles of merit, and writers of first-rate ability will hereafter be secured to furnish the literary department. “GRIP” will continue to occupy a position of complete independence in politics and all other matters; he will strive to sustain the reputation he has achieved as “the fearless corrector of public morals, and a wise director of public opinion, regardless of party.”

Liberal Commission to Agents, who will find Canvassing for Subscribers to GRIP a good paying business. Send for Terms and District desired to

CLEVER & ROGERS,

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKSELLERS,

10 King Street East, TORONTO.

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Jass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1874.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

GRIP begs to countermand the notice given last week with reference to contributions and exchange newspapers. Address everything as heretofore: Box 958, Toronto.

"Who struck Billy Patterson?"



N last Saturday's *Globe* there appeared an advertisement calculated to raise this old and vexed question. It was as follows:—

\$25 REWARD for the man that struck Mr. W. PATTERSON, opposite the Mail office.

As it is not at all likely that the long sought miscreant has been found up to this writing, GRIP supposes it is not too late to furnish the advertiser with a clue which may "lead to the apprehension" of the fellow; and this he does without any thought of the \$25. Herewith, then, Mr. P.'s friends will find a correct portrait of the individual "wanted." GRIP guarantees the truthfulness of the sketch—particularly the expression about the eyes. The nose, ears, and a few other minor characteristics of the phiz, have been sacrificed in favor of the white hat—a feature likely to be of the highest importance to the detectives, as it is traditionally associated with "the man that struck BILLY PATTERSON."

ciated with "the

The Zig-Zag Papers.

I.—ON A VERY OFFENSIVE CAD.



"YOU'LL REMEMBER ME."

We all know young men for whom our toes itch, they so evidently require several kicks behind. We do not wish those handsome fellows who ornament King street every afternoon, to imagine that we refer to them. We remember too well the days of our youth, when the cut of a coat was more important than the paying for it; when a crease in the trousers gave us inexpressible pain, and when the tie of a neck cloth was often repeated. Self-respect makes us think well of an honest dandy. We believe that no young fellow who does not take pride in his personal appearance can feel or act like a gentleman. The youths who slouch round in dingy wide-awakes, dimmed boots and soiled shirt-collars, can never be respectable members of society. They generally become politicians, speculators, railroad men, or something equally disreputable.

But there are many members of the great army of cads disguised under the harmless exterior of swells. They may be known by strange affectations of speech, by ultra fashionable apparel, by bragging of the acquaintance of great people, and generally by self-assertion and conduct not natural.

One of the most offensive of these we came across last week on our return from Malbaie-by-the-sea, where we had been making cheap arrangements for the summer residence of the wife of our bosom and six darling children.

A most uncomfortable eye-glass forced his face into frightful contortions, which caused an old Vermont lady who sat opposite, to offer her pain-killer, with the remark that he must "be pretty considerably griped." He rejected her proffered kindness with a silent contempt that abashed her, and continued to gaze round the car, unmindful of an impudent young Irishman who had fixed a penny in his eye, and was returning the stares with the utmost coolness and self-approval. A narrow forehead retreating under a carefully nursed wave of hair, dress quite perfect according to his conception of the latest fashion, and a very gorgeous rug completed the young gentleman's ensemble.

At a way station a lady whom he knew came aboard, and thereafter he addressed himself to her.

We sat behind and could not help hearing a large part of his discourse.

He was very entertaining, and told about Toronto—which he was honoring with his residence; about his "cattle," and about a new kind of dog-cart in which he was to drive the young lady originals of a number of photographs he then exhibited, and which was the envy of all the fellows whose envy was to be desired. We are afraid the readers of GRIP will be unable to grasp from mere description the original vehicle he expatiated on—which was *not* a dog-cart either single or double, nor any kind of ordinary wheeled thing seen in our little Dominion—which was coming out from England, that was delightfully high and fast, and altogether "stornary and esentrie," combining all the perfections of the most perfect trap, with the peculiar perfections of that young gentleman's designing."

He told his companion of his dining at Government House,—casually mentioning that he thought it his duty to recognize high placed public officials,—and how he and another man walked through the streets in the summer evening in full dress, carrying a light overcoat on their arms, and were not mobbed—which certainly was strange. Warming with his narration, he confided to the lady that Toronto was a disgusting place after all; few young ladies, none whose photographs he had not, and very, very few gentlemen. His friend who dined with him that evening at Government House was one of the very few, as was the speaker by implication.

You may imagine the horror with which we—who have from our earliest youth, regarded our native aristocracy with awe and envy—heard this young man mention the bluest blood of the Family Compact, all the great dignitaries of the Bench, Bar and Pulpit, with utter disrespect.

It was evident that he knew them all personally, for he was alike perfectly at home in the most recondite scandal and the newest gossip. His descriptions of people were by no means bad, and we were for a while at a loss to reconcile his cleverness in this respect with the vapidty of his other talk.

It is, however, by the catalogue of salient points that verbal descriptions of persons are made recognizable,—a fool is as likely as another to see these, and as he sees no more, he is able to throw off a caricature, while one who discerns the minutest shades of character, difficult to describe, finds it impossible to make a portrait.

It was some time before I discovered the vantage ground on which this young fellow imagined himself to stand, and which gave him superiority over the natives he was treating so contemptuously. But an allusion to English society, followed by a whole chapter of his experiences therein, gave the explanation. He had seen high life, he was intimate with the nobility, he knew celebrities of the very biggest kind. His lies and bragging were so frightful to hear that we sought refuge in the smoking car, and never left it till we arrived at Toronto station.

Thence we saw him whirled in the family carriage, with the fattest of coachmen on the box and a large footman behind.

Have you not all met people who, having had their little peep into the outside world, come back to relate wonders they have never seen?

Don't the village beau, after he has studied law in Toronto, and seen high life in a three-fifty boarding-house, go back to his native place bragging of his acquaintance with Local Legislators and other celebrities?

Don't he feel that he is exalted above the general merchant and village doctor, whom he used to look up to? And don't he get the conceit kicked out of him very soon?

We have all seen something of this kind, and the moral is for the local celebrities.

Doubtless Toronto society is perfectly justified in laughing at the village *coterie*, and it is just possible that there may be people so exalted that the pretentious bigwiggy, silly talk of birth and blood, and apish aristocracy of Toronto itself, appear very ridiculous to them.

Grip at Sea.

WERE we to read anything really funny in the *Canadian Monthly*, we should be shocked as by a laugh in a meeting-house. A writer in the last number of our grave and heavily respectable contemporary, feeling the incongruity of a joke between those solemn covers, rather needlessly apologises for a pun. His sin is much more in intention than in act, and he cannot be held guilty even on his own plea.

He says—the article is "British, American, and British-American ships":

"The Western farmer, that rank protectionist, who backed the legislation which swamped the tonnage of the seaboard States under burdens far beyond their carrying capacity—forgive the pun—who saw the Eastern shipowner, &c."

We have received thirty-nine letters asking us to show where the pun is. After a week of anguish we give it up, and refer our friends to the editor of the *Monthly*. A poor pun is a disgusting thing enough, but by no means so offensive as an unnecessary apology.



CIRCUS GENEROSITY.

Widow with small family, (*log.*)—"If you please, sir, the Bills says one of these Side-shows is Free; wich of 'em is it?"

Door "ORATOR" (*urbanely*)—Kee-rect you are! Free as the 'Merican eagle!—It's the out-side-show, Missus!!"

Toronto Adaptations.

A MELODY. AFTER MOORE

Loud and long were the oaths he swore,
And a bright rose tint on his nose he bore,
But, oh, his courage was far beyond
The oaths he swore, or the tint it donned.

"Oh, tell me, dost thou not fear to stray,
So corned and noisy through this bleak way,
Are Toronto rowdies so little bold
As not to go through you in hope of gold?"

(*with hiccup.*)

"Ole feller, I feel not the last alarm,
No pl—plug-ugly will offer me harm,
For though they are fond of the golden store,
They've gone through me several times before."

On he went, till he stopped to smile
At a well-loved bar that would trust awhile;
And safe forever was he who relied
On the empty pockets that fools deride.

Out Upon it.

"PSYCHOMANCY," OR SOUL CHARMING.—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents, together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, &c. A queer, exciting book.

In our capacity of Censor of the Press—an office hereby assumed, to which Government should attach a fat salary—we object to the above advertisement, which is to be found at full in the majority of our country exchanges.

We omit the address of the swindlers who offer the publication, because it is barely possible that, on the long list of GRIP's subscribers, there may be the names of two or three pimply-faced, dough-complexioned youths, who would be likely to send for it.

There is a suggestiveness about the announcement that it is a *queer exciting book*, which leads us to hope that it will be seized in the post-office as an obscene publication. It may be a book of that sort, or the italicized words may be merely a bait to catch the lewd—in either case, no decent newspaper should admit the advertisement. It figures in a number of papers, the editors of which, we are sure, only require their attention drawn to its nature to insure its removal.

"Grip" among the Muses.



HE spacious pavillion at the Horticultural Gardens proves too small to accommodate the brilliant assemblages attracted by the performances of the English Opera Combination throughout the week. We have been literally revelling in melody. The singing of each evening has been, to quote the *Globe*, "simply beyond praise," and the whistling of operatic snatches with which the city has resounded in the intervals has been capital too—but we would rather not say anything to encourage it. BALFE's *Bohemian Girl* was chosen to lead the van, and in the person of M^{lle}. PAULINE CANISSA she did so very prettily. This opera, as everybody knows, is profusely gemmed with famous solos, which were rendered on Monday evening in such a manner that it was long past midnight before the measures of "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls" issued for the last time from the puckered lips of our citizens. On Tuesday night, *Maritana*, a comely young lady, otherwise known as Miss EDITH ABELL, challenged the plaudits of the audience. On this occasion it was the genial Mr. BROOKHOUSE BOWLER who gave the whistlers the key notes in the tenor solos; and long after the foot-lights had disappeared, languid individuals might have been heard here and there rendering, "Yes; let me like a soldier fall!"—



but in the most un-Bowler-like fashion. VERDI had the floor on Wednesday night, when, in honour, doubtless, of the very lucid plot of "*Il Trovatore*," four hundred new comers added their patronage to that of Lieut.-Governor CRAWFORD. M^{lle} CANISSA shared the honours of the evening with Mrs. ANNIE KEMP BOWLER and Mr. W. H. TILLA. *Azucena* was, according to the critics, played

and sung with consummate skill by the contralto; and Mr. TILLA whose performance of *Manrico* was all but impromptu, certainly won his spurs fairly. It is needless to say the singing of the Prima Donna was very good; our critic, who has a garden wall contiguous to his sleeping apartment says it was long enough after twelve before he could forget her beautiful rendering of the solo, "*In this dark midnight hour.*"



This notice must be confined to reasonable limits, but we cannot in fairness conclude it without acknowledging the merits of the bartone, Mr. GUSTAVUS HALL, in this and all other performances of the week. Overlooking some shortcomings in the matter of pronunciation, GRIP congratulates the gentleman on his efforts as the *Count de Luna* in *Il Trovatore*; and does him the distinguished honor of illustrating his last words in that opera—"And I still live!"—which were spoken with great dramatic power. [NOTE.—This wood-cut is not the property of the Conservative Party.] The weather took a benefit on Thursday night and *Martha* was given Friday. The success of the company speaks well for the energy and ability of its manager Mr. KINROSS and his affable friend and co-laborer JONES.



In Earnest!

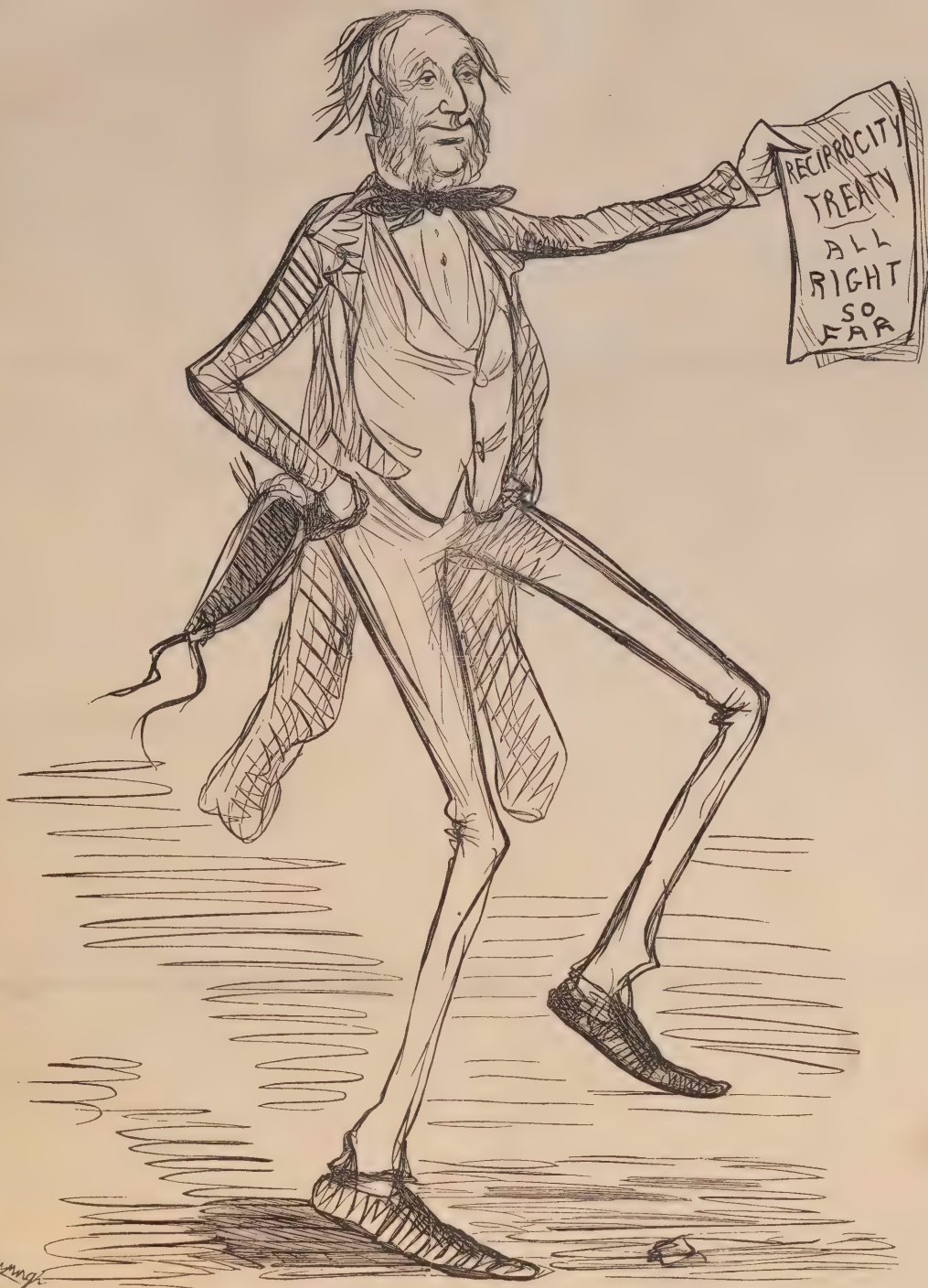
GRIP extracts the following from the pages of the *Globe*:

A SINGLE GENTLEMAN living independent is desirous of having a matrimonial correspondence with a respectable lady in a similar position; only those who have the same motive in view need apply; all correspondence strictly private. A. S. G., Toronto.

How eloquent, how touching, and withal how business-like! None of the flippantly premature wooing of the matrimonial advertisements in the New York press. "Spooning" would be as out of place in the awful columns of the *Globe*, as in the gallery of a church. This is none of your lover, "this is Erebus' vein." Let us hope for the sake of any lady who may be attracted by these inducements, it will not prove "a tyrant's vein."

The End Approaching.

A fiend recently proposed to issue a Punster's Dictionary, giving every possible pun on every word. The practicability of such an undertaking is questionable, its utility even more so. When GRIP thinks of the endless puns cast daily into his waste-paper basket, preparatory to cremation, he shakes his head sadly over a proposal which would probably result, if carried out, in his having to employ several additional clerks, and to erect a blast-furnace in his back yard. It is evident that the day will come when every possible pun shall have been made, and the supply, like that of coal, will arrive at an end. Then what will become of many who now set up as wits?



A "ROUGH DRAFT" OF THE TREATY.

Overheard in a Ball-Room.

(Downy young gentleman, not just escaped from the nursery, as one would at first sight suppose, but sadly, sully blase, waltzes blue lady round the room, and stops.)

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN (murmurs)—“Aw, this is the dance of the evening—aw—thanks. Shall we cool off on the stairs?”

(Green lady, pink lady, white lady, and yellow lady appear descend-ing.)

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN—“Confound it!—pardon. Here come the PLUFFERS. Late. Bad policy. Not like old Miss WALLFLOWER—brave old girl, present at the taking of Quebec, they say—she is always first in a room, and picks us out one by one as we arrive, with the deadly aim of a sharp-shooter. Irretrievably vulgar lot, the PLUFFERS! Went to a dance there last week for a lark—famous lush. Girls as ugly as sin, but I have a conscience, and suppose I must trot one or two of them out. Ha, SANDERSON! Going to dance with SANDERSON?”

(Blue lady is carried off. Downey young gentleman approaches pink lady.)

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN—“Devening. Pleasure of a dance? Hope your card isn't full.”

(Pink lady blushes, and looks round for green, white and yellow ladies.)

PINK LADY, timidly—“Oh, no, we have just come.”

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN—“Oh, by Jove! BLANK! I'll dance this with you, then.”

(They whirl round the room. Pink lady is light, and they whirl round again. They stop.)

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN, languidly—“Aw, this is the dance of the evening.”

In the City.**A SONG BEFORE SUNRISE.**

How sweet to rise ere yet the milkman's cry
Proclaims the day, with all its troubles, nigh;—
Ere the first newsboy, in sepulchral tones,
Shrieks “Globe and Mail!” across the echoing stones;—
Ere water carts pour out the sprinkling flood,
And turn the dust of yesterday to mud;—
Ere the rough maidens in the dim hotel,
With steaming soap-suds scrub the bar-room well.
How sweet, I say, to rise with pleasing thirst,
Induced by last night's half-remembered burst;—
To seize the wash-jug with an eager hand
And find it dry as heap of builder's sand,
To turn the faucet of the water trough,
And find some fiendish hand hath “cut it off.”
How sweet to stand in pleasing silence there,
Too much surprised for the familiar swear,
With burning coppers and with aching head
And utter loathing for the buggy bed;—
Then the reluctant trousers on to draw,
Tangling the toe-joints in the lining's flaw,
To clap a battered castor on the head
And rush for cock-tail, swift as arrow sped.
How sweet to see produced the shining tin,
And the soft sugar poured with judgment in,
With artful jerk to watch the bitters drop,
Then see descend two table-spoons of pop,
The yellow lemon's fragrant juices flow,
And render tart th' ingredients below.
The ingenuous bar-boy seeks your eager eye,
To that mute question is the answer, *rye*.
Straight from the bottle flows the golden store—
Six lumps of ice—ten shakes—his task is o'er.
How doubly sweet to feel the cooling flow,
Down the hot palate to the depths below!
The rattling ice proclaims enjoyment's close—
Then, oh how blissful,—to repeat the dose?
To search the pocket, pay the well-earned cash,
And slow returning, meditate on hash.

A STRAY SHOT.—The Sunday Times has, for several weeks, been publishing a “poem” entitled *The Passover*. GRIP thinks the verses excellently named, as they are systematically evaded by all the readers of the paper, who prefer rhyme with reason in it to the other variety.

Well Urned.

OTTAWA is about to erect a Collegiate Institute that will do credit to the capital of the Third Maritime Power of the world, and accordingly a copy of GRIP has been deposited in the corner-stone, which was laid by LORD DUFFERIN on Thursday, the 4th inst. The sprightly RAVEN of course appreciates the distinction thus conferred upon him, but his gratification cannot be perfect while he reflects that by such entombment, the present generation must suffer the loss of a neatly printed copy of No. 1., Vol. III, until some antiquarian of the future, searching amongst the crumbled ruins of the Institute shall find and restore it to the hearts of men. By that time how many hundreds of volumes shall have been issued!

“Where were the Police?”

The Oshawa Reformer thus details

“A ROWDY'S IDEA OF POLITENESS.—A young lady passing along King Street a few evenings since had the skirt of her dress trodden upon by a fellow who was the worse of liquor, and upon her turning her head on being thus impeded in her progress, was accosted by the following vulgar expression of this coward—(Here follow bad words).—This we heard and witnessed, and felt sorry that constable GURLEY was not present at the time, in order that he might have been made an example of.”

GRIP would suggest to the Editor and his fellow-citizens of Oshawa that it is not yet too late to “make an example of” Constable GURLEY: there is a good chance still to teach a wholesome lesson to bobbies who neglect their duty.

A Politician.

Take some smug lawyer versed in slow chicane,
Whose widest wishes all converge to gain,
One with a callous, shame-proof moral hide,
Impervious to truth and wit beside,
Ready to cant, carouse, blaspheme or pray,
At any season when 'tis like to pay.
Gift him with that low tact which wins the crowd,
The hand to shake, the ready laughter loud,
To please the pious—features grave as death,
For roughs—foul stories told below the breath,
A pat on head for children on the streets,
And gossip for the mothers whom he meets.
Give him some cry by ignorance held dear,
To chant it loud and catch the vulgar ear,
“No POPERY” or “WORKING PEOPLE'S FRIEND,”
Or “LOYALTY,” or aught that serves the end,
Or any cant by narrow fools embraced,
Whose uttered nonsense speaks a vulgar taste.
With tawdry rhetoric let him unfold
His borrowed arguments and jests of old—
He shall succeed—while better men stand by,
And mark his progress with contemptuous sigh.
He shall succeed—a politician placed
To mend the laws by such as he disgraced.
He shall succeed—but only till he's known,
Then slowly sink, as sinks in filth a stone.

To Whom it may Concern.

WOULD you woo a stout widow of forty years?
You must keep from sonnets, and sighs and tears,
You must show a round leg clothed neatly, neatly,
And a roll of big bills to soothe her fears.
Boldly, not coldly, talk her down,
Squeeze her to please her, fair or brown,
Press her, caress her,
Serve her with favor,
Then praise her complexion and she's your own!

“Nec Tamen Consumebatur.”

THESE words, surrounding a representation of the Burning Bush, form the legend of one of the branches of Presbyterianism in Canada. It must have occurred to some of the reverend gentlemen taking part in the Synod and Assembly debates at Ottawa this week, that it would be a happy thought to substitute a picture of the ‘Union Question’ for that of the Bush, as the problem seems to be as far from solution as ever. GRIP is of opinion that if it be not definitely settled before these grave conventions separate, the motto might as well be made to read, “Nec tamen consummate-ebatur.”

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Just received, a choice assortment of

**CORONET BRAIDS, PLAITS, CHIGNONS
COILS, &c., &c.,**

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Real and imitation goods made to order with despatch, to match any color, style or pattern. Ladies sending their own hair can have it made to order

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135 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.**VOLUME III.****AGENTS WANTED****EVERYWHERE****To Canvass for Subscribers**

TO

"GRIP,"

TO WHOM A

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Send FIVE CENTS for Sample Copy of the only Illustrated Comic Paper in Canada, every issue of which hereafter will have a carefully engraved CARTOON, and numerous SOCIAL CARICATURES.

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P. O. Box 2642,

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West Side, two doors north of Trinity Square.

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Sterling Bills from £5 upwards, and Gold and Currency Drafts on New York, sold at current rates.

The office being open every evening from 7 to 8, and on Saturdays from 7 to 9, it offers great facilities to Mechanics and others who are unable to leave their occupations during the day.

GRIP! GRIP!! GRIP!!!**OYSTERS!**

AT

WHYTE'S MANSION,**69 KING STREET EAST.**

JAMES WHYTE, in returning thanks to his customers, begs to inform the public generally that he has, by the advice of his friends, added to his establishment an

OYSTER BAR.

Parties favoring him with a call can be served with Oysters from the shell, of the best quality.

Hot Meat Pies at all hours.

TO PRINTERS.

FOR SALE.—About 100 lbs. (Roman and Italic) BREVIER, second-hand, part copperfaced, in case. Price 20 cents per lb. Specimens and particulars on application to

TYPE.

Care "Grip," Toronto.

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"The Nation," an independent Weekly Newspaper, devoted to National politics, National culture, and National progress.

Published on Thursday of each week, in time for the English mails, at 5 cents per copy.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.Canadian subscribers, per annum . . . \$2 00
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British " " " Stg .. 10s.

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Rates for other foreign countries furnished on application.

J. M. TROUT,

Business Manager.

Office of "The Nation,"
66 Church St., TorontoPrinted at the Office of the MONETARY TIMES,
64 and 66 Church Street, Toronto.

**PUBLISHER'S
NOTE.**

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Terms—\$2 per annum; shorter periods at proportionate rates. Single copies, five cents. Advertising terms made known on application to Messrs. CLEVER & ROGERS, Agents, 10 King St. East, by whom Subscriptions will be received.

Communications connected with the business department must be addressed to the MANAGER, P. O. Box 958, Toronto.

A. S. IRVING, Wholesale Agent,
35 King St. West, Toronto.
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and
DEPOT.



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Five Cents.

For sale at all the Bookstores.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; the gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, JULY 4, 1874.

No. 6.

**EDITOR'S
(NOTE.)**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 958, Toronto, Ontario. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two Dollars per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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RECEIPTS.		
Premiums, - - - - -		\$1,670,205 13
Interest, - - - - -		501,791 51

DISBURSEMENTS.		
Total Receipts, - - - - -		\$2,371,996 64

Death Losses, - - - - -		\$416,800 00
Paid for Surrendered Policies, - - - - -		189,368 24
Paid Return Premiums, - - - - -		345,401 17
Paid Matured Endowments, - - - - -		7,900 00

Total amount returned Policyholders, \$959,649 41
Assets, \$8,000,000; Surplus at 4 1/2 per Cent, \$1,253,871.

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The Publishers of “GRIP” have great pleasure in announcing the first number of the third (half-yearly) volume. “GRIP” was started on the 24th May, 1873, and has, during the twelve months of its existence, attained a popularity and success quite unexampled in the annals of Canadian Comic Journalism. That it has become a power in the land is attested by the universal voice of the press, and the not unfrequent tributes to its influence uttered upon the floor of the House of Commons, or in other public places, by the most prominent men of all political parties. Its Cartoons have been distinguished for originality, power, and humour, and have made the name of “GRIP” a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land. The willingness of the people of Canada to support a publication of this class, if conducted honourably and ably, is beyond question. The large circulation which “GRIP” has had from its initial number up to the present, notwithstanding that but little effort has been made to obtain subscribers, is an evidence of this. The publishers purposely refrained from sending out canvassers up to the present time, as they desired to prove that “GRIP”—unlike its many predecessors—would be a *permanent* institution. The uniform interest manifested by the public in each succeeding number, and the undiminished applause with which the caricatures continue to be received, argue that, so far as the *people* are concerned, this permanency is assured; while the publishers have confidence that with the improvement they purpose making in the paper, and their increased facilities for its prompt and regular delivery to subscribers, there need be no abatement in “GRIP’s” popularity. The leading Cartoon will be carefully engraved by one of the best artists in the Dominion; and will be supplemented by several smaller caricatures in each number. The editorial management has been entrusted to a gentleman whose past performances in connection with a clever satirical journal of Canada are a guarantee of his fitness for the position. Contributors will be paid liberally for articles of merit, and writers of first-rate ability will hereafter be secured to furnish the literary department. “GRIP” will continue to occupy a position of complete independence in politics and all other matters; he will strive to sustain the reputation he has achieved as “the fearless corrector of public morals, and a wise director of public opinion, regardless of party.”

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Jass; the grabest Bird is the Ool;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. S., Woodstock.—Received your letter too late. See editor's note of this week.

INQUIRER.—Doctor TUPPER is said to have assisted Mr. BAGSHOT in the preparation of his book "Physics and Politics." The Doctor knows as much of one as of the other.

To Contributors.

Contributions are to be addressed to "Grip," Box 958, Toronto.

So Very True.

The art-critic of *The Mail*, in his remarks upon the recent exhibition, displayed the masterly hand, fine, fearless judgment and knowledge of painting which might be expected from—a local reporter well acquainted with signboards.

Not satisfied with giving to the public a critique, to which nothing by RUSKIN can be compared, he enlightens the world by the following historical information which shows very deep research indeed, but is a little—just a little—beyond GRIP.

"We must take some exception to the assertion of the catalogue, that 'Dolwyddelan Castle, North Wales, was built about the eighth century,' as there are no ante-Roman buildings existing in England or Wales until late in the Saxon times."

It's as clear as mud.

Fashionable Personal.

MRS. TIBBETS says her duties in connection with a peanut stand prevent her going to the sea side. Determined, however, to be fashionable, she has closed the blinds of her private residence on Dummer street, and locked the front door for the season. Every evening she stands in a large pork barrel with a foot of brine at the bottom, and gets her old man to blow on her, through the bung-hole, with a pair of bellows. She says "the salt air agrees with her wonderful."

Decidedly!

A CORRESPONDENT enquires:

If DOCTOR JOHNSON'S assertion that a man who makes a pun would pick a pocket, be true—does it necessarily follow that the man who *laughs* at one would be guilty of receiving stolen goods?

He verily would if he laughed at the puns of certain plaguey and plagiarising punsters.

"Smoke on the Land."

"Say, Stranger," said a tall American to the purser on board the "City of Toronto," as they were steaming up the bay on a sultry day, with the wind in the east; "What is the origin of the name of your city?" "Toronto, sir," replied the courteous purser, "is an Indian word signifying 'Trees in the water.'" "You ought to name it over again," replied the Yank. "Find out the Indian word for 'Smoke on the land,' for I'm blowed if it ain't the most smoky place I've seen this side of Pittsburg."

Some Consolation.

"BAZAINE leads a very uniform life," says an account of the captivity of the exiled Marshal, which is at present going the rounds of the papers. GRIP rejoices to know that they haven't stripped the old man of his military clothing as well as his honor and peace.

Letters on Men and Things.

CONCERNING A SCRUPULOUS TEMPLAR.

My dear O'Fozzle,—

If a man, in former ages, had a natural repugnance to applying himself steadily to hard work, the fighting market stood conveniently open, and he could hire out as a soldier, with a good conscience, and a better prospect of what heathen writers called plunder, and current Christianity recognises as loot. Or he might set up as a robber on his own hook; or go begging among the Monks, who had good kitchens and larders, and received with open arms such vagrant unfortunates as were necessitated to appeal to them for largess owing to a constitutional antipathy to bodily exertion. These, my dear boy, were the good old times—to the view of which distance lends hazy enchantment, and which well-conditioned persons are bound much to reverence because they know next to nothing about them. All human things however, as DRYDEN tells us, are subject to decay—good old times included. Except among dear relatives fighting is not so prevalent as it was. Beggars now are apt to get more kicks than half-pence; while as regards plunder—loot—if people take to it they discover (unless behind a church bazaar stall), that both the glamour and gleanings of Norman days are gone—and that they are summarily laid hold of by some base valet in the form of a hired constable, and anon shut up in prison, or sent out of the country, instead of founding a family and felonising their way to broad lands and an abbey. Society now-a-days discountenances rogues and vagabonds, unless they have a good character, wear broadcloth, attend public worship, and have a nice house, and plenty of money. Look which way I will, my O'Fozzle, I find nothing, in these hard prosaic times for the mass of ordinary folk—who do not know a Cabinet Minister, or are unable to strike out a new "Mission"—but to choose some honest occupation, and stick to it. 'Tis a nuisance,—but one wholly unavoidable—that we must eat and drink, and wear Nosey and Son's latest evolutions in coat and pants. In the good old times men donned a garment of blue paint, lived in caves and woods, and lunched on a raw root. But man is a progressive animal. He has a mind. He has reason. Innumerable inventions have now increased his happiness and necessities. The paint point is broken; caverns are left to the lizards; and we rejoice in stucco, shoddy, chicory, chignons, bone-dust, and other great and useful evidences and issues of civilised and ennobling enterprise.

And yet, my boy, even civilisation and honest exertion for one's bread and butter, are not all plain sailing, as has lately been discovered by one GEORGE BENJAMIN, of Bath, England,—by business a coal-dealer—by conviction a "Temperance" man—the latter being the new term in vogue to represent not, as most people would conclude, a moderate partaker of, but an entire abstainer from the beverages which cheer, and also inebriate. These alcoholic forerunners used to be known as Tee-(or tea) totallers, signifying probably, that they went totally for Tea—as their ordinary potation—blended at times with chicory, gingerette, pop, Temperance-Champagne, and other exhilarating and ingenious tipples, from which, while giving due meed of praise to their discoverer, I have found myself obliged to abstain owing to some unfortunate stomachic eccentricity, inherited from my ancestors. The name 'Totallers, however, has now gone out, and Temperance reigns in its stead. For myself, I preferred the original appellation, as being in accord with what CARLYLE would call the eternal realities; while "Temperance," as an *alias* for abstinence, seems to me an entire misnomer. However, the 'total (or temperance) BENJAMIN—call him what you will—navigating his commercial bark over the waters of industry, found himself suddenly entangled among the rocks and shoals of Casuistry. This, my dear O'Fozzle, was doubtless not an unexampled experience. One can easily conceive how nice points of scrupulosity must often prick tender souls, as, piloting their vessels over the glorious ocean of trade, they scan the dubious question what amount of sand in the last hoghead of sugar will be in harmony with current Christian ethics; or whether that barrel of chicory in the back office is in accord with holding the church plate on Sundays, and "leading" the dear brethren at Wednesday's prayer-meeting. Mr. BENJAMIN'S trouble was this. He did not drink any beer. But he supplied the coal, which warmed the boiler, which heated the water, which made the unclean potation. Pondering this distressing circumstance he resolved to avoid the appearance of evil. When the brewery-man sent an order for more heat—promoter the man of black-diamonds informed him that "as an abstainer and Templar, he could not consistently supply him "with any more coals for the manufacture of, etc., etc."

The ancient King COLE was a jolly old soul, but the modern King COAL—for Coal, my boy, is King, and no mistake in these days—has not inherited his mantle. Our friend BENJAMIN is, one fears, only at the commencement of his "testifying." The victim of casuistry, like the victim of jealousy, "doth make the meat he feeds on." The demands of "Conscience"—a conscience of the coal kind—momentarily appeased, are soon lively again. Every concession only makes them more exigent and insatiate. Mr. BENJAMIN will soon find him-

self nervously weighing the agonising question whether he can consistently continue to sell coal to the manufacturer of the barrels which that beer party uses in his trade. If he is a railway shareholder he will begin to be teased with the thought that he is annually pocketing dividends which have partly accrued from carrying beer. Ultimately one is afraid he will be driven to the distressing consideration whether he will be able to have transactions of any kind with anybody save a total Temperance Templar, seeing that part of the profits he makes may otherwise be connected with fermentation. As regards the expenditure of the local and general revenue, derived from Government taxation, or issue of licenses, many subtle points will arise. I should imagine that when my O'FOOZLE sees his way to enrolment among the tribe of BENJAMIN, he will never consent any more to walk to his place of business over a sidewalk or roadway constructed for his benefit out of fees paid by saloon-keepers; and that he would rather be robbed or assaulted than be protected by a policeman who, with such questionable connections, might be said to draw a staff redolent of what DICK SWIVELLER calls "the rosy," and to walk about the streets a deputy official BACCHUS.

If the 'total temperance punctilions extend to other schools of wisdom and virtue—if anti-tobaccoists, vegetarians, and what not decline "shop" transactions with anybody who may expend a modicum of his profits not in accord with universal abstinence from everything, we shall have a glorious, high old time. The mistake called civilization will be exploded. The nuisance known as society will be disintegrated. Every man his own ADAM, we shall return to a state of nature, drawing our guiltless feasts from the mountain's grassy side, and regaling ourselves from scrips well stuffed with herbs, washed down with water from the nearest spring. To this complexion it must certainly come; for how, my dear boy, could I have anything to do with anybody under the present regime? Snooks might bring his devious wheel to my door with the chronic inquiry whether I had "any razors or scissors to grind, O"; but how could I tell what he meditated doing with the tuppence pertaining to the renovating whirligig, when he had trundled his instrument beyond the ken of my moral optic? Should he invest it in beer, I am undone forever; while, if he went for the weed, a hot corner in the regions of retributive limbo would be my inevitable destiny.—*Finis*.

RICHARD DE DICKE.

A Brief Retrospect.

BY A SENTIMENTAL SOLICITOR.

Turning over papers,
Musing on each one,
An envelope of yellow
Shews itself a "dun."
Face of hostile Bailiff
Scarce had moved me so;
'Twas a bill for clothing,
Rendered long ago!

But to see the items—
Suits for Spring and Fall,
Principal and interest,—
Saddest sight of all.
Oh the clothes of childhood,
Breeches long and short;
Now are many breaches
Of another sort.

Oh the inexpensive suits
Made up by Mamma,
And the suits at present,
Furnished by the Law!
Happy, happy, boyhood,
Days of lollipops,
And the time when *spinsters*
Take the place of tops!

Oh that time when twenty-one,
On his bended knees
Comes to *court* for hearing
Of his special pleas!
Now a luckless Barrister,
By contradiction's laws,
Feels the effect of poverty
And yet he lacks a *cause*.

Turning over papers,
Musing on each one,
All these sad reflections
Brought on by a dun.

The Zig-Zag Papers.

III.—MY TRIP TO THE SEASIDE AND WHAT I SAW THERE.

WHEN I went down the St. Lawrence a few weeks since, in that search for a cheap watering place mentioned in my last paper, I noticed on the train, shortly after leaving Toronto, a sickly looking youth, who was so very thin and light that I feared to see him blown out of the open back door of the car every time the brakeman entered at the front. This catastrophe he, however, escaped till bed time, and I soon forgot him in the misery of my berth, which retained all the dampness of the last two or three occupants, and, like the city of Cologne,

"Some seventy different stinks all well defined."

After a night passed partly in failures to accommodate the chorus of the last popular song to the peculiar monotonous rattle of the car-wheels, partly in short and vivid nightmares, and partly in the half comatose condition which results from the stoppage of the train at stations, I turned out about three hours before my usual time of rising. On hearing that the train was two hours late and breakfast about sixty miles further on, I desperately went forward to the smoking car, where the stale smells of the previous night, assisted by a pipe of tobacco smoked on an empty stomach, made me so extremely sick that when the breakfast station was reached I could not eat anything. On the return of my fellow travellers I derived some consolation from their criticism of the meal, of which a commercial traveller in particular said "It was about the same as usual, and not a darned bit resherishy."

My misery was so great during the remainder of the run that I did not take my usual microscopic notice of companions. A few hours in Montreal devoted in part to the investigation of the chemical properties of cocktails, restore my normal condition of body and wonderful acuteness of observation.

After reaching the steamboat for Quebec, madly fighting three-quarters of an hour for a ticket, and being calmly snubbed by the purser before he condescended to take my money for berth and meal cards, I entered the "Gentleman's saloon." The first person on whom my glance rested was the sickly looking young man, who again looked so extremely light, that the portemonnaie on his lap appeared to act as a paper-weight. He astonished me two hours afterward by his knife and fork performance, when he put in a quantity of ballast sufficient to make the steward utter a fervent wish that "the boat wouldn't cant over if that young feller went too sudden to one side."

There was on board the usual miscellany of a steamboat.

Half a dozen commercial travellers in very loud trousers, very dingy linen, very goldine watch chains, and soft, rough, knowing little felt hats, who made it their business, first to discover the locality of the bar, then next to make the acquaintance of the bar-tender, and thereafter to exhibit to every one how infinitely they felt themselves at home.

There was a young couple on their wedding trip, who were very fond of scenery, and repaired to all sorts of quiet out of the way places, where they could indulge their raptures with the views.

There were several sporting Montreal merchants, with licenses for salmon fishing, who told of manifold hairbreadth escapes by flood and field, and talked about camping out and bush life so persistently that two overdressed Yankee women were led to believe themselves in the presence of some of those prodigiously valorous and hardy backwoodsmen of whom they had read in the *New York Ledger*.

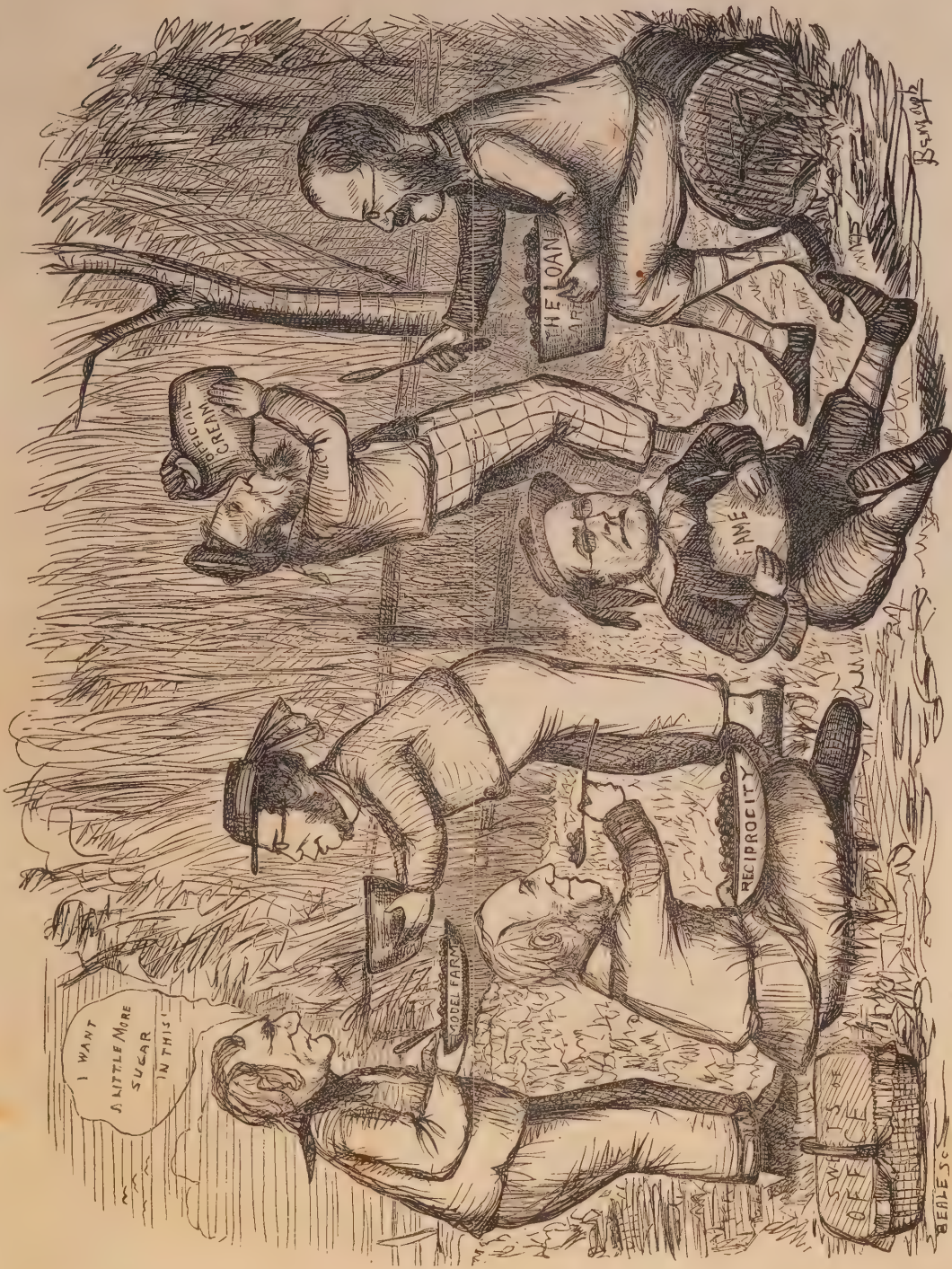
The Yankee women made use of the expletive "Sakes alive!" and "Kinder guessed things was wild in this here country, and a sight behind the fixins to hum."

There were portentously respectable fathers going down to Cacouna to secure family cottages for the season, old fellows in stiff collars and black stocks, whose appearance made one wish to see their names on the back of a bit of stamped paper with one's own name at the end of the legend on the other side.

There were a number of scalliwag little boys who were in every one's way, as many molly-sop boys who staid with their mothers and were good, and half a score of prim little girls in sea-side hats, with blowing hair. There were three French priests in the sombre habit of their order, two of them paternal looking old boys who evidently did not greatly mortify the flesh, and one young Jesuitical bilious-looking bigot, who scowled diligently over his breviary.

There were French natives on the lower deck who danced to the whistling and clapping of their comrades, then got drunk, then quarrelsome, made any quantity of noise, swore the most frightful and fantastic oaths, spat on their hands, took off their shirts, made terrible and bloodthirsty demonstrations, and then, without striking a blow, calmed down, went to sleep on their backs, or engaged in bluff for plugs of tobacco.

Now all this description, the observations for which were made before I went to bed, of course don't interest the ordinary reader of GRIP in the least, but it shows that I have actually gone to the seaside, have been out of town at the proper season, and consequently stamps this paper as the production of a person entitled to consideration, and secures for it readers in the very best society. Moreover, it



MINISTERIAL STRAWBERRIES-AND-CREAM.

allows me to insinuate in my humorous way a dislike for commercial travellers, spooney married people, ridiculous old fogies who want to pass for sporting men, Yankee women, Romish priests and jabbering habitants, by which I gain the sympathy of gentlemen at large, all couples who have been married more than a year and all old maids, our own fair countrywomen, and the puissant proprietors of the Montreal Witness.

Next morning on reaching Quebec, nearly all the passengers went up to the city, while the few who remained on board beheld with anxiety the boat for the lower ports puffing, whistling, working her paddles, and altogether making a furious pretence of immediate departure. As it was yet too early in the season for her captain to expect a large number of passengers, he of course did not think it worth while to draw his boat alongside ours. We were consequently compelled to find our way to his wharf, in which attempt four of the six who started, foolishly believing they had only a hundred yards to travel, lost their way, and are probably still wandering hopelessly around Lower Town, the streets of which are so crooked and narrow that all the local policemen and cab-drivers require to be squint-eyed. I, having been there before, jumped into a cab, told the driver to make haste, and was frantically whirled around forty corners, and over at least a mile of very rough streets. When I arrived at the steamer, she was puffing and whistling more violently, if possible, than when I first saw her, and all her gangways were drawn in. My carter wanted two dollars, and not being able to make change, pocketed the balance of the V. I handed him. About ten minutes afterwards, while I was still congratulating myself on having secured my passage, the gangways of the steamer were shoved out, her whistling ceased, and she settled down to a state of apathy for two hours, after which the thin young man, evidently more experienced than I in the ways that are dark, walked leisurely on board. During the trip down the river I saw very little of him, and he did not seem disposed to converse, evidently believing that his dignity required the ceremony of introduction.

On reaching Malbaie, I thought I had seen the last of him, for I saw no passenger but myself go ashore. What was my astonishment, after being driven to the hotel in one of those antediluvian rickety *calèches*, to see the youth ascending the stair just as I entered the hall.

"The season had not begun," Monsieur my landlord informed me, "but in a few days, ah then, when hot the cities became, when Messieurs les Américains travelled, we should see."

"Was no one here?" I asked.

"There was but one gentleman arrived yet, by the *stimbot*, the same who had just gone up stairs. This was his boxes, his valises," and Monsieur waved my attention to a heap of luggage. "Did Monsieur know the gentleman young and fair?"

"No, I did not," and I was piloted to my room.

The house was undergoing the last touches of the annual repair. The passages had each a causeway of boards for the preservation of the fresh paint on the floor, branch lines from which ran into each room, and prevented their doors from shutting. The whole house was odorous of turpentine. A more dismal outlook could not be imagined than that on the grounds. The swing-frames were ropeless. The merry-go-rounds were locked, as were all the gates but one. An empty theatre by daylight is not more cheerless than a watering place before the season opens.

Before supper was announced, I had got in a fine rage with everything. The appearance of the supper room did not soothe me—long and low—it looked like a tunnel, and the huge buffet at the farther end of it closed the vista like a box car. On it, Monsieur my host's pewter shone, vaguely refulgent. The table stretched away for a hundred yards, and on it the cloth for two looked like the last patch of snow at the end of a ploughed field. A dim twilight gloomed through a window opposite the plates, while overhead two coal oil lamps threw a glare downward from tin reflectors.

The thin young man occupied the chair opposite me, and we scowled speechlessly at everything and at one another. It struck me that life would be happier, if I could for a few minutes take him across my knees and exercise my right arm on the baggy part of his trousers. Dismissing the thought as unmanly, because of his emaciation, I turned my attention to the eatables.

No cooking can spoil fresh caught trout, and no human being can cook them as well as a French Canadian girl who can't cook anything else. This is a fact for which no reason can be given, but is vouched for by every one who has been down the St. Lawrence, when nothing is good but trout, and when they are better than anywhere else. Those before me were delicious, but supported only by cheesy potatoes, sodden toast, weak tea, and sliced onions, the last offered by JEANNETTE, the waiting maid, with much pride and evidently regarded by her as a very great delicacy, our refusal of which she could not at all understand.

I heard her afterwards speculating with Monsieur my host's mother, irreverently called by him *La Vieille*, as to the likelihood of our refraining from onions as a penance. The "old one" doubted whether the phenomenon was thus accounted for, but agreed there could be no other reason.

During supper there was a strict silence between the occupants of the table, observed by the thin young man because some one told him that "English gentlemen never talk to strangers"—which is a lie, as they are the most sociable of mortals when with people they *don't* know—and by me because I was in a very bad temper. Had I not been, it is probable I would have broken the ice, but, before the flavor of seven trout had restored my equanimity, the thin young man had retired. The first evening in Malbaie was only rendered endurable by potatoes that would have roused the angry godliness of twenty temperance societies, and ended in clouds of smoke.

(To be continued.)

Toronto Adaptations.

(AFTER CAMPBELL.)

On King Street, ere the sun was low,
All soulless passed the unmeaning show,
And dark as winter did they flow,
The dandies passing rapidly.

But King Street saw another sight
When GRIP came out at fall of night,
And bar-room lamps shone forth to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By curb and lamp-post fast arrayed,
Each newsboy instant profits made,
For gladly every passer paid,
To see the weekly devilry.

Then shook the air with laughter riven,
Then swore the fools to anger driven,
While loud and louder praise was given
To us and our artillery.

But better yet cartoons shall grow,
And knaves and dolts know deeper woe,
And wider circulation shew
GRIP's well earned popularity.

As wide as looks yon level sun
His name and fame will soon be run;
His fiery wit and furious fun
Shall shake the arching canopy.

Few fools shall 'scape whom he may greet,
Nor Grit nor Tory fail the sheet,
And every rogue and all deceit
Shall find a public pillory!

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

As to the band at eve we went
To listen with our ears;
We fell out, my wife and I,
O, we fell out—the cause was rye
And half a dozen beers.

But when we came where others whiled
The time with drink and cheers,
Then we, all penniless, even grave,
Then we became exceeding grave
And kissed again with tears.

(AFTER MOORE.)

COME rest in this flagon, my own slandered beer,
Though teetotallers d—n thee thy home is still here,
On thee do I dote as the froth rises fast,
And wish that the pleasure thou givest would last,

Oh, what was drink made for, if one cannot name
The tippie he longs for, and swig at the same?
I know not, I ask not a loftier part,
I know that I love thee wherever thou art.

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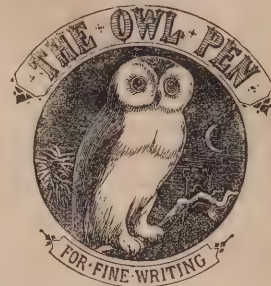
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EDITED BY
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**EDITOR'S
NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 958, Toronto, Ontario. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two Dollars per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; the gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, JULY 11, 1874.

No. 7.

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PROSPECTUS VOL. III.

The Publishers of “GRIP” have great pleasure in announcing the first number of the third (half-yearly) volume. “GRIP” was started on the 24th May, 1873, and has, during the twelve months of its existence, attained a popularity and success quite unexampled in the annals of Canadian Comic Journalism. That it has become a power in the land is attested by the universal voice of the press, and the not unfrequent tributes to its influence uttered upon the floor of the House of Commons, or in other public places, by the most prominent men of all political parties. Its Cartoons have been distinguished for originality, power, and humour, and have made the name of “GRIP” a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land. The willingness of the people of Canada to support a publication of this class, if conducted honourably and ably, is beyond question. The large circulation which “GRIP” has had from its initial number up to the present, notwithstanding that but little effort has been made to obtain subscribers, is an evidence of this. The publishers purposely refrained from sending out canvassers up to the present time, as they desired to prove that “GRIP”—unlike its many predecessors—would be a *permanent* institution. The uniform interest manifested by the public in each succeeding number, and the undiminished applause with which the caricatures continue to be received, argue that, so far as the *people* are concerned, this permanency is assured; while the publishers have confidence that with the improvement they purpose making in the paper, and their increased facilities for its prompt and regular delivery to subscribers, there need be no abatement in “GRIP’s” popularity. The leading Cartoon will be carefully engraved by one of the best artists in the Dominion; and will be supplemented by several smaller caricatures in each number. The editorial management has been entrusted to a gentleman whose past performances in connection with a clever satirical journal of Canada are a guarantee of his fitness for the position. Contributors will be paid liberally for articles of merit, and writers of first-rate ability will hereafter be secured to furnish the literary department. “GRIP” will continue to occupy a position of complete independence in politics and all other matters; he will strive to sustain the reputation he has achieved as “the fearless corrector of public morals, and a wise director of public opinion, regardless of party.”

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EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

ARCHER.—GRIP has learned to whistle "Then you'll remember me."
J. A. D., Toronto.—Thanks for suggestion.
W. S. B., Toronto.—Try again on some subject of living interest.

Grip as a Critic.

"CLARICE: AN OLD STORY OF THE NEW WORLD."

THIS capital burlesque on the "Flatulent School" of novelists, should really have been sent to us. It is strangely out of place in the columns of *The Canadian Monthly*, in the July number of which magazine it appears.

The plot is that old favourite much used by writers in *Bow Bells*, the *New York Ledger*, and publications of that class. The scene is laid at Quebec, in the year 1690, during the assault on that city by the English squadron under Sir WILLIAM PHIPPS. The hero, LEON ST. OURS, a young French officer of the garrison; and the heroine, CLARICE, niece to DE FRONTENAC, the commandant; whose respective fathers "made a compact, when these children were babies, to unite them at a suitable age in marriage, as a seal to their life-long friendship, and in order to bind in one their two estates," were united accordingly at the "suitable ages" respectively of fifteen and twelve years. They then part with sentiments of disgust, and very properly and conveniently, see or hear no more of each other till the date at which the story opens—when entirely unaware of their connection—they fall very much in love one with the other. After the stereotyped agonies, they discover their relationship, and of course are very much pleased. This framework has been happily chosen by the humorous author, who improves the many opportunities for parodying "gorgeous description" and windy dialogue.

BRET HARTE's "condensed novels" are not better in their way than this very funny extravaganza, and we are almost inclined to rank it with THACKERAY's burlesque of G. P. R. JAMES. In fact, the only fault which we can discover is a too close imitation of the style of the originals, which may lead a public not yet educated up to critical taste, to imagine that the tale is narrated in sober earnest. Of course, such a mistake would be very absurd, yet those who know the intense gravity usual to the articles in *The Canadian Monthly*, may refuse to believe that the publishers would insert anything so airily humorous as "CLARICE." It has even appeared possible to us that the editor himself has been deluded into the belief that the story is serious, for there is nothing but internal evidence to indicate its character.

We shall be very happy to welcome the author—whose attention we call to the munificent terms offered in our "Editor's Note"—as a contributor to GRIP.

Baby Showers.

The following went the round of the papers last week, dated Ottawa, July 2:—

"Among the humours of yesterday's celebration was the baby show at St. George's pic-nic. Eleven mothers, exhibiting children under twelve months, Mrs. J. Alland got the prize for the prettiest, healthiest, and most intelligent child."

If those fine children are boys, we advise their mothers not to let them get pipes or cigars before they are eight or nine years of age, and if girls, not to allow them to begin sparking before they are seven or eight. Moreover, we solemnly, seriously, truly, eagerly, compassionately, earnestly, and affectionately beg, pray, recommend, admonish, caution and entreat of the fond mothers to provide the most approved remedies for measles, whooping cough, croup, and scarlatina, and to have them ready in the house, so as not to have to incur the delay of waiting for the arrival of a doctor. We give this advice as a precautionary measure, because we never heard of an exhibited child living for twelve months after date of exhibition.

THE GIANT KILLER AT WALLACETOWN.



REDOUTABLE CHARLEY RYKERT has met and vanquished the foe. The towering giants of the Ontario Government, beneath whose tread the platform at Wallacetown trembled, fled in dismay from the presence of the Modern Giant Killer, being unable to withstand his prowess. MACKELLAR strode into the presence of his antagonist with all the affrontery and consequence of the unwieldy Philistine of old, but he received a stone in the forehead before he knew where he was. That is to say, CHARLES RYKERT touched him in a vital spot by rehearsing the *Canoe Couch Scandal*, and the reeking corruptionist of the Model Farm shrunk from the exposure of his unparalleled baseness. The giant HODGINS fared no better. So the host of honest yeomen, nearly all supporters hitherto of the "most corrupt Minister of modern times" (Mr. MOWAT) witnessed that day a signal rout of their own heroes. CHARLEY THE GIANT KILLER was transformed in a twinkling from the obstreperous nobody he has always been considered, into a valorous statesman—a varacious statesman—and a very probable future leader of the coming Conservative Government of Ontario. The spectacle of their utter discomfiture at the hands of one so small and insignificant would have been sufficiently humiliating to the Giants under any circumstances, but in this case it was aggravated by the fact that the Dwarf had been specially challenged to the combat.

GRIP awaits the coronation of the plucky little fellow who fought and won the battle of Pure and Economical Local Legislation at Wallacetown!

A Due+

(Translated from the Moorish.)

He.—

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The policeman's lamp is gleaming, love,
As we gaily pass
The parting glass,
While each better half is dreaming, love.

Then awake and open the door, my dear,
'Twas never thus barred before, my dear,
You're mighty (hic) deep
To pretend you're 'shleep,—
But its rather too thin is that snore, my dear.

She.—

Nice hours these are that you're keeping, love,
Coming home when the day is peeping, love,
To plague the life
Of a loving wife,
Disturbing her when she's sleeping, love!

Let you in? not till rise of sun, my dear,
I'll teach you the glass to shun, my dear,
If you will get so tight,
You may stay out all night,
And I hope that you'll relish the fun, my dear!

Freedom!

MR. ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY is greatly exercised just now over the intelligence that

"MR. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY have had conferred upon them the freedom of the Merchant Tailors' Society, one of the most ancient and wealthy guilds of London."

He asks us for information as to the character of this "freedom." Does it obviate the payment of all bills for clothing in future? Is there such a guild in Canada? If so how can a fellow obtain the freedom of it?

GRIP must decline to answer these queries.



THE "SUN-SKIT" URCHIN AND HIS PLAYTHINGS.

The Zig-Zag Papers.

IV.—MY TRIP TO THE SEASIDE AND WHAT I SAW THERE.

(Continued from last week.)

WHEN I left Toronto, the city had been for a few days so hot and dusty that summer seemed fairly begun. But, as a Yankee woman said on the steamboat, "Law sakes, it was only a spell of weather." The sky clouded, rain drizzled, and the weather became so cold that all the people who had been too lazy to take down their stoves, bragged of their foresight in leaving them up.

Wealthy people—who go to the sea-side to show that they are wealthy; gentlefolks—who go for pleasure, and all the rabble, neither wealthy nor gentle, but merely genteel, who wish to be thought swells, staid in town awhile longer. At Malbaie the weather was positively cold. From the sea blew a fresh breeze that told of glittering icebergs. The few ladies who, in advance of the main body of their families, tenanted the cottages down the road, appeared in white jackets of cony skin—surely the prettiest of fur when left free from the abominable black tags that make it a cheap imitation of ermine. Little boys, who rashly tried to swim in the icy water, came out after one plunge, and shivered on their clothing.

Monsieur my host, his house void of visitors, vented his disappointment in an undertoned monologue, that fairly bristled with *sacres*. I walked furiously, fished for trout in every stream for miles, or rowed out on the billowy, half salt water, till my hands were blue and numb. All was no use; ennui was overwhelming me, and on the third day I desperately resolved to make the acquaintance of my cadaverous companion.

During nine solemn meals, each exactly like the last, we had sadly stowed away the necessary prog. The difficulty of addressing the thin youth increased as the square of the number of meals, whereby any ingenious person may easily calculate exactly how hard it was for me to break the ice. Had other visitors arrived, it is improbable that we, the first arrivals, would have spoken, one to the other, during the season. He was to me, as yet, only S. G. M., a thin youth, possessing a wonderful appetite, and much baggage on which these initials were evident.

Now, I determined to know more of him, and went into the tenth meal smiling in the most engaging manner. I might as well have r t u n e d the stern gravity befitting a correspondent of GRIP, for S. G. M. being engaged in the dissection of an unusually large trout, did not look round.

Passing him, I brought my hand down rather quickly on his shoulder. He rose, straddling his chair, as suddenly as if my hand had loosed a spring, and confronted me with surprise.

"It is plain," said I, "that we must shake hands and be friends, or be bored to death."

"Ah yes," he said, extending a hand that felt in mine like a bundle of boiled chicken bones, "yes, very glad, I'm sure. How are you?"

I assured him of my perfect health, and joined his attack on the provisions.

The pleasure of grumbling, in which we both indulged during the meal, added to the flavour of the trout, and detracted from the waxiness of the potatoes.

JEANETTE, on her entrance with the tea-pot, flew back to the kitchen with the information that we were talking quite rationally. *La Virille* opened the door a handsbreadth to satisfy herself of her handmaiden's veracity, and then, with effusion, brought in a double supply of onions, with the air of awarding naughty boys who have suddenly repented.

My new acquaintance informed me that his name was MARLY, but, as he did not mention who his father was, nor refer to any uncles who were prominent personages, I justly conceived an immediate contempt for him as not being a youth of family—a feeling which was the stronger because the peculiar vacancy of his expression had at first led me to believe him a young man brought up in the most distinguished circles of Toronto society.

My curiosity as to the cause of his emaciation somewhat abated, as I became convinced that he was not a person of importance, and it was not till, in the smoking room, I was puffing clouds from a large-bowled meerschaum, with MARLY lolling in a huge-backed, cane-seated rocking chair near the stove, that I questioned him concerning his illness. I was astonished and delighted to hear that he was convalescing from an attack of Syrian fever; astonished because I had fully expected to be told of some vulgar disease, and delighted because it seemed probable that he was, after all my doubts, a patrician youth.

"Caught it at Damascus, you know," he said, "was down with it there for five weeks. Riding knocked me up again. How I got back to England I hardly know."

"You are young," said I, "to have travelled, but I suppose you were with friends, or, perhaps, with a party of Cook's tourists?"

"No," said he, "entirely alone. You see I'm going into business next year. So my father wished me to see the world before I am tied down to the desk. I had letters to his English correspondents. They mapped out my journey and passed me on. With the dragon-man I had, there was no difficulty going anywhere. Come up and see some of the things I have brought back."

He had his pile of luggage sent to his room—the best in the house and quite comfortable, in pleasant contrast to my rigid outline of bed and floor, bare, except for a strip of rag carpet.

"You see," said he, pointing to the furniture, "I have some traps of my own here. Can't rough it as I used, you know. These things came down a week before me."

He did not at once proceed to display his acquisitions, and I suspected that he had brought me up from the smoking room as much that he might escape its unwholesome smell and the fumes of my pipe, as that he wished to shew his purchases.

We sat and chatted for a while over some very decent brandy which he produced, I questioning him concerning his journey and he answering as if the things and places he had seen had all been passed by in a dream. It was hard to discover what he had gained by travel.

Fresh from school he should have known native society before seeing the world.

As it was he had no standard of comparison.

It was some time before he proceeded to shew me his treasures. When he did my respect for him very much increased for it was evident that he had not been stinted in money. There were curious eastern weapons, jewels rarely set, diaphareous fabrics of Asiatic looms, all costly and peculiar.

His narrative became quite lively as he recounted each purchase, for he had a capital memory for a commercial transaction. Still he seemed to value the articles very little for the associations connected with them, they were shewn with the pride of a collector and not of a traveller. Not till he had finished did he display any enthusiasm, saying:

"You should see the Eastern dresses I have left at home, I shall always so glad to have taken that trip for the sake of those costumes. They will create such a sensation at masquerades on the skating rink."

Think for a moment on the mental condition of a human being, who, after travelling through Asia, was glad that he had done so "because he had acquired some good dresses for masquerades at the skating rink."

Yet do not many tourists pride themselves merely on the fact of their travel—having acquired no more than if they had journeyed with their eyes shut.

This young fellow was neither oppressively instructive nor absurdly vain.

Sometimes you meet people who come back from Rome fancying themselves Popes, at least in their native towns—you see others who, having visited Constantinople, are ready with any quantity of information as to the creed of JALAM, and look mysterious and wise, when the Eastern Difficulty is mentioned—saying "Ah, I've been there."

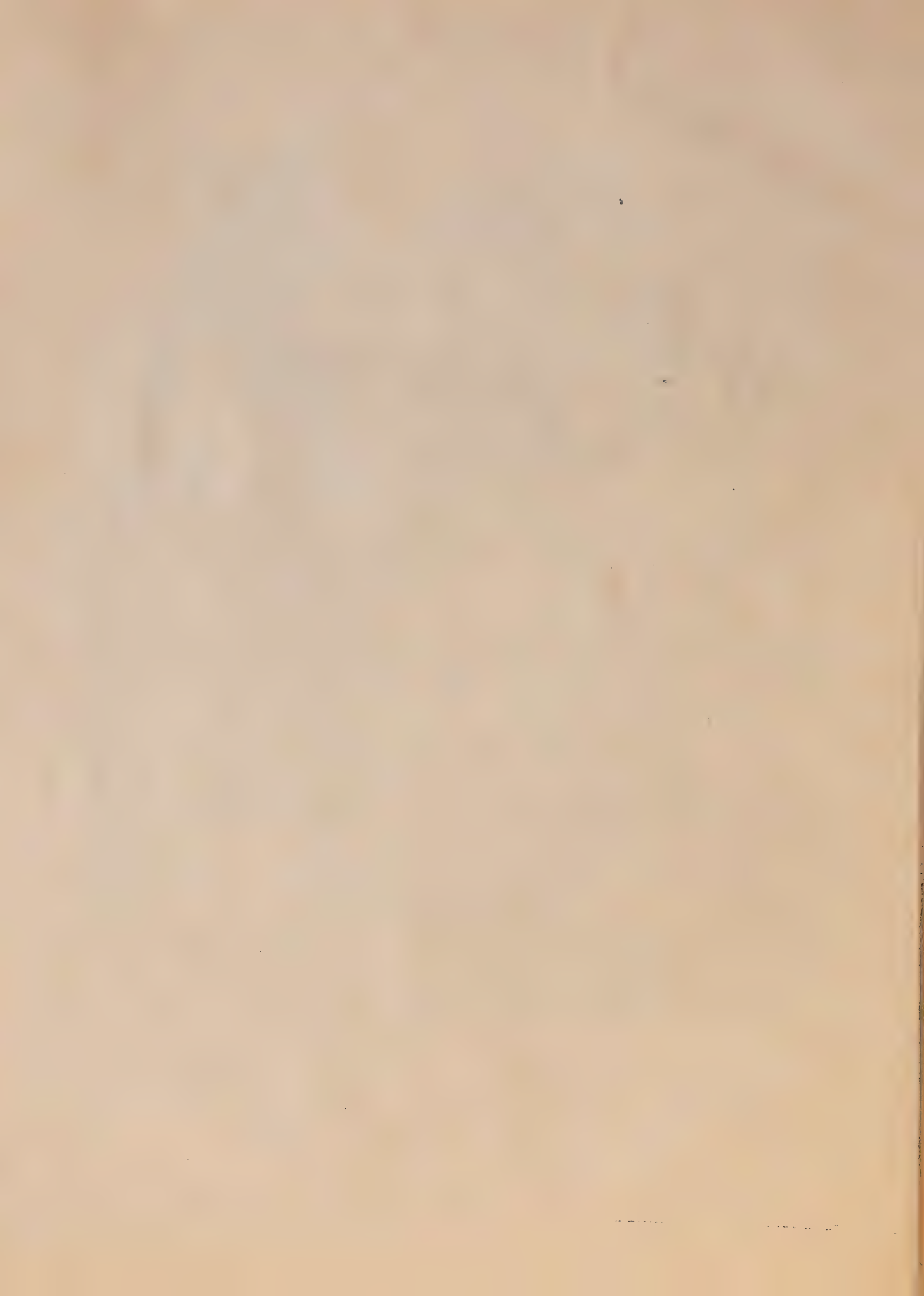
(To be continued.)



“THE GIPSY’S WARNING;”

OR, THE EDUCATION MAIDEN AND HER IRREPRESSIBLE LOVER.

GIPSY—(*The Globe*)—“TRUST HIM NOT!!”



Young Kanuck to Brother Jonathan.

4TH JULY.



EAR JONATHAN, from
where I sit,
I hear your nasal cheers,
Break out in answer to the
gun
That numbers off your
years;
While, free above, your
waving flag
Displays its stripes and
stars,
And "YANKEE DOODLE"
proudly played,—
Forgets the stars and bars.

Well, JONATHAN, as nations
live,
You're yet the merest youth,
A knowing young one, I'll
allow,
And quite well grown, in
truth;
But yet a dissipated life
And your almighty greed,
Have left a look upon your
face
Of running into seed.

Dear JONATHAN, I've lived so long
In hearing of your voice,
That I've half learned to sympathize
When yearly you rejoice;
Though over me the ensign waves
That's braved a thousand years,
Which I salute with filial pride,
And you with scornful jeers.

Dear JONATHAN, at bay I stood
Beneath that Union Jack,
When you to tear it from me strove,
And stoutly beat you back.
At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane
And Crysler's Farm, you found
A grave was all a foeman earned
Of this Canadian ground.

And JONATHAN, when I resign
The flag I loved of yore—
As must be soon—'twill be because
I see a hand before
That beckons me to take my place
Beside my Saxon peers,
And enter boldly in the race
Of glory, through the years.

Then, JONATHAN, I hope that peace
May watch our harvests grow,
And that the strife she stirs will be
The only strife we know;
But should your Eagle scream for fight,
My Beaver to his wars
Will muster hosts of better men
Than ever bore your stars.

'Cute JONATHAN, in times gone by,
When mother held my strings,
You chiselled her completely out
Of many of my things;
But now, I rather guess, that when
We make another trade,
You'll find such bargains can't be got,
As those that mother made.

Dear JONATHAN, I heard you brag,
And thought 'twas no disgrace,
For never did performance fail
The promise of our race.
If you can brag, why shouldn't I?
For I can point with pride
Not only to my mother's deeds,
But brother, yours beside.

Among our Exchanges.

Believing as GRIP does that you have to go from home to hear the news, our readers can understand how earnestly we rake over our exchanges from the back woods for items in regard to the Government plans. In this connection it is refreshing to hear from the *Truerton Watchman* that

"It is now hinted that Sir John Macdonald is to be appointed by the Municipal Government to the governorship of the West India Islands."

We are too modest to pry into the why and wherefore of this remark, but we would like to know how the *Watchman*—so far from the centre of civilization—came by the information. But perhaps the above is a local item, and the "Municipal Government" is a polite term for "Village Council". GRIP anxiously awaits explanation.

From the Lucknow *Sentinel* we clip this complimentary puff:—

"BRUBARB.—We return our thanks to Mr. John Hill, 10th con. Grey, for a bag full of tender rhubarb. Some people seem to know that editors are very fond of new fruit and young vegetables."

WILL CARLETON, in speaking of the representative editor, says:

"On vinegar, kind hearted people were feeding him every hour, Who saw not the work they were doing, but wondered that printers are sour."

The people around Lucknow are not satisfied with vinegar, but go to the extent of rhubarb—tender and by the bag full. Yet the editor seems to relish it.

Overheard on a Steamboat.

TABLEAU.

(YOUNG AMERICAN GENTLEMAN, with Byron in one pocket, and "New York Ledger" in the other, passing forward deck in an abstracted manner and meditating lofty verse. YOUNG AMERICAN LADIES, on stools, admiring young American gentleman, and believing him a poet. Moon behind a cloud. Scene only illuminated by lamps. Moon suddenly appears, lights up black clouds, lights up black river.)

YOUNG AMERICAN GENTLEMAN, with outstretched arm, suddenly: See! the moon!

(Young ladies see it.)

YOUNG AMERICAN GENTLEMAN, with strong action of the arm, rapturously: Heow grand! heow beautiful!! heow elegant!!!

YOUNG LADIES: Heow poetical!

COCKNEY GENTLEMAN, just out, staring: Heligant! How Hawful!!

Montreal Munificence.

HERE'S a very religious notice from the *Witness*:

"If the Lady who took my Black Silk Umbrella out of Miss Clendinning's store, Radegonde st., will call at 47 Metcalfe, she can have my Parasol also.

We consider that this indicates in the advertiser a too generous disposition. Benevolence should be very cautiously exercised, and we are not inclined to believe that the lady referred to can be a deserving object for charity. Scripture requires no more than the bestowal of our other coat, and we conceive that a person, after the loss of a black silk umbrella, would be perfectly justified in retaining a parasol.

A Startling Charge.

We clip the following from the city items of the *Montreal Witness*:

"EFFECTS OF THE HEAT.—Henry Thompson, 17, and Robert Wiggins, 17, were found sleeping in a hayloft. When asked by the Recorder why they chose such a sleeping place, they answered, 'Because the weather was so warm.' His Honor said, 'I'll send you to a cool place to sleep in,' and fined them \$5 each, with the alternative of getting cool lodgings at Hochelaga."

GRIP croaks his indignation against the miscreants, THOMPSON and WIGGINS. The frightful crime of sleeping in a hayloft should have been visited with more severe punishment. The infliction of His Honor's exquisite irony, would have driven to the verge of madness anyone of sensibility, but persons sinful and degraded enough to sleep in a hayloft probably would not wince under it. We call the attention of those who are partial to naps in haylofts, to their liability to a fine, or "cool lodgings in Hochelaga," which alternative, we fear, may, in this hot weather, possess a fascination for many people, which will lead them to commit the dangerous offence of WIGGINS and THOMPSON.

Astronomical.

THE star humourist of our staff worried his brain for a long time to evolve a brilliant witticism on "our heavenly visitor," with which to fill this corner. He was forced to confess that he couldn't commit.

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Standard says,—“The ‘WAVERLEY’ Pen will prove a treasure.”

Engineer says,—“The ‘PICKWICK’ Pen embodies an improvement of great value.”

Sun says,—“The ‘PHAETON’ Pen creates both wonder and delight, and must be termed a marvel.”

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 958, Toronto, Ontario. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 10, 1874.

No. 20.

WHITE HART

Cor. Yonge & Elm.

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BELL BELMONT

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1874.

"The Times are Out of Joint."

THE London *Times* just now is dead against emigration to Canada. It is the chief care of the *Thunderer* to thunder only in popular growls, reports and grumbings, and so it seeks to make capital for the time being by chiming in with the outcry against emigration. The principle upon which the *Times* argues, if affection, is certainly strange, and Canada may well be spared the presence of such as are influenced by it. For instance, it works upon the fears of the laborers it would keep in England for the benefit of the capitalists who delight in low wages; and as those over whom the thunder is rolled are starved in body and mind, the hope is felt that they will hear, tremble, and fear to move. Emigration it likens to a lottery in which, though there are many good prizes, there are also many terrible blanks. It pictures to the emigrant a chapter of accidents that may befall him, to his utter undoing, and closes by reminding him that there is no workhouse in Canada.

Emigration to Canada is to the Englishman a lottery in which there are "no blanks," unless indeed the emigrant himself be a blank; the mishaps so eloquently depicted by the *Times* are barely possible, scarcely probable; and the "uncertainty" alluded to in Canada is much to be preferred to the certainty of poverty, and, if accidents arise, pauperism, in England. People in Canada can only laugh at the idea of a leading newspaper of England preferring the certainty of the poor-house to the probability of independence.

Thank Heaven we have no poor-houses in Canada—excepting one, and that is of exotic growth, and entirely unnecessary. Our only work-houses are our gaols, where the inmates are taught how they may be honest by labor in a country where all may earn an independent living. Canadian civilization has not degenerated so far as the establishment of poor-houses, and even the enervated victims of the English system on breathing the free and inspiring air of the Dominion soon learn to be men. Here they can earn "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," and climb the social ladder if they will; here they are not considered as so many machines to be worked at the least possible expense; and here we are spared the spectacle of a leading journal aiding in perpetuating their degradation in the spirit of that cursed commercial calculation that has been and continues to be Britain's bane. Every man has an inherent right to go where he pleases to better his condition; and especially is it his duty to leave a land where he is coolly consigned to the work-house, for one in which he is sure of a house of his own, where only bounteous nature is his steward and Providence his beadle, where, in short, he will forget the hard and grinding, bitter and pitiless *Times* of his native land.

May it ever be said, "There is no work-house in Canada."

Croaks and Pecks.

If the City Council will persist in destroying the Avenue, we must 'ave a new Council.

Two blacks don't make a white, but black and white have made it red in New Orleans.

It is a St. Catharines firm that advertises "Paris Green for Potato Bugs and Painters' Use."

BISMARCK proposes to Frenchify the name of Count Von ARNIM; then he can safely say D'ARNIM.

A CERTAIN class of politicians delight to go about talking of their co-religionists, who cannot be found this side the Styx.

ANOTHER comic contemporary in Montreal:

"Be'st thou a spirit of health, or Goblin damned?"

CONSIDERING the Utopian ideas with which "Canada First" is crammed, would it not be in order to call its latest institution the "Stuffed Club?"

On hearing that the *Mail* had appeared in a new "suit" of Scotch type, an eminent Irish barrister of our acquaintance remarked that it was "scotched, not kilt."

THE *Globe* declares that the writer of "Current Events" in the *Canadian Monthly* sees in "party" the root of all evil. That he is not blind is evidenced by the result of the late contested election cases, in which "the root of all evil" was pretty prominent.

A NEW YORK paper derides a spiritualistic revelation that the wife of its editor would be drowned if she sailed from Liverpool for New York on board a certain vessel, on the ridiculous ground that no such vessel existed. To our mind, the spirits were perfectly correct in their prophecy. We should not care to have a non-existent ship between ourselves and the bottom of the Atlantic and be left to cruise about like our ancestor in Noah's time.

THERE are some who hold that none of the constituencies in which the members have been unseated for corrupt acts at their election should again return these men, in order to show that the electors have no sympathy with bribery. There is another phase, however. By the rejection of the unseated candidates the constituency would be tacitly acknowledging that it was only through its venality these men were first returned. From the fact that each unseated candidate is re-nominated, it will be seen that the constituencies see it in the latter light.

Edward the Confessor.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE has made another speech. This fact of itself is nothing; but in the speech there is something which has created a sensation. Mr. BLAKE has advanced ideas, and he has advanced them. If their remarks upon this speech are honest, and we are bound to believe them so till future inconsistency proves them otherwise, Tories, Grits and Canada Firsters are all gratified to a degree. The Tories are pleased to discover in Mr. BLAKE's latest public utterances evidences that he is not in accord with the Reform party with whom he has hitherto been identified; Reformers are happy that he commends the policy of the governments in Ottawa and Toronto, severally led by Mr. MACKENZIE and Mr. MOWAT; while the Canada First infant crows with delight because he has been trying the strings which rock its patent cradle. The Reformers are inclined to hold to him because he holds to them, as far as they have gone; the Conservatives encourage him because they hope to see him create a division in the Reform ranks by an attempt to force his twentieth century views upon the leaders of the party in whose ranks he holds a prominent place; and the Canada First "no-party" party see in him the leader they have been longing for. He has dropped plums to all, and so long as such remains satisfied with its fair share it will please them and not hurt him; but when each begins to find fault with the pleasure of the others, then "look out for squalls." Each, after feasting upon what it has got, will be inclined to look for more, and will naturally desire the lion's share, and who fails to get it will raise an out cry.

Mr. BLAKE has a right to his opinions, as other men have to theirs, and we are glad to see him express them freely, and even forcibly. Cool and calm discussion will do good, not harm; but already we see each party delightedly dancing, not so much from the pleasure extracted from this speech as a whole as through gratification at advantages they may gain through discomfiture of the others. Even those who advocate a "no-party" doctrine are now ready to take rank as a party, by denouncing each of the others, and, in comparison with the wickedness of both proclaiming their creed as the *summum bonum* of political righteousness.

When will the carnage commence?

A Last Resource.

Father (expostulating with his son.) James I am grieved beyond expression, to see the bad way in which you have been going on ever since you left school. I have tried you at everything, and you have failed in everything. I put you into a merchant's office, and you were ignominiously dismissed, sent at once to the right about your business. I started you as a coal merchant, then as a wine dealer, and a general commission agent, but you didn't clear enough to pay for your shoe leather. At last I secured you a lucrative position in the Mutual Philanthropic Insurance and Loan Company's office, but even they would have nothing to do with you. In short you are utterly worthless, a miserable drone in the human hive, and therefore nothing is left me but to get you a situation under Government.

A Touching Ceremony.

MR. W. H. HOWLAND, on Thursday, the 1st inst., took the principal part in a most imposing ceremony. While the Dead March in Saul was softly hummed by the staff of the *Nation*, the corner stone of the National Club was lowered into position, and, in the unaccountable absence of Mr. BLAKE, Mr. HOWLAND buried his bantling. The stone was inscribed as follows:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of
CANADA FIRST.

Man's life is short and mine was shorter,
I died for want of a supporter.

Suggestions for the "Canadian Monthly."

GRIP sympathises with the editor of the *Canadian Monthly* in his laudable desire to see the evils of partyism done away, and the millennium of peaceful coalition inaugurated. He has given a few moments of profound thought to the subject, and a few suggestions as to the best means of accomplishing the object in view have occurred to his mind. These he desires, with becoming gravity, to lay upon the table of "Current Events," and if they are found of any value, the consciousness of having done a patriotic thing will be considered ample reward.

1. By all means let Mr. M. C. CAMERON be taken into the cabinet. Let him be Attorney-General.
2. Let Mr. RYKERT also be transferred to the Treasury benches. Create a new office—say Minister of Slander—for him.
3. Let Mr. McKELLAR go to the other side of the House, not for opposition purposes, but to ensure the personal safety of such Minister of Slander.
4. Let Mr. CROOKS withdraw his libel suit against the *Mail*, and place the manager of that journal on the half-pay list.
5. Let Mr. GEO. BROWN and the *Globe* newspaper be sent abroad for a few years.
6. Let Mr. JAMES BEATY suspend the publication of the *Leader*, and give the Government fair play.
7. Let Mr. Atty.-Gen. MOWAT give up his boisterous manner of speaking, and cease forever from wholesale corruption.
8. Let Mr. LAUDER have a contract for a few miles of fencing, leaving the cost to his option.
9. Let Mr. BOULTBEE have a commission of 25 per cent. for buying chromos for the Government, and send him off on his travels.
10. Let *Current Events* be bound over to keep the peace for an indefinite period.
11. Let—— (This space is to let.)

"Grip."

BY P. P. C., BROCKVILLE.

The waters laved the rocky shore
Where I was left reclining;
And "by your leave," I said, I'll try
A little bit of rhyming.

My Muse has struck, by Union Leagues
Seduced, for higher wages,
So let her strike the lyre for GRIP—
For GRIP now all the rage is.

And let her tune her newest reeds,
To all their sweetest gushes—
Where milk-white water-lilies lie
Among the leaves and rushes.

"And who is GRIP," my Muse replies,
"That I must sing his praises,
While all adown the dog-day sky
The solemn sunlight blazes?"

Then I said, "Who is GRIP?" you ask!
"Why! GRIP's a very grave 'un,
A most sophisticated bird,
A knowing blue-black Raven;

A bird whose ready bill is bent
To peck at whom he pleases,
And holds with most tenacious nip
The wretch whom once he seizes."

Then quick my Muse, "The day is hot,
The waters gleam and glimmer;
Let's wait the hour of eventide,
When all their sheen is dimmer;

Let's wait until the risen moon
That distant isle hath crested,
And then I'll sing the praise of GRIP—
At least, if I am rested.

I'll sing his praise through all my days,
That bird of gracious omen,
Who never spares a boorish man
Nor yet a silly woman;

Who pecks his beak against each cheek
With most superb assurance,
And rups the politician till
His wound is past endurance.

Nor Tory, Grip, nor Liberal
Escapes his careful vision;
He hold's the canting Purist to
The light, for men's derision.

'Tis he exposes all their wiles,
On all their knavery tramples;
Of rogues, for others warning, he
Delights to make examples.

He's fond of chaff, he has his laugh,
He many a home makes brighter;
And many a heart already light
Has render'd all the lighter.

Then long live GRIP 'mid winter's snows,
Or summer's bright laburnum;
I'll sing his praise through all my days,
Floreat in eternum."

Well done, O Muse, now rest thee long
Upon this grassy pillow,
And stretch thy languid limbs beneath
This overhanging willow.

May breezes gently kiss thy brow—
A blessing for thy task—a
Cooling draught from floating fields
Of ice about Alaska.

Already hast thou sung enough,
I thee no more require,
To whistle on thy penny-pipe,
Or strike thy sounding lyre.

Liberal Conservative Jingles.

BEDAD but the terrible BLAKE
Has made all Clear-Gritism shake!
Wid that spaych at Aurora
He gave thim, begorra,
A few bitter powthers to take!

Clear Grit—though he niver wud tell—
They thought him—but look what befel:
Of their foes he's the worst,
He's a *Canada First*,
And he'll knock all their Party to smithereens!

Retribution!

THOUGH the MILLER of Collingwood grinds slowly, yet he grinds exceedingly small, witness:—

BE ON THE LOOK-OUT.—There's a pup in Toronto, they call his name Grip, he is sure for to catch you should you happen to slip. I read in the paper just the other night, that our Collingwood poet got a very bad bite. I hope there's no poison at the end of his fangs, for out of his mouth comes a great many slangs. I can scarcely perceive whether cur, dog or hound, perhaps on the banks his puppy was found. To have him run at large it is a great pity, I believe in my heart he smells somewhat Gritty. The Mayor of Toronto will act as insane, if he ties not this pup with a good Tory chain. The way this brute howls, a lawyer t'would puzzle, if he barks any more we'll get him a muzzle.

A Paper of the Period.

ELORA has a new paper. In its prospectus it says:—"We intend to keep up the character of the paper as a Conservative journal of the first class, and we intend to show in all our dealings that we shall tell the wrong and do the right." This either means that the character of first-class Conservative journals is kept up by telling the wrong and "doing" the right, or that this paper will say one thing and do another. As a foretaste of what its readers may expect take the following sentiment from its editorial columns: "Truth is not perceptible to every person. 'Good.' Let it go!" Truth, however, is not like an egg, which dropped to earth will mingle with the mud. Truth will rise again; and they who let it go to seize on a refuge of lies, will fall while it ascends.

Serious Consequences.

THE London *Free Press* says:—"It is understood that Mr. WALKER, of British Columbia, has been so far successful in his mission to England, as to have been the cause of serious despatches to the Government." Does it mean to infer that the Colonial Secretary is ever guilty of sending a joking despatch, or does it merely announce the novelty that Mr. WALKER has at last been successful in being looked on seriously? It's wicked of the *Free Press* to try to make poor Mr. WALKER take courtesy for consideration, as he is only too apt to do.

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GRAND
OPERA HOUSE
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Mr. COULDOCK, - Stage Manager.*

Saturday Oct. 10th 1874, at 2 O'clock,

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GREAT MATINEE.

Dominick Murray,
IN TWO PIECES.

THE COMIC IRISH DRAMA OF

MICKEY FREE,
AND THE ROARING FARCE OF

The Benecia Boy

Saturday Evening Mr. MURRAY will make
his last appearance in the great
new play of

QUIN THE ACTOR

On Monday Evening Oct. 12th

Will be presented Shakespare's

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHYLOCK - - MR. COULDOCK.

And a powerful cast of Characters. After which
the Capital Farce of

A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock.

On Tuesday, October 13th, 1874,

The great English Commedienne, Miss

Carlotta LeClereq,

Of the Royal Princesses' Theatre, London, Eng-
land, will make her first appearance in the beau-
tiful play by Tom Taylor, entitled

MASKS AND FACES.

PEG WOFFINGTON - - MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ

BUSINESS CARDS.

WINES FROM THE WOOD.

Gentlemen requiring refreshment through the
day can obtain a glass of wine, etc., pure as im-
ported, and drawn from the original cask, by
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Furnish Five Quires Best Quality of Paper, and
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Cased Lever.....	90
Gold Gents' Hunting-	
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From	\$200 to 300

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PRACTICAL

WATCHMAKERS
in the Dominion.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

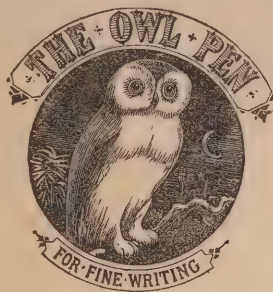
ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 958, Toronto, Ontario. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

No. 22.



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See “GRAPHIC” of 16th September, 1871, for the names of ONE THOUSAND British Newspapers that have strongly recommended MACNIVEN & CAMERON’S Renowned Pens to the Public. Beware of spurious imitations of these Pens.

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REFRESHMENTS AT ALL HOURS.
Oysters served up in every style.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grubest Beast is the *Jass*; the grubest Bird is the *Olul*;
The grubest Fish is the *Oyster*; the grubest Man is the *Fool*.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

"37 Vic., Cap. 38, Sec. 11."

(SEE CARTOON).

PATTESON, PATTESON, ill-used man,
Print that clause as oft as you can;
Quote it, repeat it, a troublesome flea
It will prove in the ear of Grit leaders to be.

Reflections on Collections.

TIME was when the church demanded one-tenth of the substance in the whole land; and we can even fancy that in the form of a legal tax the tithe was generally given cheerfully, though there were undoubtedly then, as now, many old curmudgeons who growled at the amount their "religion" cost them. It is sweet to think of the simple faith of our ancient progenitors, to look far back in the past and see in our mind's eye the good old patriarchs acknowledging by their actions that they were indebted to Providence for all the good things of earth, and with calm resignation counting out the tenth part of their worldly possessions. We cannot in making the retrospect help wondering if the old Jews ever dreamed of the immense present advantages of assessing upon a low valuation, as it would certainly be the first thought to enter the mind of the Christian now-a-days.

How many to-morrow with thankful hearts will bless kind Heaven for all the favours bestowed on them throughout the week, sing loudly the hymns of praise, listen attentively to the Word, and devoutly drop the smallest piece of silver into the collection plate!

Those whose consciences are apt to be roused and hearts warmed by a good sermon will probably have provided themselves with the little coins and take no other money to church with them. Such people to-night may be seen changing their quarters, half-dollars, or bills, so as to be provided with the required five-cent piece for the morrow. If there is one thing more than another which displays the democratic sentiment of the community, it is the perfect equality with which high and low, rich and poor, drop small silver into the church offertory.

Should one happen by some oversight, or fit of absent-mindedness to attend church with a gradation of coins in pocket, there may occur a mental and moral struggle. It generally ends in a deposit of the smallest, because the giver *can't afford* a larger sum. Yet many, yes most, if not all, of those who prevail upon themselves that they cannot afford to give ten cents to the Gospel cause, do not hesitate to spend many times the amount next day in the gratification of some whim, or the purchase of some article utterly superfluous. There are even cases occurring weekly in which church-goers squander the greater part of a dollar in treating their friends in some bar-room, on Saturday evening, after seven o'clock too, and on attending church next day persuading themselves without difficulty that they cannot afford to increase the collection to more than five cents. Men have even been known to conscientiously deposit their smallest coin in the collector's plate at Church, and on their way home expend several times the amount in the purchase of liquid refreshments in some law-breaking whiskey dispensary.

Frugal house-wives are known to keep a store of small silver for "church money," and if by any accident this is expended on Saturday afternoon the family can't go to church on Sunday. When the desire to attend to the outward ordinances is very strong, and a note must be broken to procure the necessary small change, few are sufficiently careless of probable observation to boldly ask for the required "bits;" but they get over the difficulty by purchasing some small article, not that they want it, but that they want the change, and don't like to ask for it on Saturday night. They could never go to church and give *nothing*, you know.

It is simply surprising what an effect the scarcity of small change has upon the attendance at our churches; and at such times traders who require a quantity of broken money eagerly search for church collectors and church treasurers. For the same reason we often see the office of treasurer in the church occupied by some person who in his worldly occupation requires a large amount of small money. When they can't get it there's none in circulation; and you may waver the churches are far from being well filled.

The above "reflections" on church-goers naturally leads to the remark that the generality of them are at collection time like an unmerciful enemy in battle; they give no quarter.

Where's Barnum?

"CANADA FIRST" is as great a curiosity as Barnum's *what is it?* There are few who have not tried to place it according to their views of rationally constituted things; but all have failed. No two can agree upon a character for it, or place it in any *genus*. It defies classification and seems utterly devoid of any character. "The eternal fitness of things" seems to give place to the eternal unfitness of this thing, and, consider it as you may, it remains a "What-is-it." It can't even define itself, and though the power of utterance is by no means denied it, out-Tilting THEODORE it "talks and talks, and says nothing." Like GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN it is everything mighty; still nothing. Calling itself the "National Party" it ignores party; it denies being a know-nothing, and we are inclined then to believe it, for evidently it don't know itself; with a great show of independence it shrinks from professing Independence; accused of a desire for annexation it disacknowledges the soft impeachment. It breathes, it lives, it sleeps, it wakes, it tells its dreams, and delights in their narration, fancying there's something in them; but if so it's "one of those things no fellow can find out." It attaches much significance to these visions but loses itself in any attempt to express its interpretation of them. It is simply a curious, amusing, perplexing, "What-is-it." We want imagination; that's what we want. Old JOHN WILLET tried to instil it into us many and many's the time; but we ain't made for it; that's the fact. If we only had Mr. WILLET's imagination we might, by deep cogitation, and a kettle to look at, figure it out so as to finally express an opinion in relation to the sentiment. Not having any imagination, and being silly, we can't fathom the mystery of the "What-is-it." We guess, however, it's a *howl*—and—nothing more.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CANADA CHARITY COMPANY—ESTABLISHED 1874.

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Leading Artists	- - - -	The <i>Globe</i> and <i>Mail</i> .
Secretary-Treasurer	- - - -	C. J. WHELLAMS, Esq.

FEELING the growing want of an establishment which will afford untold advantages to many of the most prominent politicians and people of the country, the Canada Charity Company launches its bucket upon the tide of Time, and solicits the patronage of all in want of a first-class coat of whitewash. Look at the array of talent comprised in our list of Directors—every man an artist of the first water. In these degenerate days, when the characters of the best and most honored of the land are open to abuse, and even the fear of libel suits and State Trials does not protect the virtuous and upright from being attacked and misrepresented, it behooves this fair Dominion to fold to its bosom and encircle in its brawny arms a Company which has for its object the regilding and rehabilitating of threadbare reputations. The Canada Charity Company undertakes to fill the bill, and empty the bucket. Arrangements have been effected by which the lowly and down-trodden may once more raise their heads to smiling heaven, and waltz about in an entire new suit of lily-white lime and bubbling water. Special contracts will be made for large undertakings. Mediocre reputations whitewashed upon the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Country orders will receive prompt attention. Samples may be seen at the office of any of the Directors. Parliamentary work made a specialty, and private families supplied at their residences. A new era is dawning upon the country. Every man may yet become his own whitewasher. Weep no more ye blighted and blasted of the earth; bid defiance to the world and use our compound. Stock books are now open; children, half-price.

While the brush holds out to whiten
Man may err, but hope will brighten;
While the bucket holds the wash,
"Orders must contain the cash."

We are permitted to refer to the following patrons who have used our whitewash, and a perusal of a few recommendations may interest intending applicants. We possess thousands more of a similar tenor, but these will suffice. Full directions on the inside wrapper; none genuine without the signature:

TESTIMONIALS.

Canada Charity Company—

Since using your wash I can truly say "These hands are clean."
Send me another ten thousand pounds.

JOHN A. MACDONALD, Kingston.

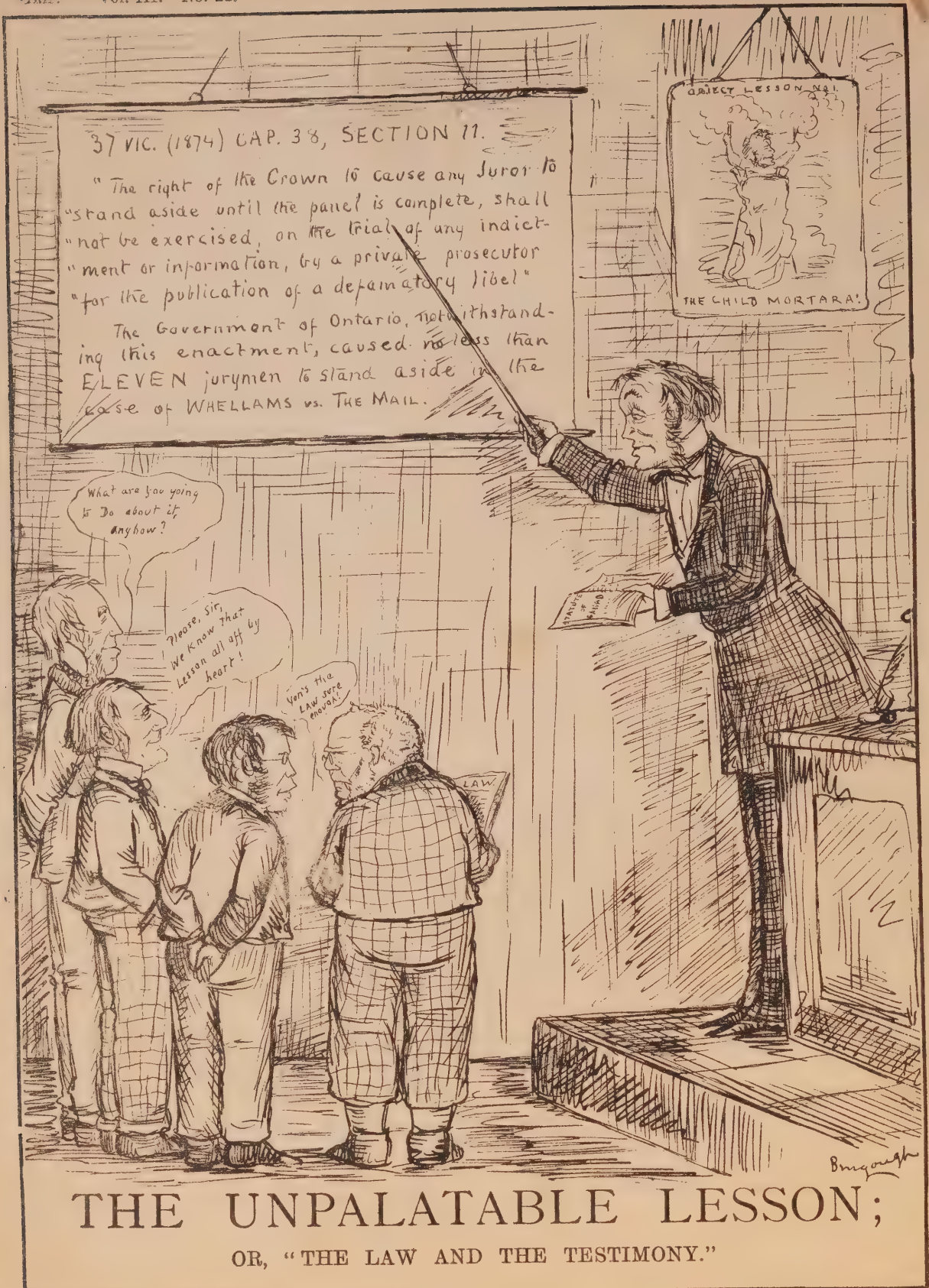


PROTESTANTISM AT OTTAWA;

OR, "JOB" CARTWRIGHT'S COMFORTERS.

BEING ONE OF THE "PLEASANTRIES OF PUBLIC LIFE."





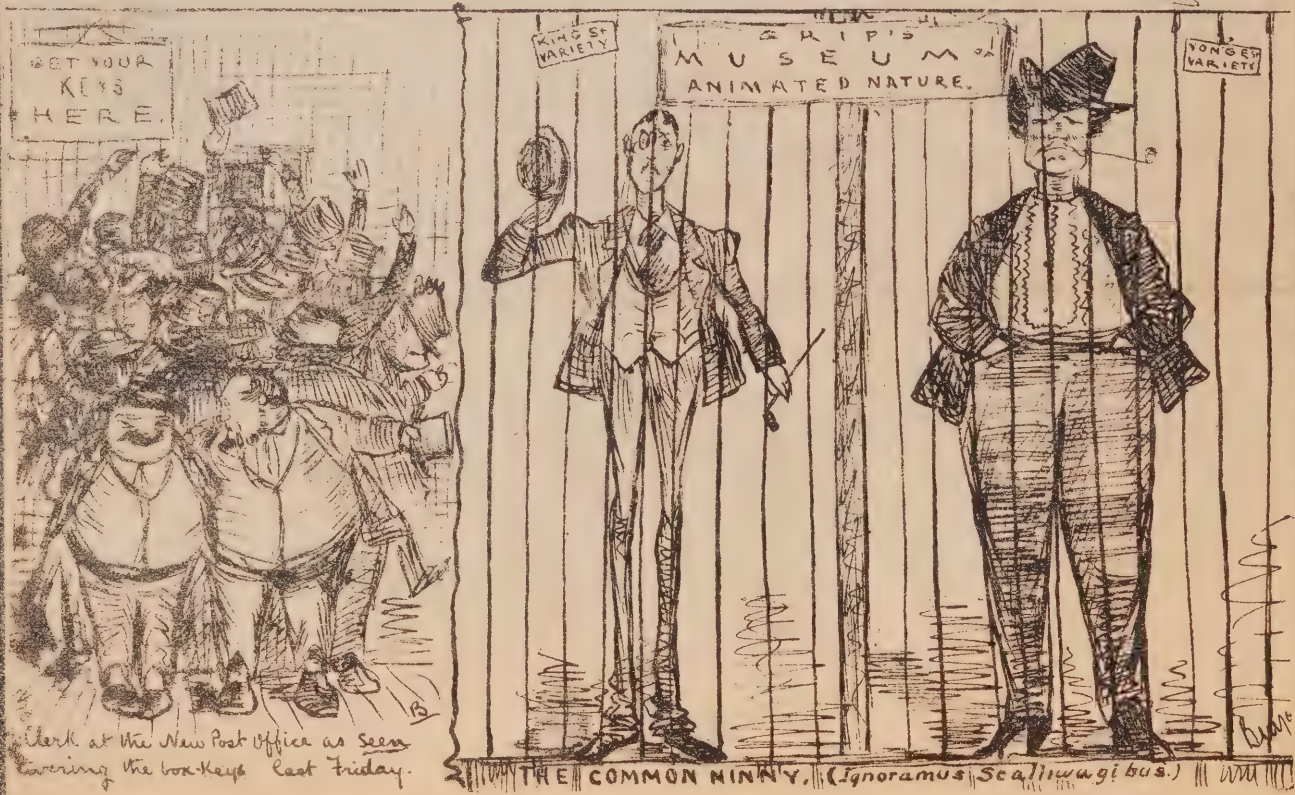
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OR, "THE LAW AND THE TESTIMONY."



A New Text for
The Pulpit &
The Rostrum.

DRUNKARD PUBLICAN
AND
EQUALLY
RESPONSIBLE



Clerk at the New Post Office as Seen
Covering the box-keys last Friday.

Have forwarded you a large order. Stir it up thick.

LOUIS RIEL, Provencher.

Every family should have a bucketful in the House.

O. MOWAT, Toronto.

The virtues of your whitewash fill many pages of my scrap-book. Life would have few charms without it.

C. J. RYKERT, St. Catharines.

It cured my child of home rule. Ginx's Baby is himself again. The blessings of a father on the C. C. C.

A. MACKENZIE, Ottawa.

Without it, consolidation of the Empire would be a hollow mockery. I may provoke criticism by this bold utterance, but I am prepared to stand by the result or fall into the bucket.

EDWARD BLAKE, Toronto.

Would rather not speak now.

E. B. WOOD, Fort Garry.

My husband is a different man by the help of your compound. Taken inwardly or outwardly, it is a veritable balm of Gilead.

LITTLE MRS. BLANK (since deceased.)

To emigration agents it is simply indispensable. It has prevented the blasting of my young life. Forward a fresh bucketful.

C. J. WHEELLAMS, Scotland Yard.

Can feel it in the atmosphere.

E. HARRIS, London.

We yearn for the brush.

TORONTO HUNT CLUB.

No need for it at present, but will keep it in our eye.

CANADA FIRST.

I cries for it night and day.

CHILD MORTARA, Toronto.

Come along JOHN and put down bribery and corruption. We have lots of whitewash.

JOHN MADIVER, London.

Recommend it strongly on the sliding scale.

GEORGE BROWN, Toronto.

Have heard its virtues extolled from St. Ignace to wild Cape Race; from wild Cape Race to St. Ignace—if not more so.

AUGUSTUS JUKES, St. Catharines.

Valuable aid to "the boys." They devour it. I find the last Quart-ette.

M. C. CAMERON, Toronto.

Worthy of a Nation's homage.

GOLDWIN SMITH, Toronto.

Why do summer roses fade?—

In whitewash they are not arrayed.

DAVID EDWARDS, Yorkville.

Your compound is a faithless jade. Still I laud 'er.

A. W. LAUDER, Toronto.

Too thin.

ARCHIBALD McKELLAR, Toronto.

Be sure you get the best. Ask your grocer for the Canada Charity Company's Compound, and see that you take no other. All communications strictly confidential. Infringements on our patent will be rigorously prosecuted.

While the lime holds out to churn,

The vilest sinner may return.

Croaks and Pecks.

THE people of St. Catharines, not satisfied with an election campaign, have actually formed a debating club.

THE Ottawa Cabinet surely had some consideration for the eternal fitness of things when they called CORRIN Receiver General.

NOW COMES "the fall of the leaves" into the waste-paper basket, in consequence of the army of poetasters perpetrating "Lines on Autumn."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Nation* hopes that now there are to be several new brooms at the Militia Department, they will sweep clean the old flags that were in service in 1812, and make them fit for public presentation and preservation.

A ROY expressed surprise on learning the small size of a certain lady's glove, and wondered how she could wear it. "Why, because my hand is very soft," she replied, "What a little hat *you* wear, to be sure!"

THE other night a young lady who felt bound to attend a party the next day had some sewing to do in consequence. Expecting her beau, she expressed her desire to have him in the room where she was at work. Her maternal parent showing some surprise at this, Miss explained that she wanted him to "press the plaits." This being accepted in a sort of half-convinced way, all was well; but the artful damsel spoke with mental reservation, meaning all the while that the work she indicated should be done after the dress was fitted on.

IN a rural school a lad reading the passage in which occur the words "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," rendered them, "strain

at a gate and swallow a saw-mill." If the orthography be examined, it will be perceived that his blunders were not altogether unnatural, while he succeeded in preserving a comparison as absurd, if not quite so wise, as that made in the original. This boy was not laughed at any more heartily than the fellow who seeing a placard in a shop window with the words "Plantaganet Water," entered and made application, having read it "Plant agent Wanted."

Papoose Winter.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO P.C.L., A POET OF THE "CANADIAN MONTHLY."

O! these days,
Autumn days!

When the soppy earth lies streaming
Under damp and drizzling haze;

When amidst the leafless woodlands
Stand the maples in our gaze;

Bare and bony, gaunt and grisly.

How they rise,

Chilling skeletons of timber,

To the skies.

When the summer sunshine's done,

And the dreariness begun,

And a sound

Stirs the dripping, noisy forest,

As when, everywhere and often,

The huge rain-drop strikes the ground;

Or when leaves

With a harsh and angry rustle,

All upstirred by this rude breeze,

Circling upwards 'mong the trees,

Cast around

A wet nuisance more infernal

Than the cursed spider weaves.

Oh! these days,

Autumn days!

Who can tell the damp depression

Of these humid Autumn days?

Origin of Parties.

A NEW SPECIES OF DARWINIAN DEVELOPMENT.

"IN ALL recorded cases a great thought rang and boomed through the corridors of the nation, awaking echoes in a thousand hearts to which it sounded like the bugle call to the soldier."—*Toronto Globe*.

"AS hollow vessels produce a far more musical sound in falling than those which are substantial, so it will oftentimes be found that sentiments which have nothing in them make the loudest ringing in the world, and are the most relished."—*Charles Dickens*.

Above are two heads: our readers can readily make the application.

Political Recipes.

TO CULTIVATE a Canadian National spirit.—Grow barley.

TO secure Imperial union.—Compel men and women alike to grow tufts on the chin.

TO reconstruct the Senate.—"Put a head on" every one of its members.

TO insure compulsory voting.—Abolish the ballot and return to the old order of things, when the electors were forced to vote as personal influence dictated.

TO provide for a minority representation.—Adopt the aboriginal plan of a general council of the people: the majority will be sure to turn up missing, and the minority can run the machine.

Grip on Gripes.

HERE is the first item under the head of "Town and County News" in the last number of the *Guelph Weekly Mercury*:

"A SURE CURE FOR A SITTING HEN.—Put her on live clams instead of eggs. As the clams begin to get warm they open their shells, and the hen don't go on that nest the second time."

GRIP was for some time puzzled to see what local item was hidden in this allegory, but it is plain enough now that it is but a fanciful way of serving up something like the following:

"PERSONAL.—Last night the reporter of the *Mercury* attended a clam supper. The unhappy young man says clams are not as digestible as they are cracked up to be, and he would like to know a good cure for cramps in the stomach."

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Mr. COULDOCK, - Stage Manager.

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MACBETH!

In which MISS LE CLERCQ will make her
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After which, the Roaring Farce of

MY WIFE'S MOTHER.

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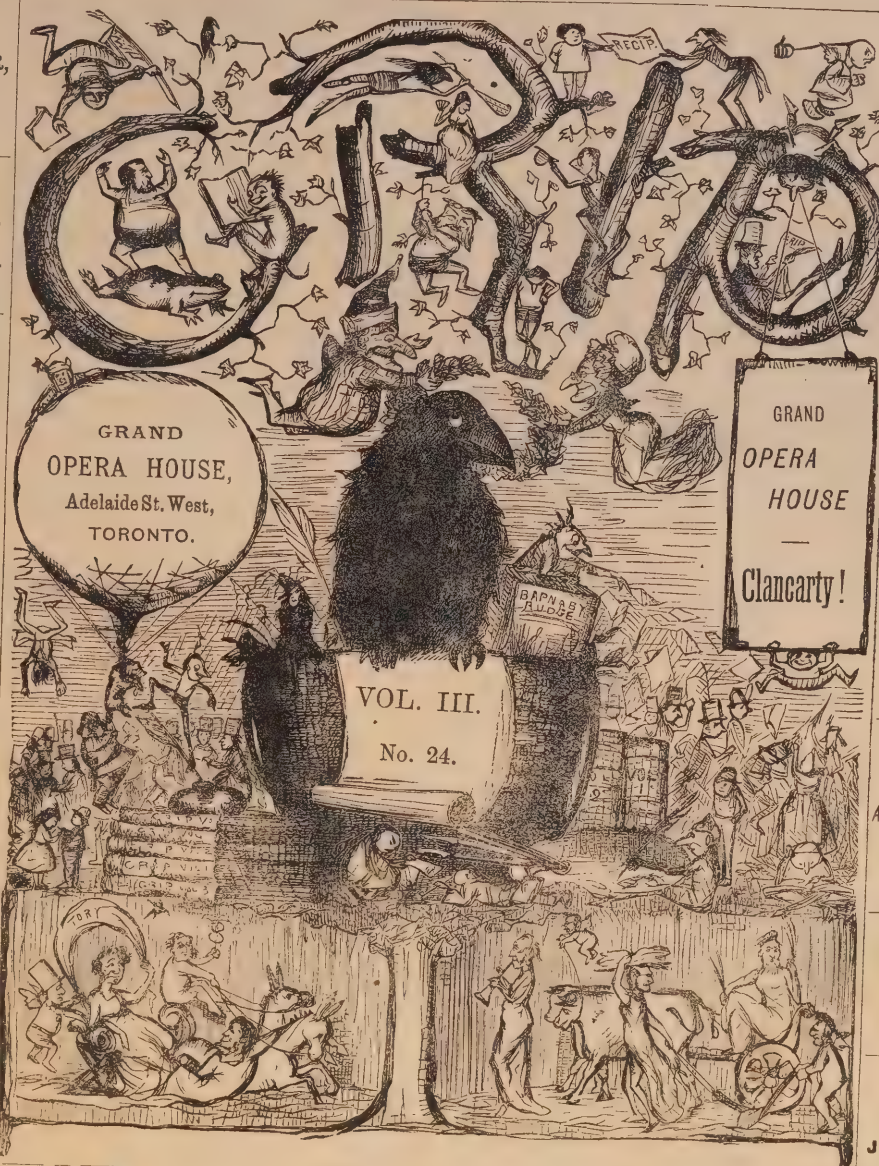
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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 7, 1874.



EDITOR'S NOTE.

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G R I P.
A. S. IRVING,
WHOLESALE AGENT,
35 King St. West, Toronto.
OFFICE AND DEPOT.

EDITED BY
MR. BARNABY RUDGE.
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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Jass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1874.

The Blinker's Papers.

HIS FIRST DINNER PARTY.

ALGERNON BABINGTON BLINKERS had reached the age of 27, when his first and greatest misfortune befel him.

His maternal aunt, *nee* SNUGGS, left him a fortune, and his cousin, on his father's side, Sir HERCULES HALIBUT, who up to the date of this too true history had resolutely ignored the existence of Mr. A. B. BLINKERS, Messrs. QUILL, DRIVER & Co.'s clerk, with the Christian grace characteristic of his high estate, held out the right hand of fellowship to ALGERNON BABINGTON BLINKERS, *Esquire*, landed proprietor, promising him at the same time the *entree* to polite society.

Thus it came about that in fulfilment of this promise a document arrived by post one fine day which disturbed the peace of BLINKERS for a week that seemed an eternity. It was merely an invitation to a Christmas dinner party at Mrs. FOLLET ST. URBAIN's, of Fern Lodge, Poppleton, a snug little villa in the heart of Muttonshire; but to BLINKERS, who had never yet been "out," the "invite" came like the shock of an electric battery, or the unexpected advent of one's mother-in-law. There were various cogent reasons why ALGERNON felt that, however much he might prefer to decline the invitation, he had no alternative but to accept, and that day's post accordingly apprised Mrs. ST. URBAIN with the usual social verbiage, that Mr. BLINKERS had "much pleasure in accepting Mrs. ST. U's kind invitation," etc., etc., etc. Alas! poor ALGERNON, had'st thou but known the dire denouement that Fate had in store for thee, sooner would'st thou have elected to be sunk "full forty fathoms deep" in mid-Atlantic.

Now, although ALGERNON had accepted, it was by no means certain that he would go, and, after a week of irresolution, Christmas Day, and four o'clock in the afternoon at that, dawned upon a still undecided BLINKERS. At 4.15 it permeated his inner consciousness that the last train for Poppleton left at 4.30. At 4.16 he proceeded in search of his carpet-bag and at 4.17 precisely, ALGERNON BABINGTON BLINKERS had decided the knotty question "To be or not to be" in the affirmative. Evolving his carpet-bag, therefore, from some domestic abyss, ALGERNON went through the form of packing. His brushes and pomatum, his boots and neck-tie, were thrown promiscuously together, and hastily donning his regulation swallow-tail and black unmentionables, he hailed a passing cab which landed him at the Central Depot as the hands of the clock indicated 4.28.

Now it had been raining for the day or two preceding, and the streets were, to say the least of it, muddy, nor was it until ALGERNON was fairly seated in the railway carriage, and was being whirled away at some thirty-five miles an hour towards his home, that he discovered the havoc a passing wheel had made of his shirt front. One big splash of mud where the middle stud should have sparkled, two larger ones tucked nicely under his chin; in fact, what twenty minutes before would have excited the envy of a Chinese laundryman was now as dissipated looking a shirt as ever graced the bosom of a Yankee politician.

All this ruin and disaster was born of a futile gallantry on the part of BLINKERS towards a young lady with a scarlet feather, whose unsuccessful attempts to thread a maze of vehicles at the depot had excited the compassion and elicited the assistance of the chivalric ALGERNON; to say nothing of her boots; for ALGERNON B. had an eye for beauty, and she was indeed exercisingly *bein chaussee*.

Thoughts of what he should do in such a predicament contended for mastery in the mind of BLINKERS, with visions of that scarlet feather and those number two's, while dire spectres, as of a bashful man sitting down to his first dinner party in a mud-spangled shirt-bosom, kept BLINKERS reasoning powers in a state of most unenviable chaos.

Turning over the leaves of his time-table in mute despair, a happy thought struck BLINKERS; the Middletown Tunnel, one of the largest on the line, would soon be reached. Eureka! BLINKERS had it! Hastily selecting a spotless shirt from his valise, it took our traveller but a few minutes to insert studs, links and collar-button, and then unbuttoning his vest and unstrapping his suspenders, BLINKERS awaited in calmness the approach of congenial darkness.

With a scream and a rush the train is in the tunnel, and BLINKERS is in his—well—shirt; thirty seconds more, and the light again shines in upon the passengers and discovers a figure mysterious and embarrassed, as of a man with his head in a pillow case—in short shows BLINKERS struggling with his shirt, which, firmly buttoned at the neck,

resists all the efforts of its occupant to induce it to desbend over his shoulders.

With a wrench that sends the obstinate button like a shot through the glass of the opposite window, BLINKERS frees himself, and a face tinted like the autumnal sun beams out upon the fellow-passengers and rests with reproachful gaze upon—the young lady with the scarlet feather, the object of BLINKERS' gallantry at the station and the innocent cause of this dire dilemma.

It was the wrong tunnel!

Time, the great consoler, banished BLINKERS' blushes and brought him in due course to his journey's end where a mysterious Providence permitted him this time to finish his toilet. This completed, beset with doubts as to his neck-tie and hedged in with difficulties as to the whereabouts of his pocket handkerchief, ALGERNON presented himself in the drawing-room, where, safely moored to a chair, he felt as though he could defy fate.

Even as he enters dinner is announced, and our friend finds himself paired off with a damsel whose name he had not caught and whose face he dare not glance at, and he is in an agony of doubt, moreover, as to how he shall break the conversational ice.

Seated at the table the sherry somewhat reassures the timid ALGERNON and turning to his neighbour finds:—By Heavens! it is indeed his travelling acquaintance! She of the No. 2 gaiters.

After this BLINKERS lapses into imbecility.

He felt the eye of the majestic personage in black who stood behind his chair fixed upon him with an ill-concealed scorn, and fishing for his napkin with his boots did woeful damage among adjacent corns.

He used his knife for the salmon, and being detected by the man in black, wiped it on the table-cloth, whereupon that stern and uncompromising man immediately changed it for a clean one.

He was in doubt as to whether to thank the waiter, when that functionary offered him another dish, and so, going to the other extreme, he assumed a most bloodthirsty and ferocious demeanour as he partook of everything that was handed to him, till his stomach rose in indignation at the indigestion he was putting upon it.

And last of all came the finger-glasses, of the contents of which poor BLINKERS in blissful ignorance imbibed, under the watchful eye of his foe, the waiter.

Then, indeed, BLINKERS felt the truth of the poet's words, "That it would have been money in his (BLINKERS) pocket had he never been born," nor were his feelings relieved till he had quaffed mighty potatoes of his host's "Peiper Heidek."

Years have passed over BLINKERS' head since his first dinner party, and he is not as sensitive as he was; but, hardened man of the world as he now is, the sight of a shirt that buttons at the back sends a colder thrill down BLINKERS' vertebrae than the CAUDLE-lectures which he nightly receives from his quondam fellow-traveller, once of the scarlet feather, but now by the grace of Canterbury and a special license, Mrs. ALGERNON BABINGTON BLINKERS.

S.

Croaks and Pecks.

ADVOCATES of woman's rights may now rejoice. WIDDEFIELD has been nominated as the Reform candidate for the Provincial Legislature in North York.

A DISCUSSION has arisen as to whether the name of the Indian fiend is "Nana Sahib" or "Nena Sahib." This was answered by the prisoner himself, who when asked if he was the man he was taken for, replied, with a powerful Scotch accent: "Na, na, Sahib." He is, however, doubtful authority upon both the main and the indirect question.

VALENTINE, the Sculptor, has been ordered to make a bust of Washington. If he succeeds he will accomplish what the British failed to do in the Revolutionary War.

A POLICE Magistrate is needed among those (Bowman)villians.

THE Carlists are really acting rusty in Spain, having invested Irun.

A MARINE insurance agent sends us the following conundrum: "What harbor should high class vessels prefer? Answer: Darling-ton." GRIP fancies swells would there abound.

WE are informed that on the event of Mr. LAIRD declining the nomination to the parliamentary seat of Birkenhead, vacant by the death of his father, the Conservatives will probably support a Mr. STARR, the Liberal candidate. STARR is sure to stand; or there's nothing in a name.

THE Kingston News objects to WILLIAM ROBINSON, M. P. P., as a representative on the ground that he is uneducated. We fear if the test of education were applied there would be comparatively few unobjectionable members either in the Legislature or the House of Commons.

A DIVISION Court is a good field for the student of nature. Lately a plaintiff in a Division Court suit was closely interrogated by the Judge upon a point involving a small sum, when he indignantly asked, "Do you think I'd tell a lie and perjure myself for that amount?" It is at such odd moments of excitement that a man will reveal his true character.

ROCHEFORTE appropriately carries his *Lanterne* to Berne.

SINCE the notice taken by GRIP of 37 Vic, cap. 38, sec. 11, he observes that it has disappeared from the columns of a morning newspaper. He thereupon feels it incumbent upon him to repeat one of his pet phrases,—“I'm a devil, I'm a devil.”

“THESE be piping times,” say the men who are engaged on the Toronto Water Works.

“Ye Gods and little FISHES!” is the exclamation of a western paper over the marriage of a man named FISH. We reproduce it for the benefit of Mr. SAMUEL WILMOT.

THE *Mail* says: “Glanford Township is inflicted with sheep-worrying dogs.” What has Glanford been doing? It is just possible that it is being punished for its Grit proclivities; and that the importation of a few Tories would soon prevent the dogs from worrying—what they could not find.

THE Police Commissioners contemptuously refer to a prominent temperance man of the city as “one SHARP, key of G.” LUKE, not to be outdone, declares that *they* properly represent the key of E, three flats.

From Gay to Grave.

DIED.—At St. John, N. B., on Saturday, 24th ult., QUIP, aged six months.

QUIP was an enfant terrible. At its birth it was hailed as a funny child. This is the funniest incident in its history. Embarking on a witty existence its life was marked by the “soul of wit,”—brevity. Its projector worked like a horse to drag his enterprise along the straight road to success; but was unable to do so because of his attention to the adulations of the multitude who shouted out his unfortunate name, and incessantly called to him, “DAVID GEE.” QUIP was a comic paper: it was a paper to be laughed at. We have often been amused at its funny attempts at fun, and wondered if they were an average specimen of Bluenose brilliancy. It could not live. It did not have sufficient natural humour in its composition. Therefore in death it is lowly lying, as it too frequently was in life. It sometimes committed the sin of stealing from GRIP, and found that “the wages of sin is death.” SMITH, D. G., of QUIP editor and proprietor, having sent you bantling where it will never trouble St. John again, has himself made an *Advance* movement upon the town of Chatham, where he hopes to lead a better life, and, as he says, “endeavour to win the esteem and confidence of the people.” His ruling passion, however, is still upon him, so that he cannot avoid the satirical remark that “he trusts his connection with the *St. Croix Courier*, with the *St. John Telegraph* and with QUIP, will be accepted as a guarantee of fitting experience.” We fear SMITH is an inveterate cynic; but we hope he will yet prove a credit to his well-known name. He has begun well by burying QUIP, over whose remains we beg to fraternally raise this monument:



The Fifth of November.

THURSDAY was the fifth of November, a day to be marked in the history of Canada, as it has long been in the annals of England, as the anniversary of the discovery of a plot. In the one case the English House of Commons was not blown up, in the other the Canadian House of Commons, as then constituted, was. In both, the result was a great deliverance from danger, and Canadians can chant:

Remember, remember,
The fifth of November,
When Sir John's big political plot
Was squelched for the reason,
The Grits smelt the treason;
And they'll see it's never forgot.

Lo Trying.

I.

Lo lies to get a swallow, scenting rum,
And Lo is bound upon a dreadful “bum,”
When the braves scatter “something's got to come.”

II.

To get a swallow sneaks poor Lo, and tries
To find in secret what the law denies;
To get one taste he'd tell a thousand lies.

III.

Nor sip nor swallow has he had to-day,
For sip or swallow wildly does he pray,
'Tis well for him, that rum's put from his way.

IV.

But though the world forbids, he'll find a son
Of SATAN, who will drink give for his gun,
Then Lo will guzzle while a drop will run.

V.

Thirsting, to-day Lo could not, if he would,
Forego his drunk, and be of sober mood:
As well might hunger halt in sight of food.

Bytown. CELIA O. NORTH.

In the Starlight.

THE Grit papers consider our twinkling, scintillating, evening contemporary a fixed star, as it is “a *Sun* of another system.” This luminary, the shimmering rays of which come from a perilous distance, sometimes casts erroneous reflections, as when it dimly demonstrated that the *St. Catharines News* had announced the absence of Hon. Mr. MOWAT and other members of the Government in Paris, raising to the top of the Vendome column the bronze castings which form the pedestal of the statue. This is a mistake; for everybody who is even slightly acquainted with Ontario politics, knows that these Ministers but lately expended their whole available stock of brass to form a pedestal for a Canadian statute, known as 37 Vic., Cap. 38. For further particulars see *Mail*, issue of a fortnight ago.

Offended Dignity.

Scene: Parliament Square, Ottawa.

Western Editor, just arrived, (to kid-gloved military exquisite emerging from Western Block.) “Say! Where's SANDY MACKENZIE's office?” M. E. (elevating his nose somewhat higher and bestowing a withering glance on hapless W.E.) “Oh! Aw! demnation! I'm not a messenger! I b'long to the Gawds!” (W.E. retires crest-fallen.)

Plain Words from Truthful James.

J. G. C. to W. A. McD.

TELL me not in gloomy accents
You will keep me out of stamps,
For, see here, my boots don't lack rents
To bring on the cold and cramps.

Spirits then I'll have to take Mac,
To relieve the gripes and pain,
For my stomach then will rake, Mac,
And on you I'll lay the blame.

And I charge you, if this follers,
It's your duty to come down
With (we'll say) about ten dollars,
Or I'll have to leave the town.

So, dear boy, relieve the needy,
And I'll do the same for you,
Then I pray you be not greedy,
Or begad, I'll go for you!

Golden sayings—“Current Events.”

The American merchant when buying goods patriotically exclaims,
“The dearest spot of earth to me is home.”
Result of the North Renfrew election—Luke, xxii, 62.

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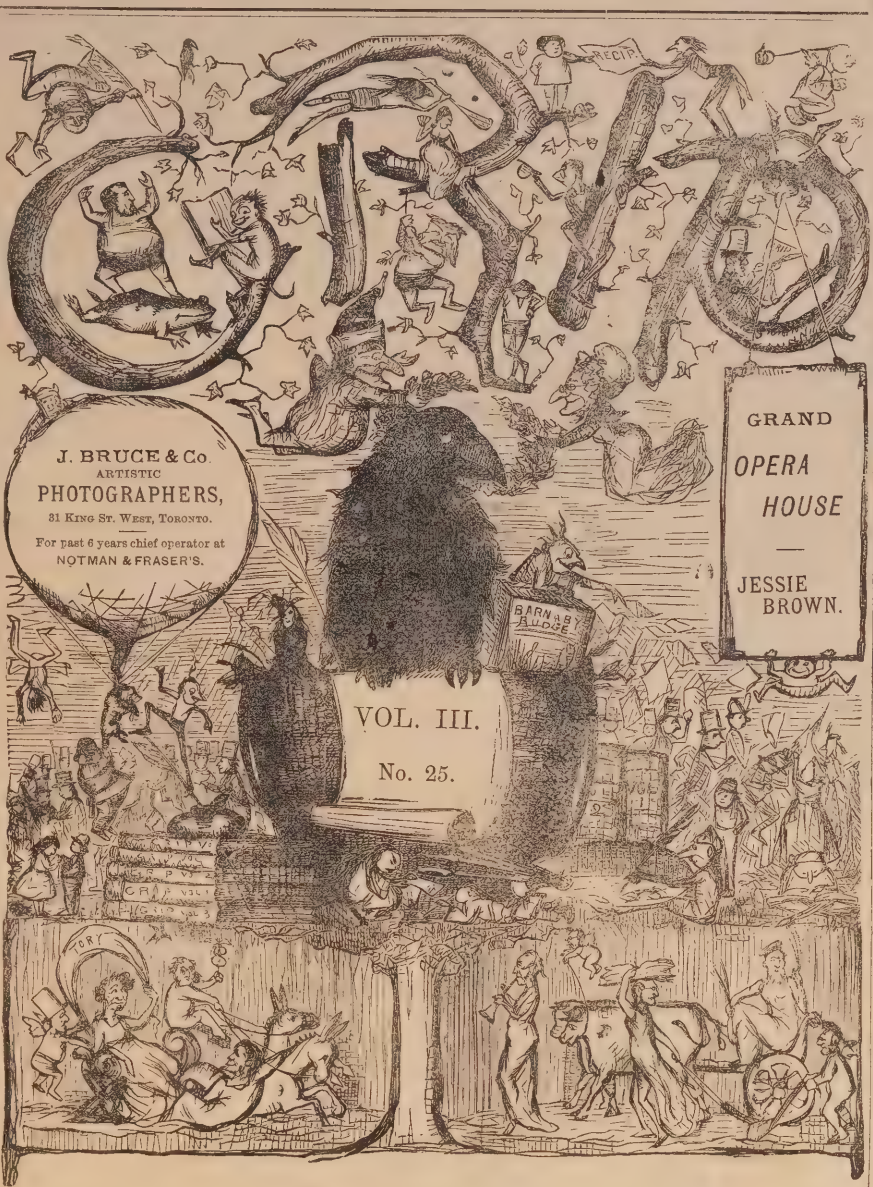
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The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1874.

To Correspondents.

H. V. M.—Like the man who accepts a favor, we are sorry it is not in our power to make you any return, as your paper on "Marriages Extraordinary" has procured a divorce extraordinary from us.

VERBUM SAP.—Contributed. We had discovered. Thanks.

Originality.

THE wise man said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and daily do we see his words verified. Writers of all classes strive to fight against the truth of this saying in frantic attempts to present some old idea in a new guise and palm it off as original with themselves. Some rough diamond is perhaps unearthed from the mountain of literary rubbish with which the world is filled, and a laudable attempt is made to cut and polish it so as to render it more attractive; or some other gem is taken in hand and the work of burnishing is proceeded with, on a yet unrepresented side, with a view to its introduction as a new work of the literary lapidary. In this way the world is often presented with old material worked up so cleverly as to be "as good as new;" and the artists who are thus able to evolve some order from chaos are surely deserving of praise for their cleverness, and worthy of the thanks of those for whom they have digged and designed. From the fact that their labor is chiefly expended upon a careful desire to present old matter in a new and unrecognizable shape, we may properly call them "designing men."

The persons we have referred to, like the French cook, display originality in the disguise in which they present their pabulum, and in which it is acceptable, under a new name, to those to whom it is dished up neatly and with taste. The absence of anything new beneath the sun, and of the possibility in a lifetime of travelling more than 95,000,000 of miles for a brand new idea, makes all claim for originality by our modern writers depend upon their ability to manufacture literary hash and bread-pudding, or warm up the joints of some old argument so as to render them palatable. Only those who have been behind the scenes know the stupendous difficulties that are encountered, and have to be surmounted, by those whose duty it is to prepare a daily meal to the thousands who, like the horse-leech's daughter are continually crying "Give, give!" True, the larder's plentifully stocked; but with what? Stale crumbs, mouldy morsels, musty scraps, aye, putrid pieces, and a generally confused mass of heterogeneous odds and ends, all, or at least most of them, emitting "an ancient and a fish-like smell." Often, too, the unfortunate mortal whose task it is to furnish a presentable dish from this confusing collection is puzzled to find some tit-bit or delicious morsel he knows to be there, and which would just suit in the preparation of his contemplated confection. He fails to discover the particular meat which he intended should have preponderance and give body to his jack-pudding, and he cannot for the life of him light upon the condiment he needs, to give spice to his production. These difficulties may again be aggravated by the decay of the fire at the critical moment; or the water or whiskey, or whiskey and water may run short when most needed. What wonder, then, that the best of cooks should fail at times to turn out a successful dish, and be forced to place before his insatiable patrons, who will not accept a "nay," something of which he is himself ashamed? What wonder that from the hands of clumsy artists should come forth so many unpalatable, indigestible, and often nauseating productions? What wonder that the sweating and anxious slave of the newspaper kitchen, unable to make the dainty upon which his mind was set, after wasting time and patience upon it, should, at last, in desperation, decide to dish up the thinnest of literary soup.

Only recently we saw one of those culinary cusses indulge in inordinate laughter over an Irish stew sent out by another of the tribe, in which poor PARKMAN was literally hashed up to fill a crust made by mixing in the mortar of comparison some of the flower of Canadian chivalry with a little heroic Greece. The critic seems to have searched the whole *Globe* for an opportunity to play "old Nick" with his rival, and avenge the *Mail* "Child Mortara." He has done it with a vengeance, and overlooking the cleverly contrived crust, he has held up to the public gaze the ill-cooked and peccoluted portions of the pillaged PARKMAN, till people do not know whether to be most disgusted at the maker of the stew or at him who has so coarsely caused them to know the material from which it was made.

Ugh!

Scotch Wit.

THE prize conundrum at the Hallow'een gathering of the Montreal Scotch was the following:

Why are the wealthy Scotchmen of Montreal like the Scots at Bannockburn? Answer:—Because they are "scots wha hae."

A Scotch Grit suggests an improvement on the above, thus:

Why are those Scotch Tories of West York who spent money at the last election like Bruce's soldiers? Answer:—Because they are "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Croaks and Pecks.

NORTH Simcoe has divorced HERMAN.

THE *Guelph Herald* has an unfortunate habit of throwing political boomerangs. One of its late conundrums asks if a certain person received the Grit nomination because he was a Conservative in 1867? We would fancy that the young Irish orator of the *Herald* would not fancy making comparisons of the standing of political personages now and in 1867, when he was a rabid Grit. He should not propound any farther conundrums till he tells where that right arm is. It seems that he at least is not destined to receive a Tory nomination because he was a Grit in 1867.

JACKSON, Reeve of Newmarket, has got up on his *Era* about the nomination of Dr. WIDDIFIELD by the Reform Convention of North York. He doesn't like the idea of passing over men who have for years worked for the party, and their own ambition; though he hasn't mentioned the ambition part. Isn't there an appointment vacant somewhere? We are certain it is from no lack of gallantry that the *New Era* has dawned with an indignant flare, and like a particularizing WELLS, warns the North Yorkers to beware of WIDDIFIELD. ERASTUS is slightly irascible, and he has been played with. But he holds a high card, and he expects to win a bower wherein he can luxuriate as a government employee, for which laborious position he is eminently fitted.

The *Sun* says:—"If Judas Iscariot had lived in St. Catharines and voted the Reform ticket." That Judas might choose some such place as St. Catharines to live in is quite likely. It is also given us on good evidence that he was a Reformer, at least he worked in the Reform ranks for a time; but like some of his Canadian counterparts he was bought over to the other side, died in an elevated position and left his wealth to found a cemetery.

THERE are three candidates in the field for election to the House of Commons in Lincoln: Capt. WYNNE, NORRIS, and Dr. JUKES. It is not likely that WYNNE will win, nor is it probable that NORRIS will go under to the Doctor, unless he takes some of the latter's medicine. We fancy Lincoln cares little about having JUKES in Parliament, notwithstanding the opinion of Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH, that titles could command a premium in that respect in Canada.

THE members of the Toronto Philharmonic Society are having a very civil war. We thought they were "lovers of the harmonic;" but it seems we were mistaken. Why don't they get rightly savage? "Music hath charms to soothe the savage."

Pot-Luck Among the East Coast Indians.

(See *Canadian Monthly* for October.)

BY ED. GARRY.

SOME readers of a *Canadian Monthly* may have become acquainted with the savage as he appears, without reserve, on the western coast of the Dominion, when, having sold his baskets, furs, ax-handles, bows and arrows, moccasins, paposes, etc., he has given himself up to enjoyment, but they can form no correct idea of his eccentric conduct generally, on the canoes which are found along the eastern coasts of the Dominion, among the islands of the St. Lawrence.

Last July was a favourable opportunity for observing a peculiar custom among the numerous tribes of "Dead-Heads," "Big Mouths," and "Long Arms," who frequent the steam canoes which ply gracefully upon the river.

The lodges of these Indians are made of boards, so that they have board and lodging together, and for the same price, which is ingeniously made large enough to include both. The lodges are built on each side of a long table running down the saloon—I do not mean running it down in a depreciating manner—but merely stretching the whole length. When the lodges are uncomfortably filled, the rest camp out on sofas, chairs, and under the table. Most of the Indians, especially the "Dead Heads" bring their squaws with them to the Pot-luck, and during the day may be seen walking outside the lodges, or sitting round with their arms, waists and heads somewhat mixed up.

Many of them speak a peculiar language which is neither English, French, Latin nor Sanscrit, but a combination of all, and is mainly composed of "heows," "dew-tells," and words of a similar nasal sound.

The word Pot-luck is derived from *potamus*, a river, and *lokus*, a wolf; the former describing the place where it is held, and the latter the fierce character of those who take part in it.

To this Pot-luck gathered about 200 Indians, in a very large steam canoe. Can you imagine it? They came partly from Western Ontario, and are called Canucks, in the language of the down Easters. The others came from American territory, and are called New York, Boston, and Chicago Indians. To the latter belong the tribes of the Big Mouths and Long Arms.

The canoes are large and are fearlessly taken many miles out on the lake. They are painted white and green, and look as if they might be built without drawings or measurements, simply by the eye. From these circumstances arose the expression "*All in my eye*," and "*Do you see any green?*" Meaning of course "do you see the canoe coming down the river?"

These savages are inveterate gamblers. The young uns, male and female, *gamble* on the for'ard deck while the old uns gamble on the euche deck across the table by the lodges. There favourite games are, in their peculiar language Hi-lo-jac and U-our. The excitement sometimes runs high. I have seen several pairs of boots—the feet still in them—put up on the table as side bets when there was nothing else available. This is also part of the Pot-luck, but I met one man who said he would rather have his *lure*.

I have tried to ascertain from many intelligent contrabands, who have spent a great part of their lives among these East Coast Indians, what is the orthodox religion among them, but few can give me any decided opinion. There seems to be a clear idea on one subject. It is well expressed in the native proverb—"Fu-tmo-ne-yin-thyp-ur-se," which may be freely and elegantly translated "Git, git honestly if you can, but, at any rate, git."

One of the smaller ceremonies of the Pot-luck took place on the first evening after the Canoe left port, out on the open lake. When most of the Indians had retired to their board and lodging, a chief named Sa-lo-ons-tew-ard came out of his lodge, to hold a gift distribution of blankets for those who were left out in the cold. Then began a scene of savage delight. From all sides the young braves rushed up to seize what they could. When a young brave got a blanket he at once began to sing, "*Put me in my Little Bed*," or "*Rock me to Sleep, Mother*."

Such is the exuberance of Indian spirits! Then he lay down on a sofa "*to sleep perchance to dream*." Alas! some were disappointed. They used strong epigrammatic language about it. One said—"it, I got none."

But the great ceremony was held next day at one o'clock, when the canoe was nearing the Long Sault Rapids.

The braves with their squaws and sweet-hearts gathered about the long table with their backs up—I mean up against the lodges, waiting for the signal, to begin, and jostling and crowding to secure places.

In the meantime slaves passing and repassing laid on the table dishes of various kinds of cooked meats and vegetables, and little plates of pickles and "sass."

Then a bell sounded,—when those who were in the *inside ring* got good places at the table, next to the great Chief. The others rushed and crushed, and jammed themselves in, the best way, or rather, the worst way they could. Of these the "Dead-Heads," secured the best seats. My friend and myself found ourselves between two "Big-mouths," and opposite two of the "Long-Arm" tribe. "Every man for himself," said one of our neighbours, as he speared a fowl with his fork.

"That is a *fowl* thrust," replied my friend. "It is not a fowl, it is only part of one, for it has lost a wing."

"Then there's a difference of a *pinion*."

With such sportive conversation was the strife waged.

There were three potatoes left in a dish before me. Hawke-Eye speared one, Big-Indian-eat-a-heap, speared a second, and one of the Long-Arm tribe was making for the third. It was a critical moment. I literally grabbed it. "My gosh," exclaimed my enemy "if he haint tuk it with his bare hand."

In half an hour the Pot-luck was concluded, and many a brave was sent away hungry and disappointed.

This took place, everyday throughout the season, in different canoes.

This thoughtless treatment of our Indians by the Canada Navigation Company has tended to make them more savage than they are by nature.

The company should be made strictly to understand that none of the great tribes except the Dead-Heads will stand this, much longer, for all respectable Indians are quite tired of the yearly ceremony of the Pot-Luck.

A POSTHUMOUS INSULT.—A press despatch from Quebec states that the Fire Alarm in that city is rung for the dead.

Opening of the Session.

THE last session of the second Parliament of Ontario opened on Thursday with the usual pomp and circumstance. The circumstance gave birth to the pomp, and the pomp in its turn brought forth a lot of little grandchild circumstances. The pomp began at Government House, and grew in magnificence, as "street arabs" and admiring loungers joined it on the way; and attained undistinguishable proportions when the Parliament Buildings were reached, and the crowd there congregated was thrown in. This has no reference to the throne in the wrangling hall, where opposing forces met in peace, each party thinking how best the other could be broken in pieces. As yet quiet reigns like the lull of the elements before the rains descend. Grit fingers are grasped by Tory, and *vice versa*, after the manner that two pugilists shake hands in the prize-ring when their session commences, after which they proceed to shake each other up, just as the Mowattites and Cameronians will begin to do next week. The whole circumstance wasn't a circumstance to what will follow, when opposing orators address themselves to the consideration of the Address. The guard of honor, from the 10th Royals, was not nearly so strong as the guard each party will keep upon the tactics of the other, and the salute from the cannon of the Toronto Artillery will be followed by salutes from the big guns of the House when they belch forth their charges in thundering oratory. We distinguished among the distinguished Assembly Hall, many of the principal men of the city, the principle of loyalty being so strong in them that on principle they made it their principal desire to show respect to the Queen's representative in a representative respect. There were many ladies present to see and be seen, and to witness the Lieutenant-Governor present the speech from the Throne. All being ready, the sub-Agent of the Queen, as in duty bound, proceeded to "stand and deliver," and as the ceremony progressed we had a chance to observe that some of those present did not observe, or stand upon, ceremony, but on their feet.

First Mr. Crawford rejoiced in being able to congratulate them on another year of very general prosperity. We also were glad that he was able to do it, for if he had not been, we suppose some other abler man would have said the very same thing. We thought his remark about prosperity was very general; for we have noticed that prosperity is generally accepted as a matter of course, and silently, while adversity causes a good many adverse murmurings. Why the M.P.P.'s should be especially congratulated we can't make out, unless it be because their presence entitles them to their sessional allowance and mileage. We don't expect anything for our attendance, and we can read, write, talk and understand Provincial concerns as well as—well, Wells, and he's supposed to be the chief among them, the Wells from which the water is drawn to lay the Parliamentary "dusts" that sometimes arise.

Mr. CRAWFORD then referred to the liberal policy of extending railways to unsettled districts, whither we remark most of them have not gone; to the boundaries of the Province and the selection of arbitrators to make a line statement to the House, which will be accepted as the truth; of united action with the other Provinces in appointing immigration agents who will increase the population; of the dividing line between Ontario and Quebec, which can't be exactly determined, though everybody knows the two Provinces are divided enough in their opinions and sentiments, of which division he said as little as possible; of the addition to members of the House, in which he didn't say "gerrymandering," and laws for the prevention of bribery; of the distribution of part of the surplus, remaining silent concerning the other part, which RYKERT says doesn't exist; of securing land titles by a bill, and we know bills will do it if a fellow has enough of them; of consolidating the Statutes, so, we suppose, a coach and four can be no longer driven through them; of the finances, which of course are said to be in a flourishing condition—a big revenue, and little expenditure; of the Estimates, which are framed in a cheap manner from economy, as well as strongly so as to stand hard digs in the Public Service. He concluded by hoping their deliberations may be characterized by wisdom and true patriotism. If wisdom and true patriotism were to just speak out the deliberate tricks of Government and Opposition would be characterized rather roughly. Wisdom has given place to foolish zeal, and patriotism seems to be utterly lost through party animosities founded on personal ambition and motives of golden gain. For this reason, when the blessing of Divine Providence was brought in at all, it was just as well to give it the last place in the Speech.

Drive on your political perambulator, ye dry nurses of our young country; GRIP watches over it and your doings. Give it some free air, and don't appropriate all its pap, and under the Divine blessing it will thrive in spite of you.

CANADA FIRST—A party by the name of SMITH.

At a marriage dinner, the officiating clergyman being called on for a speech, wished the happy couple long life and prosperity, and hoped that all their troubles might be little ones.

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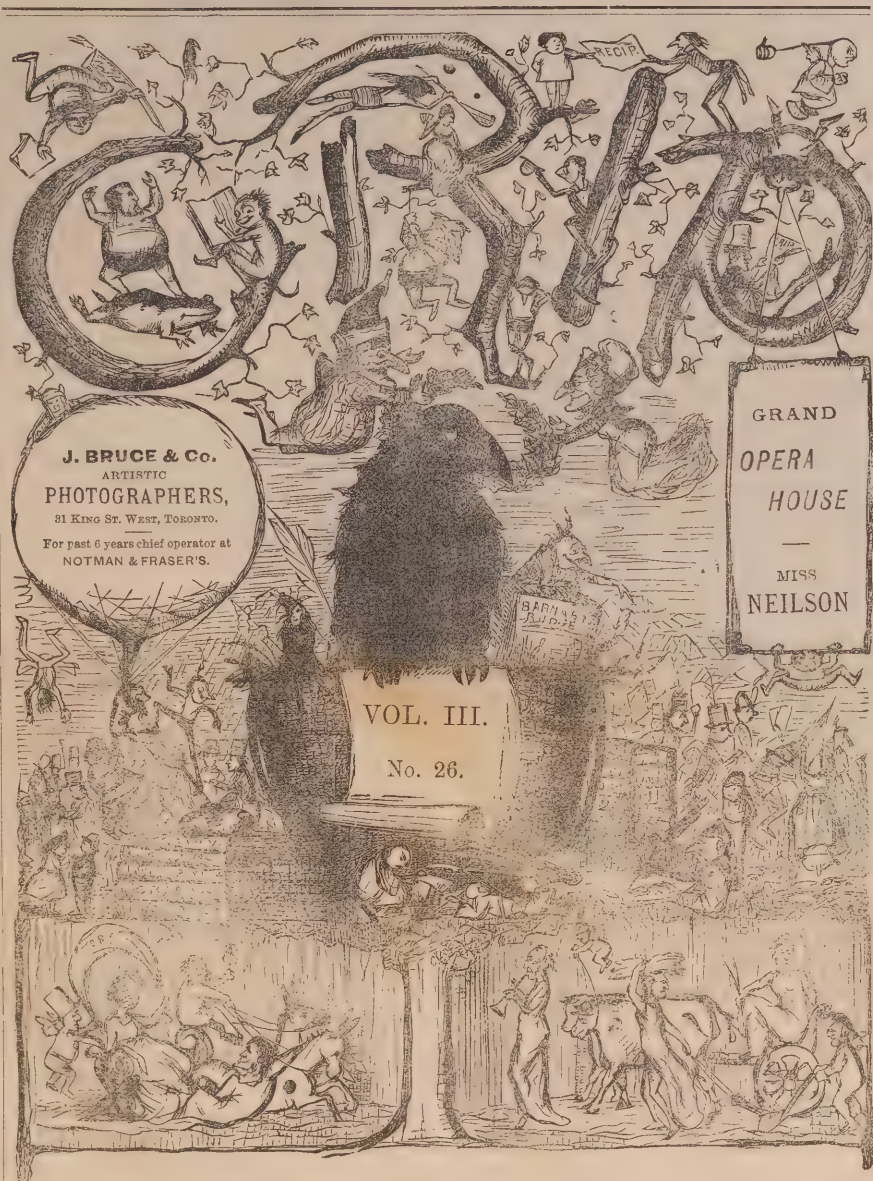
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

"A Man's a Man for a' That."

IN the last number of the *Canadian Monthly*, the writer of "Current Events" proposes the introduction of an aristocracy into Canada. His ideas are highly amusing. Let us fancy a man in Canada subsisting upon the fact that he "belongs to a family." Happy mortal! How must he be envied by the "common herd" who don't belong to a family, or who have not the consummate ignorance to found their own respectability on that of their relations. Your titled dunce is "nothing so low as the working class;" or as we have known one of the tribe (who turned out a forger), remark, he has "never stood behind a counter, never ploughed a field, and never entered a school to gain a livelihood." Oh! ye degraded ones who have done honest and honorable work, blush, if ye have never blushed before, for your sins. Heinous crimes have ye committed in the eyes of your noble superiors, particularly ye who have entered merchantile life, tilled the soil that the earth might bring forth fruit for your own and others, sustenance, or engaged in that

"Delightful task,—to rear the tender thought,
And teach the young idea how to shoot."

Go hide your heads, ye merchants, farmers and schoolmasters; array your bodies in sackcloth; prostrate yourselves in dust and ashes; and, if you really happen to be "of a family," mourn for the deprecation you have brought upon your progenitors!

Happily for the rare peace and lofty comfort of the "aristocrat," he does not think as does the rabble, nor reflect as we poor, miserable beings of the lower order. We will stubbornly persist in the idea that all men are descended from Adam, who, if he "never ploughed a field" at least enjoyed in some sort of rude husbandry. But perhaps the "aristocrats" are descendants of the other fellow, who was instrumental in getting our first parents expelled from Eden. This is the only inference on which we who acknowledge Adam and Eve as our ancestors can account for the difference between "our people" and the aristocracy.

While family traditions and pride of descent may do very well to nurse the enterprise of the mind in private, it becomes utterly ridiculous to a Canadian, when obtrusively thrust before the public. The man who boasts or tries to float on "blue," or any other distinctive kind of blood in a democratic country like this is an unmitigated ignoramus, whatever standing he may occupy in society, or whoever may have been his ancestors.

If we are to believe generally accepted reports the writer of "Current Events" does not bear the most aristocratic name in the world; nor is he one of those drones in the human hive—parasites on the social structure—who are so fond of basing their claims to respectability on a lot of mouldering coffins. Therefore we are the more surprised at his sayings, and puzzled to decide whether he intended them as serious or playful, or whether his desire was to make them (as he certainly has done) foggy and extremely ridiculous. If the adage "Laugh and grow" fat, be good in all weathers we hope he will continue propounding his views on matters aristocratic; for should he do so, we promise him that we will read them for the laudable purpose of adding to our rather spare stock of adipose. If he will continue to tickle us thus for a few months, we expect that we, and all our lean friends, to whom we cordially recommend the cordial, will under the simple treatment become really unwieldy by reason of obesity. Aldermen are strictly cautioned against the Professor's aristocracy doctrines; for such docterin's will certainly doctor them apoplexy.

"Grip" as a Reviewer.

"FANNING IN CHURCH," AND ADDISON AND STEELE ON THE USE OF THE FAN. Toronto: Globe Printing Company.

"Fanning in Church" has raised a bigger breeze than the ladies who use the article, or even the writer of the original (?) article in the *Globe* ever intended. The ladies, dear creatures (dear in their persons and their paraphernalia), have unrestrainedly fanned throughout the hot weather. In church or chariot, in grief or gaily, in shade or sunshine, in dress or *en dishabille*, they have fluttered their fans and succeeded in fanning their fervid faces, fanning their flaunting fringes and ribbons, and fanning the passions of love, envy or jealousy in many a heart, all unmindful of the powerful pen that launched

literary lightning (after the manner of the cove who stole Jove's bolts) against their airy accomplishment. He, poor fellow, has not only been bitterly disappointed at witnessing the small effect of his erudite effort upon the Amazonian phalanx; but he has also been publicly proclaimed a pillager of the productions of previous pen propellers. It has been openly stated that he did first read ADDISON and then STEELE; and in this questionable way did lighten his literary labors. The dark accusation being followed by a still darker, prudently leaving the latter in limbo, he attempts to still further lighten the case and himself, and to that cosmopolitan end he has caused to be published a ponderous volume of eight pages, title page included, containing much new and valuable information to the denizens of the uttermost parts of the earth, all of whom no doubt know and admire this literary luminary. The author of this tremendous tome, mingling in his mighty mind the winged words of himself and his illustrious compeers with the probable effect of its impact upon the buffers upon which its weight was to come, forgot to send a copy to his admiring and emulating brother BARNABY, through the gay and garrulous GRIP; so that we were forced to throw away ten cents in its purchase. We freely forgive the editor for the omission, feeling sure that the oversight was caused by his thinking so much of another, that he had no room, even in his capacious cranium, for ravin' BARNABY and his raven; but we can scarcely bring our old Adam to the forgiving point when we remember ALLEN's look when we bought that precious pamphlet. He plainly pitied us for giving him that time. Now we don't like to be pitied so cheaply; and we're not the only fool in the world.

The wonderful work is before us. For "only ten cents" we have a vast fund of information unfolded to our unfortunate mind. We learn that the author is both ante and post-deluvian, before and after the flood; that he is an esquire; that he is "of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law;" that he is "author of 'France and Germany,' (January, 1871), &c. in *Westminster Review*." How he survived that flood we can't make out unless, indeed, he is the *original old Nick*, who is known to have come through in a manner not recorded. If so, it must have required both hands to hold his umbrella, else he certainly would have written an account of his adventures, ridiculed Noah's old flat-boat, &c. Or—we have it!—he lost his library, and therefore he couldn't write. We also learn that he was formerly of *The Star*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, &c., &c. Ah! of that shining *Star* that sheds its radiance despite his departure to another hemisphere, and that galloping *Gazette* that rushes pell-mell in the path to ascendancy notwithstanding the loss of a dashing (quill) driver. And then the more than maiden modesty that veils distinctions, doubtless dazzling, under " &c., &c.!" While we admire we grieve. Admiration for such unusual diffidence is overset by grief at our own inability to comprehend the hidden glories thus denied us. Here is a great man. Look at his titles! Remember, too, they are all appropriate, particularly the &c. and the &c. Verily his self-abnegation is *sublime* which, being freely interpreted, signifies "under whitewash."

But we must pause. To take up all the beauties of this work in one number would be too much—too much! We have above simply reviewed the title page; and in justice directly to the RUDGE family, and indirectly to our readers, who would suffer by our further loss of health, we must postpone the opening of the inner glories of this casket of literary gems. We will, therefore, close by remarking that this specimen of book-making does credit to the establishment from whose presses it comes. It is cleanly printed on high-toned paper, and the single tail-piece, on page 8, consists of a significant flourish. In short, the mechanical work upon it makes it easily read by those who have the time, inclination and courage to explore the mines of instruction and amusement contained in its innocent pages. Recuperation being required, with a sigh we say, *Au Revoir!*

Among the Filharmonix.

The love of music runs in our family, and if I may believe its traditions one of my ancestors emigrated from Normandy with the Conqueror in the capacity of piano forte tuner to His Majesty—by "Special Appointment" of course. In those early days musical instruments were comparatively rare; but there is, I believe, a legend concerning that same ancient relative whose performances upon the cow-horn "astonished ye Kyng and hys Courte." I can well believe it. Claiming descent, therefore, from so prominent an individual, it is no wonder that such a distant connexion should inherit a love of musical art. I have been told, by those who profess to know that a correct taste and ear are the first requisites upon which to base a cultivated artist.

If this be true I have them to a large extent. The former is only exceeded by my appetite, and the latter is sufficiently large to take in all the dischords of our Society.

Our whole family form a complete octave. My father was a Major and my mother a minor; my eldest brother is the dominant, and I am the minor third, there being a sister between us. Among so eminently a musical family instruction in singing was superfluous, so I joined the Filharmonix. I was assured that it was only necessary to pay two dollars to secure myself fame and to constitute myself an active member.

In connection with the annual fee a ticket was supposed to be given to each member, so that his or her friends could come to hear us sing. I love good music, though I don't know much about it. But it's nice to have one's friends come to hear you, nevertheless—it does them good, don't hurt you, and makes one sing the louder, except where there is a *piano*, and *that* at times you can't hear for the noise.

I was told that the Conductor would try my voice and I learned two songs: David Edward's "National Anthem," and "Put me in my little bed,"—in case of emergency. I was much disappointed that my vocal powers were not tested, otherwise I might have been saved two dollars, because I don't think I should have been much of a success. Having paid the money I was told to consider myself an active member. My activity was surprising. I never was so flush of notes before. So I took my place with the rest of the chorus, and sang what they sang, and stopped when they stopped. From my childhood I always minded my stops. But at times the stops were so sudden that I jerked them out regardless of consequences.

"Mind your pause," the Conductor shouted. I looked at my hands, but they "were clean." I told him not to be so personal. An apology was tendered and accepted. That Conductor's head is always full of crochets.

And then the "runs." When we got started it was a caution. The way we'd do those "runs" was really grand.

"Mind your time," shouted the Conductor.

"This is two-forty time, isn't it?" I retorted. "I'll bet you I'll sing against time with any man in the house."

"Oh, you're too sharp as well as too *forte*," he jeered.

"Am I? Well, you're the first man who has ever said so." We made friends on the spot. The piece was tried once more and he became calmer.

Lots of friends would come to hear the rehearsals. One evening we all got started on a chorus with a "run" in it, and to show our proficiency we had to pull up short, or in other words back up on a pause. We backed up promptly, just in time to hear a voice among the visitors exclaim "That's too thin." Well, he isn't much of a judge I thought.

Our Society was formed for the promotion of harmony. But sometimes things don't go as nicely as they ought. Everybody wanted to sing a solo. A rumor got afloat that the Executive wanted to employ foreign talent. They (the foreigners) believed in Reciprocity. We didn't. They were to accept eighteen hundred Canadian dollars in exchange for instrumentative and vocal ability. We had ample local talent of our own. The Society was organized for the cultivation of local talent. Then why this waste of money? I offered to bring the full brass and string band of the Tenth Royals for one-third the amount. But my offer was refused with scorn. I offered to sing all the solos for nothing. That overture was also rejected with contempt. But when the committee went so far as to request us to give up our tickets, my soul was in arms. We had quite an interesting time, accompanied with much freedom of tone and expression.

One excited individual wrote a requisition in his best hand, calling for a Special Meeting. We met—"twas in a crowd." A number of members had promised their tickets to their friends to come and hear them sing. I had sold mine for fifty cents. One of the Committee rose and explained the necessity of parting with our privilege, as the hall engaged was too small to admit everybody. Somebody said the hall was not so small as the Committee. Several members considered themselves grievously because they were referred to as "dead-heads." One of them has owed me ten dollars for the past twelve months. Another injured individual objected to being used as "bait"—even on a fishing excursion. An enraged member said it was a breach of the Constitution to give up anything. Two others rose to compromise the matter. Another showed that past experience demonstrated the fact that any performance we gave would result in a more favourable surplus than the Ontario Legislature can boast of. He proved satisfactorily that our concert, viewed financially, would be a better operation than any real estate investment. The Conductor grew excited and said he would not hold himself responsible if anybody got hurt. The result was a compromise that if the Executive saw fit they would give us a ticket upon a future occasion. The compromise was accepted and nobody was the gainer—except the Committee. That Committee is one of the best types of a mild despotism I ever heard of. I admired their firmness, but condemned their mode of operation.

Harmony was once more restored. We started singing again, and the way we put that chorus through nearly raised the roof off the house. Everybody shook hands with everybody else, and some of the former malcontents paid three dollars extra, so that they might bring their friends in a legal way and spite the Committee. I am to sing a solo at some future date—it is only a question of time.

Everybody now seems happy, and no further trouble is anticipated until the next annual meeting when it will be necessary to have another shindy in order to vary the monotony.

PAUL FORD.

Grip's Essence of Parliament.

THURSDAY.

The first *Bill* introduced was SCOTT, of Peterboro'.

The "Christian Premier," with characteristic foresight, brought in

a bill to regulate official swearing. It (the bill) was read a first time; but the swearing was dispensed with till a war of passions could insure a "blue streak."

Mr. MOWAT moved.

He wanted the consideration of the address postponed till next day, it had to be treated with so much consideration.

Mr. CAMERON almost fancied. That settled the question; the consideration was considered postponed, and the House was again "fancy free."

Mr. MOWAT moved again.

It was only the public printing that started him.

Mr. MOWAT moved again.

He wanted Select Standing Committees; and didn't appear to consider that he couldn't get a select lot out of the present House.

Mr. CAMERON actually ventured to think. By all accounts, he desired the Public Accounts Committee to sit during the recess. They would thus be a more private Accounts Committee.

Mr. MOWAT said the Committee would get through more work than formerly. This they might easily do, and not strain themselves either.

Mr. MOWAT MOVED AGAIN.

He resolved on bribery and corruption.

Mr. CAMERON declared the joke stale, and referred to an instance in which it was got off before.

Mr. MOWAT forgot the Family Compact, and only retrospected twenty years, expressing sorrow that the Grits had learned anything from the Tories.

The Librarian reported, but the House wouldn't hear it, querulously thinking WATSON a name.

MR. MOWAT MOVED AGAIN, and all the members, following his infectious example, moved out.

FRIDAY.

After routine the House proceeded to root into the Address wherever they could find grounds for a reply. Mr. SINCLAIR made a moving speech, and Mr. STRIKER struck deep into the matter.

Mr. RYKERT delivered some favourite readings from his celebrated Scrap Book, in his usual soothing manner.

Mr. MOWAT, having sharpened up his scissors, had a mow at the daily papers, RYKERT frequently interjecting, "Hay?"

Mr. LAUDER charged the Premier, but that "gun" didn't go off again that day.

Mr. FRASER put in a spoke for the weal of the ministry.

Mr. BOULTBEE took a hand in and tried to bluff; but, as he had nothing to do with the shuffling, his little game didn't work.

Mr. PRINCE went it blind. Not having a microscope, he couldn't see any opposition.

The resolutions were referred to a Committee, which being all ready loaded and primed, immediately reported a draft address, which was adopted with a motion that it be engrossed so that it might engross the attention of His Honor for a minute at least.

Mr. RYKERT moved for a committee to consider the McKELLAR charges, in hopes that they will thus be committed to oblivion.

MONDAY.

Mr. CROOKS moved for a change of procedure. "Charity begins at home."

The Estimates were brought down; i. e., the estimates of receipts and expenditures, not the estimates of the House as a body, which are impalpable.

A committee was appointed to strike standing committees. STRIKER is not on it, but we hope the eleven named will be able to knock down the standing committees when necessary.

A bill was introduced to give a better chance to municipalities to squander their share of SANDFIELD's hoard; another relative to apprentices and minors, who often have no other relative; and a third, respecting titles to real estate, which should be respected when good.

TUESDAY.

The striking of committees, as might be expected, led to divisions, and the first fight of the session occurred. The desire of the Opposition to weaken the Ministerial strength in a vital part, the Committee on Public Accounts, accounts for the row. During the contest the committees were struck, but, as usual, there was nobody hurt.

Croaks and Pecks.

ANOTHER Polar Expedition is projected. They'll have an *ice* time. Mrs. DIXONARY has expressed her disapproval of the crimination of Lady DILKE.

THE Grits think by gerrymandering they can make a "white" constituency out of Grey.

THE latest novelty in the way of political argument is the Wallaceburg *Advocate's* apostrophe to STEPHEN WHITE, the Reform nominee for Kent:

"STEPHEN! STEPHEN!
Your legs ain't even—
You can't run well,"

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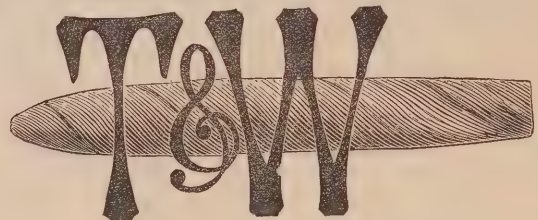
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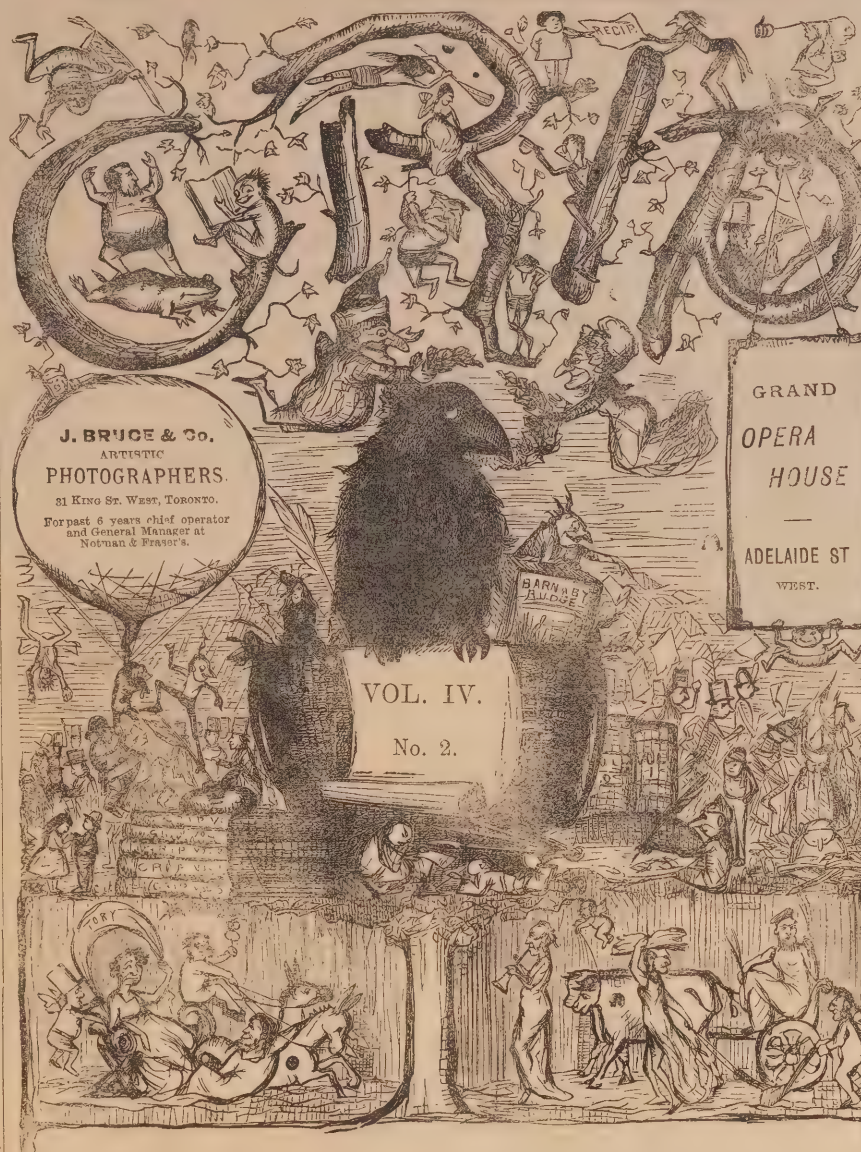
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The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs ; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl ;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyſter ; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1874.

Grip's Essence of Parliament.

THURSDAY.

The petitions presented were all together perfect, being seven in number.

A number of reports were heard ; but they didn't appear to startle anybody.

A lot of members brought in bills. GRAHAM had a tax-bill. We understand that members often make a good thing in getting bills passed. In such cases the Act is that of some private party ; but the commission thereof is generally due to Honourable gentlemen. This day but one bill was passed, for certain real property actions and suits. It was MOWAT's bill, therefore it may be taken for granted that it amounted to a good deal.

A number of members severally asked for a return of names and moneys, not their own. Each has had his good name taken from him by the others, and its not worth asking for again ; but any of them will take all the money they can get,—“for professional services.” They are all professional innocents, who “can't be bought”—without money.

The House committed itself to a change in the mode of securing immigrants, the chief desire being to present the claims of Canada First.

Sundry items of supply were concurred in, the House doing what it seldom does, allowing others to lie before it. No one need argue after this that figures can't lie.

The bill to increase the ways and means by which municipalities can spend their share of the surplus was read a second time. RYKERT expressing himself pleased, the House thought it a good time to adjourn.

FRIDAY.

CAMERON wanted to raise a question of privilege, but was denied the privilege. LAUDER would have discussed the point, but to his great disgust was knocked out of time by the chair. Then he just cussed. A brief debate took place on a motion to ratify an Order-in-Council with reference to the Prince Edward County Railway Company. Business out of session is done by Order-in-Council ; during the session by disorder in council. CAMERON wanted it committed for consideration. He'd commit almost any act for a consideration. LAUDER wanted the members to obtain all necessary information. He might just as well propose to put a head on each of them. The House divided : 45 members put down 14, and carry the motion.

The Opposition being satisfied with their ill-success in division, two other Orders-in-Council were quietly ratified in addition.

The House re-echoed the reports of the Committee on the Immigration resolutions.

On motion for concurrence in further items of Supply a debate took place on the item for the Crown Lands Department, RYKERT moving an amendment expressing regret that the expenditure for contingencies exceeds the appropriation. PARDEE offered explanations, but LAUDER could not accept the arguments, being constitutionally opposed to accepting anything in that shape. GOW moved an amendment to the amendment expressing justification for increased expenditure. STEPHEN RICHARDS claimed credit for the reductions made when he was Commissioner—*reductio ad absurdum*. PAXTON assured the Unready that he was too slow for a Crown Lands Commissioner in this age of progress, and STEPHEN, not being ready with a reply, become simply querulous. The Opposition failed to give the Government a Rowland for their OLIVER, though it wouldn't take much of a ROWLAND to pass him through the Custom House, neither would the duties be heavy, even with a retaliatory tariff. Some petty passes were made anent re-valuation, a war of small arms which was resumed after recess, 35 members ayed the amendment to the amendment, while the eight old war-horses of the Opposition nayed. The original motion was then carried through the House triumphantly.

On the item for gratuities to officers whose services have been dispensed with, LAUDER moved an amendment against gratuities to persons who have resigned or been dismissed the public service. SINCLAIR moved an amendment to the amendment affirming the propriety in certain cases of reasonable gratuities to retiring officials, who don't generally consider them gratuitous insults. A question of order was drowned out by a gush from the mouth of the little WELLS. The amendment to the amendment was carried, the minority representation being CAMERON, MCCOLL and RYKERT. Three don't look well

opposite three dozen. MEREDITH moved an amendment regretting the vote to the Inspector of Division Courts, and declaring the office useless—eight other members thought likewise, and voted with him, but thirty-four went for the grant, many of them thinking nothing about it. The original motion was then carried, and members carried themselves off home.

MONDAY.

RYKERT evinced a desire to remove a HILL, who is a Police Magistrate at Clifton. It does not please the scrap book man that Clifton is not wicked enough to pay the magistrate's salary in Police Court fines. He declares that this HILL, like other mountains in labor, has brought forth a mere mouse.

The House concurred in a number of items of supply ; but it remains to be seen whether the country will concur in the government expenditure on the one hand and the opposition waste of time on the other. There were a number of amendments, which we hope will lead to an amendment of the House by the return of a lot of better men next election. The votes led to a little arithmetical practice, the opposition always appearing as an exceedingly vulgar fraction. The ministerial side may be considered under the Rule of Three, and these three are MOWAT, FRASER and CROOKS, and they in turn will be found to act as exponents of ruling figures in the political problem. These are our estimates, in which we move concurrence.

TUESDAY.

FRASER stated that he wasn't the other FRASER.

The remaining items in the Report of the Committee on Supply were concurred in.

The Bill relating to Fire Insurance Companies was read a second time, a thing insurers had better do with their policies. A number of other bills passed a second reading.

The Bill respecting Water Privileges was allowed to stand. That's a privilege any Bill is entitled to. CAMERON did not see the use of additional legislation. We don't either ; but then we know nothing about Water Privileges. We wonder had the question been one of Whiskey Privileges, would the House allow it to stand.

The debate on the Agricultural College showed that the Opposition has been learning something from the dismissed Professor, and that the Model Farm has grown a good crop of scandals, if nothing else. CAMERON moved for a committee of inquiry, and opened the rank oyster. MCKELLAR took the creature out of the shell and showed its resemblance to the brain of McCANDLESS. MOWAT moved an amendment in which the proposed committee was changed so as to secure a majority of Government supporters. LAUDER wanted the House to leave politics out of the matter altogether. He is in the House. FRASER and others having said their say the House divided and the amendment was carried by a vote of 31 to 21. The House adjourned at 2.20 a.m., and it is supposed all the members went to bed, and to sleep.

WEDNESDAY.

There was more wit displayed at this sitting than any since the opening. It was very short, and we know “brevity is the soul of wit.”

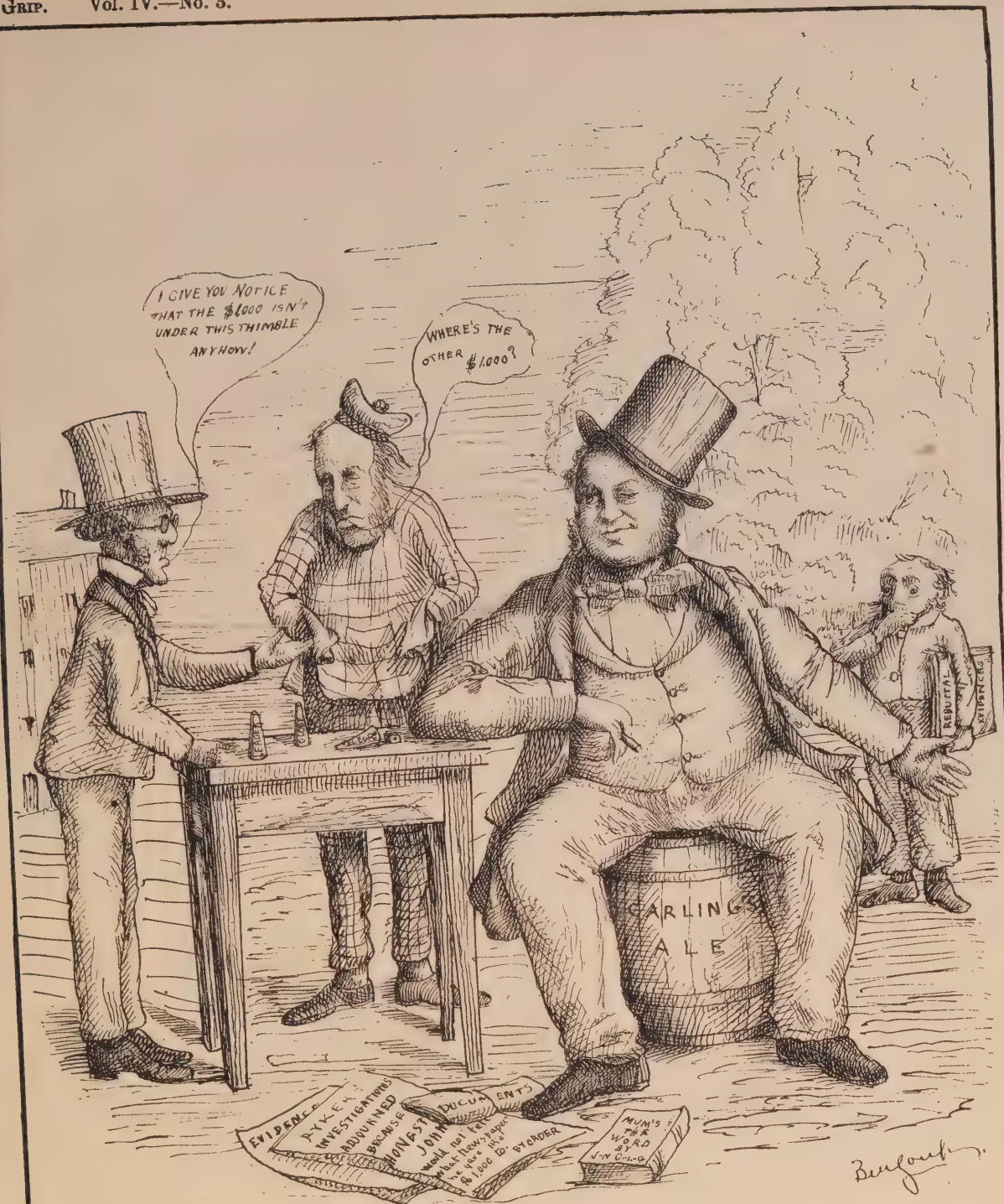
MCREA moved for the correspondence relative to the allotment of pine lots to WILLIAM QUICKLEY. He will probably find, and quickly too, that it will have no impression on the occupants of the Treasury Benches. We would advise the mover to spare himself the trouble of listening to such counsels as induced him to make the inquiry. “Hear it not, Duncan, 'tis the knell that summons thee to—shall we say it,—well, to be the victim of another sell.

But little business was done during the sitting. In this it resembled all preceeding ones. However there was less talk, and consequently less folly displayed. Probably owing to the protracted sitting of the previous night, the talkative members were too sleepy to inflict themselves upon the nodding figures around them, and the readers of Thursday's dailies were in consequence given a lighter emetic than usual.

How Much ?

The ladies of New York, after a most alarming discussion, have arrived at the conclusion that men possessed of an income of \$1,000 and over, who do not take to themselves a wife, are nothing more or less than brutes ; selfish animals, who having had the bad taste to declare for celibacy versus marriage, ought never again to be blessed with the smiles of a pretty girl. This is a rather hard sentence, and the New York Times has much to answer for in letting loose the feminine tongue upon the peaceful community of bachelors, who prefer the unfettered principles advocated by the charming VICTORIA, to be loved out of house and home, ruined by milliner's bills, and ultimately killed with kindness.

The question of marriage or celibacy is beginning to assume most ominous proportions ; and we cannot but entertain the gravest fears for the safety of the lords of creation. Our mind's eye carries us onward to a period in the future when erring mankind will be led like lambs to the slaughter ; when languishing belles of New York will



HONEST JOHN, THE THIMBLE-RIGGER.

HONEST J.—“Where’s the other thousand, Sonnie?” A.—“That’s for me to know and you to find out, you see!”

insist on their right to be married, and will accept no shallow excuses of impecuniosity from the victims they select.

What sum a man can safely live on in the blessed state so as to avoid those "little difficulties" which do not always terminate in ecstasies of bliss in the vicinity of the curtains, and which are generally brought about by the failure of certain kissings and squeezings and other connubial endearments to produce the desired effect—money, seems to be the question at issue.

We should like to know what Canadian ladies have to say on the subject, and whether they can contribute towards the solution of this momentous question. Some of our consumptive dailies might with advantage follow the example of the *New York Times*, and make capital out of this feminine excitement.

A Frightful Example.

Some fellow has exposed his malady by having his ravings published in the *Bothwell Advance*, thusly:

"Talk of devils being confined to hell, or confined to invisibility! We have them by shoals in the crowded towns and cities of the world. Talk of raising the devil! What need for that when they are constantly walking to and fro in our streets, seeking whom they may devour. There they are; do you not see them; you do not recognize them simply because they have not the hoof or the tail!"

That chap had 'em badly. We would recommend hydro-chloral, or prompt retirement to an inebriate asylum. Poor fellow! His case is an argument for a Prohibitory Liquor Law before which all our temperance lectures pale into utter insignificance.

Pride of Country.

A prominent feature of Scottish character is pride of country. An amusing instance came under our notice the other day. A Scotchman remarking on the difficulty of producing a good map of Canada owing to the conformation, or rather want of conformation, of the country, said, "It's a hard thing to map Canada, because it's so long and narrow. It's easy enough to make a map of England, or even Scotland, *large as it is*; but Canada—"

Being a Canadian, we laughed aloud and spoiled a probable depreciation of our wee bit hame in comparison with the immense "Land o' Cakes."

'Grip' as a Reviewer.

THE STORY OF SAMSON. Toronto: Royal Opera House.

There are four pages in this story; and that's four too many. It is anonymous. The writer after setting to work made a mixture of Yankee slang with sacred story, and, anon, a muss.

We would advise people to read the history of Samson in their Bibles. It will thus have the charm of novelty to many.

Croaks and Pecks.

A LECTURE was recently delivered in St. Marys, the subject being a king, viz:—"William the Third." The lecturer was a clergyman, and the reader is enabled to judge for himself of the manner in which the subject was received, as the newspaper reports that "the rev. gentleman was warmly congratulated on the termination of his lecture."

JOHN O'DONOHUE confessed on Thursday of last week, and was absolved from the sin of being an M. P.

The investigation of the charges against Mr. Rykert was delayed at the very start because one son of a GUNN who had been summoned was not present.

SUFFERN, N.Y., is sufferin' from the effects of the recent storm.

We hope that those directly interested will be able to see well how the SEWELL scheme for the winter navigation of the Lower St. Lawrence can be carried out.

AN ARTICLE in a late number of the *Montreal Star* is appropriately entitled "More Water." Exactly! In comparison with other *Star* articles, "more water"—less milk.

THE *Leader* is nothing if not sanguinary. The old lady has blood in her eye, and shouts, "While the remains of Thomas Scott are decaying in Red River those who dare to extend mercy to his brutal murder must be wiped out of existence." 'Sdeath, but she's a violent old hag, who would show no mercy to the merciful. Fie, Deacon James!

"SAMSON," the play, has proved very strong, in the nostrils of the people of Toronto.

THE Duke of Edinburgh's baby is named Albert Alexander Alfred Ernest William. Should he survive the baptismal infliction an Irish friend suggests that the boy can write part of his name with great ease. He will then get in *Earnest* and finally sign himself, William. Certainly the Duke did go it pretty strong when he "named his little Bill." The question, "How high is that?" at once suggests itself; and the answer as readily comes:—The height of nonsense.

LAKE ERIE caught the infection, and but recently burglariously burst the locks of the Welland Canal. Well, well, and can all virtue be gone? Water calamity!

THE other day we came across a paper published somewhere in Toronto, entitled *Our Cheerful Friend*, and on examination we found it about as cheerful as an undertaker, or an impecunious ratepayer when the tax-collector has an execution in the house. It would be a good thing to wear in one's pocket to a funeral.

Servant-gal-dom has gained such an ascendancy that it bravely dictates terms to the trembling housekeepers, who are generally forced to capitulate. We notice that some of the latter in advertising for an ABAGIL try to compromise the case by stating that "a man is kept." We are afraid it won't do, though it is cleverly contrived; for on making application the first thing asked for will be a sight of that man, and unless he is a very ADONIS, good-bye to the chances of getting a servant in that house.

BENGOUGH is drawing good houses and pictures wherever he goes; and he goes "but" and goes "ben;" does Bengough.

We are informed that it was a Napanee girl who presented her young man with a Bible on the fly-leaf of which she had written the following:—"From JENNIE to ARTHUR.—Those that seek me early shall find me." If the youth didn't take the hint he don't deserve to have her, or else he don't want her, and had better stop fooling round there.

TRUE to its annual recurrence, JOSH BILLINGS' literary tumor had come to a head; he has spread some of the matter on paper and called it "JOSH BILLINGS Farmers' Almanax for 1875." As it is now some time since it was issued, one would naturally infer that it was as much ahead of the times as this criticism appears to be behind, but a glance over its contents, comprising stale jokes and philosophic rubbish rehearsed, &c., will not only undeceive, but lead to the conclusion that J. B. is in a condition bordering upon idiocy and confirmed dotage. On one page he exclaims, "Hear the papers talk!" and then follows, not what the papers really did say, but what JOSH BILLINGS said. For instance, he makes the "Coonhollow Democrat" say, "We would rather be the author of JOSH BILLINGS' Farmers' Almanax for 1875, than be elected Captain of a Militia Company." Whereas, what that paper really did say was, "We would rather the finger of scorn pointed to us as the originators of the 'Presidents Message,' than as the author of JOSH BILLINGS' Almanax for any year." The only testimonial he correctly inserts is one from the "New Orleans Budget," which truthfully observes, speaking of the Almanax, "No man will buy our copy; No man will borrow it, and he who steals it, will finally die." The fact, that any man stealing such a compound of rubbish, will finally die, is not more certain than is the equal fact, that he would righteously deserve to.

A YOUNG theological student defined "effectual calling" as "the offer of a liberal stipend."

A case is now furnished to the Opposition. It is Mr. H. CASE, appointed postmaster at Hamilton.

As a proof that ecclesiastical domination prevails in the Province of Quebec, we have only to mention the fact that a CHURCH furnishes the law to the Government.

THE Conservatives of Muskoka have "resolved" to run JOHN TEVIOTDALE "if his health will permit him to stand." They should

In the French Assembly the Right is said to have a majority "over the Left."

A FRENCHMAN who had taken a Cockney friend to a favorite opera, at the conclusion asked him if he were not satisfied. "Aw! oui," was the reply. The Gaul fancying the Saxon complained of *ennui*, was naturally disgusted.

THE Berlin *Telegraph* declares that "the country is full of rascals, the writer not even taking the precaution to reserve room for one honest man; and he is in the country."

RYKERK and McKELLAR seem to be nowise troubled about the result of the investigation on which depends the reputation of one or both. Probably they feel as did the pauper, who did not fear thieves because he had nothing of which to be robbed.

CLUBS are trumps just now with newspaper men.

THE *Leader* says the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature "need a whip"—GRIP proposes a cat-o-nine-tails, in the hand of Mrs. ARCHIE McKELLAR.

THE other day we timidly asked an editor of the *Globe* who would be elected for East Toronto. His answer displayed ignorance of the matter, for he only growled, "Oh! dunno who!"

remember that a man may be able to stand, and yet be unfit to run.

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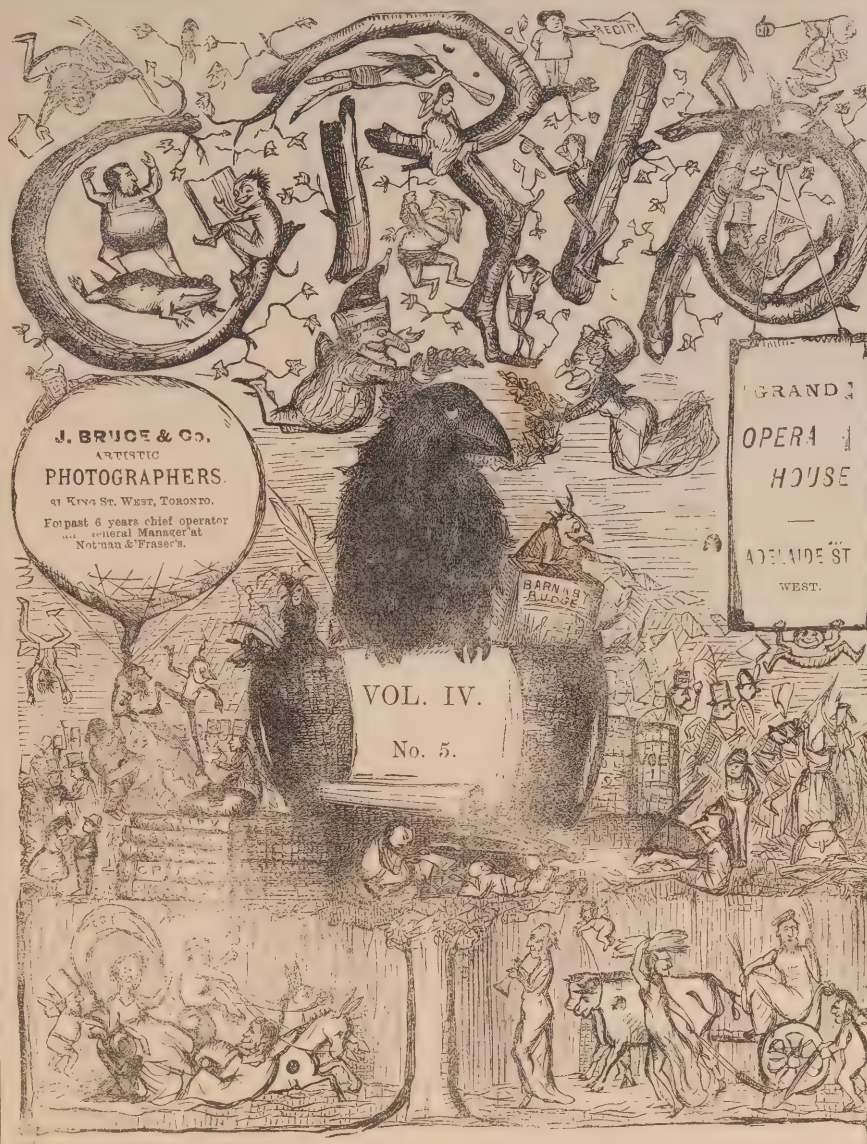
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 958, Toronto, Ontario. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two Dollars per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1874.

Xmas Greeting.

Grip draws an infinitude of Christmas corks for his patrons; thus ministering to their amusement without encouraging dissipation.

Grip's Essence of Parliament.

THURSDAY.

LAUDER moved an expression of opinion that before concurrence in the estimates for public works and public institutions, the reports for the preceding year should be brought down. He held that the Public Accounts Committee lacked intelligence. He did not believe in the mere statements of Departmental heads. He had discovered some startling figures in the report of the Inspector of Asylums, which is by no means strange. He thought there must be a mistake with reference to the House of Industry in Hamilton.

FRASER said there evidently was. LAUDER would like to know, you know, and restore the procedure of SANDFIELD's time.

FRASER called the mistake a printer's error, and argued that LAUDER's resolution would create a cast-iron rule, in the face of a Statute regarding the time of presenting reports, and of a resolution just adopted, that the House may go into Committee of Supply at any time. He declared the proposition was made for effect in the country. A good many resolutions are made for that purpose.

CAMERON said the resolution contained nothing to hamper the Government. He considered it wrong to hold the present session at all, and that the Speaker would get \$4,200 for the year and each member \$1,200, just because the Government wanted to prepare for the elections.

HODGINS said the resolution would alter the statutory regulations which are fixed by Tory statute.

LAUDER didn't wish to impugn the integrity of the Premier, but contended that want of Government information had made it difficult for the Public Accounts Committee to get the right officials up for examination.

MOWAT said the Government could not give LAUDER intelligence if he didn't possess it, which is another way of saying, "0 plus 0=0." He characterized CAMERON's exception to the present session as clap-trap, prophesying it would be a year or more ere another session is held. That remains to be seen; and isn't it rather too long, anyway, to delay pressing legislation? In closing he moved in amendment that the House has a right to have any information it likes to demand before concurring in the estimates. If members delayed concurrence till they got all the information they *should* have, they'd hear Gabriel's horn before voting the Supplies.

LAUDER said such motion were unnecessary did not the Government bank efforts to obtain information.

CAMERON said the law required a session every twelve months, therefore, this session should have begun on the 21st March, and that the only necessity for calling the House together was gerrymandering.

FRASER remarked that the rumor of no session before the elections gave rise to the howl that such omission was to prevent investigation of the Public Accounts, and now they held it was useless. Which it was—the attempted investigation.

The motion as amended was carried.

QUICKLEY was put down quickly, the motion for a select committee being voted down.

It was resolved that three sittings be held on Friday, which is more than most M.P.'s. hold in church on Sunday.

The House expressed its regret at the death of the member for Glengarry, who, we hope has gone among better company. The session allowance was voted his family, and also to MERRICK of North Leeds, absent through sickness in his family.

The RYKERT Investigation Committee presented a majority and a minority report, showing how the spectacle is different through different spectacles.

The Bill to make further provision for courts in unorganized districts passed. Increase of crime makes further provision for courts.

At the evening session a batch of private bills were passed, and visions of gratuities passed through the minds of their promoters, or hands passed complacently into greased pockets.

CAMERON moved the Bill with reference to the Toronto Water Works Commission be granted reference to committee of the whole; but CROOKS moved the three month's hoist, and after slight discussion it was made a *remanet*.

The Supply Bill passed, and will supply OLIVER with the needful.

The House in Committee on the Redistribution Bill struck out the second syllable as regards Bothwell, and made two *Kents* to lift Grit "lambs." It also dried up Niagara by linkin' it to Lincoln. Thus Niagara falls.

STEPHEN RICHARDS sang his death song, and becomes "STEPHEN, the Martyr." However, we did not hear him pray, "Lord forgive them; they know not what they do."

The Bills relative to Procedure on County Court appeals and to Marriages and Marriage Licenses passed. Being opposed to marriages of consanguinity we think any BILL, or any other man, should pass everything relative, to marriage.

FRIDAY.

The Election Law Amendment Bill passed on division.

The Bill respecting the boundary between Ontario and Quebec passed. These two provinces are now "The Old Canada Company (Limited)."

During the morning and afternoon the debate on Redistribution continued. A number of divisions occurred, and at the elections we shall see verified the saying that "a House divided against itself shall not stand." All amendments of the Opposition were voted down, and when even was come, the Grits with one accord proclaimed the triumph of JERRY MANDER, against the voice of the score who cried out against it.

Three private bills were passed.

The Toronto Water Works bill, on motion of CROOKS was hoisted, on a division.

The bill for the relief of the relatives of intestates was passed. We don't expect it will relieve them sufficiently to dispense with mourning.

The Bill respecting railway traffic was withdrawn at the request of the Premier, who wants to get the views of the railway companies. He wants their influence too, next month.

The Mechanics' Lien Bill passed. Mechanics generally prefer to pass a "fat" bill when they can.

The Speaker to avoid possible difficulty ruled that the House has no power to deal with the law regulating the sale of liquor. The Speaker in the Commons rules similarly as regards that House, he too seeing possible difficulty. Neither House, individually, is so cautious in dealing directly with liquor. It would be better for many members did they then consider possible difficulties.

The Bill to amend the Administration of Justice Act by taking the control of County advertising from the Government, was given the six months' hoist. There is justice, and justice.

The House passed the Bills respecting Watercourse Ditching, Railway Arbitration, and the Northerly and North-Westerly boundaries of Ontario.

The charges against RYKERT were discussed, in a way that creates disgust. It ended just as GRIP predicted last Saturday. MOWAT held it was too late to get an opinion of the House, and that this saved RYKERT from condign expulsion. CAMERON was satisfied there was no corrupt motive on RYKERT's part. Grits and Tories chimed in with their leaders. WEBB said, in substance: "I'm sleepy. Use it in your election speeches. Give us a rest!" MOWAT moved that any member receiving any valuable consideration for assistance previously rendered shall deserve expulsion, when CAMERON suggested a rider to include any member of a firm one of whose members sits in the House. MOWAT was not prepared to assent to that, and after some further discussion he refused to move the resolution, and the matter dropped. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

SATURDAY.

Majority and minority reports of the Committee on the Model Farm Scandal showed that the Committee agreed to disagree, and to report their inability to complete the evidence.

The formal bill to amend the charitable institutions act was passed through all its stages.

MONDAY.

The Lieutenant-Governor shortly after three o'clock entered the House and took the Speaker's chair. Ordinary persons who enter houses and take things are called burglars.

The presence of a number of prominent citizens on the floor of the House suggested a conundrum: Why are they like fox-hunters? *Ans.*—Because they come to the meet, and are eager to be in at the death.

As regards the Bills passed by the House during the session, His Honor gave assent to each of the ninety and nine which went not astray; and at the request of the Speaker he squandered the even dollar by giving assent, the hundredth, to the Supply Bill.

The Speaker then whispered in His Honor's ear, "Come along, John, we've got lots of money;" and accordingly JOHN came up smilingly and spoke his little piece.

The House was then prorogued. We wish it could be unrogued as easily.



CHRISTMAS MORNING;

OR, THE POLITICAL STOCKINGS.



"WHO'LL PUT ME OUT?"

(Axin' the pardon ov Mr. Joseph Murphy.)

"Who'll Put me Out?"

(Municipal Version, by permission of W. JOE MURPHY.)

"I'm going for re-election

"And hav'nt any doubt;

"I'm certain of a second term,

"Who'll put me out?

"They say my boasted *square toes*

"Have got the moral gout,

"And that they're goin' to oust me—

"Who'll put me out?

"McCord and Morrison, my foes,

"I'll put them both to rout?

"I shan't give up the civic chair—

"Who'll put me out?

"As for the License question,

"I know what I'm about;

"I'll not go back on whiskey votes—

"Who'll put me out?

"The city needs more groggeries,

"Commodation, gin, and stout;

"The deuce take your "Petitioners"—

"Who'll put me out?

"So up and vote for SQUARE-TOES,

"Come, don't you hear me shout!

"The *Leader* is my organ—now,

"Who'll put me out?"

(GRIP, AS A POLICE COMMISSIONER, hereby joyfully licenses the Mayor to print the foregoing verses on the back of his election card in the same way that he printed one of the Genial Raven's effusions last year.

An Experiment in Political Chemistry.

DEMONSTRATOR—PROFESSOR McSCANDALOUS.

At a recent meeting of the Ontario Scientific Society, at their rooms on Front street, an interesting lecture on political chemistry was delivered by this well-known *savant* and his talented assistants, Messrs. CAMERON and McKELLAR. Reports of the proceedings have been given in the *Globe* and *Mail*, but, as each of these journals has somewhat impaired the lesson gained from the experiment by incorrect reporting, we think it as well to give that of our own stenographer.

The Professor, on rising, was greeted with the usual ebullition of enthusiasm which marks the proceedings of this learned body. Cries of "pitch him to the devil!" "Yah!" gallery whistles and inarticulate howls resounded as far as the Union Station. After thanking his audience for this enthusiastic reception, the Professor commenced:

MR. SPEAKER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—We propose to vary a little the usually dull routine of our lecture by showing you one of the most wonderful experiments in Chemistry the world has ever witnessed; one which may be (if people only have common sense), one of the most useful, morally, socially, politically, and every-other-ally. Some of you may doubtless have been told in your infancy by the oldest inhabitants, that in *their* childhood people used to say "Two blacks don't make a white." This idea might have passed current in the dark ages. Now, I am about to demonstrate to you that this antiquated idea is altogether unworthy of a progressive people in an age where the light of science beams on us from Mimico to Guelph. The experiment is very curious, so curious indeed that it may almost be said to belong to the supernatural. We proceed thus. (Attention, gentlemen, if you please.) We take an article which is black and place it on the table. You perceive it is uniformly dark all through. In order the better to explain my subsequent proceedings, we will call this C. P. R. (A titter in the gallery.) Gentlemen, this is not a cigar, I can assure you. Smoking is prohibited here. It is in a different *line* altogether. Now, we take a smaller article. Suppose we call this M. F.—what color is this gentleman? You say—"is it black enough?" We can easily manage that. I will remove a little of the dirt (the object was in a filthy condition), and with my brush I apply a few strokes artistically—thus. Now, you perceive it is of the required blackness. This is absolutely necessary, as it will not be effective unless dark enough. Now, I place M. F. in juxtaposition with C. P. R. (Gentlemen, your undivided attention, please.) Look! Behold! What a most wonderful result!!! That which before was black as night becomes suddenly white as the driven snow, and, as if by magic, our small specimen grows to such gigantic proportions

that it completely hides the larger from the gaze of the beholder. Now, my friends, I trust you will bear this lecture in mind, and show your country that you have been enlightened. For, indeed, this discovery has cost me many a weary hour, many a bottle of — ink and many a headache. But what of that? Don't unselfish philanthropists and heroes have headaches and use bottles of — ink, I want to know? For me, I rest assured my name will be henceforth surrounded by a halo of glory, bright as the burning flames of barley on the fields of the Model Farm.

The Chieftain's Death Song.

SUNG IN THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE, DEC. 17, 1874.

"And hast thou, then, forgot," (he cried, forlorn,
And eyed the Right with half indignant air),
"Oh! hast thou, Christian Chief, forgot the morn
When I, with thee, the name of Grit did share?
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
That now is white as Algonmanian snow;
But, if the weight of many years' despair
And age hath bowed me, and torturing foe,
Bring me to Oxford—it will its defeated know!"

"And I could weep"—Niagara's chief
His descent wildly thus began;
"But that I should not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son!
Or bow this head in woe;
For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
But two days hence PLUM's Tory breath
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death),
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my bully boys,
The foeman's scalp, the avenger's joys!

"But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii ruling here,
The spirits that for thee have striven
Forbid not thee a tear;—
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
To see thee on the battle's eve
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of him who loved thee most;
He was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

"Yes, you can nothing do but die!
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither than from thee to fly,
Shall STEPHEN RICHARDS roam the world?
Seek I my once-loved home?—
The seat is gone that once was ours!—
Unfriendly scowling, Lincoln lowers!—
Grit are the votes!—Theirs both the bowers!—
And should I thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

"Or shall I join the Grits anew,
Whose views my kindred soul once quaffed;
And by my side to party true,
All gave the vote, however daft?
Ah! this my desolation cold,
Their action is and theirs alone,
Thro' them grass hides each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown
Like me, are death-like old,
Then seek I not their camp—for there
The author dwells the author of my despair!

"But, hark, PLUM's trump!—Niagara, thou
In glory's fire shall dry thy tears;
Even from the land of shadows now
JOHN SANDFIELD's awful ghost appears;
Amidst the clouds that round me roll,
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst—
From STEPHEN RICHARD's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of a Tory chief."

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DEAR ACTORS, EAT NO UNIONS OR GARLIC.
FOR WE ARE TO UTTER MOST SWEET DEATH!

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Jan; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1875.

1875.

GRIP has the felicity of wishing his innumerable patrons a Happy New Year for the second time, and on this occasion is proud to be able to do so from his own elegant headquarters—No. 2, Toronto Street. It would be fitting here to say something about the year just past, but as his licensed poetaster has treated that theme in another column, it will not be necessary. But a few words about the incoming year will be *apropos*. Let it be of a business character, and let the humorous literati throughout the Dominion make a note of it. We are anxious to organize a staff of regular contributors, whom we are now in a position to remunerate adequately for their services. One editor may always be found at the above address, where he will be pleased to receive literary favours. Poets who have trash to dispose of had better take it round to the *Globe* office; prose writers who deal in a similar commodity needn't call at No. 2; but genius will receive every encouragement from GRIP. All correspondence of a business nature may be addressed as above. But our foreman says there isn't room in the form for any further remarks, so we desist.

The Question of the Hon.—Plain Words from the Candidates.

MEDCALF, HIS VIEWS.

My ideas on this question is, I want to be elected,—
Another twelve months' salary I've all along expected;—
I can't abear the notion of being left at home,
And be obliged from day to day around the streets to roam,
A doin' simply nothin', which, if I was only Mayor
I might be doin' jest the same—but then the civic chair
Would give me sort of dignity—which Nature has denied—
And wot is still more better—fifteen hundred dollars, beside.
There's lots of parties gettin' up in this Toronto city
Which says (the impudent galsots!) they think it is a pity
If 'mongst the 60,000 that makes up our population
There can't be found a citizen of worth and reputation
Who can act as our chief magistrate—a man with brains and heart,
Who, if he don't wear square-toed boots will act the square-toed part.
Now 'course by that they mean to hint I'm not a fit and proper
Person for to take the chair, but I don't care a copper,
In answer to them slanderers I have to say this here:
Go and vote for MEDCALF to be Mayor another year.
Oh, about them tavern licenses—well, I won't make any pledges—
They're apt to put a candidate on wot's called the "ragged edges;"
I want to get the groggy votes, and so I simply mention
That if elected, I will give the subject some attention—
Don't get alarmed, dear Boatface, them words don't smell of treason,
You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours for still another season.

MORRISON, HIS VIEWS.

I am a jolly old candidate,
And here my opinion will candidly state
On the Licensing Question, so rife;
The subject is one which attention demands,
And if I'm put in, 'twill receive at my hands,
No politics, none! 'pon my life!

I don't think it well to increase the saloons,
Consider that one of my temperance tures,
Leastwise, till the polling is o'er;
But I wou'dn't, dear friends, by too SASSY on my notes,
As I don't just object to the groggy votes—
But—no politics—never—no more!

I think, my dear friends, that the best way to do
(At least it's the best from my own point of view)
Is to give the whole subject the hoist—
Let MacKENZIE & Co. take the matter in hand—
It is the work, not ours, as I understand,
But—no politics—give me a rest!

M'CORD, HIS VIEWS.

Which I wish to remark,
And my language in plain,
McNABE's ways are dark,
And they go 'gainst my grain;
But I think I've a plan to reform him,
Which the same I would rise and explain.

One's a temperance man
Of the three on the Board;
There'll be two in the van
If you'll just say the word,
On Monday to oust DADDY SQUARETOES,
Just wa'k up and vote for McCORD!

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

In common with the rest of Toronto, GRIP has received considerable delight from the representation of one of SHAKESPEARE's most delightful plays at Mrs. MORRISON's Grand Opera House. He thinks it as well to give some of the opinions he heard in addition to his own views of the subject. On enquiring of a somewhat *stale* youth of some thirteen summers his opinion he was told, "Well, the transformation scene was awful pretty and the acting wasn't bad, but the play was a poor thing." A lady informed us it "was a sort of fairy extravaganza for children, very pretty, but not for grown up people." And an enthusiastic young Canadian told us he "didn't think much of SHAKESPEARE, that sort of thing was played out." Such is the veneration for the Swan of Avon. They would abuse the Raven of Chigwell if they were not afraid of him. Yet when GRIP went there he saw a large audience, who mostly looked pleased and laughed at the right things—as a rule, and seemed somehow to appreciate the played-out bard. GRIP compliments Mr. HARRY RICH on his rendering of *Bottom the Weaver* and Mr. COULDOCK on his *Peter Quince*. To the gentleman who played *Thisbe*, he would say he does not think he could have assumed more comic helplessness himself if arrayed in a long dress, but not having tied he doesn't know. "Hard-handed men of Athens," well—done! Failures, especially little tiny one, GRIP forgives you this once, but don't do it again, or your good looks will not save you from the punishment due to those who play such tricks. Still you ruled your pretty little fairy court very nicely and we would be almost content to wear an ass's head with *Bottom* to be waited on by you and your tiny sprites. Fairies and Amazons, you marched and counter-marched excellently. *Theseus*, continue to be dignified. *Hippolyta*, remember *Touchstone's* advice to *Audrey* and don't be always holding your dress no. *Helena* you played excellently. *Hermia*, you might improve matters without much difficulty. Musicians, you gave MENDELSSOHN's lovely music satisfactorily. The transformation scene was quite worthy our young friend's commendation. Lastly GRIP congratulates Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE on having only inserted one political allusion in this drama, and as that related to Queen ELIZABETH, he thinks it may pass. GRIP hopes that mediums will convey this gratifying intelligence to the spirit land. In the name of the Toronto public, at least, the intelligent portion thereof, he expresses his thanks to Mr. MORRISON for having produced the "Dream" in a manner only equalled by himself in the accompanying sketch.

The Record of a Year.

The "tricks of trade" which honest men
Coudemn in innovators,
Are not confined to "trades" alone;
But shared by legislators.

The pride of country, as of birth,
Is a record pure, unvarnished;
For that which makes the man of worth
Is honor, bright, untarnished.

But in these days of hollow show,
Of buncombe, self-laudation,
The men who talk the loudest are
Most fond of admiration.

Alas! that Canada should be
Food for politicians hoary!
When will she ever be quite free
From government Goli or Tory?

'Tis when these model patriots meet,
Like gamblers at *ecarie*,



A POLITICAL



MIDSUMMER



NIGHT'S DREAM



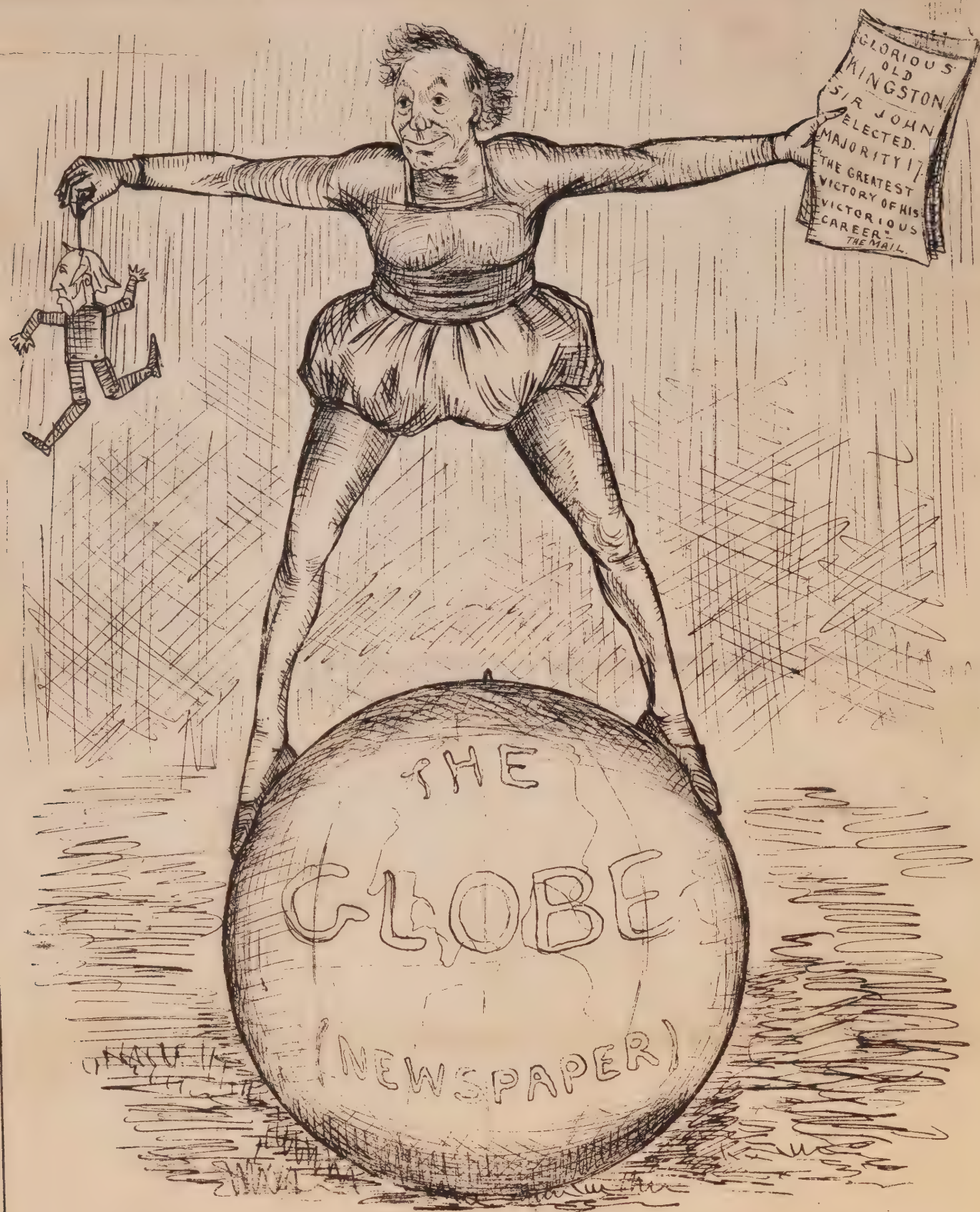
"BOTTOM"
AMONG THE (POLITICAL) FAIRIES.

PRODUCED
UNDER THE
IMMEDIATE
DIRECTION OF
ORIP

BUT NOT WITHOUT
SOME ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO
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Broughton



“GLORIOUS OLD KINGSTON;”

OR, THE FAMOUS POLITICAL ATHLETE IN HIS ACT OF GETTING OVER THE “GLOBE.”

Fair Canada is sacrificed
To that hydra-monster "Party."

Our Parliament Chamber 's but
A scene of rude contention—
Where members wish each other at
A place too hot to mention.

Day after day some story 's told
How honesty 's defeated;
How votes are bought and sold for gold;
How members are unseated.

Of "Model" Farms we've had enough,
Till almost sick are, really;
And managed on a system which
Would be disowned by GREELEY.

A half a million dollars spent
Upon contracts (s)penalative
Is only just a little lent
To benefit some native!

So on such stories go and grow
(Alas! they're but too truthful;)
And splendid precedents to guide
Our politicians youthful.

* * * * *

Oh "Purity," how strange thy name
From lips which 'but betoken
A virtue never practised, but
In self-deception spoken.

And "Tory" too, how misapplied
In the sense our fathers used it,
They may have fought; but never stole;
Or public trust abused it.

Cast such knaves out; they but disgrace
All that's manly, true and hearty
Let better fellows take their place
Uninfluenced by "Party."

"Ring out the old year," 'Seventy-four,
With its "jobs," deceit and mystery;
And 'Seventy-five a record show
On the credit page of history.

Then hail the New Year, joyful theme,
Of bright anticipation;
God bless us all, God save the QUEEN,
And prosper this fair nation.

January 1st, 1875.

PAUL FORD.

Grip Among His Exchanges.

"LIES—WHITE AND BLACK"—is the title of a discourse preached by the Rev. C. S. WILLIS, of Stratford, on Sunday last. We presume the subject was painted in very dark colors.

"MR. D. D. HAY IN THE FIELD."—Thus is headed a piece of correspondence to the Stratford *Deacon*. It seems too bad that the intelligent yeomen of Perth should leave their Hay standing in the field right in the dead of winter. We do not glean from the title whether or not it is Timothy Hay. At any rate, the Hay should be taken care of.

Those who are interested in the reformation of our ambiguous English orthography will be delighted on hearing that right here in Canada—although at some distance from the "hub"—we have some true phonetic reformers. They live—a small but noble band—away up in Thornbury; their leader, we presume, being the responsible editor of the Thornbury *Standard*, and the village printer. Here is a specimen of the new language, which we commend to the notice of our learned linguists:—

"Shooting match & Raffle at ——— christmas frida Dec 25 1874 a large quantity of turkies and geese to be shot & raffeled off also those wishing to dance will find the best of accomodations & first class music also the deucing master from feversham will be here to call off come one come all Tickets 75 cts Single tickets 50 cts."

We have been wondering what has swerved the St. Thomas *Home Journal* from its usual very staid, unobtrusive style into that of the "enterprising" newspapers now so common. After much cogitation

we have solved the mystery. The proprietor has gone into the chromo business. After describing a picture of Her Majesty which subscribers for 1875 are to receive as a premium, Brother McLACHLIN, the undermentioned "proprietor," warms with enthusiasm, and shouts:

"It is decidedly the finest premium issued with any newspaper in Canada. The enterprise of the proprietor of this journal is by this time so well recognized that anything like a penny picture would only create disappointment. When he does a thing he does it."

We cannot help thinking that the proprietor of the *Journal* has done it this time.

Rykert.

Sing, O Goddess, the deeds, the horrible cheek of this RYKERT—
RYKERT, who went to and fro on the earth, and walked up and down it,
Bearing the largest sized scrap-book, recording wrong-doings of members;

Watching and noting, and pointing out all every Grit did or did not;
Holding them fiercely in order, calling the Speaker to check them;
Sharply declaring that "usance of Parliament would not permit it;"
Pompously moving "this House cannot with propriety see it."
RYKERT, the front and the head of the much-shattered column of Tories;

Conservative—Aristocratic—Dignified—all things of that sort.

See how the RYKERT has fallen—also he has been and done it.

He hath accepted the tin, tipped by retaining solicitor.

He, too, hath gobbled the swag, forked over by corporate bodies;

He, too, hath nobbled the needful, shelled out by innocent clients;

Taken the shekels of silver likewise, and the Amalekitish garment.

Tell ye it never in Lincoln—publish it not in St. Catharines.

Shall we then let him down easy, using the "term least offensive,"

As lately the *Nation* remarked to the *Globe's* most confirmed kleptomaniac?

Say it was but a small error—a trifling confusion of meanings;

Wishing to act quite appropriate, appropriation he acted.

No, we shall loosen upon him our full editorial vengeance;

Seeing he now hath no friends, it becometh our duty to kick him.

Never again must he read in our Commons his elegant extracts;

Never more there be delighted by Crooks' clear articulation;

Never more there swear belief in the desperate statements of CAMERON;

Never more there rage in fury at Mowat, the calmly-controlling.

Let him return whence he came, and deep in some cave of Niagara,

Fenced in by columns of scrap-books, list to the roar of the torrent.

Once every thousand years shall Grip croak remembrance to him.

How Friendships are Broken.

Here is an incident, a counterpart of which may be found in any locality. A pathmaster near Granton, and a certain ratepayer working on his beat had for years been on very amicable terms, and always helped each other, each holding his friend up before the world as an upright, honest, and model man. But this year DAMON wanted all the roadwork in the beat applied towards draining his own farm, while PYTHIAS thought only of the pressing need of a proper approach to the front of his shop. The consequence is that these men no longer sound each other's praises, but on the contrary PYTHIAS exposes the crafty character of DAMON, while the latter does not hesitate to speak of the selfishness of PYTHIAS, each divulging the knowledge gained of the other's character through their former confidences. Reader, ere you condemn them, see that you have no similar experience.

Ring Out the Old Year, Ring In the New.

Ring out the old year, ring in the new,
Peal forth wild bells in the frosty night,
Mourn the old with a sorrow that's true,
And hail the new with a pure delight.

Out with the old plans, in with the new,
Bury all feud as we bury the year;
Out with the false deeds, in with the true,
And let new life with the morn appear.

Ring out the old year, ring in the new,
And let petty party strife be past,
Out with dishonest men, in with true,
Bring honest Government at last.

Out with the old members, in with new,
Give us of honor the surety,
Ring out the men who have unclean hands,
Ring in the party of purity.

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Mr. COULDOCK, - Stage Manager.

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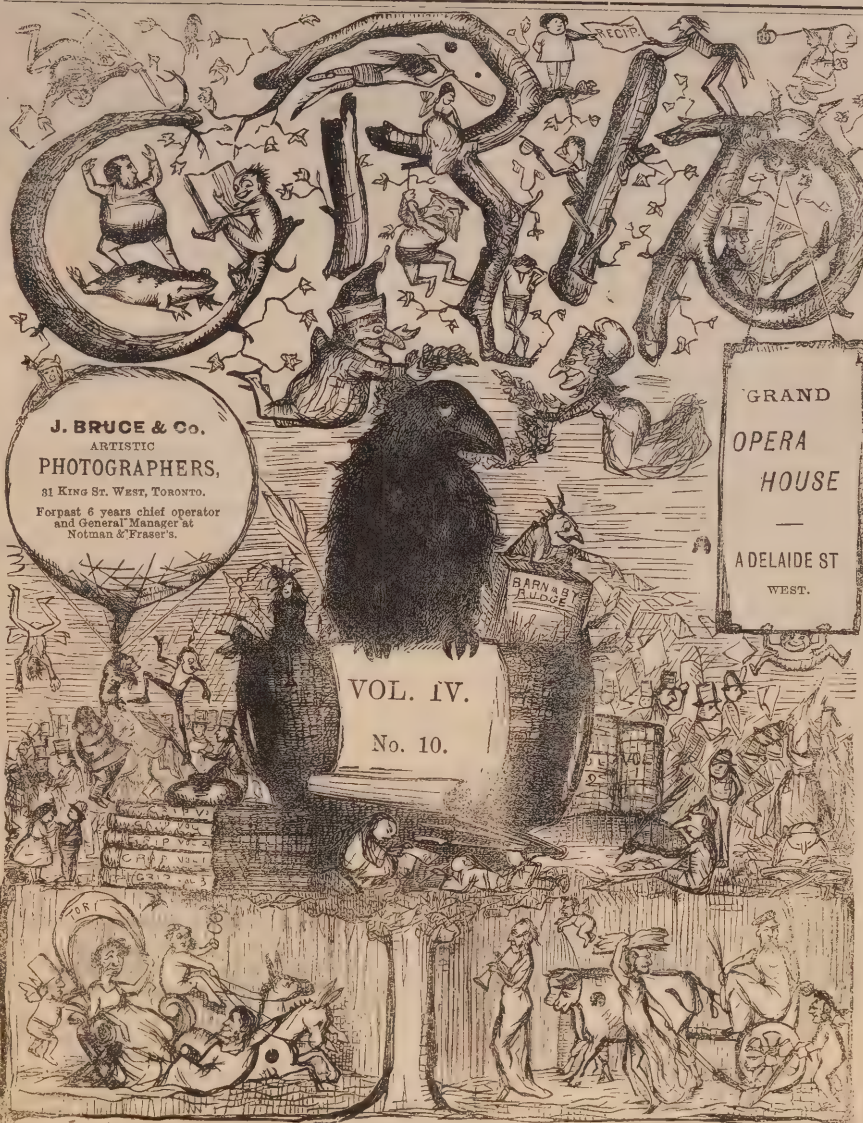
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The grubest Fish is the Oyster; the grubest Man is the Fool.

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I have had them in daily use for two years without tuning and still in good tune. NOLTE & BACON, Peoria.

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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office, not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1875.

Situations Wanted.

SCENE.—MR. MOWAT'S INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

(Enter ADAM C—KS and WILLIAM McD—G—L, boys out of place).

MANAGER—(To first Urchin). Well, ADAM, why are you not at the place I recommended you to, at the East End?

URCHIN—Place, sir? Yes, sir. No, sir. Werry sorry, sir. Lost it, sir.

MANAGER—Lost it, sir? I sent you!

URCHIN—If you please, sir, I were going there quite correct, and 'ad no doubt of not hanswering, when hup comes a remarkable vicious party which his name is MATTHEW, which he never 'ad no character, and is continual hup for himperent langwidge in the courts, and pitches into me hunawares, and beat me shameful, and sends me 'ome. And he goes to my place, sir, and he lies hawful, and he gets it, and 'as it. And I come to see about another, sir.

MANAGER—I know him. He has been impertinent to me. I shall most certainly have him discharged,—if I can. I will do what I can for you elsewhere, of course; but what was this against you at your last place?—about borrowing money, and something about oranges?

URCHIN—Them bills for the oranges was most hextravagant, sir. I could not pass them, sir; we 'ad not walue, sir. And the cash I was sent to borrow, sir; it were most hadwantageous, that loan were.

MANAGER—To you, ADAM?

URCHIN—No, sir. O dear, noi sir; I lost by it.

MANAGER—I fear you did. But I will see. And you, sir (to second Urchin), who are you, and what do you want?—why, bless my soul, it is that depraved fellow "Look-to-Washington Bill!"

URCHIN—Please, sir, that were werry long ago. I 'oped it were forgot.

MANAGER—Bless me, what a disreputable object. What have you been doing? Did you not get a place in the country—Saskatchewan Villa, wasn't it?

URCHIN—I went there, sir. SIR JOHN he sent me, and give me a first-class character. But he's a werry slippery case, sir—excessive slippery, sir; and I think he sends word unbeknown on the sly afore I gets there, and they wouldn't let me hin, sir; and they kicks me hout, sir.

MANAGER—That was not compatible, WILLIAM.

URCHIN—Yes, sir, not come-at-a-ble at all that, sitivation was. And I am hout of place hever since, looking for a job hup and down, hover and hunder. And I asks a farmer in East York for a place last week, and he kicks me hout. I comes here in desperation, sir.

MANAGER—I cannot recommend such a character as you, WILLIAM. I would not feel safe with you in my house, WILLIAM.

URCHIN—(Aside). No, nor you won't be, when I gets there, which it is what I means to do. (Exit).

Grip's Epistles to the Boys.

No. III.

MY DEAR CHARLIE,—Perhaps you will say now that you wish you had minded what GRIP told you. You must have known that going round with those street musicians and playing the same tune under people's windows every day was sure to get you into trouble. Then the way in which you and ARCHIBALD used to quarrel every time you met, and throw dabs of mud in each others' faces was very naughty, beside which you were found out in telling stories of each other to the masters. I am very glad to hear your mamma is not going to send you back to school, as you were so very nearly expelled last term. I know you say ADAM and RUPERT were as bad as you were. Perhaps they were worse, as I hear they used to get little fellows to go out and beg from the people who came up by the railway while you went and begged yourself on the street cars. But none of you had any business to beg at all. You all had plenty of money allowed you to spend at the school tuck-shop, and more than enough since they left off selling that nasty whiskey some of the boys used to buy. And Mrs. TORONTO has sent ADAM away herself, so you are not the only one who has been punished. If you ever go back you will have to behave very different-ly, as GRIP is going to look after the school very sharply. Now if you

want to go back you had better try to learn your lessons thoroughly, instead of taking that book of yours into class and reading them out of it. If you had only spent half the time in learning your history by heart that you took up in cutting pieces out of other boys' cribs and pasting them in your own, you would have known a great deal more than you do and have passed a better examination. Still you displayed a very creditable amount of industry, though you shouldn't have gone and interrupted the classes by jumping and shouting "you knew," when you were going to read a bit out of your book. You would have done much better in figures if you hadn't got that naughty boy PATTESON to give you that "Key to the Tutor's Assistant." If you had only worked the sums for yourself you might have seen the figures were all wrong. It is a great pity, CHARLIE, that you got into such bad habits, as when you first got to school every one thought you were a very clever little boy and would get into the head class and be made a monitor. But you have no one but yourself to blame for what has happened to you. I hear there is a chance of your being allowed to return to school and hope you will mind what I have told you if you do return.

Yours affectionately,
Grip.

A Word to the Premier.

SWORN in full fourteen months ago,
You've precious little done, you know;
GRIP thinks you're most confounded slow—
MACKENZIE.

How quick each stinging sentence rung
When at Sir JOHN hard names you flung,
And loosed on DUFFERIN your tongue—
MACKENZIE.

MACDONALD's blunders were not small;
Yet he *did* work; you names could call,
But don't do any work at all—
MACKENZIE.

Pacific lines might bear delay,
But you'd right soon, you used to say,
Improve St. Lawrence' vast highway—
MACKENZIE.

On that highway no work you've done—
Nay, hardly anything begun;
The Welland work of yours was none—
MACKENZIE.

If this be sample of the way
'Tis to be done, in time it may;
But we shan't live to see the day—
MACKENZIE.

Grip's Examination Questions.

In view of the Law Examinations now pending, GRIP submits to the Benchers of the Law Society and to the Students a few questions, the solution of which would, in his opinion, enlighten the profession and the public generally.

1. Can the uniform of the police force be termed *livrey of seisin*?
2. Under certain circumstances, is a mother-in-law to be considered a "subsequent incumbrancer?"
3. If A. pay attention to B. (a *femme sole*), C. the father of B. dis-sentiente, is A's interest legal or equitable?
4. Is arrest by *mesne process* likely to occasion contempt of court?
5. Shew the difference (by Police Court Reports) between an Estate *pur outre vie*, and the created *par eau de vie*.
6. Is a sheriff on the flight of an execution debtor to be considered as the victim of an unrequited "attachment?"
7. Can the present Police Magistrate of Toronto be considered as an exemplification of the "Statute of Frauds?"
8. Where an Action will *lie*, is truthfulness yet presumed on the part of the Plaintiff?

To the "Mail."

Most clever young editor, ruling the *Mail*,
Pray, how do you like the new *Liberal's* tale?
"Your party thanks you for the place it has got"—
GRIP thinks that you caught it that time rather hot.
If that's the idea that's now to prevail,
GRIP wouldn't be manager—not of the *Mail*.

Total Prohibition of Woman Alliance.

The terrible evils arising from the existence of Woman in the community loudly call for measures to relieve Humanity of this frightful source of all its troubles since the Creation to this hour. Every means hitherto adopted to regulate this curse by legal, moral and religious influences, has utterly failed. Men are led daily into extravagant, idle and dissolute habits, involving bankruptcy in body, mind and estate, solely by the blighting influence of Woman. So associated with mischief is she that it is a proverb when any wrong-doing is discussed, "A Woman is at the bottom of it." But for Woman our Gaols would be empty, and our Lunatic Asylums, Girls' Homes, Magdalen Retreats, Millinery Stores and False Hair Depots would not exist to shame our civilization and empty our pockets. Besides being the cause of these disgraceful institutions, Woman is the greatest drag on the industry of the people. But for her demands what comforts might not the poorest enjoy! Religion is made almost impossible by her influence, as she obtrudes even into the Churches and drags down the mind to vanity by her seductive fascinations, glances, and new bonnets. As modern philanthropy has established the principle that *nothing capable of abuse must be used; that nothing which a wise man may innocently enjoy, which fools may pervert to evil, shall be tolerated*, it follows that Woman must be abolished! Until public opinion is fully ripe for an utter destruction of the sex, their number must be restrained. Now they are seen on every street; every house has one of these agencies of evil; nay, there are such awful instances of recklessness as the toleration of more than one under the same roof, giving rise to incessant quarrels, disputes, back-biting, sewing meetings, bad dinners, and other fearful evils. A public meeting will be held shortly to organize the TOTAL PROHIBITION OF WOMAN ALLIANCE. SNOW-BROTH BLOOD, Esq., has consented to preside, whose efforts to freeze the genial, therefore dangerous, current of social life has raised him to the front rank of modern philanthropists.

Bachelors over seventy, widowers who have killed their wives, woman-haters for any reason, will be made honorary members. A pledge will be submitted for signature binding all signers to obtain a divorce if married, or if single never to marry, and to discountenance Woman by never trading or associating with any person who is married or attends any place, be it Church, Theatre, Store or Dwelling where Woman is allowed to enter. Fathers having female children will not be allowed to join until they have buried them. A petition will be ready for signature demanding of the Government that it abolish Marriage Licenses. A list of those Clergy who celebrate marriages will be published, and members will be required to withdraw from their Churches.

A subscription will be taken up to provide funds for building a shed where citizens may take their obnoxious wives, mothers-in-law, servant girls, or any other female they may wish to be rid of, where they will be treated by a new vapor which will, without pain, instantly rid society of its pests at a very small cost, economy being a great point in this and similar reforms. A public bon-fire will be held every week on which citizens may throw chignons, figure improvers and all other feminine snares, the destruction of which will rapidly reduce the power of Woman and her numbers, as thousands will never survive the loss of their fondest delights.

N.B.—A "Lady's Man" will be exhibited at the meeting as a frightful example of the degradation to which Woman can reduce the Lord of Creation in body, mind and clothes. By orders.

THE PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE OF T. P. W. ALLIANCE.

Pastoral Letter.

THE Reverend Mr. GRIP, who has appointed himself Coadjutor to all Bishops and other high ecclesiastical dignitaries, sends herewith his pastoral benediction to the Episcopal clergy in Toronto, congratulating them on their zeal in the cause, which fills their city papers with clerical controversy, where their earnestness is evinced by remarkably violent personal abuse. He congratulates them also on their anxiety to bear ridicule in the cause of their Divine Master—a praiseworthy work of supererogation, as there was no necessity for it, and on the thorough manner in which they have performed it, having rendered themselves the laughing-stock of Toronto. Truly, Mr. GRIP piously exclaims, a Church Militant indeed! The Reverend Coadjutor also gladly remembers that reciprocal flagellation has been considered acceptable mortification, and therefore with great joy observes its sound laying-on, hoping for excellent results. Mr. GRIP is likewise delighted that prospective loss of stipend has no terrors for them, as their congregations, whose weak faith regards such contests as unseemly, will leave them. He begs that they will allow no such consideration to prevent them fighting the good fight, even unto the end thereof. Destitution, he gladly remarks, need not follow loss of occupation, as he has made arrangements that all clergymen and graduates now valiantly contending can, when convenient (and perhaps the sooner the better), take up their residence in a large temple at the west end, the name of the officiating priest of which is WORKMAN.

Croaks from Grip's Basket.

GRIP has often heard it said that Scotchmen are incapable of either making or taking a joke. But that is surely a mistake; for we read in the *Guelph Mercury* edited—we understand by a Scotchman—that on the line of the G. T. R. passing through that town "there is no midnight train on Monday morning." Brother INNES, you may go to the head of the class!

Now that the *Liberal* has made its appearance, is it any harm to ask if there is a prospect of the *Globe* being inundated and washed away by an overflow of the Great B-lake?

Mr. PICKE and Miss ONION were recently married in London. Significant!

GRIP learns that our Washington Ambassador while at the Falls recently saw the following couplet written in a hotel register:

"Next to the joy of seeing Sairey
Is that of seeing Ni-ag-ary."

and immediately added:

"Wiped off the map, because that it
Would not elect a good Clear Grit."

To Sister Sarah.

MILTONIC ODE.

Saint Sally fair,
Listen where thou art splashing,
Beside some glassy, cool, translucent well,
The rinsing-water in thy wash-tub dashing
Through twining folds of altar-linen there;
Listen for thy Church's sake;
Goddess of the soapy lake,
Listen and tell
To DARLING of the Ritual,
And WHITTAKER who is his pal,
And those who, of the Church called Low,
For them in newspapers do go,
And every priest and graduate
Who has been writing spite of late,
That as the dome
Of Trinity sees not thy boiler's tin in
So they should always wash their dirty linen
At home.

Lines

(Dedicated to the 138 unsuccessful competitors for the prize of \$20 given by the proprietors of the *Montreal Witness* for the best poem on "Erin.")

Ye bards! whom the liberal prize did arouse—
Who were never poets before—
Your souls, though attuned to the strains of the Harp,
Could never to poetry soar.

Alas! that so many should suddenly find
Their genius depart with the year;
Alas! that in praising the Greenest of Isles,
The tint should contagious appear.

Telegraphic Enigmas.

The editor of the *Hamilton Spectator* really should not mix his drinks, or else his Toronto correspondent should be content with hot water and sugar only. The following are the two first paragraphs of the despatch from Toronto which appeared in our Tory contemporary of the *Ambitious City*, which GRIP reprints *verbatim et literatim* as the best samples of Chinese puzzle which he has met with this season:—

Jan. 20.—It is currently reported that has offered to resign his seat, but that the petitioners wish to push the matter to the bitter end.
It is said that Jerry Merrick with the reformers for not supporting O'Donohue of the Catholic League, that he has broken with his party.

Can Such Things Be?

The following despatch which appeared under the head of "Spain" in the *Toronto Sun* the other day is really alarming:—

MADRID, Jan. 10.—King Alfonso gave a dinner last evening to the members of his Cabinet and the diplomatic corps.

GRIP remembers to have heard a ditty reciting how "Alonzo the Brave" appeared from the lower regions at the wedding of his recreant spouse; but that King ALFONSO should really entertain a corpse at dinner is infinitely more astonishing.

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The independent view which GRIP has taken on all matters of public interest, and the continued originality and truthfulness of the cartoons, have won the highest encomiums from persons of every possible shade of political opinion. It is needless to say that this independent course will be continued, and that no inducement will swerve the publishers from their intention to make GRIP "the fearless corrector of public morals, and the wise director of public opinion, regardless of party," as one of our ablest exchanges pithily puts it.

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no matter how short, provided they are "sharp and shiny," will always be welcome, and the writers will be liberally dealt with.

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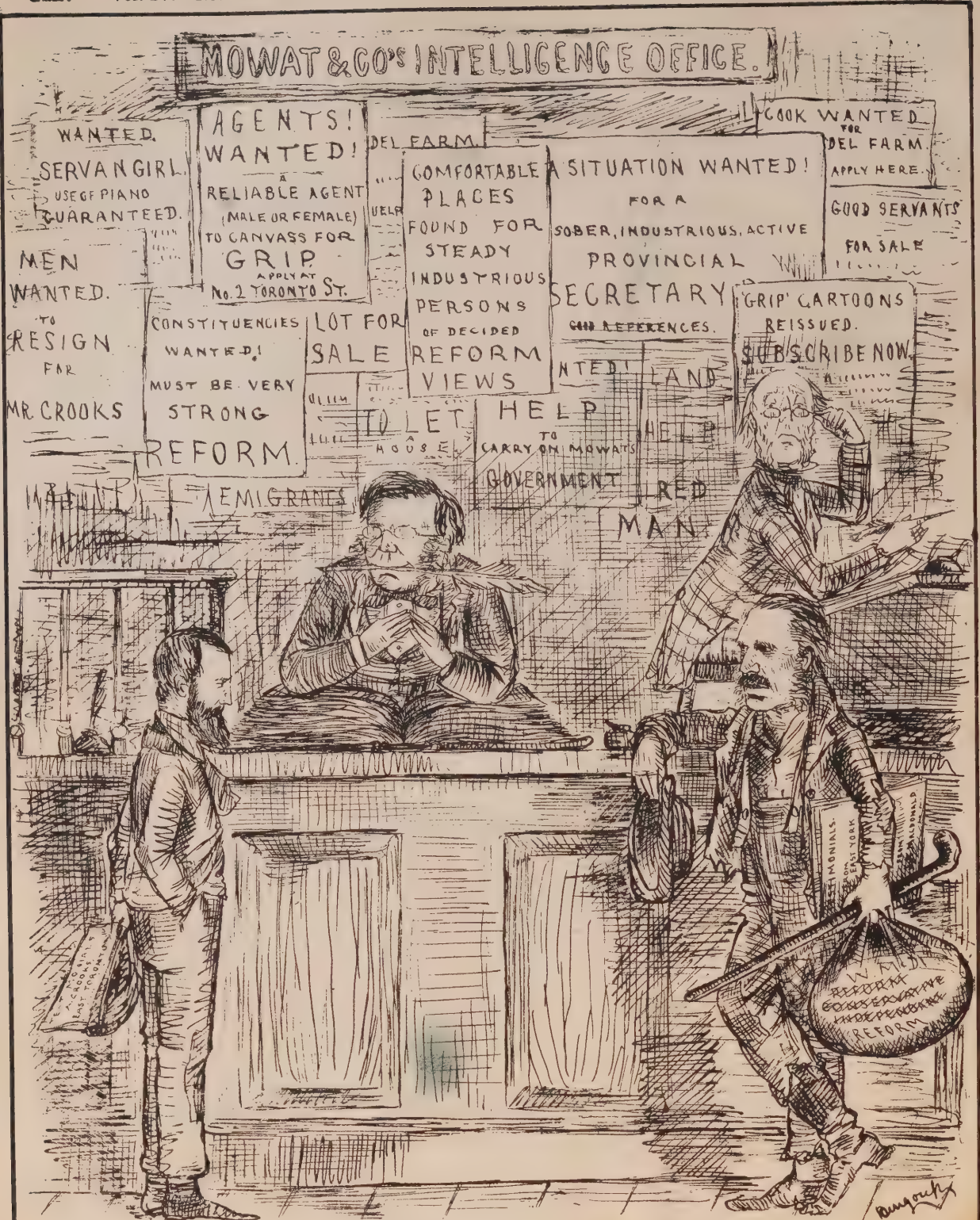
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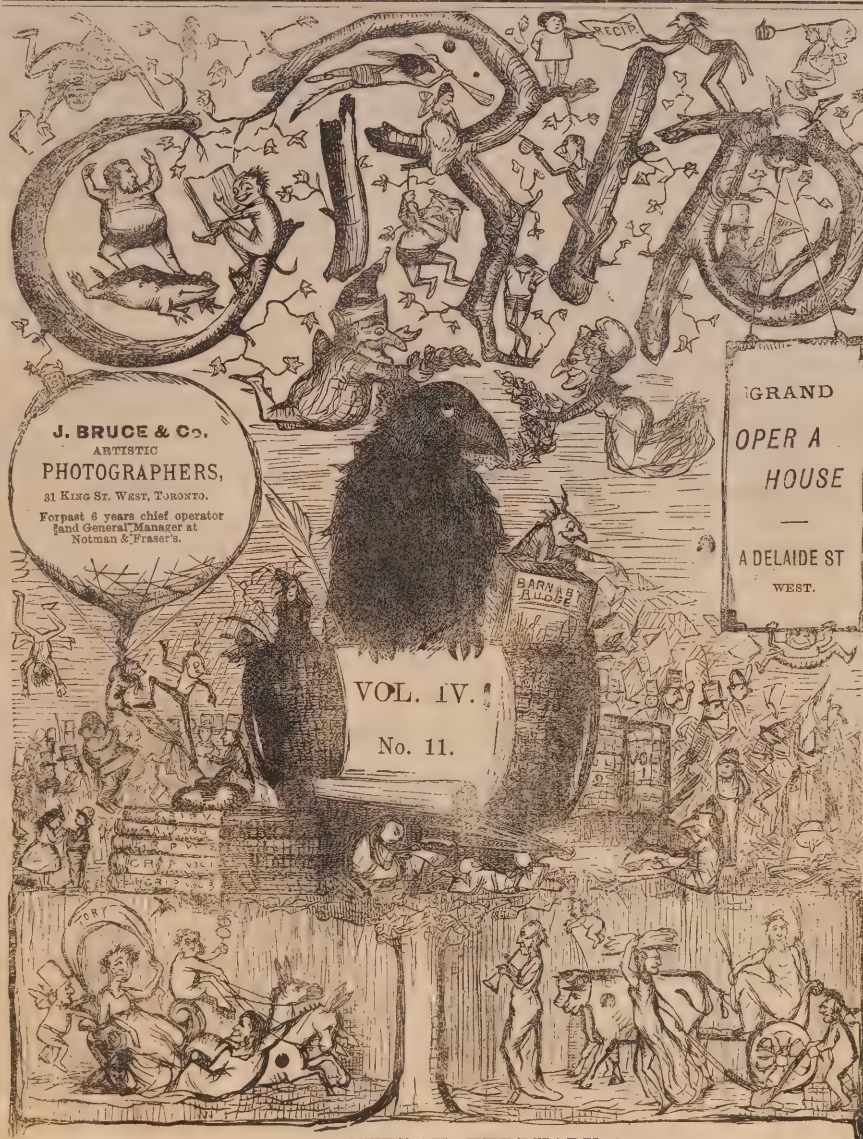
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office, not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

Conservative Veracity.

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS TORY JOURNALS.

Sir John Macdonald loquitor.

To Dufferin—I own the act was all your own ; your Lordship says quite true.

To Mackenzie—You tell abominable lies ; you told him what to do.

To Dufferin—Just my advice ; I always said Her Majesty should act.

To Mackenzie—Transferred your proper functions, sir ; a most disgraceful fact.

To Dufferin—Your Lordship's commutation's done the very thing I should.

To Mackenzie—How dared you not to hang him, sir, when you declared you would ?

To Dufferin—Your Lordship knows to get him off I ventured everything.

To Mackenzie—Vile wretch, if I had caught the man, you should have seen him swing.

An Editorial for the "Church Chimes."

THE BEAUTIES OF RITUALISM.

By Rev A. W. J—ns—n, Weston.

RITUALISM is a good thing to teach your grandmother to suck eggs. I repeat, it's a bully thing. How is that for High ? I am an old Ritualist myself, and it has made a gentleman and a scholar out of me. I don't think there is any other power in the universe that could have accomplished that. It gives a person a sort of Christian feeling towards his fellow creatures ; it tones down his natural passions and ignorance, and renders him beloved by all. Some men don't practice it, because they say they don't believe it's the proper mode of worship. Such persons are rowdies and fools. They go hob-nobbing in yonder bar-room and drinking whiskey as long as they can get it without paying. There is a thing called the Church Association which don't believe in Ritualism. They claim to be Christians ; they are no more Christians than I am ! I understand this Association is going to yank some of us fellows up before the church tribunals for our goings on. Let them yank and be darned. That reminds me of the Yankee who tried to stop the Falls of Niagara with his father's ox-yoke. Again I might say, there are some young gentlemen—or if they would not be too much offended I would follow the bent of my nature, and call them jackasses—who don't believe in Ritualism. They are a miserable, scurvy crew. Ritualism is the science of conveying the truth by external forms. I am in good external form myself just now, and would like to have an opportunity of conveying some truth into the minds of a few archdeacons and others I could mention. I love our peace-making Lord Bishop, but I'll be hanged if I don't hate the Church Association for a pack of pusillanimous cusses. Here endeth the editorial.

Free Legal Advice.

The legal questions propounded in our last number proved entirely too much for the young gentlemen who were then assembled in the examination room at Osgoode Hall, but, determined that the general public should be put in possession of the legal knowledge implied. GRIP has, at his own expense, secured answers to all the queries from the highest authority within his reach, and has infinite pleasure in setting them forth :

Q. Can the uniform of the police force be termed *livery of seisin* ?
A. No ; see sec. 2 of the Act "de bobibus peeleribusque." (Blake, Kerr & Boyd).

Q. Under certain circumstances, is a mother-in-law to be considered a "subsequent incumbrancer" ?

A. Yes, when she is tenant for life by the courtsey (?) (Harrison, Oster & Moss).

Q. If A. pay attention to B. (a femme sole), C. the father of B. dis-sentiente, is A's interest legal, or equitable ?

A. Equitable ; because the chances are small of C. being his father-in-law. (Beatty, Chadwick & Lash).

Q. Is arrest by *mesne process* likely to occasion contempt of court ?

A. No ! because "black ca. re. (care) sits behind the horseman." (McLennan, Downey & Henderson).

Q. Shew the difference (by Police Court Reports) between an Estate *pur outre vie*, and that created *par eau de vie*.

A. A man dips his beak into the one, and the other brings the Beak unto him. (McDonald & Badgerow).

Q. Is a sheriff on the flight of an execution debtor to be considered as the victim of an unrequited "attachment" ?

A. Give it up, as the Sheriff did. (Milloy & Browning).

Q. Can the present Police Magistrate of Toronto be considered as an exemplification of the "Statute of Frauds" ?

A. No, but of the statute *quia emptores* (because buyers want whiskey.) (R. M. Allen & Co.).

Q. Where an Action will lie, is truthfulness yet presumed on the part of the Plaintiff ?

A. Yes ; because, though the action may lie, he is sure to get some lawyer to pick it up for him from where it is lying. (Nicholas Murphy).

Very Like a Whale.

(Air—Very much Yankee Doodle.)

GEORDIE went to Washington

Upon a little hobby,

Think's he—I'll be a K. C. B.,

Won't that be very nobby ?

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

GEORDIE found a taking bait

To catch a little fish, sir,

A sliding scale would catch a whale,

Thought he, to fill his dish, sir.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

GEORDIE failed to get a bite,

And found it all vexation ;

"Reciprocity, I find," says he,

"Is nothing but ———."

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

The newspapers they all agreed

He was so patriotic,

For they, you see, got subsidy,

And *douceurs* idiotic.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Alack, alas, and well-a-day

That Grits such snubs should suffer !

But blunders will annoy them still

When they employ a duffer.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Pacific Railway Questions to the Ministry.

Q. (Arithmetical)—If in one year you have done nothing, how long will it take you to enlarge the canals between Toronto and the tide-water ?

Q. (Technical)—Are you aware that spades are trumps, and that if there are none in your hands, you had better throw up the game ?

Q. (Suggestive)—Do you think you could dig if a vote of No Confidence were to pass ?

Q.—Couldn't you devise some better way of ruining Toronto than by building that French River branch of the Pacific Railway ?

Straight Advice to Mr. Crooks.

(Shakesperian.)

O ! mighty Adam, hast thou no hope left ?

Is ambition, energy and action themselves quite dead ?

Or dost thou live to stir ? I do beseech you, for I mean you well,

Now that the desire is yet quite hot, to speak !

And let crying justice lean where she has right to stand ;

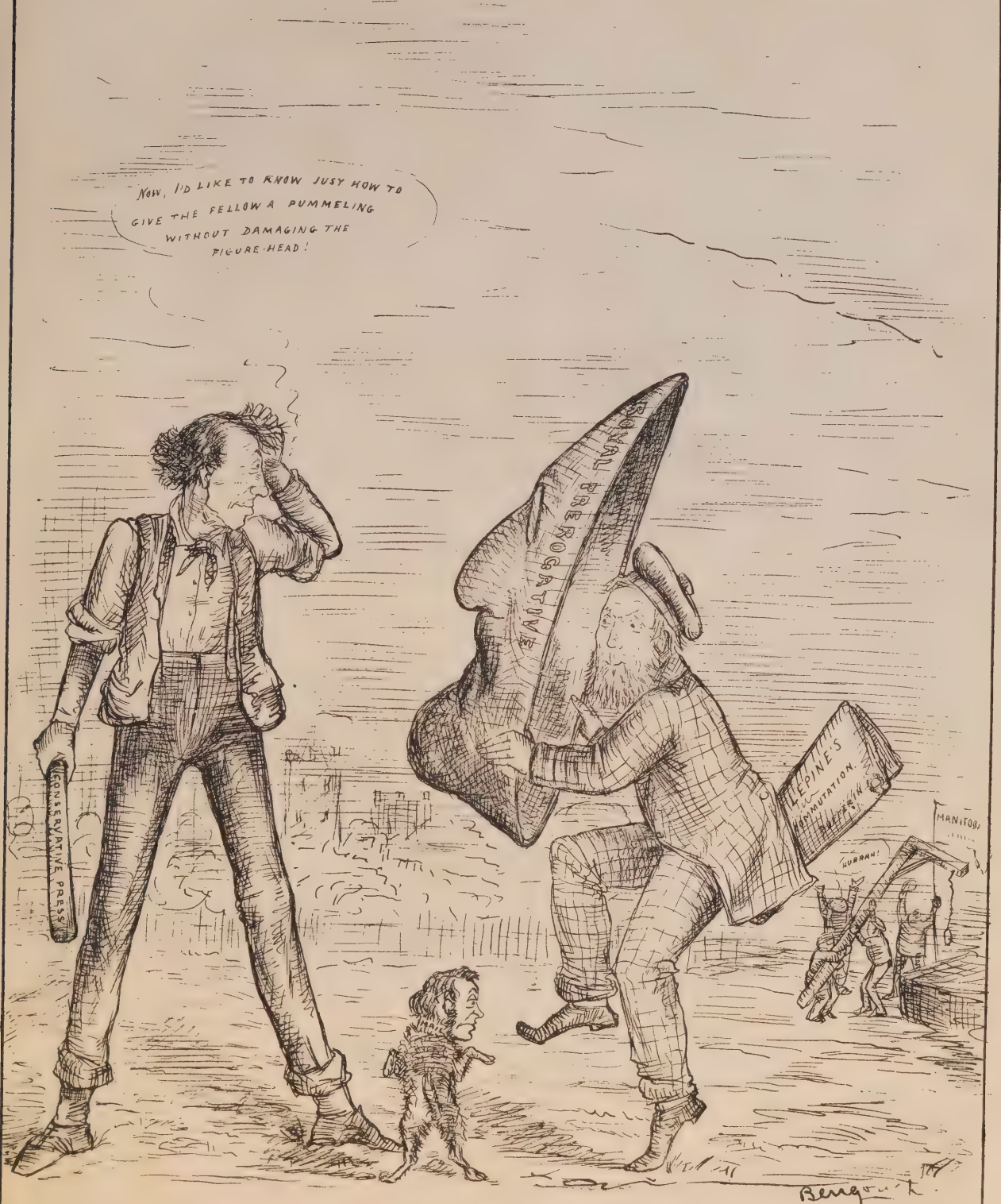
Live a thousand years—I shall never cease to wish

Till thou on civil strides does to York post straight

To meet the "ever gentle turning of the LANE."

This place will greet thee and make thee rank

The political gem of the present age.



LOYALTY IN A QUANDARY;

OR, THE "LEPINE CASE" MADE PLAIN.



The Poor Blind Man--An Allegory.

SMALL BOY.—“*Lib’ral*, sir—on’y two cents?”

SMALL POLITICIAN.—“Where is’t, laddie, I don’t see it!”

Croaks from Grip’s Basket.

MODERN “nut” crackers—Policemen’s Batons.

ATTENDANCE to business makes quite a “balance to partners.”

AN old “card” to deal with—a Bachelor—he “plays it alone.”

GRIP would like to know why the front of Osgoode Hall is never whitewashed. Is it because the Benchers have become so enamored of Blackstone?

When may a law student be said to resemble a euchre-player?—When he has “passed.”

THE *Sun* seriously “feared,” yesterday, that “its readers might have been carried away by the brilliant visions of the new Yankee silver mines.” Mistaken *Sun*;—they had gone and bought the *Liberal*.

SINCE General Hazen has taught the Americans that they’ve reached the limit of their arable land, would it not be better to change “*E pluribus unum*” to “*ne plus ultra*?”

THE *Globe* is not aware of the existence of the new Toronto daily. There’s a good deal it’s not aware of. But this is too bad. A Reform journal of its own particular stripe and war-paint, which came here in the innocence of its heart to help the *Globe* finish that won’t-be-killed hydra Sir JOHN, and print Government advertisements, which were getting too many for it! And won’t know it! ACHILLES BLAKE, where hidest thou in thy briefs?—PATROCLOS CAMERON is being ignored to death in the streets! E. B., pitch into G. B., or it will be all U. P. with P. C.

THEY are going to try Dean GRASSETT for being too low. Lately, Sir JOHN was abused for getting too high. It is difficult to please Canadians.

THE *National* is out with an improved plan for parliamentary voting. The worst of those Canada First fellows is their impudence in having ideas. In the columns of the two respectable old parties, now, one never finds such incendiary things. Little Ca-na-di-ans, do not venture in to new and un-known fields, but keep step-ping qui-et-ly in your lit-tle tread-mill of pre-ce-dent, so that JOHN A. and G. B. can al-ter-na-te-ly grind their little ax-es on the shaft.

A Sunday Story from Goderich.

THE editor of one of our Western exchanges thus relates what he calls “a little domestic incident” which has come to his knowledge:

On Sunday afternoon last a good mother observing her young hopeful reading a newspaper, ordered him to put it down and read one of his Sunday-school books, intimating that she had repeatedly informed him not to read newspapers on Sunday. The young ten year old stoutly replied: “Ma, this is the Goderich *Star*.” This he thought a clincher—no harm to read that paper on Sunday.

GRIP is pained to think that his genial friend has, from interested motives, withheld the remainder of this truly touching anecdote. But let justice be done though the *Star* falls; GRIP feels it incumbent upon him to continue the narrative:

Alas, for youthful indiscretion, it was not a clincher. His Ma was not only a good woman but also a friend of honest government, and in a manner too painful to dwell upon, she impressed it upon the mind of her son that it was indeed harm to read that paper on Sunday, and even injudicious to give ear unto its counsels during the week.

A Song of the Times.

Tune—“*Green Grow the Rushes, O.*”

“There’s naught but care on every man”—
A dreary dull reality;
“What signifies the life of man”
If ’twas not for rascality?

CHORUS—Long live rascality,
Long live rascality;
The happiest time a man can spend
Is in practising rascality.

Should you commence in humble life
And wish to rise to quality,
The best and safest path to take
Is well concealed rascality.

You’ll find it in the course of trade
A certain speciality;
For fortune creeps close at the heels
Of cunning, cool rascality.

In politics there’s ample scope,
There’s “political morality”;
The widest field that’s yet been found
For unblushing, bold rascality.

See here is one who wants a slice
In a mineral locality;
Another sells the people’s trust—
A fifty cent rascality.

Our Land Swaps and Pacific Jobs
Are quite a nationality;
When all are fighting tooth and nail
To profit by rascality.

Our city “Pa’s” how they indulge
In biting personality;
While each unto the other hints
A hankering for rascality.

And subtle priests are sorely vexed
With growing rationality;
While the way they tear each other’s coats
Is laughter for rascality.

How greatly changed the black brigade
A stupid dull formality;
A miserable falling off
In talent and rascality.

The Fourth Estate’s been sadly curbed,
Unfortunate fatality;
For “Libel Suits” have somewhat cooled
Their revelling in rascality.

Why are our taverns so beset
With gross illiberality?
Why should they not be without bounds
Blest havens of rascality!

Now out upon that sordid crew
Base preachers of frugality;
Who brought the sneaking ballot-box
To stem our loved rascality.

But such a state cannot exist;
What’s life without venality;
Where every man may have his price
As in the old rascality?

Note by a Teetotaler.

JUSTICE GWYNNE has just said, if the Major could dive Down into the sea and come up really dry, He might, on his soul, be inclined to believe That Major WALKER knew naught of his friend’s bribery; But Oh! how I grieve, how I grieve that at first he Did not further say—In this land of strong drinking A Major there lives who *could* dive in the sea, And, if not very dry, would at least come up thirsty. Am I wrong, my sweet GRIP, when I say you will see That the Major I mean is the major-ity!

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To Correspondents and Contributors

W. E. C., Scarboro.—Thanks. Will be glad to hear from you as often as convenient.
Coto.—Crowded out this week.

G. S. C., Guelph.—We are always ready to pay for contributions, provided they are suitable.

Author of "Civic."—Thanks, but hardly suitable.

A. McK., Toronto.—Rather out of time.
SNUG, Toronto.—Your production is too local in its application.

Box 1048, Toronto.—Thanks for your efforts in our behalf.

Box 153, Toronto.—Let us hear from you again.

MILDMAY.—Shall be glad at all times to hear from you.

COCKNEY, London, Eng.—It is very fallacious for you to suppose that Canadians slide down Niagara Falls in winter. Some have tried the experiment, and as the result have—gone up.

A.C.D.—You have GRIP's hearty thanks.
T.—Good.

E. H. J., Sarnia.—Sketches very clever, though not practically useful at present.

NEMO.—Excellent; always ready to give insertion to productions of such merit.

E. L. F.—Your article arrived too late for this week. Copy should be sent to GRIP office by Wednesday at latest.

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TO

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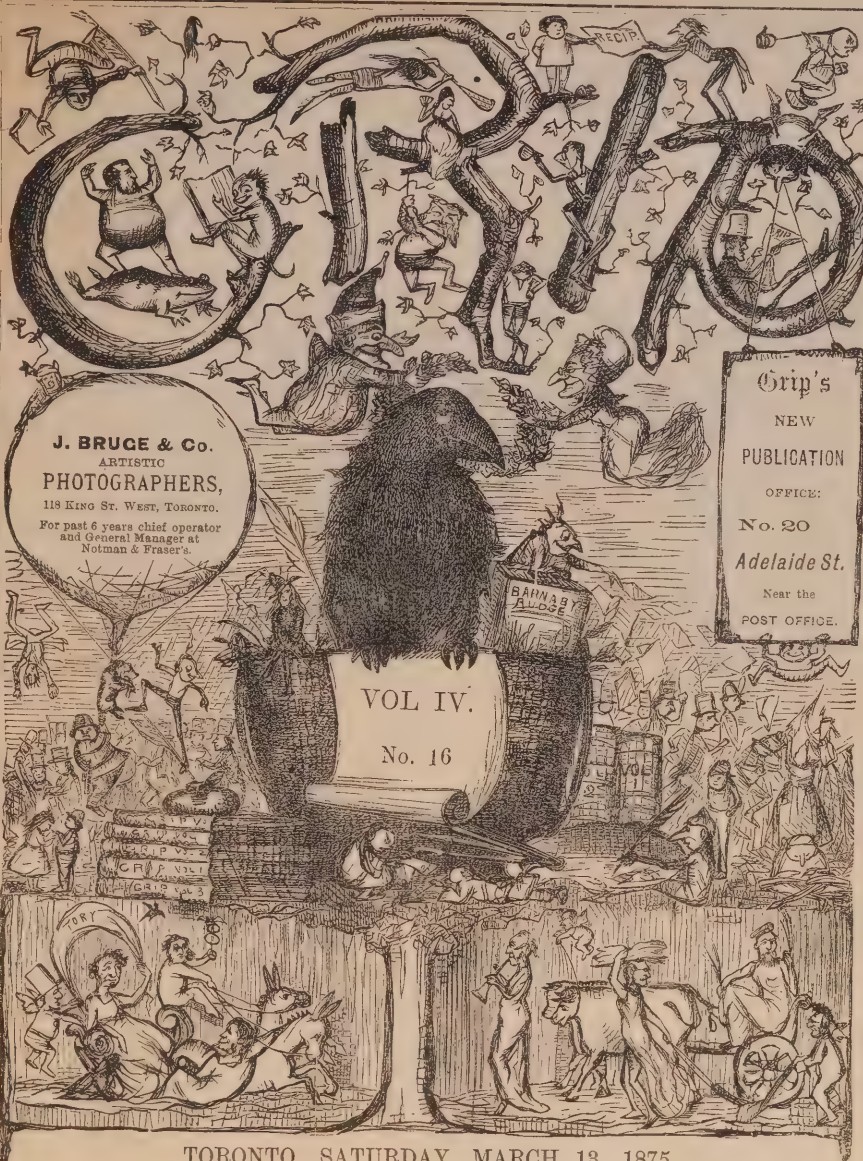
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office, not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1875.

Notice of Removal.

GRIP has removed to his new office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, near the Postoffice.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLAR.—We think you are correct. Shakespeare must have referred to a woman at a mangle when he said, "For she can turn and turn and still go on."

CONSERVATIVE SUBSCRIBER.—No, the paper you mention is neither split nor pronounced Lie-beral.

Grip's Advice to Mills.

HEAR the sober voice of MILLS,

DAVID MILLS,
How the buildings parliamentary at Ottawa it thrills,
As he tells to all within it
The shortcomings of the Senate,
And how useless the position that it fills.
Oh, MILLS! MILLS! MILLS!
Think a moment on the ills
That may happen any minute
To those grave folks in the Senate,
By the reading and the passing of your
Bills, bills, bills,
By the seconding and moving of your bills.

But retribution waits upon you, MILLS,
And many bitter pills
About your Senate Bills
You will find yourself compelled to swallow down.
For you counselled not with BROWN,
With BROWN, BROWN, BROWN,
You know you never mentioned it to BROWN.
And he fiercely foldeth round him his senatorial robe,
And straightway up he goeth to the office of the *Globe*,
Of the *Globe*, *Globe*, *Globe*,
And he writeth and inditeth to the *Globe*;
With blackest ink he fills
His editorial quills,
And he writes a fiery article—MILLS.

Oh DAVID, DAVID MILLS!
Care you not for him that kills?
Care you not a globule for the *Globe*,
Nor yet for BROWN?
Why don't you knuckle down
At his frown?
If to you your life political is sweet,
Own up beat,
Call't your treat,
And throw yourself for mercy at his feet,
At his feet, feet, feet,
At his world-wide celebrated feet!

By our Brockville Mentor.

There is no truth in the report that the rev. gentleman appointed to St. Paul, K., applied to the "Propagation Society" for a grant and that the Secretary informed him that they had ceased to send the gospel to the heathen.

There is no truth in the report that the congregation of St. Paul, K., having petitioned the bishops of Ontario to send them a mocking-bird, he, trusting to their ignorance of ornithology, sent them instead one of Mother Carey's chickens.

There is no truth in the report that some of the people of Brockville have commenced the worship of Moloch. The report must have originated in the appointment of Canon MURLOCK to St. Peter's in that town.

An Ancient Park in Mesopotamia.

Hebrew Manuscript relating thereto, discovered and translated by GRIP.

1. And it came to pass in the days of the great king, even the King of Mesopotamia, that he did cause to be prepared a place for a university in the city, which is by the great and mighty river, even the river Donnus.

2. And he said, seeing that the land is cheap and barren, and also that it is a waste of sand,

3. Inclose ye enough thereof, and fence the same, from the south limit even a mile to the north limit thereof.

4. And it shall be that in the time to come they shall build a university therein, and the land, even this land, shall be for a park around the same; and the grass shall be green there in the season thereof, and the pleasant trees flourish after the manner thereof.

5. And the students, and the people of the city, even the sickly people whose delight is in the fresh air shall walk therein; and it shall be that they shall bless the name of the king who gave the same, even my name.

6. And the king died, and was gathered unto his father. And the rest of the acts which he did, and the houses which he builded, and the number of his wives and of his concubines, are they not written in the First Book of GREVILLE, even the Book of the Memoirs of GREVILLE the Sybarite.

7. And it came to pass that a university was built on the land, and the land was given into the hand of a Senate, and also much other land.

8. Now the Senate were wiser in their generation than the children of light; and had more cunning than any beast of the field.

9. And the Senate said, Go to, are not the people of the city fools? Surely we will sell all the land.

10. For it is meet that the morrow take care of itself, and that we in our day should secure the shekels, and should also make merry with the same,

11. But we will say to the people, even the unwise people of the city:—If ye will build roads in the park, and light the same, and spend money on the same.

12. Then ye shall use the park, ye, and your wives, and your little ones.

13. But the park we shall give them shall be smaller than the park which now is, inasmuch that it shall cost them more than the value thereof.

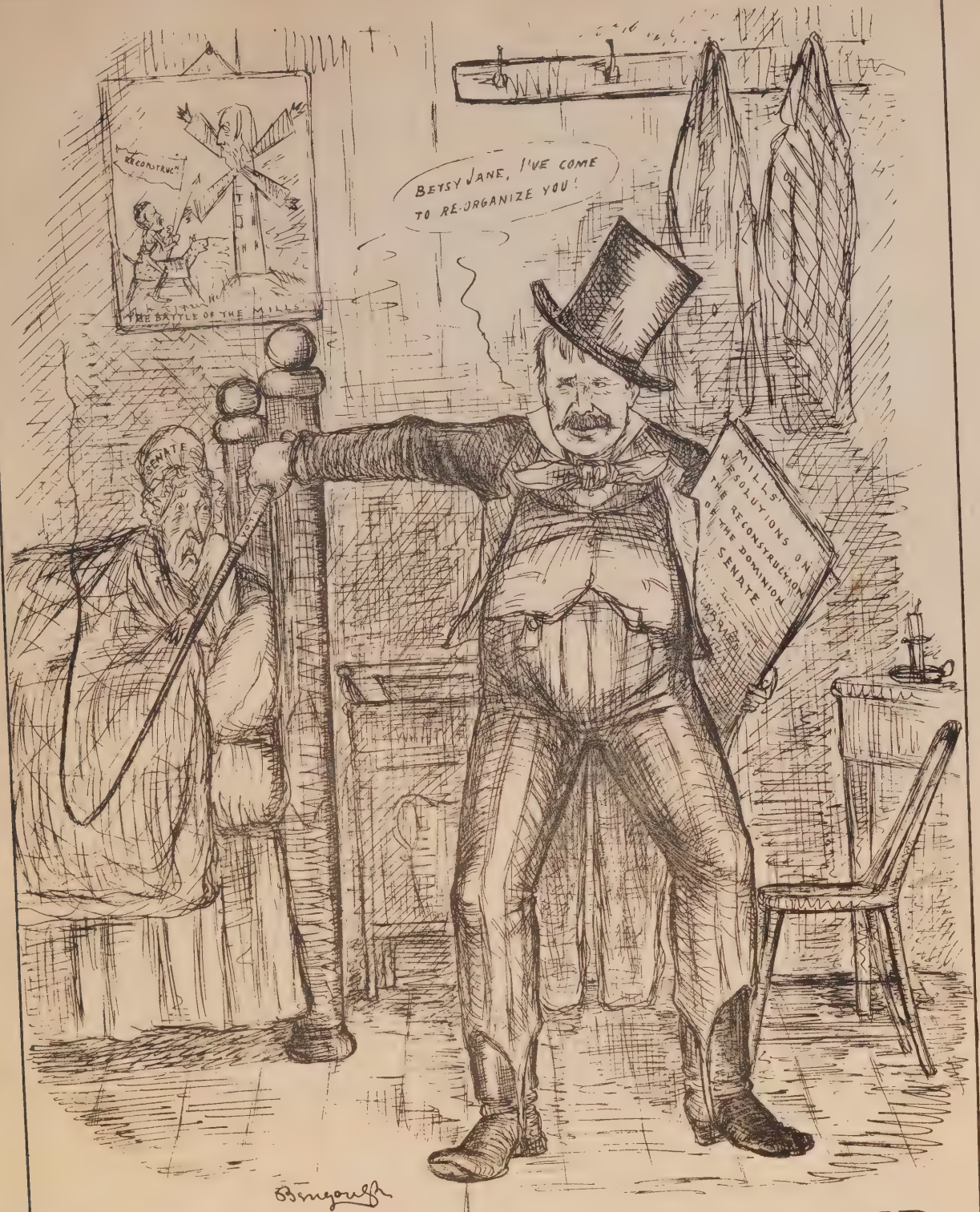
14. And as they said, as did they do with the foolish people, even the people of the city.

15. And the people mourned, and refused to be comforted; and they said,—Surely we have no portion in Mowat, neither have we any inheritance in MACKENZIE, that this thing should be done unto us.

16. And there was joy in the Senate, and exceeding great delight.

Ode to the Editor of "Church Chimes."

O weak *Church Chimers*,
In truth you seem to be,
In knowledge scarce adepts, in speech too free,
A little nest of acrobats and rhymers!
You snarl and bite,
And vote yourselves the real Simon Pure;
Not even Trinity secure,
For nothing but the Sayer street show is right.
Exclusive few,
Who leave old pastures to subsist on new,
You chatter now in print about a worthy Saint
Who to a pig the spark of life brings back,
A story quaint:—
The porker's head alone remains
Alack!
To furnish subject for the mighty wonder;
But lo! the power of faith, when found without alloy!
Each pettitoe its kindred ham regains;
The curling tail its place assumes;
Ecstatic glee the porcine eyes illumines;
And all the hog stands forth, complete in grunting joy,
That once a wolf had rent asunder!!!
In mammoth type, and extra-double-leaded,
Should such a tale as this be told—
Nay, graven all in gold!
Our tears fall fast
To think that now "the age of miracles is past."
O that the saint would visit earth once more,
Perform a wonder greater than before,
And make you less pig-headed!



Brangouffe

ARTEMUS WARD MILLS AND
BETSY JANE SENATE.

Immoderate Driving.

In the Toronto *Sun* we read:—

George Brown was charged with driving immoderately. A policeman stated that on the afternoon of the 25th ult. he saw the defendant driving at a very rapid rate.

The above meagre report is now extended from our Reporter's notes:—

FURIOUS DRIVING.

(Before JUSTICE GRIP.)

GEORGE BROWN, *alias* "Dictator," *alias* "The Ambassador," *alias* the "Great Impossibility," etc., was charged with furious driving, and bad language.

POLICEMAN X deposed that the defendant, who had many aliases, was a prominent member of the political swell mob, and a very troublesome and disorderly character. He frequented a noted flash house called the *Globe* Saloon, on King Street—the resort of sundry notable characters, among whom were the "North York Chicken," the "Highland Bishop" JOHNNY GORGAN, and one DAVIN, *alias* "DELUGE NICK." They were in the habit of driving furiously about with an old horse called *Grit*, which had been a fastish animal in by-gone days, but was now getting used up by overwork and poor feed. They also got up sham fights with other flash men, headed by "JOHNNY, the Kingston Nobbler." He saw the prisoner on the 25th ult. driving at a dangerous pace near King Street, when he stopped and cautioned him; the defendant used very bad language.

DEFENDANT (excitedly.) You're a base and villainous hound, sir. It is one of my cardinal principles, as I can prove by hundreds of witnesses, always scrupulously to avoid bad language. (Laughter.)

Justice GRIP told defendant he must behave decently, and not interrupt the witnesses.

After some other evidence, the defendant being called upon for his defence, admitted he was driving very fast, as he had a right to do, and meant to do. His old horse needed constant exercise, and if it didn't get it would lose condition, having always been accustomed to go at 2.40 speed. He (defendant) had made this Dominion, and Province, and city what they were, and considered that, properly, everybody and everything belonged to him and must give way to his inclinations, as he was the greatest person in the land, and real King of the country. (Laughter.) If people got out of the road when they saw him coming, no harm would ensue. He had always had his own way, and intended to have it to the end of the chapter. Those who interfered with him must look out for squalls. The *Globe* was a highly respectable house. (Laughter.)

The MAGISTRATE said he was afraid prisoner had been drinking, or was not quite right in his head. Years ago when the Province was thinly settled, and Toronto a very small place, people might drive about furiously, or profess to arrogate the whole road to themselves, with little danger to those about. But things had greatly altered, there was no place now either for monopolists of street traffic, or dictators in public affairs. Defendant must learn to know his place, and not suppose he could impose his own headstrong will on a community, every member of which had equal rights with himself.

DEFENDANT.—You are the most contemptible duffer I ever saw; your language is quite treasonable; (laughter) as treasonable as that fellow SMITH'S. (Laughter.)

§ [MR. GRIP. Well, you're fined \$1.00 and costs, and mind you don't come here again.]

The "Mail" to Mr. Blake.

Ah! EDWARD, wert thou but Conservative,
How should the *Mail* admire thee? As a man
Fit for a public model! Ah, how high
Thine aspirations. What nobility
Had in thine instincts shown! Impossible
That strictest scrutiny should find a flaw
In all thy deeds—thy public deeds, we mean,
Not those for clients drawn. Would'st thou cast off
Thy patriotic rubbish, and apply
Thy mighty mind to getting in SIR JOHN
(Or any one—Turk, Pagan, Greek, or Jew,
That needs a half-cracked organ, nearly new)
Think then how we should praise thee! Think, oh think
That if the fiery LUCIFER himself
Lent his red-hot assistance, we should paint
Him as an angel—what an angel, then,
We soon should make of thee. But now, ah! now,
(Not that we do believe it), we must swear
That thou began'st most ill, and did'st remain
Most infamous, and also did'st seduce
Poor E. B. WOOD, and him a justice made,
Which was an injustice; and now would'st bribe
With seven millions, Nova Scotia broad!
Deceiver! Briber! Rascal! Traitor! Wretch!
Most Horribly Dishonest EDWARD BLAKE!

On Boarding Out.

MR. GRIP, Sir:—I want to know from you why it is a fellow can't get a rest. I have changed my quarters thirteen times since the first of the new year, and still, strange to say, I'm not satisfied. It appears to me the last one is worse than the second last.

The girl—the help—the bureau duster—or whatever else you may call her—bumps my trunk against all manner of things, until there are so many dinges in it as to make it look a hard case. I would not so much mind this, only she has red hair, and it takes an awful lot of oil to make it shine. The oil is mine. Even that would not be so bad, only when I meet her on the street with her fellow, (a store clerk,) she lifts her nose towards the constellation of the Great Bear and ignores my presence, because I am simply 'a cove wot works.' I wish she'd ignore my hair-brush as well, and I would not have so many long carrotty hairs to weed out every morning.

The mortar falls from the ceiling into my eyes and mouth, and sometimes in such quantities that I have to cart it away in my hat. The mistress is always a-praising of salt pork, and saying it is best for young men who work hard. I've seen a piece on the table eleven days in succession, and notwithstanding that to-day she puts one side up, another to-morrow, and lays it on its back the day following, I'd know it a mile off through my nose. When I grumble, she tells me I hadn't as good in the old country, and calls me a Sybarite, epicurian, and other hard names, whereas I am merely a Stoic.

On Sundays we have pickles. They leave the bottle uncorked during the week and flies and necessarily spiders find their way in. Spiders may be good insects enough in their way, and were no doubt created for some wise purpose; still, I don't think they're much when taken with preserved cauliflowers.

If you don't publish this, I'll put it in *The Leader* as an advertisement, and as a warning to hash manufacturers.

A CITY BOARDER.

The New (Mounted) Policeman.

Fording the rivers and tramping the plains,
Facing the north while its snowing and hailing,—
Scorched by the sun and soaked in the rains,—
Spurring his tired horse, whose strength is fast failing,—
Cleaning accoutrements after the march,
Drying his clothes wet in creek and swamp wading—
Completely washed out is his soldierly "starch,"
When the poor wretch "falls in" for his daily parading.

Hunting for Yankees with contraband goods,
(Villainous rum and forty-rod whiskey),
Cachid in prairie or hid in the woods,
Business out there has always been risky—
But a generous country will give him his pay,
And when he returns he can live at his ease, man,
On what he's saved up on two shillings a day,
Pampered, luxurious Mounted Policemon!

Croaks and Pecks.

If you send a twenty-five cent note in a letter is that a *post script*?

Our Irish editor says that if he ever turns cannibal he would like to eat a coloured man and his children, because it would be *Ham an' nigs*.

COULD GEORGE BROWN be disqualified because of his Treatyng?

Do you think oarsmen would make good kitchen maids because they are adapted to the *scullery*?

CASES FOR OCULISTS.—We know of a politician who has a fat office in his eye. We know a clergyman who has a nice church in his eye, and we know a dear young lady who has got a bank clerk in her eye.

A new theological question has arisen, as to whether man or woman was first created. Heretofore, the priority has been assigned to ADAM; but some of the boldest and most distinguished modern investigators unhesitatingly affirm that EVE was the first maid.

AMHERSTBURG is going to give \$15,000 bonus to manufacturers established in that town and a native writes to us and says:—"Is it right to give a bonus and then *bone* us for the money?" Well, we wouldn't like to say whether it is right or left, but if the \$15,000 is left we have no bones about saying we would cheerfully be Buenos Ayres. (BONUS heirs.)

WHEN MILLS will have cent the Senate to the right about, won't such hard dimes make the Senators feel *dol(l)orous*?

ARITHMETICAL.—If ten mills make one cent, how many MILLS will it take to un-make one Sen(a)te?

MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE

ADELAIDE ST. WEST.

Mrs. MORRISON, - - - Manageress.
Mr. COULDOCK, - - - Stage Manager.

Immense success of the eminent English
tragedienne,

MISS JULIA SEAMAN

Friday Evening, March 12th, '75,
Benefit of Miss Julia Seaman, Shakespeare's
immortal tragedy of

HAMLET.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark,
Miss JULIA SEAMAN,

SATURDAY,

March 13, 1875,

GRAND MATINEE!

The ever popular play of

EAST LYNNE,

Or The Elopement.

LADY ISABEL, } - - - Miss JULIA SEAMAN.
MADAM VINE, }

Saturday evening, March 13, 1875, the intensely
interesting drama of

Leah, the Forsaken.

LEAH - - - Miss JULIA SEAMAN
Her last appearance.

To conclude with the laughable Drama of
MILKY WHITE.

MILKY WHITE, - - - Mr. COULDOCK.

King street entrance, from east corner of
Thomas' chop house.

Parties from Hamilton wishing to visit Mrs.
Morrison's Grand Opera House, Toronto, can
leave Hamilton at 5.25 p.m., arriving in Toronto
at 7 p.m.; returning leave Toronto at 11 p.m.
Seats may be secured by telegram to box office.

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Warerooms, 187 and 189 Yonge St.
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Drawing Room,
Dining Room,
Bed Room and
Library Furniture.

In the latest English and American styles, at
prices that defy competition.

Masonic, Odd Fellow, Orange,
Forester,

And other Society Lodge room Furniture, carved
in accordance with the most approved designs,
and unsurpassed for elegance, utility and econ-
omy.

The fullest satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.
Give us a call.

Remember the address:

187 and 189 Yonge St. under Albert Hall.

IN PRESS

And will be ready February 15th,

Dr. Newman's Reply

TO

MR. GLADSTONE'S PAMPHLET.

PRICE 20 CENTS.

AND

THE HISTORY

OF THE

Vatican Council,

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Trade orders solicited.

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DIAMOND YEAST CAKE!

HAND-IN-HAND

MUTUAL

Fire Insurance

COMPANY.

Financial Statement for the Year end-
ing Dec. 31, 1874.

REVENUE.

Cash Premiums and Interest \$25,486 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims under Policies paid \$8,348 95

Claim Appropriation for Losses
resisted and waiting proof..... 750 00

Agents' Commission, Salaries,
Directors' Fees, Office Rent, &c. 6,192 73

Scrip Appropriation to Policy-
holders of 1874, on deposit in
Royal Canadian Bank, being
forty per cent..... 10,194 45

\$25,486 13

W. H. HOWLAND, President.

HUGH SCOTT, Manager & Sec'y.

Audited and found correct.

ERNEST G. PULFORD, }
GEO. J. MAULSON, } Auditors.

Risks accepted on all Descriptions of Insurable
Property. Rates fixed with regard to the Laws
of Average. All the Profits divided among
Policy-holders annually.

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General Agents.**

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Toronto, Ont.

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throughout the city.

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HAIR GOODS,

At Lowest Wholesale Prices.

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96 YONGE ST, TORONTO,**

FRANCIS J. BORMUTH, Proprietor.

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WHOLESALE & MANUFACTURING

STATIONERS,

No. 66 & 68 King St., East,

TORONTO.

MRS. MORRISON'S
GRAND
OPERA
HOUSE
ADELAIDE STREET WEST.

MRS. MORRISON, - - - - - *Manageress*
MR. COULDOCK, - - - - - *Stage Manager.*

MISS NEILSON
Supported by
MR. BARNES.

Mrs. Morrison takes great pleasure in announcing to the many of her patrons who have not yet been able to obtain Seats, that MISS NEILSON will extend her engagement, and will appear on Friday and Saturday Evenings, and at Saturday Matinee.

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 19TH, 1875.
BENEFIT OF MISS NEILSON!
Shakespeare's Degrthful Comedy,

AS YOU LIKE IT!

SATURDAY, MARCH 20TH,
GRAND MATINEE,

Shakespeare's Comedy of

MUCH ADO
ABOUT
NOTHING

BEATRICE - - - - - MISS NEILSON

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 20TH,
By general request, the immortal Bard's Grand
Tragedy of

ROMEO AND JULIET!
JULIET - - - - - MISS NEILSON

During this engagement, the Free List, with the exception of the Press, must be entirely suspended.

Notwithstanding the enormous expense attending this Engagement there will be

No Alteration in the Prices

Except TWENTY-FIVE CENTS extra for Reserved Seats, and for the

NEILSON MATINEE

Tickets 50 cents; Children under twelve, 25 cents. -
Matinee Seats Reserved, 25 cents extra.

King Street entrance, from east corner of Thomas' chop house.

Parties from Hamilton wishing to visit Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House, Toronto, can leave Hamilton at 5:25 p.m.; arriving in Toronto at 7 p.m.; returning leave Toronto at 11 p.m. Seats may be secured by telegram to the box office.

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The Detective
By ALLAN PINKERTON.
Price 20 Cents.

Dr. Newman's Reply
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Price 20 Cents.

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By MR. GLADSTONE.
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Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted
and waiting proof 750 00

Agents, Commission, Salaries, Directors Fees, Office Rent, &c. 6,192 73
Scrip Appropriation to Policy-holders
of 1874, on deposit in Royal Canadian Bank, being forty per cent. 10,194 45

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HUGH SCOTT, *Manager & Sec'y.*

Audited and found correct.

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GEO. J. MAULSON, }

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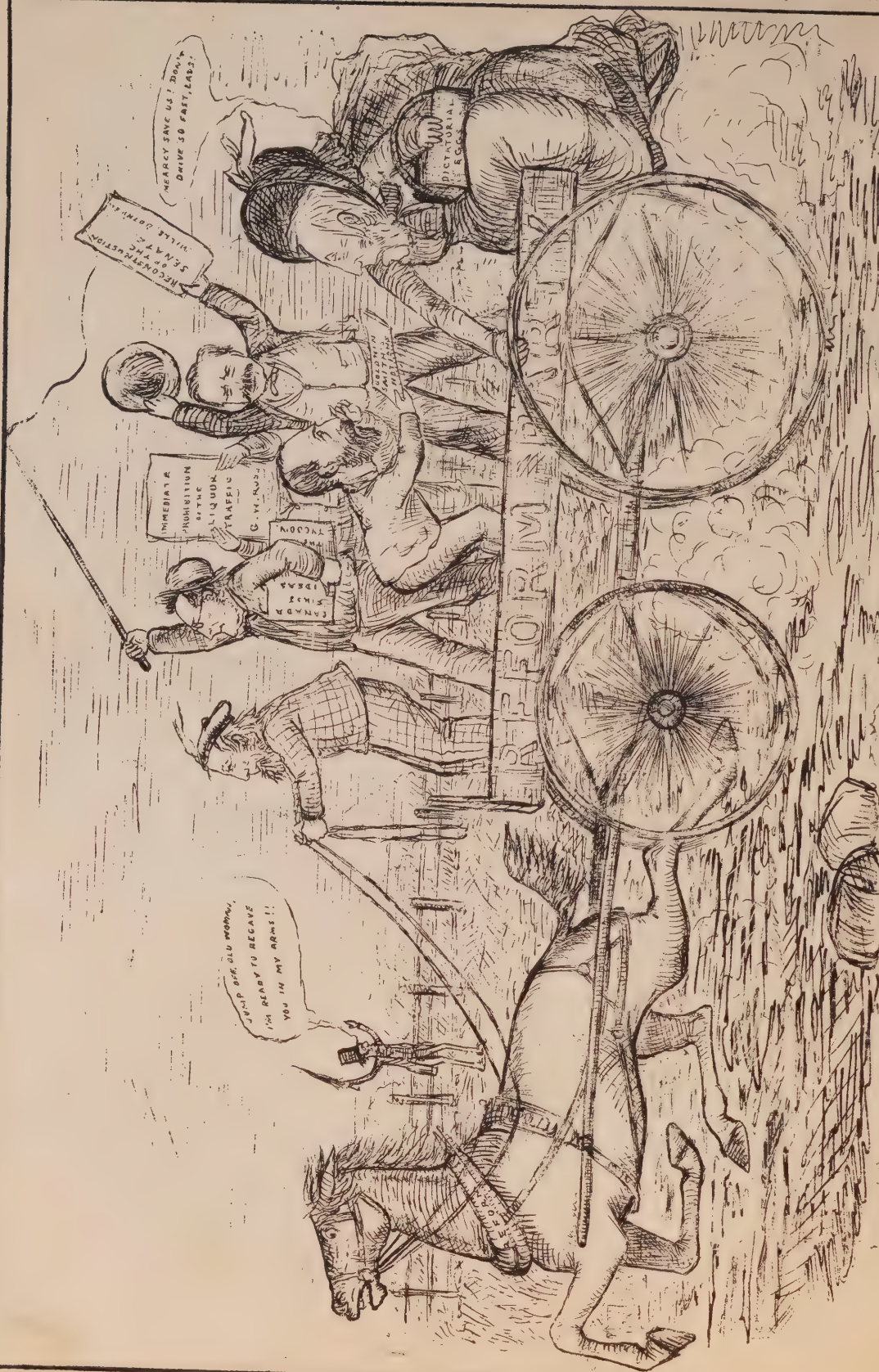
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No. 66 & 68 King St., East,

TORONTO.



THE NERVOUS PASSENGER.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Jaa; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1875.

Notice of Removal.

GRIP has removed to his new office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, near the Postoffice.

Answers to Correspondents.

Nez Bleu, Halifax.—We think Mr. COSTIGAN'S Bill should pass, as it is essentially a Maritime one. Witness your desire for separating everything. You wouldn't join the Confederation till you got "better terms;" your Baie Verte Canal is to separate and insulate a portion of the mainland; and they say the very whales and porpoises in your surrounding waters are found in Separate Schools.

Doubtful.—You are right. In accordance with the precedent laid down in Mr. WILKES'S case, the trial of the protest against the election of Mr. MEDCALF as Mayor will be postponed until the conclusion of his year of office, as it might materially interfere with his discharge of the business of the Mayoralty.

Richard de Dicke to His Son.

QUITE charmed my dear DICK, to learn that after "inature consideration" you have resolved to adopt a literary career—a delightful and highly advantageous profession, strewn with roses at every stage, to say nothing of dollars. At this commencement of your course you may not object to receive from me a few hints, the fruits of long practical experience and observation, by steady adherence to which you will facilitate your ascent to the highest pinnacle of fame and fortune.

Habits of Life.—Rise late, retire ditto. Keep your head clear by plenty of beer, tobacco, and hourly "nips". There seems a natural affinity between genius and frequent "cocktails". Plodding industry, with its inevitable failures and common-place, is always found in alliance with tea and muffins. Repeated strokes at billiards, varied with cards and horse-racing will prevent the mind wearing out the body. Observe a due balance between these.

Prudent Expenditure.—Economy is an implacable enemy to intellect, and leads to a premature ending of a short and feverish career. When a publisher sends you a cheque dissipate the proceeds as speedily as possible. Savings banks are death on reflection, imagination, and all the highest faculties.

Handwriting.—Plain writing is the distinguishing token of dull heads. The greatest intellects use the most hieroglyphical scrawls. Editors and publishers always throw "copy" into the waste-basket without reading; whereas had it been written illegibly it would have infallibly been read through and accepted. If your pen scratches and flirts the ink about it will improve your M.S. Write on both sides of the paper with as many interlineations and emendations as possible. *Carrot* (or "carrot" as it is called in compositors rooms) is the printer's favourite vegetable. Plenty of blots also, showing on each side of suitable thin and unglazed paper, will greatly facilitate his labours. He is fond, too, of pale and coloured ink.

Correspond Copiously.—In the letter accompanying your M.S. to the editor give a full biographical sketch of yourself, parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts. Explain your ideas on literary composition, and on things in general, with your reasons for adopting an author's career, your object in writing that special contribution and for coming to the conclusion that it is particularly good. Intimate that you expect a very early perusal, reply, and remittance.

Make a Bargain Beforehand.—As an author of repute (inembryo) you, of course, have nothing to do with the publishers standard of payment, which is sure (it always is) to be too small,—being regulated by his low ideas of profits instead of your merits. You, who write the article, are clearly the one proper arbiter of its ability and value, as we see manufacturers in other businesses always fix the price of their productions. About sixpence a line—Thackeray's remuneration—is the figure I would indicate as a proper commencement. If the publisher refuses to give this you can ruin his paper or magazine by withholding your article.

Cultivate Your Inner Consciousness.—Nothing is more powerful and affecting than the depicting of real scenery, character, feelings, and events by mere imagining. The more imperfect your idea of a passion or mode of life the greater should be the dash and force with which you should go for its thorough delineation. How interesting and true to nature are the numerous pictures of the indoor manner of living of the aristocracy evolved from the expert inner consciousness of our writers in the middle ranks of life!

Be not Disheartened.—At this beginning of your course you can have but an imperfect conception of the profound stupidity of editors and publishers! Incredible as you may now think it you will frequently have contributions—brimming over with originality, wit, eloquence, and observation—returned upon your hands by these zanies, endorsed "declined with thanks," "not suitable," or "try again." Be not discouraged. Walk down to the office and summarily interview the editorial dunderhead. If he is a small man kick him soundly, and thus figuratively carry off your M.S. *vi et armis*. If he is a big fellow—as most blockheads are—merely tell him you have called to acknowledge the receipt of your M.S. and afterwards send him an admonitory communication, by post, couched on the cardinal principles which invariably regulate *Globe* Editorials, (prudentially omitting your address.) Steadily adhering to these directions your success is certain:—

Thus.

RICHARD DE DICKE.

Mackenzie to the Boards of Trade.

Awa, Canadian Boards o' Trade, gie nae sic sauce to me.
Resairve ye're conversawtion for those o' ye're ain degree.
Puir local creatures—ignorant—who naething ever saw.
Ye hae maist gross impairtinance to speak to me at a'.

What suld ye ken aboot canals—what engineers are ye
That ye suld hae the face to bring suggestions here to me?
Ken ye that I a mason was wha wrought in brick and stane,
Gang sairve yer time like me; till then, joost leave my work alane.

What care I for ye're recommends?—ye're members daurna vote
Except for me—they ken right weel whase grip is on their throat;
I've engineered them—that's the way we engineer doon here,
They dinna care a pin for ye—ye canna engineer.

Awa, Canadian Boards o' Trade! if ye were frae Quebec,
Or if ye cam' frae Montreal, my help ye might expect;
But when ye frae Ontario come, it's a' the ither way,
A' she'll get frae me's just but this—an unco bill to pay!

Drink's "Dominion."

The, REV. JOHN GRAY, B.A., Orillia, says, Canada has cause for shame in the fact that she expended, during 1874, \$30,000,000 on liquors.—*Liberal*.

Let others prate of drunken climes,
Of lands beyond the sea,
This liquor bill for Seventy-four
Is quite enough for me.

Dear Canada! loved Canada!
And can it really be;
Full thirty millions spent on drink
Nay! now I blush for thee!

And do thy sons submit to crouch
Beneath drinks tyrant sway?
Why, yonder Scots across the flood
Imbibe not more than thee.

Dear Canada! loved Canada!
Wherever I may be
This awful figure haunts me still,
An omen full for thee.

The flowing cup fools love to praise,
Dost hail it as a friend?
Believ'st thou those whose lust of gain
Its follies would defend?

Fair Canada! brave Canada!
No land on earth is free
Whose sons still bow the coward neck
To custom's slavery.

The Scot may boast his "Ferintosh,"
The Englishman his beer;
And Erin's sons extol "potheen,"
While Fritz loves "lager" clear.

But Canada! Young Canada!
Thy liquor bill we see
Stands seven round cyphers in a row
And headed by a three!

On thy fair fame an ugly stain,
Oh! wipe it from thee now,
Remove from fair Canadian homes
The blight that lays them low.

Fair Canada! loved Canada!
Fell thou this Upas tree!
First on thy list of noble deeds
ABSTAINER dare to be.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum; single copies 5 cents. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

Advertisements and subscriptions received at the office, to which all communications should be addressed.
GEORGE BENGOUGH,
Business Manager,
No. 20 Adelaide St., Toronto.

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GALLERY,**
386 Queen St. West, Toronto.
J. Hansford, Prop.

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Yorkville Boot & Shoe Mart.
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SHOES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Special attention given to measurement.

J. Littleton,
Groceries & Provisions.
*A Select Stock of Canned Fruits,
Fish and Oysters always on hand.*
YONGE STREET, - YORKVILLE.

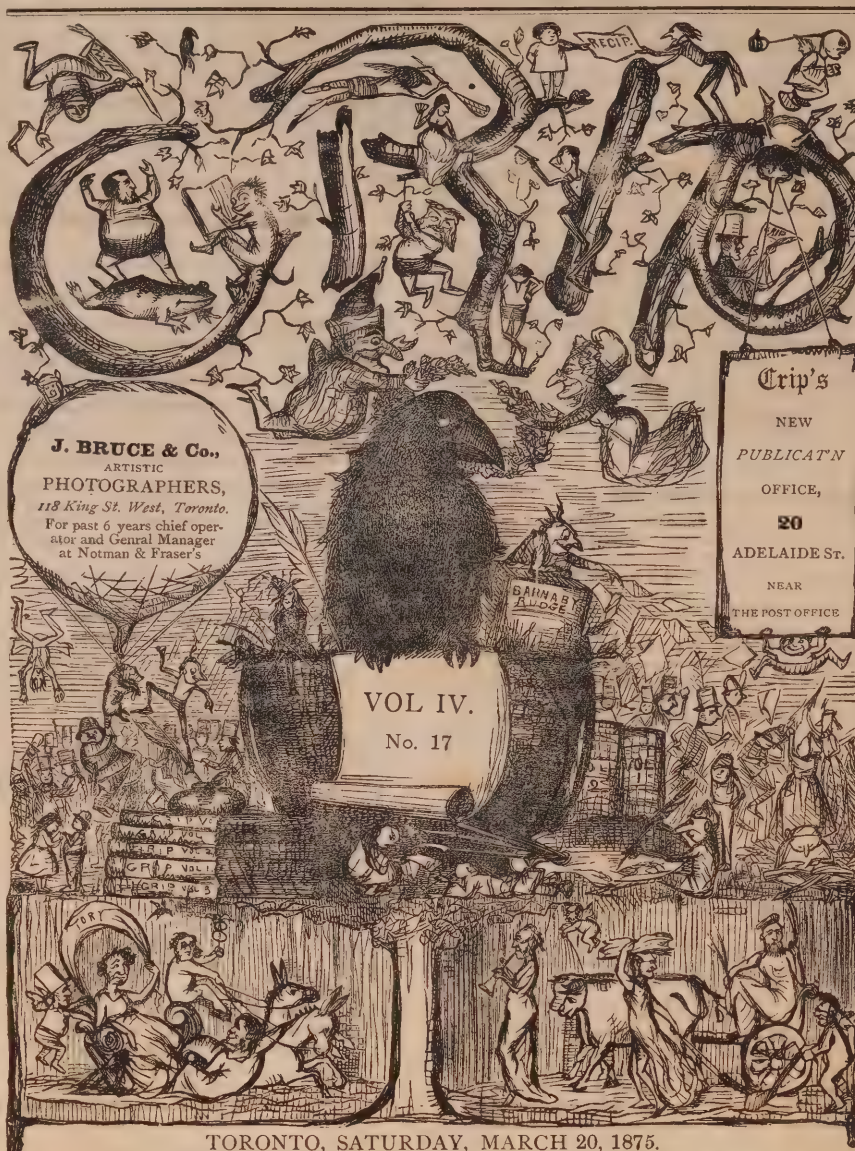
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REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
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W. B. SCARTH. R. COCHRAN.
References:—J. Stevenson, Quebec Bank; Dominion Bank, Toronto

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CARDS, NOTES,
DRAFTS, &c.
DONE IN
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At moderate figures, go to
G. J. GEBHARDT & Co.,
13 ADELAIDE STREET EAST.

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Publications.**
The Phonographic Teacher,
Manual of Phonography,
Key to Phonographic Exercises,
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Phonetic Journal, published weekly
in Learner's Corresponding and
Reporting styles of Phonography,
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For power and beauty of tone we think it far excels the Mason & Hamlin, Burdett, or any other instrument, of a like character, with which we have ever met.—*Spirit of the West, Walla Walla, W. T.*

"The" Organ of the day.—*Prof. Alvin Wilsey.*

GEO. WOOD & CO'S Organs Unexcelled for variety of musical effect.
LESLIE, SKIRROW & SMITH,

93 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Trade supplied with Knabe, Stodart, Light & Ernst, Simmons & Clough and Geo. Wood & Co's Organs.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

**SIGN OF
THE GOLDEN BOOT**
200 Yonge Street.

**GENTS' GAITERS
AND LACE BOOTS**
OUR OWN MAKE,
Hand Pegged and Hand Sewed
Sizes and Half Sizes.
Cannot be beat for style and Quality at the Price, in the Dominion.

**WINTER GOODS
SELLING BELOW COST.**
Come and see them.
Wm. West & Co.
"Golden Boot," 200 Yonge St.

John S. Grassick & Co.
FAMILY GROCERS,
WINE AND SPIRITS
MERCHANTS,
167 Yonge St. Toronto.

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UXBRIDGE, ONT.
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This first-class Hotel is now full equipped, and furnishes unrivalled accommodation for guests. Good sample rooms for commercial men. Terms moderate.

W. P. Williams,
134 Queen St. East, Toronto,
[Between George & Sherbourne.]
DEALER IN
PURE CONFECTIONERY
AND
CHOICE FRUITS.
A select supply of Canned Fruit
Fish, &c., always on hand.

EVERY GENTLEMAN SHOULD
SEND HIS
SHIRTS AND COLLARS
TO BE DRESSED AT THE
**City Laundry, Corner of Bay
and Adelaide Sts.**

WILLIAM LEE, - PROPRIETOR

WANTED.

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VOL. I. Nos. 10, 11, 13, 14, 19, 21.
VOL. III. No. 7.
VOL. IV. No. 5.

Persons having any of the above will oblige by communicating with GRIP Office, 20 Adelaide Street.



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BOOTH'S
CHECKER
LOZENGE**

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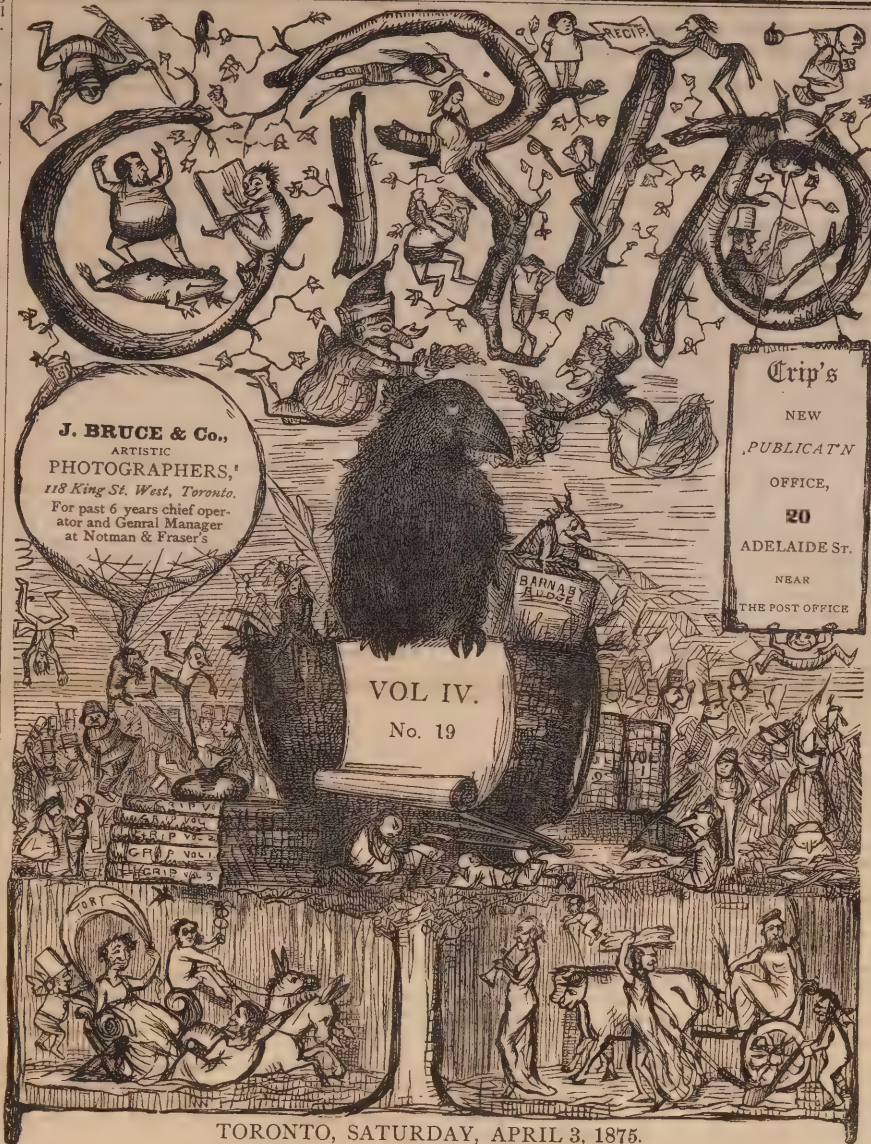
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GLOBE.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyſter; the grabeſt Ban is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

LUKE SHARPE.—Your last extremely good. You cannot come too often.

FINGAL, WEST ELGIN.—Your chances for obtaining a government situation, in our opinion, will not be lessened in the event of Mr. CASEY'S "Competitive Examination" Bill becoming law. A thorough knowledge of the Gaelic language, with perhaps a verse or two of Ossian's poems to translate into English will be the principal test. In former times when we were supposed to be under the rule of what the *Globe* used to call an "ignorant and besotted race," a bill was read to make a knowledge of the French language compulsory, but it failed to pass. We have no doubt, however, that Mr. MCKENZIE will help this measure through in case he (GEORGE ELLIOTT) flies off at a tangent Tycoonwards.

SWASHBUCKLER, SOUTH HURON.—You should read with more care the Parliamentary reports. It is only as yet rumoured that Hon. MALCOLM CAMERON is to get the Governorship of the "great lone land" which rumour may be occasioned by that gentleman's well known military tastes and qualifications. It will be a *desideratum* to have an efficient and determined soldier to fill the gubernatorial in that region, for otherwise, should he be honoured by a surprise party of Sioux or Blackfeet during one of his levees he would be a "gone coon" indeed.

From Our Box.

MISS. NEILSON departed from amongst us in a blaze of glory and shower of "floral tributes" commonly, we regret to say, termed "boketts." Her last performance as *Pauline* in the "Lady of Lyons" was perhaps the best of all her impersonations. And now the swells weep and refuse to be comforted. The divinity for whose sake they learned to throw bouquets and arrayed themselves in white ties and boiled shirts has gone from their gaze. By the way how strange it was so few ever knew when the bouquet-pitching ought to begin. It was fortunate the idea of presenting an actress with canary birds in cages only occurred to some one on the last night, or had some of the frantic occupants of private boxes hit on the notion they would doubtless have hurled the cages and their unfortunate occupants at her devoted head. That irrepressible humorist M-r M-f, who was present on the last night of the engagement, in reply to a question as whether Miss NEILSON had not created a perfect *furor* said he didn't know about that, he thought she made many roar. The end of the whole was a complete ovation in the honors of which Mr. BARNES deservedly shared, though he did use a cuss word to his friends. Mr. RIGGS again favors us with his Irish delineations, which commenced with "Suil Gair" of which pathetic drama GRIP gave his readers a faithful though brief account a few weeks ago. Mr. COULDOCK gave his ever popular representation of *Caleb Plummer* in the "Cricket on the Hearth" on Saturday. By the way we were labouring under some strange hallucination that night for the *Globe* says "Damon and Pythias" was played and we never saw it. And not only did it escape our piercing eye, but that of everyone else in the house. But it must be true—it was in the *Globe*, which, as is well known, is infallible on every subject. Was it a prophetic vision of the coming reconciliation of Hon. George Brown and Sir John A. into a political *Damon and Pythias* that danced before the eyes of the *Globe* critic and deceived him. Or was everyone else asleep and dreaming another piece was being performed? The conundrum is stupendous—almost insoluble.

At the Royal Opera House, *La fille de Madame Angot* in an English dress was nicely done and drew good houses. Recalls were plentiful and Miss SALLIE HOLMAN as *Clairette* was very successful. Mr. BOWLER and Mr. RYSE also distinguished themselves, while plenty of life and energy was infused into every part. On Saturday, "Cinderella" displayed some nice singing and Mr. BARTON made much of a good part as a comic servant. "Cherry and Fair Star" was produced on Monday. With his usual readiness to impart information, GRIP wishes to explain the plot to his readers, but after much deep cogitation, is driven to sadly own that he does not understand it himself. The sad event recorded above concerning "Damon and Pythias" may have partly unhinged him, but anyway he could not make out the story. But, as a spectacle, it was by far the prettiest thing he has seen in Toronto, and Mr. DRESSEL deserves a world of credit for his charming scenes. Miss SALLIE HOLMAN, Mr. BRANDISI and Mr. RYSE sang some very good songs, which doubtless were appropriate to the plot, although they did not appear to be, and earned several well merited encores. By the way the orchestra here are getting careless even in accompaniments, on some occasions getting altogether out of time and even out of tune. This is hard upon the singers as well as upon the audience. Let the offenders beware—particularly the gentleman who plays the—. We will spare him this time, but next week will name the instrument unless he improves.

The Pacific Railway.

'Twould be but fair if GRIP's friends here would calculate some day. How much they're going to be charged for this Pacific way, An awful price Ontario pays—a most tremendous haul, And now it seems, the road won't come near where we live at all.

The many millions they must pay are going to come down Full hard on them—each one of them, in country or in town, There's not a thing they'll use or wear—there's not a thing they'll eat, But will be taxed, and raised in price, ere they make both ends meet.

Ontario feared 'twould bankrupt her, yet did her promise give, She thought, that with the trade she'd get, she still might through it live

But what's occurred? her cash, when raised, is all to go to pay For what wont give her trade, but will—take what she had away.

And up get's Bunster in the House, and tells us that B.C. Can get more from the States, if she cannot with us agree, Now what's to keep these bargainers, when we've their country made From going over to the States—just in the way of trade?

GRIP holds pledged word in high respect—but if they treaties make That he shall hang himself, why, GRIP those treaties means to break, And GRIP would to Ontario say, "Just think, good friend of mine, If you're not pledged to hang yourself with a Pacific line."

Grip on Adulterated Liquors.

IF GRIP's numerous friends in the Legislature can't immediately give him a prohibitory liquor law, could not they oblige him with a little statute prohibiting drugged poison in the form of liquor? If GRIP's dear friend Mackenzie will, putting himself under the well qualified guidance or his dear friend Sir John, visit sundry of these fountains of strong waters known as bar-rooms, and, scripturally forbearing to look on the wine when it is red, will gaze instead thereof on the beer when it foameth with chemical adulterations, and the whiskey when it mantleth redolent of high-wines and vitriol, and will also partake of the same and proceed to make merry therewith, it may well happen that if for lack of weapon they separate alive, John A. shall be by force of unsuspected drugs insane enough to try another Pacific Scandal, and Mackenzie to believe Ontario will keep him in office if he give her trade to Montreal.

Legislators, Total Abstainers, Moderate Drinkers, Confirmed Inebriates, —here is a plan to help you all—a proposal you will all rejoice to support. Malt and hops are cheap in Canada—let the old British law be enacted here that nothing else shall be used in brewing. Let all spirits sold be rigidly analysed, and let he who mixes and adulterates liquor and he who is found selling it when adulterated, be rigidly and heavily punished. For *Grip* telleth you that formerly in good truth men became drunk when they swallowed much liquor, which was bad enough. But now there is that in ale and spirits which is not of them, and which maketh the drinker not drunk but lunatic and frenzied, and destroyeth brain and stomach. *Grip* would like Prohibition. But he fears he will not get it. Yet he means to try for it. But, in the mean time, give him this,

How long is Mr. MACNABB to be permitted to outrage justice in this way? Complaints against the high-handed jurisdiction of police and police-courts are rife everywhere. But when we read in the *Sun* of last Tuesday that an unfortunate man named JAMES HILL was charged with the comparatively venial crime of larceny and that "Prisoner was destroyed," we are lost in wonderment and horror at the barbarity of our local Draco. No black cap, no death warrant, none of the paraphernalia usual to the last sentence of the law. Prisoner was destroyed! We are certainly governed too much. But how was the sentence carried out? Did they cremate him?

"CANADA FIRST" has culminated in the establishment of the "National Club." Here, under the able superintendence of Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, Mr. HOWLAND's infant is to be taught what to eat, drink, and avoid. We understand that the menu of the opening banquet was of an unexceptionally national character, comprising fried pork, buckwheat pancakes, maple syrup and other native delicacies, the only foreign luxury introduced being Japan tea among the beverages, of which old rye formed the staple component, that the first lesson in eating and drinking proved eminently satisfactory to all present. The principal object to be avoided, as taught in the preliminary lecture, was the perusal of the *Globe*, the substitution for which of the *Nation* was urged on all patriotic Canadians.

At a *caw-cus*, of the contributors to GRIP, it was decided to present a *crow-mo* to the *raven* lunatic who sends the largest number of correct solutions to the following queries:



APPARENTLY IN A MESS!

Canada First Exclusivism in Toronto.

Canada First he rubbed his head,
I mean to govern the land he said,
I hav'n't the right material got,
But I'll take care you don't know I've not.

I'll build a club house high and deep
And there we'll quite exclusive keep,
Dinners we'll eat and healths we'll toast
And if not the land, we'll rule the roast.

We must keep ourselves out of the vulgar way
For they might find out we're no better than they;
There's a fable of pots down streams that go
And we're not quite sure of *our* metal, you know.

Mr. Jones to Mr. Brown

Oh! Mr. Brown
Why do you frown
Reformers down
In such a stupid fashion?
The Tories say,
'Tis just the way,
In a former day,
You plied to them the lash on!

Now for a Grit,
To make a split,
By bandying wit
Against his old Colleaguers—
Is quite too bad!
It makes me sad
To think you're mad,
Like other queer intriguers.

Repent and try,
To live and die,
With smaller fry,
In some congenial manner.

[Or if this modest request be incompatible with senatorial dignity.]

Lay on Mc.Duff!
We've read enough
Such paltry stuff—
REFORM is on *our* Banner.

Spring.

By a Sentimental Lawyer's Clerk.

Whereas on sundry streets and lanes
The ice and snow now turn to slush;
And gurgling streams, to sewer-drains,
Down gully-holes, impetuous rush.

Whereas fierce gales no more from north,
Or east—"Toes, nose, or fingers nip."
While gay on sidewalks, and so forth,
Pedestrians roam, nor fear to slip.

Whereas the Robin *alias* Red,
Is vocal now at early hour;
And male-fowls wake me in my bed
With strengthened rooster-doodle power.

Whereas my great-coat laid aside;
My clothes beneath I seedy see,
But vainly have my tailor tried
At replication, save for fee.

Whereas with whirling mop and broom
And white-wash brush, the women poke
Through all the house, and not a room
Is left me for a peaceful smoke.

These presents certify, that mild
And pleasing Spring doth now begin
Ejectment suit 'gainst Winter wild
And putteth due appearance in.

Then come, sweet Jane! by *fieri fa*,
All duly stamped in Love's high Court,
Who nab'st thy Richard's heart away,
And lock'st up ev'ry truant thought.

In pensive ramble let us go,
Where King-street's murmur'ing gullies steal,
Thou art my Doe—and I thy Roe,
As witness here my hand and seal.

Church Exemptions.

1. Now GRIP was going to and fro on the earth, and walking up and down on it.

2. And he came into a city, and lo, there was much land set apart therein, and vast churches erected.

3. And the stones thereof, and the carved work thereof and the cunning ornamentation thereof, were of great cost, so that much wealth was lavished on the same; likewise the land around, belonging to the same, was of exceeding great value.

4. And there was a man in black garments, even a preacher, standing by the same.

5. And GRIP said unto the man, even the preacher. How get ye so much land, and so great buildings, seeing that the times are exceeding hard?

6. And the man said, Son, the great cost of these things in cities, be the taxes thereon.

7. And it hath been enacted that these lands and edifices shall be free thereof, so that we now do hold much land, and shortly will be able to lease all the overplus at high rents.

8. So that it shall be for a perpetual endowment to our churches, and it may well be shortly thereafter that we shall be in the good condition of churches in the Old World.

9. For they have not need to depend on the voluntary principle, and they do even preach and do as they please.

10. And GRIP said unto the man, even the man standing by.

11. Tell now unto me this. Do not many men in these cities help to pay for these churches who do not believe in the same, nor in any, and is not the taxation thereof hard and grievous to bear, and are they not inflamed against all religion thereby, thinking it unjust.

12. And he said unto GRIP, Son, it is but a spoiling of the Egyptians, which is permitted unto the devout, and also the power and riches of the churches, and their freedom from the domination of the laymen therein, will be mightily increased thereby. And the man spake no more unto GRIP.

Au Revoir.

GRIP bids you God-speed Clandeboyce
While on your trans-atlantic trip,
And hopes you'll find where'er you go
A friendly, warm, Canadian grip.

You won't forget "the girl you leave
Behind" as "gaily goes the ship;"
When in "high latitudes" your mind
Will oftentimes revert to GRIP.

"A life upon the ocean wave,"
Will be embraced by you with joy;
The winds will chant a welcome stave,
And whistle round you Clandeboyce.

Tell "Emily" * when you get across
"We love her still," we'll ne'er let slip
The hand that nurtur'd us in youth,
But clasp it with a firmer grip.

God guide the bark that bears you on,
In speed, may she the winds outstrip;
May time pass merrily till you
Come back to Canada and GRIP.

* England, is what was here meant but our intelligent compositor *would* have it so.

ORO says tulips always makes him think of kisses.—*Danbury News.*
An 'Oro-ble joke.

WHY does a certain city in Ireland bid fair to become the largest city in the world? Because it's *Dublin* every year.

IN two consecutive paragraphs of a late issue of a contemporary we read that "match-making is a process especially dangerous in Sweden" and that the Grand Duke Alexis has made a complete success in his runaway wedding." Wherefore we would suppose that the process is less risky in Russia, though, to judge from the fact that the happy couple can't go home, there must be impediments even there. The Baltic would appear to have somewhat of a softening influence. Yet match-making is a hard business anywhere, as Brigham Young appears to have found by the result of his experiment in making not merely one, but a whole bundle of matches.

What is home without a mother—in-law?

If the moon is made of green cheese, was the cheese made from the milk of the cow that jumped over it, and how much of the Milky Whey was left?

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On which occasion will be presented for the first time in
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**THE IRISH
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In which Mr. Riggs will personate
SEVEN DIFFERENT CHARACTERS,
Each having

A DISTINCT NATIONALITY.

ARTHUR TRACEY,
MICHAEL DOOEAN, from Galway.
HANSSPIELMAN, a German Glazier,
POP CORN JONES, an aged Negro
Clam Soup Merchant.
MRS. MULDOON, a Fruit Vendor.
BILL RALTON, a New York Hack-
man.
MATTEO MAZETTI, an Italian Pa-
drone.

**Mr.
Thomas
Grattan
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ARRAH NA POGUE,

OR THE

WICKLOW WEDDING.

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ARRAH MEELISH, ... Mrs. MORRISON

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And First Act of

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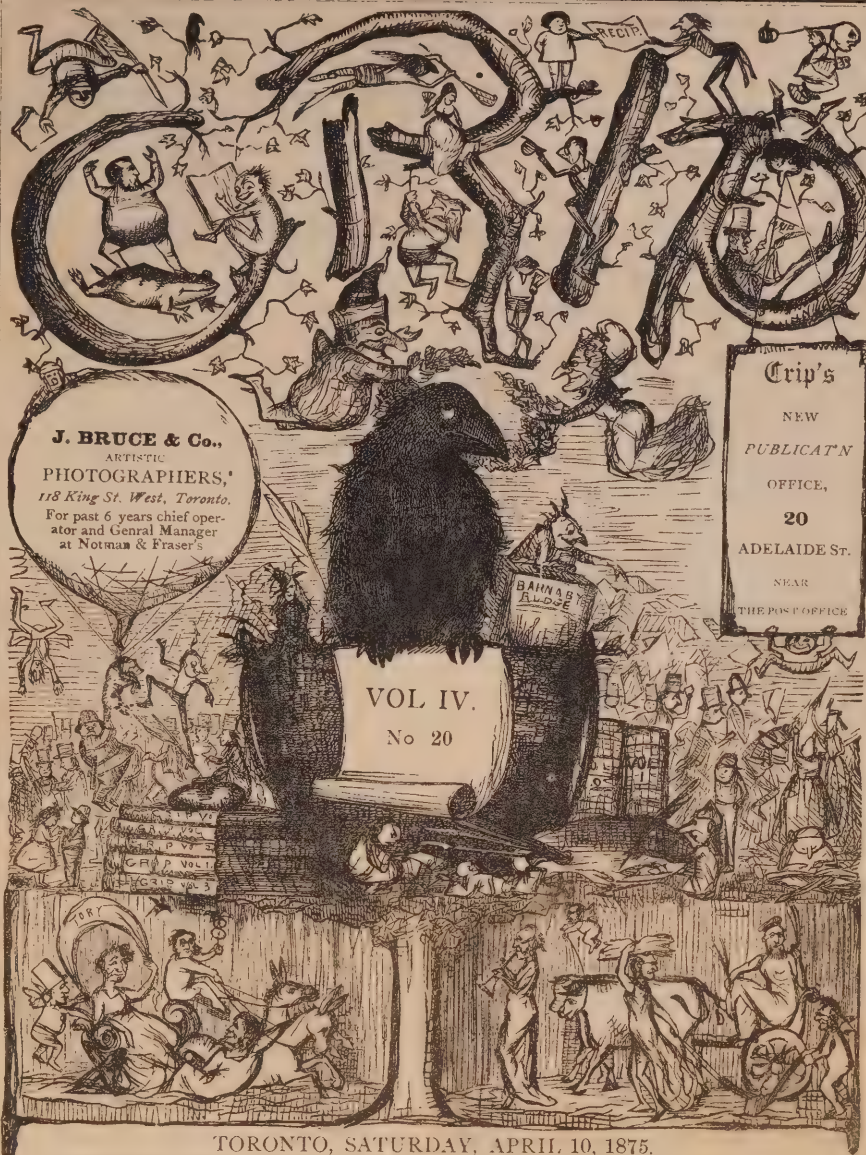
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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

JEREMIAH.—Declined with thanks.

WILKIE COLLINS SMITH.—Your story has a strange, weird effect. We have tried to read it several times and on each occasion a soft slumber stole over us. We found it put all our compositors to sleep over their cases and hushed the voice of the "devil." Were we to publish it we might get taken for the *Leader*, or be accused of stealing from the *Canadian Monthly*.

IKE JUNIOR. We sympathise with the difficulties you are troubled with in composing articles. Most editors of our acquaintance find their great difficulty in the lack of subjects, which seems contrary to your experience. Yet another thing remains for you to learn, that a "train of beautiful ideas" is by no means necessary for composition. Study the great daily papers, young man, and if you find yourself unequal to producing like balderdash the instant a subject is given you, be satisfied that you were intended for another vocation than journalism. Try the paths of poesy, or wield the puissant buck-saw.

The Clergy to the "Witness."

Not a baby we'll baptize, till they bring with solemn fitness,
Proof infallible that it never has perused the *Witness*,
Lo, we do devote it to future grief from powers infernal,
If it's been, at breakfast time, looking at that awful journal.

If a lover sees his sweetheart reading from that publication,
That connection must be broken; it can only bring vexation.
Who's to marry them?—not we, Sir; and the lawyers in their places
Just to keep, we here prohibit future breach of promise cases.

Mind you don't attempt to die, if you've been in that thing reading,
Uninterred we'll let you lie, all your sad complaints unheeding;
Nor you needn't come in white sheets, after us at night to scream,
When, in ground unconsecrated, your discomfort is extreme.

If, at any time you're caught at that wicked paper squinting;
If you laugh at any jokes which the rascals have been printing,
If by chance you overhear any of their allegations,
Understand that all of you get your excommunications.

It you buy that dreadful sheet, or from any news store fetch it,
We shall take good care that you in the next world soundly catch it;
If they don't mind, we'll abolish all the saucy printing tribe,
We'll run the presses all ourselves, and mind you've all got to subscribe.

From Our Box.

GRIP believes the æsthetic education of the world to be a great thing. He went to hear the cantata of *Fridolin* the other night, and was very well pleased with the way his friends did it. But he thinks it will be a long time before the world in general is educated up to the "music of the future." Speaking for himself, he trusts that future is very far distant, as the only parts of the performance which gave him pleasant impressions were those which reminded him of the music of the past, after the manner of Mr. PUFF's coincidences with Shakespeare. The wild strains which announced that Mr. MURRAY SCOTT had been (figuratively) cast into a burning fiery furnace should, to carry out the parallel, have emanated from sackbuts, psalteries and dulcimers. If there is no one here who can play them, why not send to New York?

MISS KATE FISHER has made her appearance at the Royal Opera House, but has grievously disappointed the swells by wearing a fair proportion of clothing, and that not of the transparent kind affected by some of the modern excrescences of burlesque. The soul-stirring story of "Mazeppa" is well-known through the medium of Byron's poems and travelling circuses. We adhere as closely as possible to the noble bard's words in describing the plot. How *Mazeppa* was brought up in a Polish family of rank and the

"Castellan's child on the youth fondly smiled
And shared many a tart with the Tartar"

"How under the name of *Casimir* he grows to be a fine young man of his age, and the King as the story goes promoted him to be his page." How his love for *Oliniska* (very carefully and pleasingly played by Miss Bradshaw) was discovered and the castellan "told the men to go to the stable and fetch the wild and untamed steed," following up this order by directing his myrmidons "to strip his clothes off and tie him on that horse's back." How the gallant steed and his lovely burden went up among the flies, came down safely, to the intense terror of Mr. BAIRD and other Tartar peasants, and at last sank breathless to the earth, whereupon a Tartar lady "fetched a sigh, then fetched some water, and then she fetched *Mazeppa* round." How by the process so much admired in "Box and Cox" the Khan of Tartary "gives a start and says, I rather think this here's my long lost son," whereon they retire to sleep in a large tent with trees in it. "Then" we again quote BYRON "there come a horrid villain and with him another man, with the base design of killin' *Mazeppa* and that aged Khan." Need we to say that innocent triumphed in the end, that *Mazeppa* rode his horse back to Poland and arrived in time to prevent *Oliniska's* nuptials, and that Messrs. RYSE and BARTON were crushingly defeated by the Tartar host. The thorough training to which "Wonder," the representative of the wild horse of the Ukraine, had been brought was remarkable and pleased all the spectators. We have seen lots of two-legged actors who played parts much worse than our four-footed friend.

Mr. COULDOCK's representation of King *Leair* at the Grand Opera House has been the chief noteworthy event of the last few days. The character of the weak old monarch, with its outbursts of senile rage, its imbecility turning to actual madness in the end, and occasional flashes of native dignity and former power, is a wonderful conception and one of the most difficult in SHAKESPEARE. Mr. COULDOCK's rendering was excellent and his rendering of several doubtful passages shewed a thoroughly careful study of the text, and familiarity with the best traditions. The version used by him was, GRIP is thankful to say, not one of the hideous distortions so often inflicted on the public, where some genius of the CIBBER type has set himself to improve the plot. It retained all the most important scenes where the principal character appears, whilst others which would only have entailed a burden on actors and audience alike, were cut out. We would not be understood as disparaging the original play, but it is evident that even some of the minor characters would require the very highest talent and, failing this, they are better cut down. As it was, the tremendous difficulties of this play—one rarely represented, and unfamiliar to most professionals, fairly excused a great deal of hesitation and weak acting on the first night. Practice will remove much of this, and we forbear to criticise several points we noticed. It would be as well perhaps if some of the characters had studied their parts with a little more care. We hope to see this play repeated, as Mr. COULDOCK has certainly distinguished himself in it. By the way, GRIP wishes this gentleman every success on his benefit night. He is a good and careful actor and has done more than most people think to contribute to the success of this theatre.

The Prorogation.

Soon shall the cannon's sounding voice
Proclaim the last speech spoke
It, too, shall make a deal of noise
It, too, shall end in smoke.

And Dufferin proved more than true.
His opening address
Proposed but little they should do
They've done—a great deal less.

What have they done—heard blundering Brown
Unburdening his mind,
Tell how he did, at Washington
According to his kind.

Denounced the Senate's useless prate,
Ingratitude most vile,
That body did but imitate
The Commons' well-known style.

St. Lawrence route they were to clear,
Next century they may,
They mean to mend our harbour here
When it's all washed away.

Well, put the puppets on their shelf.
Ontario once again
May sadly murmur to herself
I thought that these were men.

A Card.

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And Promises and Pledges too;
Lots.

For Liquor Prohibition, we
Have taken staunchest stand [N.B.
Our whiskey it is labelled "Tea"—
Twig?]

Such customers as wish our *Teas*
To try, should ask for Bob. Wilkes, please,
'Tis he who all the caddy keys
Keeps.

He knows where the prime *Treankay's* found
Pure stuff, which never we'll be bound,
Will make the buyers head go round—
Ha!

Of Wood and Minerals we've a stock
Unrivalled—Jobbers to us flock,
And say their bargains are tip-top.
Quite.

In fancy Railway work we stand
Unequalled still throughout the land—
Choice contracts, too, we keep on hand,
Hum!

In Budgets we the world surprise—
In Bonds and Debentures likewise
We make the public ope their eyes.
Some!

Inquiries are our special *forte*,
Committees of the proper sort,
Per hour or job can still be bought
Cheap.

In fact our Firm is boss we guess,
As all who try us will confess,
Fail not to copy the address,
Above.

Toronto by Gaslight.

Fasten more tightly your bullet-proof waistcoat, grasp in each hand your largest revolvers, hold firmly between your teeth your double-edged bowie-knife, and with calm countenance venture forth in terrible and treacherous Toronto. Fear not, is not with us the *Liberal* reporter, who knoweth all things, and much more? "Close, 'he says,' your nostrils with adhesive wax, he who inhales the noisome odours dies of frightful pestilence." Observe, what mansions! what colonnades! what vistas of dazzling light! Listen what bursts of enchanting melody! what appalling shrieks, what echoing profanations! See where, amid palatial luxury, repose the syrens, irresistible of fascination, voluptuous of form. What pictures! The pale, weird light of the waning moon glances gleamingly on their masses of raven hair, their vast dark eyes. Ha! stand back! hark! the rush of feet, the mingling oaths and cries for mercy! Beware the blustering bandits of the bagnio, who now, a frightful and blasphemous horde, pursue their screaming victim! Heard you his death-groan? heard you the splash of the sullen waters closing over their prey? Let us depart hence. O, for London!

Listen, mellowed by distance, the lightly tinkling harp, the musical violin, sound cheerily through the gloom adown the street. Ah! joy not therein! No happiness those notes announce! Lo, where, through the enlightened nineteenth century, advance in slow pageant the melancholy procession of youthful and harmonious slaves, reft by barbarian force from far and sunny Italy. Alas! what haggard faces; what languid

movements. Marvel not, but believe. Frightful, flagellated, deprived of food, compelled under dreadful penalties to tread the streets twenty-five hours each day! Horrible! Where is Garibaldi? Where are the police?

We could bear no more; our heartstrings, lacerated thus, had given way in several places. We left. But the *Liberal* man, iron of purpose and of nerve, went through the streets for two columns. We are going with him again. We are getting up our courage. He is getting up the Arabian Nights.

Address to the Canada First Club by the President.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Doth not this custom make our life more sweet
Than that of politics? Speak we not here
With less annoyance than to vulgar mobs?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam
Our dinner's difference, as the seasons yield
More pleasant food or less. When the good wine
Doth pleasingly pour o'er my palate here
E'en till my head doth wag, I smile and say.
No hostile editorial this; this friend
Almost persuades me we shall yet be great.
Sweet are the uses of adversity
When Grit and Tory jammed us to the wall,
They moulded us into this precious elub.
And thus our life, exempt from public toil,
Finds joy in fish, delight in turtle soup,
Patience in beef, and good in everything.

Croaks and Pecks

How can a Reform Government make a Prohibitory law?

THE Amherstburg *Echo* is all *sound*; it goes in for echo-nomica government.

"THE editor of the *Stratford Beacon*, was in town looking happy and contented."—*Liberal*.—He's just the man to Beacon-tented.

WHY should the more sedate members of the OMIC CLUB be afraid to cross the ocean?—Because the sea (C) would make them Comic.

IT is evident that there was no Prohibitory Law in Denmark, because HAMLET says that one might "*smile and smile and be a villain*" (a-fillin').

SIR JOHN MACDONALD is coming in full force, "fire in his eye, reconstruction in his hand." He has three things to reconstruct—his newspaper, his party, and his reputation.

THE *London Herald* says a "contem." "steals like thunder," from it. Would'nt that have the effect to *lightning* its columns? However, the *Herald* is a "foeman worthy of its *steal*."

It is understood that Reformers are in favour of allowing the Tories a temporary return to power, that they may abolish the late Election Law. It is complained that, with matters in their present state, none of the Party of Purity have any idea of how they are to get in at the next elections.

PATRICK O'FLAGELLATE writes us from Dummer Street, and anxiously inquires if the Prohibitory *Lick-her* law won't allow him to thrash his wife. We are authorized to state that it is not the intention of the Government to interfere with any innocent and harmless amusement whatever.

An advertisement has lately been appearing in the *Liberal*, evidently emanating from the Model Farm, to the effect that a person possessed of all the Christian virtues and well posted in agriculture may find employment by applying at the *Liberal* or *Globe* offices. The *Globe* does not insert this notice. Even "Government pap" is nauseous if poisoned with the name of a hated rival.

A melancholy proof of original depravity is displayed by the readiness with which the unsophisticated countrymen of the *Liberal* staff have yielded to the fatal fascinations of city life. Scarce ten weeks here, they are already well acquainted with every bar-room and house of ill-repute. Their relations should be communicated with. They may yet be reclaimed.

We are glad to be informed that, with a proper sense of their position as an aristocracy, the members of the Canada First Club have decided on adopting armorial bearings. They are as follows:—An ostrich improper, *vert*, concealing its head in a club-house, *or*; with Bacchus *azure* for crest, surmounted by a knife and fork, argent, placed saltier-wise. Dexter supporter, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, *sable, rampant, declinant*, sinister, Hon. G. BROWN, *gules, regardant, triumphant*. Motto, *Baculo fretus*.

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 10TH, 1875.

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Scrap Appropriation to Policy-holders

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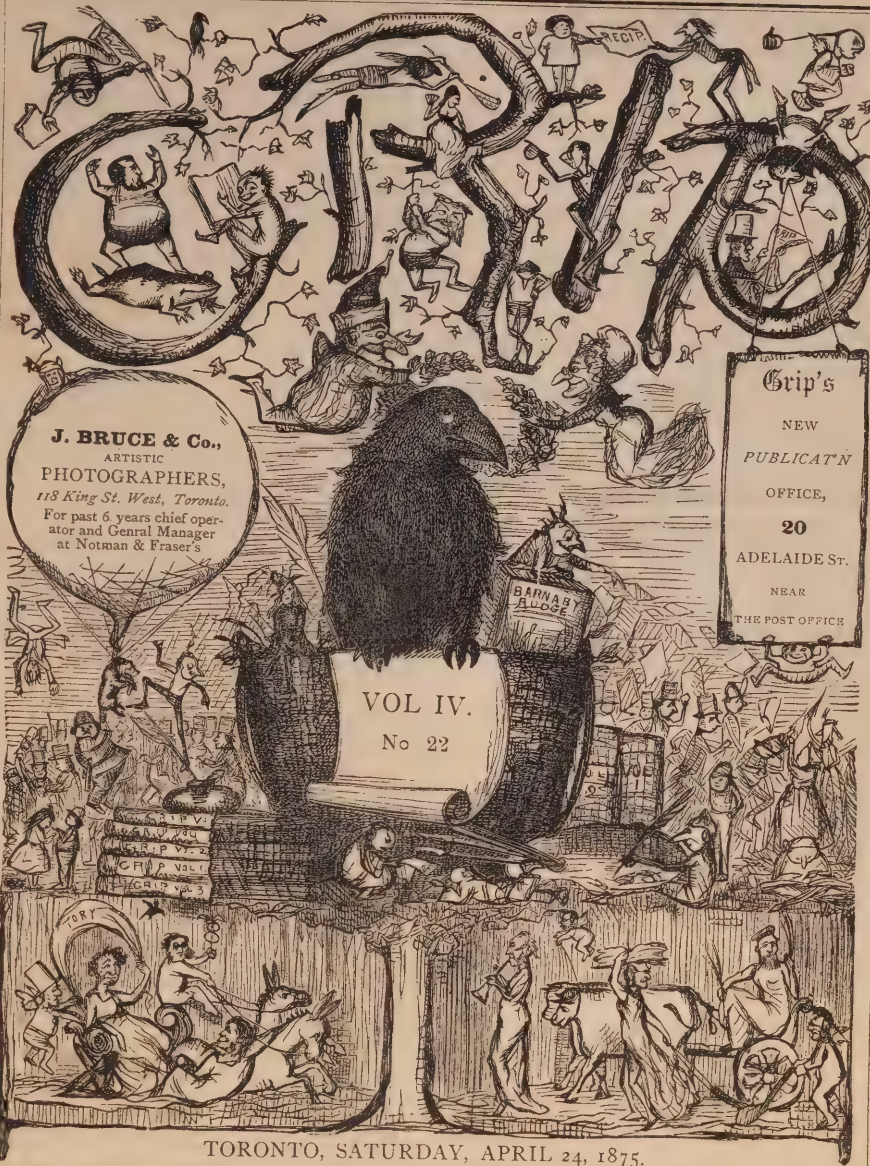
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

J.C.H. (Hull.) Declined with thanks.

SEVERAL OTHERS. If you don't take warning, we will publish an entire number of rejected contributions before long.

C.R.B. (Walkerville.) We had already inserted some other verses on the same subject as your own, or would gladly have published them. Thanks for the rest.

JACKY PLANE. We really cannot print your quotation from Doctor Watts as an original humorism, and the remainder of your vision is of too serious a nature for our columns.

ANTI-HUMBUG. We quite agree with the advisability of exposing quack doctors, but the columns of a comic paper are hardly suited for such a purpose.

"Solution of the Irish Problem."

To me countrymen now I am spakin',
'Tis time ye be's up and is wakin',
For 'tis Nicholas Flood
Of ould Irish Blood
Your fortunes is all after makin'.

In all this wide woorld there's no man,
Since the dawn o' creation began,
That cud iver see
Except it wus me
For to bile our pertaties the plan.

Dear byes av the Imerald Isle.
All the fules in Creation may shmile
And sigh—The poor grit!
But the shstars I will hit
Wid my pate—in magnificent shtyle.

We will scornfully trate the base slaves,
And dig dape their infamus graves,
Who accept a lot
Widout glory got;
The polthrooms, the villains, the knaves.

Now moind ye well hwat I will say
And consider discrately the way,
Your bowld agitatur
Wad cook the pertatur,
And never your birthright bethtray.

And first I will rise and explane
To your highnesses just hwat I mane
Wid my fancy I spy,
But not wid my eye
Your bodies all covered wid chane.

Be the bones of great Brian O'Linn
(Who scorned not to disport a shapskin)
Wid my mighty pen
I'll out-cluck the best hen
That e'er flutthered and fought for her kin.

My plan now I'll slip in your ear
Hand it down to yer sons widout fear
Assume to be make
But be devils in chake
An you'll thrive the whole woorld to yer rear.

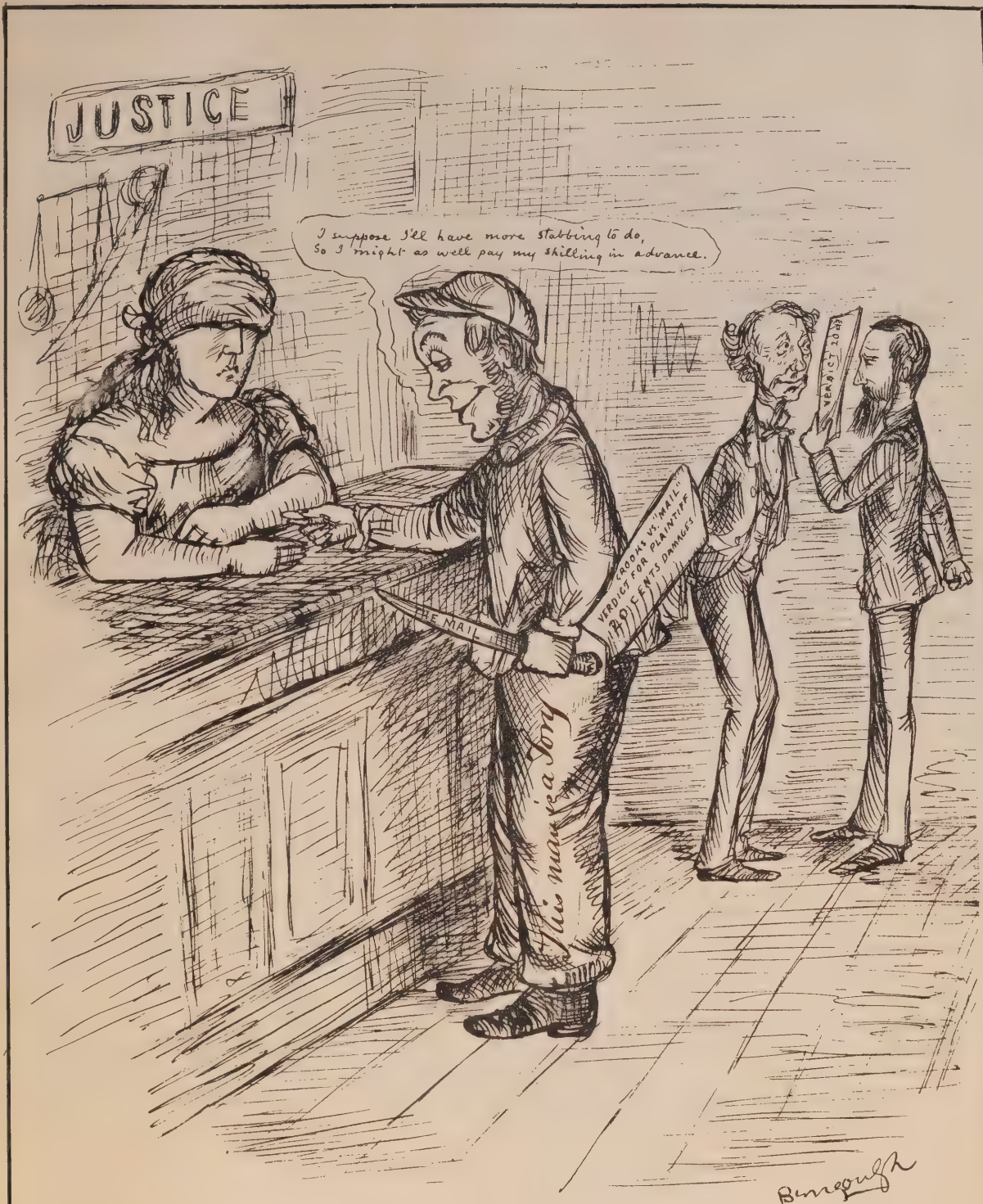
An remimber 'tis Nicholas Flood Davin
Who your lives from base surfdom is savin',
To yerselves ye be true
An he'll see you thro'
Widout rantin', or roarin' or ravin'.

From Our Box.

IT was a blessed relief after a course of MISS FISHER and MISS PIERSON to get back to Opera at the Royal. BALFE'S *Enchantress* was the first presented, in which MISS SALLIE HOLMAN sustained the principal character, or rather combination of characters, with her usual success. The play consists of a prologue on board ship, an interval of fifteen years, and two acts on shore. The interval was depicted with marvellous fidelity by the Orchestra. One could have thought it twenty years, and we only wondered to see every one preserve their youth after it was over, with the exception of MISS IDA CARPENTER, who had grown into MISS SALLIE HOLMAN. The interest of the play centres in a band of pirates who have a sort of veneration for the heroine, and all go ashore to follow her fortunes. They seem very amiable, mainly amusing themselves with dressing up like monks, firing guns to scare people, and occasionally singing a very pretty chorus. There is a DUKE who hires assassins to kill a rightful heir. They make a mistake and kill him. Rightful heir falls in love with the *Enchantress*. So does chief pirate. All three sing a charming trio very nicely. Pirate gives up his claim. Rest of pirates get into a boat without visible means of propulsion and sing their chorus. Chief pirate goes out in a boat and joins them, leaving Sicily in a most happy condition. The lovers are united, at least we suppose so. That's all, except that it was charmingly put upon the stage and that MESSRS. RYSE and BRANDISI as the chief pirate and rightful heir sang very well, especially the former, whose acting was also worthy of notice.

WHO or what is a *Shaughraun* and how is it pronounced? These conundrums puzzled all Toronto for days. Now we know. It is an Irish gentleman in a tattered red coat, high boots, with a fiddle in a bag on his back and an invisible dog. As to the pronunciation we are not so certain of that yet, as diversities of opinion seem to prevail, even on the stage itself. However the *Shaughraun* has furnished MR. BOÛCAULT with the title of a very good play, though not the best we have seen of his. *Robert Ffolliott* (with two f's, mind) is an escaped prisoner, of the Fenian persuasion. *Captain Molineux* is an English officer in pursuit of Fenians. *Father Dolan* is guardian to *Robert*, with whom *Arte O'Neale* is in love. *Robert* has a sister *Claire* with whom the Englishman falls in love. *Corry Kinchela* is also in love with *Robert's* property. *Harvey Duff* is his factotum when anything wrong has to be done. We have described the *Shaughraun*, whose accomplishments are singing, making love to the priest's niece and producing surreptitious birds, fishes and whiskey bottles from his pockets. The *Ffolliotts* had once a castle. It is on a rock in the sea, where *Miss O'Neale* says her ancestors used to keep open house, a gratuitous sort of hospitality, seeing that no one could ever have got there on casual visits. The fugitive visits *Father Dolan* who is giving a small evening party, when enter the *Captain* and as many of his company as can get into the house. They arrest him, and break up the festivities. *Mr. Kinchela* visits him in prison and shows him the way to get out, considering posting his accomplices outside with a view to shooting him. He makes a hole in the wall and the *Shaughraun* pulls him through. The latter jumps down on the factotum's back and they both get away safely. The tower makes a left half face to afford a full view of the escape, which was very prettily contrived. The second act closes with the shooting of the *Shaughraun* and abduction of *Arte* and *Moya* by *Kinchela* and his gang. Hurroo! What have we next? A real Irish wake. The body of the *Shaughraun* is decently laid out and the mourners bewail him. With a fine example of the "ruling passion" the corpse manages to abstract an old lady's whiskey, the effects of which are to revive him when every one else is gone. The *Captain* and he arrive finally in time to rescue the young woman, shoot *Kinchela* (who however revives in time to be taken into custody), frighten the factotum over a cliff and discover a royal pardon for *Robert*; *Father Dolan* pronounces a blessing on three happy couples and the curtain falls on general rejoicings. MRS. MORRISON and MR. BARNES as *Claire* and *Captain Molineux* were beyond all praise. The former acted with more than her usual ease and spirit, and the latter was a pleasant and gentlemanly British officer, the part being, by the way, a great improvement on those usual in Irish dramas, where the Englishman is brought in to be made ridiculous. MR. McDOWELL, the *Shaughraun*, is somewhat too American to suit our view of a Sligo peasant, but has plenty of humour and life. MR. COULDOCK, as the venerable *Father Dolan*, was excellent, showing much depth of feeling, which is too apt to be overlooked in pieces where the interest centres round the comic characters. MRS. LINDEN played nicely as *Arte* and MR. SAMBROOK was villainous to a degree as *Kinchela*. Altogether, the whole may be pronounced a brilliant success, barring some of the scenery.

Any other individual would have been staggered by the statement of the President of the T.G. & B. Railway, that the operations of the cordwood ring had not come to his knowledge. But GRIP sees through it at once. This gentleman has for sometime been deprived of the power of seeing, and hearing, and with a combination of Roman tortitude and modern ingenuity, has till now concealed the fact. But it should not be permitted—he might be run over by a train—his country might lose him, and what a loss that would be, our countrymen.



A HINT FOR THE "MAIL" MANAGER;

OR, "STABBING UNDER THE FIFTH RIB" SYSTEMATISED.

What Editors have to Suffer!(TELEGRAM. *Richard de Dicke, to Grip: 2 p.m. Tuesday.*)

"GRIP, old man, I was to 'do' you something this week, but, hang me, if I recollect what! 'Stonemason's strike; or building; or mortar; almost sure there was mortar in it. Answer."

(Grip, to Richard de Dicke; 2.15 p.m.)

NICE fellow you are!—Thoughts on man as a stupid animal demonstrated by six hodmen at 15 cts. per hour carrying bricks up tall ladders when a "rope and pulley worked by two men etc." You'll recollect now. We want copy badly. Send up soon."

(Richard de Dicke to Grip; 7 p.m. abbreviated.)

"EXACTLY. I remember. Hodmen! So it was. I don't know what you think, but it seems to me there's something in the weather adverse to literary application. Had some ideas on hodmen, I know, a day or two back, but don't know where they are now. If you look at Appleton's Cyclopaedia . . . polar waves, . . . barometric oscillations . . . intense thought injurious . . . man evidently formed for physical exercise . . . contributors to comic publications seldom live long . . . morning best time for composition . . . Hippocrates lays it down . . . Jones says I owe him his revenge at billiards . . . "give me five up" . . . too much "thinking corrodes our clay." (Milton) . . . Send you something in the morning."

(Grip to Richard de Dicke: Wednesday, 9 a.m.)

"DON'T forget us. Several other contributions affected by same barometrical and sanitary influences . . . At wit's end for copy. Urgent."

(Richard de Dicke to Grip; 11 a.m.)

"POOR fellows! I sympathise with them! Know how it is myself. Feel a sort of all-overishness this morning. Believe the brewers do, as that Mail man hints, put horrifying things in the beer. However I beat Jones. Enclosed is a letter, (no matter how I got it,) which a leading London, (Ont.) Grip has just received from a Toronto political confre. It is as entertaining as anything I could do for you in this depressing weather."

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

"TO SUCH base uses may we come. etc!" Pious quotation.

I congratulate myself on being able to give exclusively some particulars respecting the above used up political Charlatan, who, has just sold his house and "fixings" at Kingston, preparatory to a final bolt to this most virtuous city. The great arch-corruptionist, after twenty years of nearly absolute power, is still as of old, a poor man, and (unlike MACKENZIE AND CO. when they surrender office) will be under the necessity of doing something for his living. I interviewed him last night. To my query what he intended to turn his hand to? he readily and courteously replied that on consideration it struck him there was an opening in Toronto for a writer of advertisements (in poetry and prose) for tradesmen and others who are over busy, or whose education has been neglected. "MOSES & SON, you know" he said, with a wink, "keeps a poet," and though the idea is new in these quarters I think it would take. Hereupon SIR JOHN went to a bureau, and brought out a card, and some printed specimens. The card was as follows:—

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

SCOLLARD ST. YONGE ST.

Advertisers' poet; paragraphist; letter-writer for labourers and servant-maids; copyist: etc. etc.

For specimens see below.—A reduction on taking a quantity.

REFERENCES KINDLY PERMITTED TO HON. GEO. BROWN, Toronto, C.J. WHELLAMS, Shepherds Bush, London, England; and others.

SPECIMENS.

MISS RYE. It is said that MISS RYE has brought an action against MR. POOR LAW INSPECTOR DOYLE for libel in saying she cleared £5 per immigrant child. We cordially subscribe to the sentiment of our talented cotem the *Millhaven Gazette* that if she recovers damages she would do well to spend a portion in the purchase of one of Poodle and Boodle's single and double cross stitch treadle-worked wringing and mangling Machines. *Lobo Advocate*.

(Note. This form of "local" is very effective, and admits of many pleasing variations.

Price 50 cents each, or Twelve for \$5.

STRANGE.—It is said that Hamilton has a lady who doesn't want any jewellery, hasn't a looking-glass in the house, and wouldn't take a silk dress as a gift. She is evidently in a low state of vitality, and from what we have heard from disinterested quarters of the virtues of PROF. MACCONKEY'S Nervo-galvanic-renovating and Invigorating Syrup we have no doubt that a few bottles of it would act with magical effect on her husband's Xmas bills in the above named three branches of business. *Avondale Courier*.

(In this Style 50 cents per Stanza).

On this I ponder,
Where'er I wonder,

And thus grow fonder
Of Slayem's pills:
So vitalizing!
Before them flies in
A pace surprising
My stomach's ills.

Well, well, 'tis better to work for one's living than to go loafing round saloons for free drinks, and if the old rogue can pick up bread and cheese in this way, I see no objections. Yours truly. STIGGINS.

Author of Toronto by Gaslight.

To an Excommunicating Bishop.

Unwise ecclesiastic, know you not

The weapon you have grasped has ever maimed!
The hand which held it? Has your Church forgot
They still have prospered best, 'gainst whom such
stroke was aimed?

Who rule in Rome to-day? Are they not those
'Gainst whom the Infallible his thunders sent?
What says he now? "A prisoner, my foes
In mine own palace have me closed and pent."

Would you again the harsh religious laws
Of former ages bring into the land?
Bethink you of each British penal clause,
How long you pined beneath their iron ban!

They are repealed. Why seek to introduce
The angry hate which passed such laws once more,
Why let once more the fiend of discord loose
That wrought yourselves such injury before?

What though the journal railed? If false it said
That falsehood would recoil. If it be true
Thy excommunication has but spread
Broadcast, what else had been but read by few.

A Favorite.

All women love me, from the giddy girl,
About whose brow full many an errant curl
Comes leaping downward, to the ancient maid
Whose hair, classically severe, a braid
Confines. Sweet eighteen, bursting into smiles,
The steadier matron, laughing at love's guiles;
The sombre widow, who has plucked the tree
Of sad experience, all alike love me!
And I am privileged. Where woman goes
There go I. When she is racked with woes
I'm by her side. When merry glances dart
And her blood leaps with joy, I feel her heart
Thrilling beneath my touch; I press her waist
More ardently than by lover e'er embraced.
Fickle, but not the ficklest coquette
Has ever dared to do without me yet.
When in the drawing-room, I'm with her there;
I go out with her when she takes the air;
At night when in her couch sleep seals her eye,
On chair or sofa in her room I lie,
For I am privileged in many ways—
Seeing, my friends, that I'm a pair of stays!

Doings of Prominent Men.

MR. GEORGE BROWN denies that he became a Tory, but confesses that late events have given him il-liberal tendencies.

THE *Globe* tells what MR. PATTESON said of MR. CROOKS, MR. PATTESON is going to tell us what the MESSRS. BROWN said of each other. If they agree not better, we shall soon hear what the twins of Toronto and London say of each other. How this world is given to—saying things of each other.

ON coming in sight of Toronto, MR. BLAKE remarked that it was sad to think that we seldom brought back a spotless "record" "Behold," he said, the place of my "brief" existence. But its "term" approaches. I am, however, "retained" here by many "refreshing" recollections.

MR. MACKENZIE, while in Samia, was observed contemplating the ruins of his former efforts at masonry. "Ah," he said, "the builders reject me; but I am noo the corner stane o' a mair important Hoose." And he went away, placidly.

MR. CROOKS lately met MR. WILLIAM McDUGALL. The coincidence was remarkable, but it really happened that MR. WILLIAM McDUGALL at the same moment met MR. CROOKS. Their remarks also remarkably coincided. MR. McDUGALL said that when his character was comparatively unknown, he used to be able to find constituencies much more readily than at present. MR. CROOKS agreed that it was strange, but not uncommon, as his experience was precisely the same.

MRS. MORRISON'S
GRAND
OPERA
HOUSE
ADELAIDE STREET WEST.

MRS. MORRISON, - - - - - *Manageress*
MR. COULDOCK, - - - - - *Stage Manager.*

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Dion Boucicault's Great New Play

THE
SHAUGHRAUN!

CONN - - - - - MR. E.A. McDOWELL.

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the play in Canada.

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MATINEE,

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In consequence of the immense expense attend-
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Children 25 cents. For all Re-
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REVENUE.

Cash Premiums and Interest \$25,486 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims under Policies paid \$8,348 95

Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted
and waiting proof 750 00

Agents, Commission, Salaries, Direc-
tors Fees, Office Rent, &c. 6,192 73

Scrip Appropriation to Policy-holders
of 1874, on deposit in Royal Cana-
dian Bank, being forty per cent. 10,194 45

----- \$25,486 13

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References: ---J. Stevenson, Quebec Bank; Dominion Bank, Toronto

LITHOGRAPHY.

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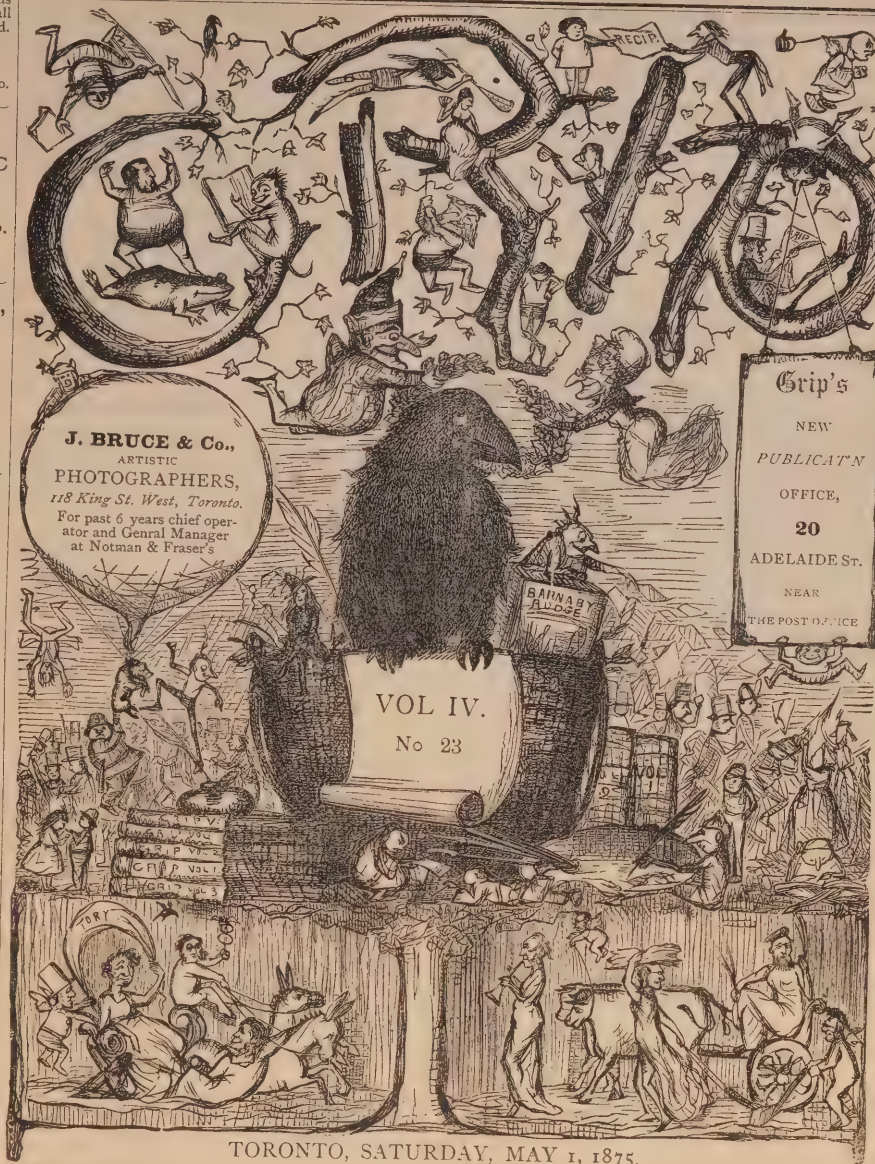
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip Office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTORS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by full name and address of the author.

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VOL. III., No. 7.
VOL. IV., No. 5.

Persons having any of the above will oblige by communicating with GRIP Office, 20 Adelaide Street.



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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

PATRICK MURPHY, JUNR., ESQ.—Your "Bread and butter" is too much spread with the "iles of Grease." Such short-breathed lines are too "fat" for our printers.

From Our Box.

"No scandal about Queen Elizabeth." Well, not much, anyway, considering she only comes to the throne in the last act of "Twixt Axe and Crown". The plot of the drama and its characters are mostly familiar to us in MR. AINSWORTH'S novel of the "Tower of London", except that the giants and dwarfs, who play so important parts in that marvellous story, do not appear in the play. The villainous Spanish Ambassador, the cruel Bishop GARDINER, and poor, sickly, ill-used, crossgrained "Bloody Queen Mary" herself are old friends of ours. Then there is Elizabeth's first love, Courtenay, who in the play comes out rather better than in the story, but is remorselessly killed off at the end to make things square with history, and keep the Queen single. We admired MRS. ROUSEY very much, and weliked her acting. Both her appearance and style are a great contrast to those of MISS NEILSON, over whom she possesses a great advantage in a singularly pleasant voice. We were rather surprised, in a very crowded house, to miss our friends the swells of the side-boxes. Where, oh where, were they? and where were their bouquets? Still the play went on, the audience managed to support life and the actors received due applause and got recalled without the intervention of the gorgeous ones.

"Perhaps they're on the railway,

Perhaps they're gone to sea."

Anyhow, we saw them not. It may be that one such splurge is enough in a season. It certainly is for the regular frequenters of theatres. But to return to our subject. "The play's the thing" and a very good play too, with so many patriotic English aspirations in it, as to give the idea that it was written in honor of St. George's day. MRS. ROUSEY looked charming, and acted with all the dignity of a princess. MR. BARNES as Courtenay was very good, having thoroughly mastered the character of the rash and impulsive young man, who is for ever getting himself and his friends into scrapes. MRS. LINDEN had a part not likely to find the favor of the audience as *Queen Mary*, and deserves the more credit for her faithful rendering of a not very pleasant task. The two villains of the piece, *Simon Renard* and *Bishop Gardiner* had not half sufficient force given them by MESSRS. CLARK and LAURENS, while MR. MELTON, who had but little to do as the airy, fantastic *Sir John Harrington*, did that little well, and MISS LIZZIE RICH deserves great praise for her *Isabel Markham*. She should be careful however when she attempts to lift MRS. ROUSEY, the task being rather too much for her. Taking it altogether the play was a success and was very well performed. GRIP is pleased to see that there are plenty of people left yet who can appreciate the quiet style of acting, though it might have been truer to history if *Elizabeth* had stamped her feet and sworn occasionally.

Addressed to the Rev. H.H. Waters, of Babylon,

On reading his Sermon on 18th ult., before St. George's Society at St. James Cathedral.

Indeed and please your reverence,

I think you're very wrong—

In Canada we tune our harps

To quite a different song;

Our experience of this Country

Is a far more cheerful thing;

'Tis of plenty and prosperity

We feel inclined to sing.

Nine families from Staffordshire

Together came last fall;

We find there's work for all to do,

And food and clothes for all.

'Tis true indeed the climate's cold—

But the people's hearts are warm,

And when we're snugly housed in doors,

We don't much mind the storm.

We've schooling for the children,
And no more pence to pay,
From Church and Sunday School they now
Need never stop away,
And Sir, can you believe it,
We're going to keep a cow—
In towns it may be harder,—
We don't live there any how.

Then at Christmas time, I tell you,
We had a jolly feast;
The grown up ones paid 60 cents—
All came, down to the least.
Nine families together dined
And had good Christmas cheer,
Of fowl and beef and pudding too,
So cheaply purchased here.

We've written home to tell them,
And more are coming soon,
We hope that they may join with us
And sing a cheerful tune.
If your harp is on the willows, Sir,
Pray take it quite away;
And no more doleful ditties
Chant over us we pray!

Modern Miracles.

GRIP lately perused the pages of a Spiritualist paper, published in Chicago. Here he found events recorded by the side of which the miracles described in *Church Chimes* sink into utter insignificance. One writer gravely details how the spirits at a seance in Boston, windows and doors being closed, filled the room with the most beautiful flowers, one lady being presented with the somewhat inconvenient gift of a rose-tree, roots, earth and all. In a city where spirits comport themselves in this fashion let the owners of conservatories look to it. In another place we read of a delightful city inhabited by spirits, where a Boston ghost was staying with the late ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and most of the inhabitants were engaged in literary pursuits. We cannot realise the fact of this being such a species of paradise if the editors of all the papers went on as they do on the earth. Besides, whom do they get to subscribe? We found a well-meant caution against giving alcohol to dying persons, but somewhat marred by picturing the disembodied spirits as "reeling and jabbering with intoxication." One lecturer suggests that funerals be conducted in a cheerful way and the horses gallop if the weather is bad. A great point is made in favor of Spiritualists who are declared not "to be a set of lunatics, but to have a singular power of healing lunacy." They must give each other considerable employment in this way. And yet there are people, who are ready to believe all the outrageous nonsense we have quoted and a great deal more, while at the same time they proclaim themselves in advance of the whole of mankind, to have cast off the trammels of superstition. "A mad world, my masters."

Not Platitude.

"Grip" to the Member Elect for East Toronto.

Friend PLATT, your hand! And let us clasp

It with an earnest hearty grasp,

As but an "old bird" can,

And, as we feel the hand we take,

Apart from old acquaintance sake,

Is of an honest man!

Do not, because Conservative,

Sift measures thro' a party sieve,

But let the good alone,

Or, like the tale—not over new—

Of poor Dog Tray, and you pursue

A visionary bone!

The Grits are in and you are out;

But Fortune will not always flout,

Altho' she seem to bear a

Grudge against the party styled

The "gentlemen's," and that sad child

Lugubrious MORTARA.

May common sense,—not those of DON—

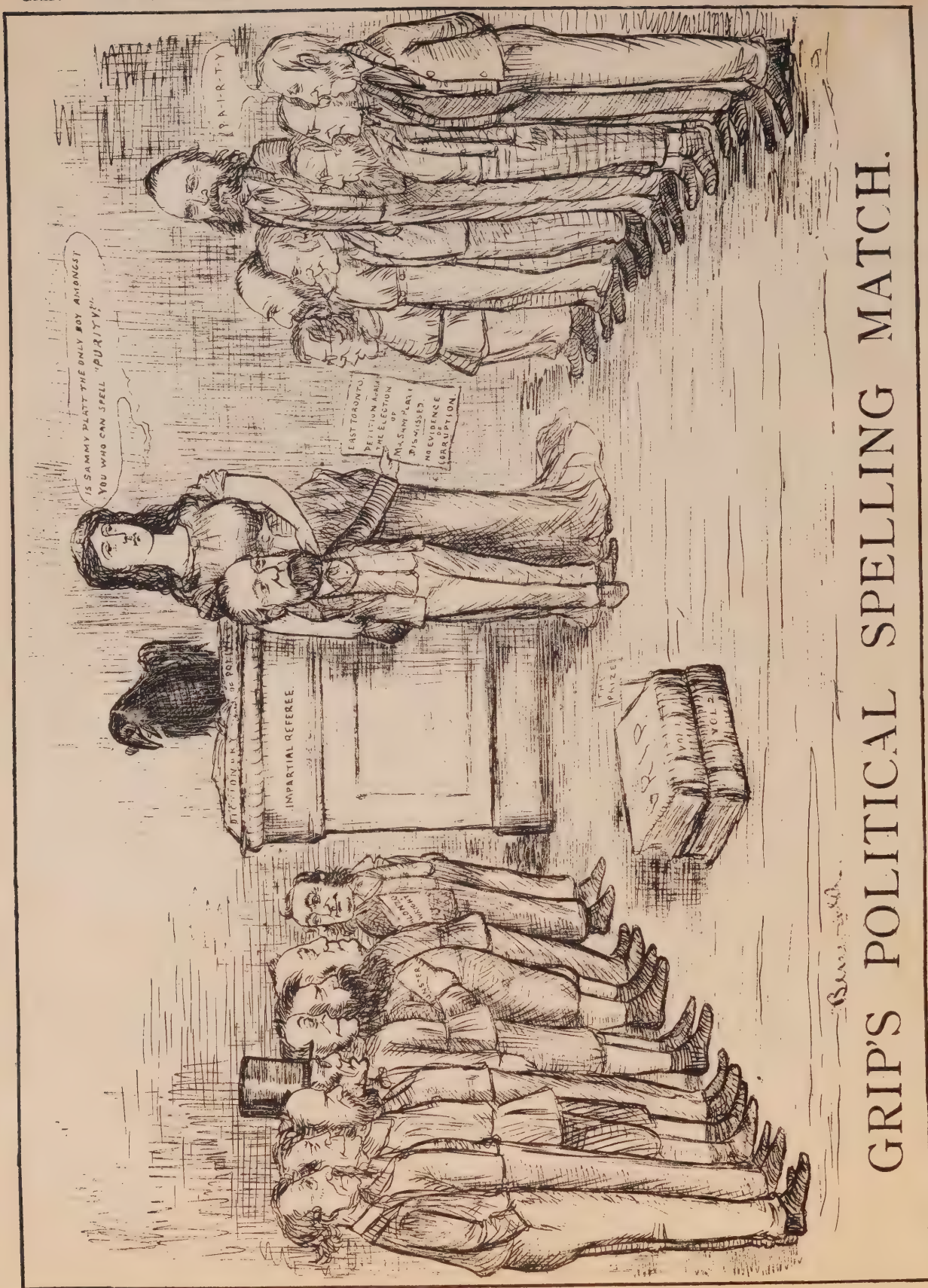
Direct your energies anon,

And keep your cranium level.

Make your speeches short and few—

Subscribe to GRIP, and then will you

Not fear the—(printer's) Devil!



GRIP'S POLITICAL SPELLING MATCH.



How is this for "expression"

N.B. The doleful look in the face of the boy might lead one to suppose that at some period during his existence he had been christened Anthony to his loudly-expressed wishes

MORE DARKNESS!

CANADA (on her way to the Philadelphia World's Fair)—"I AM ALMOST ASHAMED TO GO AMONGST THE ENLIGHTENED NATIONS WITH THIS RECORD!"

Grip's Spelling Match.

A number of prominent politicians were lately convened for the fashionable amusement of a spelling match. GRIP consented to occupy the position of judge, objections having been made to the conductors of several of the leading journals on the ground of partiality. It was determined that the contestants should be divided according to their political proclivities, and that the prize, a handsomely bound volume of GRIP should be the property of that party whose representatives remained last on the floor, every failure to spell a word correctly excluding the perpetrator from further participation in the contest. To universal surprise, three Parties appeared on the scene, MR. J. V. SPOHN and DR. DEVLIN, of Hamilton, and CAPTAIN WYNNE, of St. Catharines announcing themselves as representatives of "Canada First", while the rest of the assembly ranged themselves under the respective leaderships of SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD and HON. GEORGE BROWN.

The first word given out was "Canvas". This had the effect of disposing of all three of the Canada First men, whose early retirement was greeted with shouts of derision.

The next word was "Ballot." An elderly gentleman on the Tory side was heard to mutter that "it was'n't English," but it was passed round with universal success. The first victim was MR. PLUMB, for whom "Oratory" proved altogether too much, an attempt to introduce an additional "r" turning out fatal. MR. MACKELLAR made a most extraordinary jumble out of "Agriculture" and was ordered to retire. "Drinking-bar" disposed of two gentlemen from British Columbia, who tried to condense it into two syllables. The apparently simple word "Petition" had an extraordinary effect in thinning the ranks of the competitors, who seemed disposed to try every way of getting over it, but the right one. DR. TUPPER got hopelessly confused with "Intercolonial" and had to step down and out. MR. CHARLTON in whom a great deal of confidence was reposed by the Reformers, confessed himself ignorant of the meaning of "Reciprocity," and the Premier came to grief in a futile attempt at a new way of spelling "Prohibition," MR. RYKERT was here discovered to have pasted a dictionary into his scrap-book and was ordered out of the room for referring to it. "Debuture" broke down MR. CROOKS, and MR. M. C. CAMERON, who was chuckling at his discomfiture, tried to "c" too much in "Accounts." "Colleague" removed MR. MOWAT from the scene. SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, who had come to town expressly for the occasion, was completely bewildered by "Currency" and, after several attempts and stoppages to correct himself, gave it up. HON. W. McDUGALL found terrible difficulties in the word "Principle." After several corrections he finally, with a glance of self-approbation, decided on P-r-i-n-c-i-p-a-l—and went under.

The competitors finally were narrowed down to the leaders of the two great parties, who had spelled every word in safety, and MR. PLATT. Amid breathless silence GRIP announced "Purity" as the word. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD frankly confessed he had never heard of it, and declined the attempt. "P-A-I-R-T-Y" shouted MR. BROWN. On being informed by the inexorable judge that he was wrong, he left the room in a passion and MR. PLATT who modestly gave the correct spelling, was adjudged the victor, amid considerable applause.

Kissing and Kissing.

At Montreal last week a youth of nineteen and three girls aged seventeen, sixteen and fifteen, were arrested on Sherbourne street, for kissing and playing with each other and obstructing the sidewalk. The young man was fined \$5 or one month, and the girls discharged.—*World*.

In Canada we're slow.

In fact we're very far behind.—
'Tis Jonathan the world can show
The proper kissing pace, and go
Two-forty speed. In short you know
Can go it blind!

The boys' he does'n't fix

With fines and such like "notions," while
In osculation's various tricks
With lasses' lips their own they mix
Like—well—*vulgariter*, like bricks—
Lured by love's smile,

The "kiss of peace," and lo!

The kiss of sudden "inspiration,"
Poor dullards! nought of these we know—
"Conciliatory" osculation,—
And "paroxysmal" buss-sensation;
We cannot show.

Nor e'en forget the kiss

"Tripartite"—couplet kiss in big;
Or buss triangular—whose bliss
To those who run the kissing rig,
No doubt must be, like roasted pig,
Most savoury dish!

A cents-able verdict. CROOKS vs. *The Mail*.

Questions for Candidates for Admission into the Good Graces of the Conservative Leaders.

1. Is there as much talent among the Conservative leaders as is generally stated? If so how many.

2. Mr. McDUGALL asserts that "he (Mr. McD.) and Mr. CAMERON perfectly understand each other". Is it your candid opinion that Mr. CAMERON can understand Mr. McDUGALL? Apply the fable of the Chameleon.

3. If the *Mail* was able to damage CROOKS 20cts. worth. How much harm could the *Leader* do?

4. If the *Mail* has damaged Mr. CROOKS 20cts. worth, how much has it hurt Hon. GEO. BROWN. Reason this from the infinitesimal calculus.

5. What is meant by "Conservative Reaction?" What is meant by giving as the date of its occurrence, the Greek Calends? Calculate from Dr. TUPPER's experience in Wellington.

6. From Mr. WILLIAM McDUGALL subtract the epithets "Wandering WILLIE," "BILLY McDUGALL," "Frozen WILLIAM" and "Look to Washington WILL" and show that o remains, and show that Mr. CAMERON's continuance in the leadership is a "rank" injustice to the other members.

7. Whose address reminds you of the remark of a western candidate who at the close of his speech said "Them's my sentiments, gentlemen, but if they don't suit you they kin be changed." Reason from *Butler's* analogy.

QUESTIONS FOR DITTO. REFORM.

1. Prove that the *Globe* is satisfied (a) with the result of PLATT's election trial, (b) with the result of the last Ontario Election, (c) with the conduct of "certain" members last session. Reason from MILL's Logic.

2. On what grounds do you rest your belief that Messrs. CARTWRIGHT and FOURNIER will be satisfied with the change in the government moved by *The Mail* and seconded by *The Globe*.

3. Prove clearly that the Hon. GEO. BROWN is not a "defunct politician". How many dozens of seats, to your knowledge, have been offered to Mr. CROOKS, and also show that since the late verdict in his (CROOKS') case, he is no longer entitled to be called "poor".

4. Which is the "spiciest" paper in the Dominion? Give the *Globe's* remarks on this question.

5. Give a synopsis of (with the *Mail's* remarks on) the English-Long-bottom-Prince-Pardee-Mackenzie-Canadian-Oil-Wells-Bubble-Case.—Give also a diagram connecting with it the *Globe*, Atlantic Cable, Reciprocity, Beecher Trial and Copper Pyrites.

The Modern Sphinx.

Out on the burning desert sands,
Immutable,
The Sphinx, unanswered riddle, stauds
Inscrutable.

Woman, thou art the Modern Sphinx,
Man cannot guess thee,
He sometimes fears and from thee shrinks,
More oft he'll bless thee!

Sometimes thou seem'st but made for show,
But this most odd is,
There's fire beneath thy coldest snow,
A heart beneath thy boddice.

False, not completely false art thou:
Affliction's showers
And the sharp teeth of Sorrow's plough
Bring up sweet flowers.

Thou art a riddle, Modern Sphinx,
We cannot guess thee;
But most male monsters might, I think,
Soon learn to bless thee.

Croaks and Pecks

CROOKS declines to go south—for his health—i.e. to South Simcoe—so the Reformers can't gain that constituency by hook or by Crook(s)

ACCORDING to the Boston Journal, the present British House of Commons, which contains a number of brewers, is called the "Bung Parliament." But this is right. If the House of Lords monopolizes all the peage, it is fitting that the House of Commons should have its beerge. *London Free Press*.

THE *Liberal* of the 19th contains a letter from the Rev. MR. JOHNSON in which he says that he is overboard now like JONAH. Oh no, MR. JOHNSON "not for Jo"-nah, we think it is the people that is over-board with that subject.

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SIR THOS. CLIFFORD, MR. J. H. BARNES,
MASTER WALTER,MR. COULDOCK.

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THE LADY OF LYONS
PAULINE DESCHAPPELLES, MRS. ROUSBY
CLAUDE MELNOTTE, ...MR. J. H. BARNES.

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AS YOU LIKE IT!!!

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and waiting proof..... 750 00

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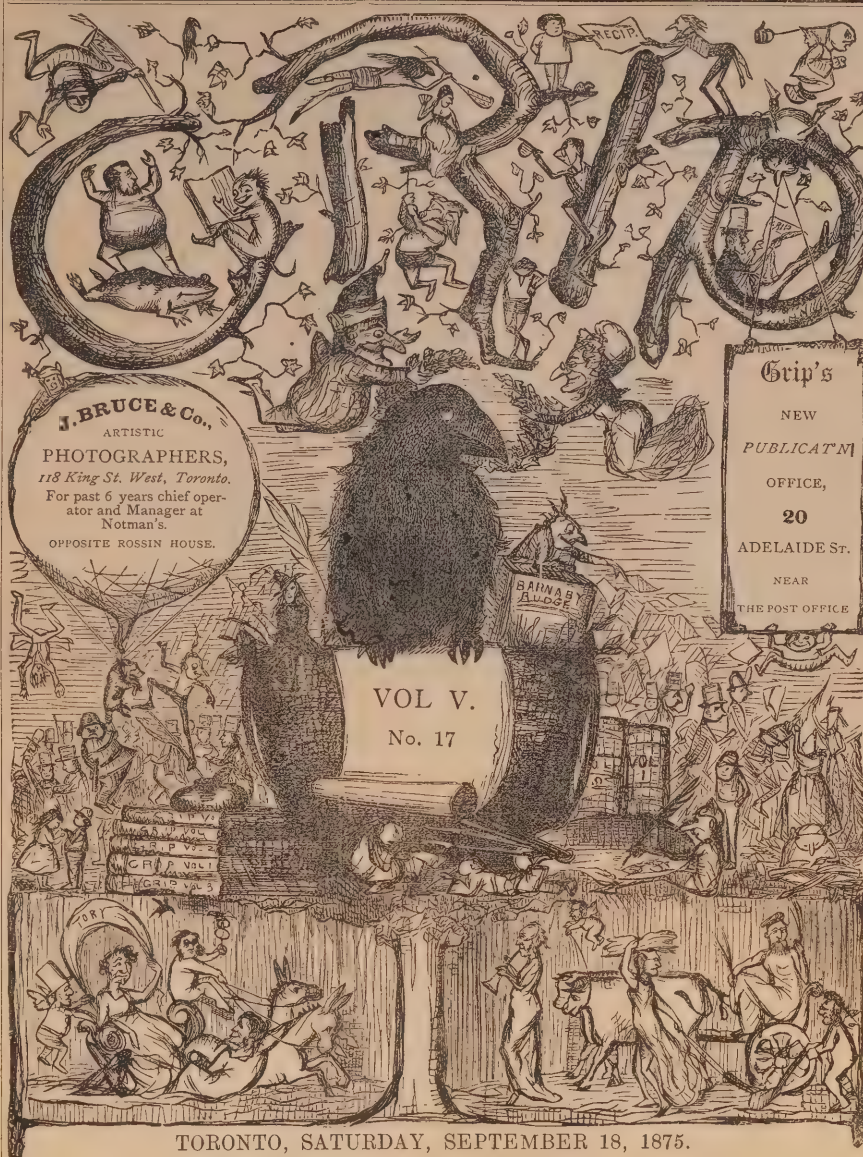
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1875.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Deaſt in the Sea; the grabeſt Bird in the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh in the Oyeſter; the grabeſt Man in the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1875.

In Re Guibord.

THE QUEEN TO BISHOP BOURGET.

I decide you were wrong by church law, my Lord,
In refusing to bury poor JOSEPH GUIBORD;
I therefore command you to cease further fights—
You must give him his *dues*, tho' he can't have his *rites*.

BISHOP BOURGET TO THE QUEEN.

MADAME, just as you say, I will open the gate,
Waiving will of the Church before law of the State;
It's none of my funeral, so drive in your hearse,
But I tell you I'll stand on the gate-post and *curse*!

A Plea for the Cat.

The cat o' nine tails is an indispensable portion of the machinery of the law, in a city so disgraced with brutal violence as Toronto. By all means let such wretches as IRVINE, the murderer of Mr. BURKE, be tied to the triangle and lashed, if the jury can't do us the favour of hanging them. If GRIP were Czar of this city for a day he would larrup the flesh from the coward back of every rowdy who insulted a lady, or jostled a gentleman. Nothing but the cat, administered with a strong and willing arm, will teach the peg-top, swaggering roughs of this city good manners. There are plenty of willing arms to be had; scarcely a respectable citizen amongst us who would not gladly and enthusiastically swing the whip on such an auspicious occasion. There is no use in appealing to anything in these vile scoundrels but their sense of physical suffering. They have neither brains nor heart for anything but villainy. Therefore let us have the cat o' nine tails—at least, let the rowdies have it! GRIP will be delighted to perch on a neighbouring tree and witness the opening of the programme—the only means, he believes, of making Toronto a safe place to live in.

Testimonial to a Dis (ex ?) tinguished Canadian Statesman.

We understand that an enthusiastic son of CRISPIN has prepared a pair of shoes (14s) made from the following materials to be presented to the HON. G. B—N on a *fitting* occasion.

UPPERS.—Selected hides from skins cast by the B—N family

LININGS.—Feathers from nests furnished by the *Globe*.

INNERS.—Dressed calf, presented by the Premiers.

SOLES.—Pebbled hides from opponents of the family.

The insteps will be made sufficiently high to admit of the necks of the Grit and Conservative parties. That for the latter will be provided with suitable (at) tacks. It was intended that the heels should rest on G—N S—H and W—M H—D, but they have prudently kept out of the way. The toes are particularly adapted for kicking employees of the *Globe*, who quit the straight and narrow path. It is said D—N wears a cushion in anticipation.

The Sea-Serpent Interviewed.

THRILLING DISCLOSURES.

(By our sea-side Correspondent.)

DEAR GRIP.—It is too hard of you to expect contributions from one who is wandering by the sea-beat shore, gathering empty oyster shells in heedless sport, and wondering where the oysters have fled to. Of these not a canful can be picked up. I somewhat fancy a Chancery lawyer has been round among the fishermen. However, since you must, I suppose I must.

You are possibly aware that the SEA-SERPENT has of late been disporting himself around the shores of the Atlantic and has been numerously seen. Should I go down to the great deep and not get a sight of its mightiest inhabitant? Never. Was I ever known to fail in an untaking (except to pay my debts)? Sir, I have seen him, and what is more *I've interviewed him*.

I have half a mind to send you this much of this account and to demand prepayment, at the rate of a thousand dollars per column, for the balance of this really priceless adventure. But I rely on your known generosity. Already I have had offers of vast sums from the New York *H—d*, the Danbury *N—s*, and a number of American journals. The London *T—s* sent a specially tempting offer by the hands of its own correspondent, who arrived per special train from New York. As

for interviewers, there are above two hundred keeking at my door just now. I found six under my bed last night, and hearing something struggling in the stovepipe, lit a fire, and suffocated the editor of the *Skowhegan Sockdollager*. I am tired of shooting them, as the others only bury the corpses and come back. Having with all this constancy preserved my account for you, I await remittances in all cheerfulness. By the way a person named BROWN, who runs a paper in Toronto, sent me a dollar with the mandate, "Send the account of your interview at once." I tore up his letter indignantly, and spent the dollar in convincing at a breach of the Maine Liquor Law.

For reasons which will appear in the course of this narrative, I decline to state on which of the 365 islands, which every schoolboy knows, are contained in C—Bay, my *rencontre* with the monster occurred. Suffice it to say that, in the course of practising for a feat which will utterly eclipse LEANDER, LORD BYRON, CHARLEY NURSE and CAPTAIN WEBB, I swam out to a rocky islet in that bay. A sudden fancy impelled me to land and examine the islet in search of oysters, octopi, swordfish and the other delicious shell-fish, which abound among the rocks, and make a light repast before my next spurt of ten miles or so up the bay. Just as I reached the rocks I heard a strange hissing sound behind me and on looking round expecting a steam tug was coming up, saw a strange form rising from the waves. For one second I confess I was paralysed by fear. Then I fled up the rocks, but the awful creature pursued me with terrific speed. I felt his breath hot upon me, and turning round in a spirit of resignation, drew out my pencil and note-book determined to commit to the world's memory some few particulars of my last moments. I had got as far as to write down in short-hand, "I have been destroyed by the GREAT SEA SERPENT; take this to GRIP with my blessing and ask him to comfort my boarding-missus," when the terrible creature, at the sight of my pencil and note-book, fell down in a dead swoon. [NOTE. We have our doubts as to the truth of this story. How the mischief does he carry a pencil and note-book about when he is bathing?—GRIP.]

At the sight of this my pity and curiosity were excited. About two hundred feet of the creature were lying extended on the rocks; the rest was still in the water. He was of a fair complexion, wore his hair parted in the middle, and had profuse sandy whiskers, a rowdy hat, and a pair of green spectacles completed his head gear. His body was about as big round as a very large whiskey-barrel, and was neatly arranged in a suit of blue overalls. Altogether he looked a well-dressed respectable looking serpent, as serpents go, and I sat down by his side and awaited, his recovery with impatience. At last he came to and gazed shudderingly upon me.

"Caught at last, by thunder," he exclaimed in a terrific voice; and then assuming a more deferential air, asked in milder tones, "What paper do you represent, Sir?"

"GRIP," said I, calmly.

"Thank goodness that you are not from a Yankee concern. I am growing old, and these may be my last words. I am glad to find they will neither be misrepresented nor disbelieved. Fire away at your interview."

"How old did you say you were, Sir?"

"I was invented just after the Declaration of Independence." (You will find the date of that in COLLIER'S History if the Council of Education haven't cut it out to please the York Pioneers.)

"Have you any family?"

"Lots. By the way you might have seen my youngest son lately. He is up in Canada."

"I heard of him in the Ottawa river, but thought it was a hoax."

"That's just the way with people. You didn't seem to think I was just now. Its lucky you carried your reporting tools about with you, and that the sight of them turned my stomach. I wasn't a bit frightened," said the creature, glaring at me savagely. "That boy has been having great times in the elections."

"What do you mean?" said I, unable to contain my amazement. "Do they have elections in the river?"

"No, you fool," said the SERPENT, contemptuously, "it was among your own stupid people. You must have heard all about it and him, if you really came from Canada."

I felt more puzzled than ever. Surely there can be no serpents loose round and I not know it.

"What is his name, Sir," I timidly asked.

"THE CATHOLIC LEAGUE" roared the GREAT SEA SERPENT. "He usually travels in company with JOHN O'DONOHUE and JERRY MERRICK, and has made quite a good thing of it this season."

Just at this moment a vessel came in sight. "There may be another reporter on board," said the Serpent, "meet me here this time next week." "By the way," and he handed me two dollars, "here is a year's subscription to GRIP. I don't see it often enough. Get the steamboat captains to pitch it overboard off Father Point" and he was gone. But for the two dollars in my hand, I should have regarded the whole affair as a vision. I am sorry to say the dollars were American and, as they are insufficient to pay the subscription, I have retained them till I meet him again. Meanwhile, send his papers right on. [NOTE. He may keep the \$2. It is all he will ever get for this tissue of falsehoods. If he goes on like this he will have to go to the *Globe* or become Ottawa correspondent for the *Mail*.—GRIP.]



CIVIL LAW MUST TRIUMPH !

Barney Buntling to Bill Bowling.

NEW VERSION.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When BARNEY BUNTLING turned his quid
And said to BILLY BOWLING :

"A strong nor-wester's blowing, BILL,
Hark ! don't you hear it roar, now !
My eye ! just don't I pity all
Unhappy folks on shore now !

"It 'aint your storms, or rolling waves
That set us tars a-quaking,
Its them, ere blessed ice-bugs, mate,
That put us in a taking.

"They're things one never knows just where
They'll turn up day or night, BILL,
And sometimes they come sneaking on
Completely out of sight, BILL,

"Beneath the water, and at once
Agin them you go crashing,
And DAVY's locker gets you perhaps
With that 'ere sort of smashing.

"It's now three years ago or more
To Canada when bound BILL,
The good *Moravian* made slow way
With fog all thick around, BILL.

"And bang agin an ice-bug chap
We drove with sudden bumping,
You bet that when the shock I felt,
My heart went all a-thumping.

"In size, and height, and that, it was
Just like a mountain seeming—
It made the men turn jolly pale,
And set the women screaming.

"The ice-bug to us stuck like fun,
We no-how couldn't clear her—
Bang, bang, it comes again the ship
However we did steer her.

"The boats for launching ready were
For passengers and crew, then,
And I can tell you every thing
Was looking precious blue, then.

"But all at once from down below,
Upon the deck a man, BILL,
With just the most amazing feet
I ever saw, there ran, BILL.

"And all of us he pushed aside,
'Get out of this' says he, 'now,
This ice-bug I will settle soon,
Pray leave the biz to me now.'

"'Good people stow your cries and fears,
You'll none of you go down, sirs,
All right we soon shall be, as sure
As e'er my name is BROWN, sirs.'

"Oh ! dear such sight I never saw
Since I was raised I swear, BILL,
At first we thought the man was mad
You know, as any hare, BILL.

"But shiver all my timbers ! if
He didn't lift his leg, sir,
And give the ice-bug just one kick
Which smashed it like an egg, sir !"

TELEGRAM FROM PRINCE EDWARD.—Gideon's fleece won't hold water. Striker stricken off. Gid's sword is snapped, he has soared and fallen, his choice now lies between pills and the registry office. *Hic jacet.*

THE SEASONS.—'SUN' SET.—September 10th, 4 p.m.—On account of the prevailing cold and boisterous weather this luminary descended into oblivion at an early hour. It was its 220th day out ! "Where be thy gibes now ?"

An Obituary.

The *Sun* has set ! And yet it seems that now we hear
The newsboy's cry still ringing in our ear,
"Evening *Sun* ; only a cent !"
And yet it went down ! Could not this large town support its own *Sun* ?
Oh, it was pitiful, in a whole cityful, cash there was none !
Verily this world is full of changes,
(But there is mighty little change within our pockets ranges.)
It seems but yesterday that CROOKS was down ;
And brightly on his prostrate form the rays did shine.
Now he doth stand upright, after his Oxford fight,
Gazing at the waning light of the *Sun's* decline.
Ah ! it is sad enough that the JOSHUA of Hard Times should say,
"Sun stand still." For we shall miss thy genial ray,
As day by day thy mission well thou didst fulfil.
Yes ! it is rough ! But if thou, the centre of the universe suspend,
Sad must be the fate of those that on thy beams depend, [end.
For then *Mercury*,* the *Star*, † the *Planet*, ‡ yea the *Globe* itself must

* Guelph, Quebec. † Cobourg, Goderich, Paris, Montreal. ‡ Chatham.

Parliament



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His Crooks	ADAM.
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His Pastures	CROWN LANDS.
His Woods	SAMUEL CASEY.
His bill writer	A. S. H——D——Y.
His Sheep	ANTI-OPOSITIONIST M.P.'s
The Wolves	THE OPPOSITION

The public at large are expected to sit still while the Ministerial barrel organ and opposition hurdy gurdy play a running accompaniment to every act.

DEAR GRIP.—

Ottawa Speculations.

As a complete refutation of the "doctrine of chance," perhaps you will invest the following which was picked up near the east wing of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

From "Thoughts on men and things," an unpublished work by the author of the "*Canadian Peerage*."

The "*Great Eastern*" was built to carry passengers and freight between the Old World and the New, she was, however, destined for a nobler work and performed it well, as every one knows who has followed the career of that stupendous work of human hands.

So, also, Ottawaians in the early days of one of their now most prominent, eminent, and distinguished citizens, imagined they had among them a heaven-born lumberer, saw-mill man, and *eke* a senator, but inexorable fate willed it otherwise :—That youth became robust, aldermanic, the possessor of something seemingly "with fat cupon lined" :—linguab roll in utterance was grand, the presence magnificent, and the eternal fitness of things at once pointed to the vocation intended for him by nature ; and now, wherever and whenever the denizens of the Capital do congregate *in bulk* he fills the CHAIR to the utmost of *its* capacity.

By inscrutable decree the workings of a higher law are beautifully exemplified in the adaptation of the "*Great Eastern*" and the HON. J——SK——D to their several duties which they each perform to the satisfaction of an admiring world.

Yea, Verily ! Providence ordereth all things well. In my opinion, dear GRIP, the thoughts as above evolved cannot be surpassed in beauty of conception.

MAJOR'S HILL.

DISHONEST DOGS.—The Scotch Collies in London.

Motto for J. D. E—D—G—R, ex-M. P., laureate etc., "*Exegi monumentum ore perennius*." (They've raised a monument more lasting than brass.)

WHIS(H)T !—It is whispered that although G. B. had all the honors in his hand, that he has lost the odd trick. This comes of his playing games "not according to HOYLE."

EUCHRED !—MAYOR M——F passed because he thought B——N held all the court cards, and wanted to play it alone. Very like old SQUARETOES.



LACHINE CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Scaled Tenders addressed to the Secretary of Public Works, and endorsed "Tender for the Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY THE SIXTEENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, for the enlargement of this canal, consisting of the widening and deepening of the channel from near the new basin east of Wellington Street bridge, upwards to the river St. Lawrence and Lachine, embracing the construction of new locks at St. Gabriel and Cote St. Paul, also the taking down and rebuilding the upper portions of the present locks at these places; building regulating weirs, culverts, bridge piers; the construction of a new entrance lock at Lachine, and the formation of a channel and basin on the south or river side of the existing entrance.

The works will be let in sections of the respective lengths indicated on a map of the line which, together with plans and specification of the various works, can be seen at this office, and at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after FRIDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, at either of which places Printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that Tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque, or other available security, for the sum of from one to three thousand dollars, according to the extent of work on the section, must accompany each Tender, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines or fails to enter into contract for the work, when called upon to do so, at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The amount required in each case will be stated on the form of Tender.

The cheque or money thus sent in, will be returned to the respective parties whose Tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required on real estate, or by deposit of money, public or municipal securities, or bank stocks, to the amount of five per cent on the bulk sum of the contract, of which the sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part.

Ninety per cent only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the works.

To each Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions as well as the due performance of works embraced in the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,

Department of Public Works, } Secretary.
Ottawa, 9th August, 1875. } 3in-5-13



LACHINE CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

The letting of the works for the enlargement of the Lachine Canal, advertised to take place on the

SIXTEENTH DAY OF SEPT. NEXT,

is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—
Tenders will be received until

WEDNESDAY, the 29th day of SEPTEMBER next.

The plans and specifications will be ready for examination (at the places previously mentioned) on Thursday, the Sixteenth day of September next.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary,

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 18th August, 1875.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.



Ottawa, April 9, 1875.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON
American invoices until further notice, 12 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-1f

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REVENUE.

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Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted
and waiting proof 750 00
Agents, Commission, Salaries, Directors
Fees, Office Rent, &c. 6,192 73
Scrip Appropriation to Policy-holders
of 1874, on deposit in Royal Canadian
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\$25,486 13

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Duffin's Creek do	75.
Whitby do	1 00.
Oshawa do	1 00.

Tickets will be valid until the Monday following date
of issue inclusive.

W. WAINWRIGHT, JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Passenger Agent. General Manager.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum; single copies 5 cents. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

Advertisements and subscriptions received at the office, to which all communications should be addressed.

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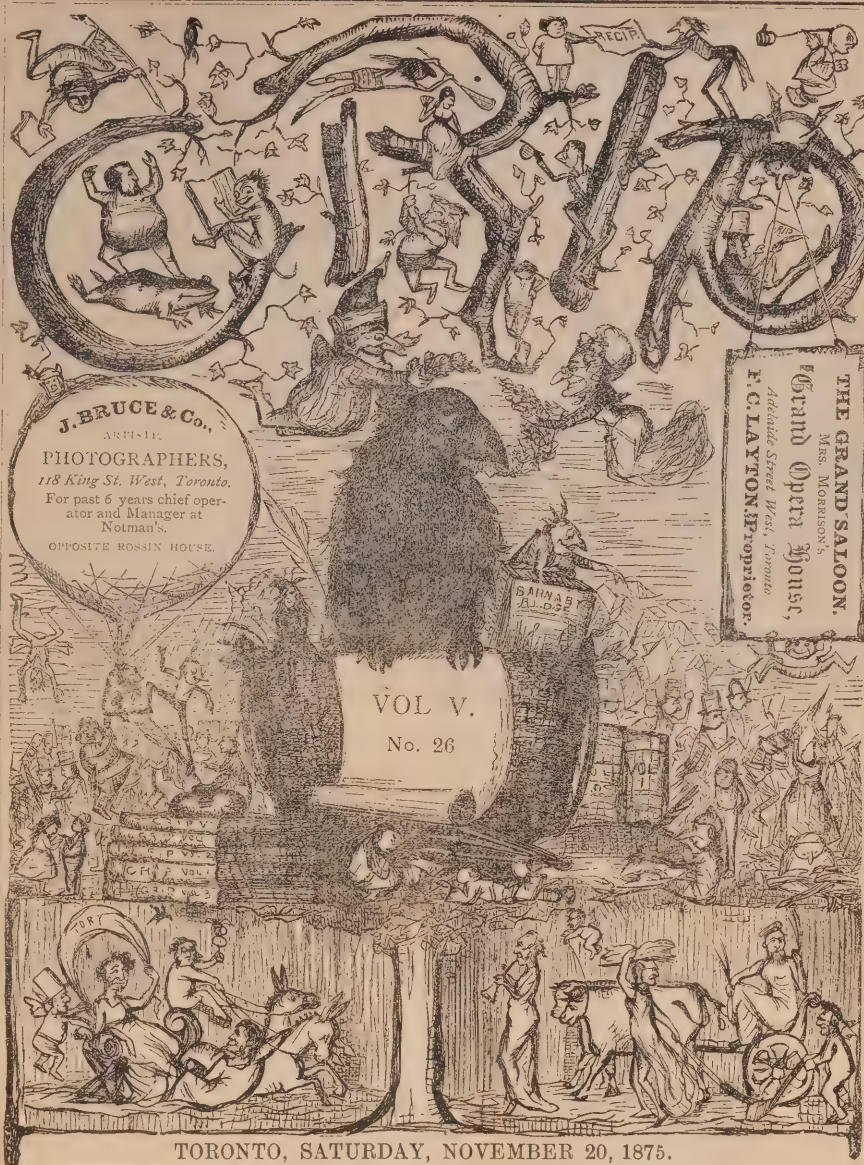
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In the matter of Life Insurance interests the "Union Mutual" is among the best Companies doing business in Canada. Last year this Company increased the amount previously at risk by \$1,100,000, being larger than any other Company local or foreign doing business in the country, and whilst other Companies may show a larger business for the year still the true test is the Balance between the figures at the Beginning and the Ending of the year, and judged from this stand-point, this old and progressive Company has taken the lead of all competitors.---**KINGSTON DAILY NEWS.**

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **Grip** office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **Grip** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two Dollars per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

A. FOX,

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH, 1875.

NOTICE.—To young ladies, bank-clerks, stump-orators, and other persons of wit and genius.—In order that no place in Canada shall lose the opportunity of becoming immortalized, through apparent difficulties in its name, GRIP offers a prize of \$50.00 for the best "Nonsense Verse" on COBOCONK, the last word of the second and last line to rhyme with the whole name. A second prize of \$49.99 is offered for a similar verse in celebration of that popular watering-place COUCHICHING. The verses must reach a certain standard of merit, fixed by GRIP, before any prize will be given.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. H., of Montreal honours us with the following communication :—
Editor Grip :—

DEAR SIR :—I send enclosed in this letter a few verses that I hope will meet with your approval, as a specimen of composing upon any subject. I could compose verses from any subject you might name, and which I might know about sufficiently, to make up a column. I could also do any amount of those snatches such as you publish in this week's GRIP, i. e., "There was a young lady of Barrie, &c." Here's one :—

There was a young lady of Quebec
Who's mama refused her a pull-back;
Said she, "I'll tarry
"And never get married
"Till you let me show off a 'pull-back.'"

[We publish your letter and specimen verse in full, because we are determined to encourage unassuming merit wherever we find it. We regret that we cannot give the public the benefit of your twelve verses on the GUIBORD question. They display power and originality, but are somewhat too tragic for our columns. One or two of the most striking we must however find room for.

The poem begins :—

Oh ye "Witness" and modest "Star"
Before I wish ye from me far,
I will tell thee wrong or right,
What it was I saw last night.

We admire the self-restraint manifested in the second line. An inferior poet would certainly have said :—

How I wonder what you are !

Then again the modest determination to tell the story, however unpalatable to certain persons, to the bitter end, indicated in the words, "Wrong or right" is worthy of notice. The poem goes on to describe with terrible vividness the apparition of the late lamented GUIBORD to his persecutor M^{rs}. BOURGET. The ghost, after an animated invective upon the reverend gentleman, winds up with telling irony :—

"Curse me now till break of day,
Curse me, curse me, as you will;
But with all you can't say nay,
To the order of the Privy Council!"

The poem then proceeds :

Then with a look which made me start,
He slowly said, "Bye, bye!" and departing
Put his finger to his nasal part,
Saying, "I guess it's time that I was starting!"

There is here a powerful commingling of the harrowing and the grotesque which reminds us of nothing so much as DORE's picture in the *Wandering Jew*, of the day of judgment. And when you tell us you can do any amount of this sort of thing we are filled with astonishment. We think of that gifted man of whom HORACE tells who claimed to be a poet because he could compose 200 verses while standing on one leg.]

CHIMNEY SWEEP.—Your style does not *soot* us.

FEATHER WEIGHT.—Knox College is not a "Boxing School."

ANSWER.—One is *black tea* and the other's *T. White*. What's the conundrum?

RABBIE BURNS.—This correspondent sends us a long prosy article, to which is appended a private note, which reads as follows : "If you think it worthy of an insertion put it in." We willingly comply with his request and "put it in"—the stove. If your feelings are wounded, try "Russia Salve" which is good for *burns*.

LAURA.—You are correctly informed. The beautiful blue trappings of the A. D. C. in waiting, which looked so lovely in the Box at the Opera, are the uniform of the Ottawa Fire Brigade. There seems to be ground for the report that the gentleman in question is often annoyed by the inquiry, "where's the fire?" It is believed that Rip Van Winkle had his eye on the Royal Box when he exclaimed, "Sich a pair of clothes!"

Our Society for Reconstructing Things.

My name is SAM, and as my views of life is rather sad,
The term of 'Sorrowful' my friends is often pleased to add;
And you may listen if you will, while I my lyric sings
About our new Society for Reconstructing Things.

To call a man a rowdy just because he is a Grit
Is not, to me at least, a proof of very brilliant wit;
Nor if a chap's a Tory need you tell him to his face
His mother "lifted" calico—if such is not the case.

And yet such is the style of politicians in this land;
But there are some as will not stoop to play so low a hand;
And we've agreed to elevate the things that we deplore,
And there's me, and JONES, and THOMPSON, and a half a dozen more.

And we have had a meeting where we did all disclose
A taste for reconstructing things I never could suppose;
And when I tell you what transpired, I think you will agree
That nothing could be finer, or more beautiful to see.

First THOMPSON moved that Britain was a lot of fossil bones,
When he was ably seconded by ALBERT EDWARD JONES;
And those same bones they rattled down and reconstructed there,
The British Empire on a plan which was extremely rare.

Then SMITH arose and proved, with his accustomed eloquence,
That parties was improper, and to him a great offence;
And also that the Parliament should pass an act to say
That parties should for ever cease, upon a given day.

Then we discussed the Senate, all its failings to denote,
And also whether women could be trusted with a vote;
And WILLIAM BROWN unfolded there in less than half-an-hour,
A scheme whereby minorities should always have the power.

Then little BINKS disclosed to us a project quite sublime
To make this land a mighty state, without regard to time;
But how it was, or when he'd start, or where, I can't recall,
But this I know that BINKS's views is singularly tall.

So now you know the planks of our association new,
We only want a candidate and we shall put him through;
And he'll have such a backing as was never known before,
For there's me and JONES and THOMPSON, and a half-a-dozen more.

Synonyms.

The following instances of different names for the same object have been carefully compiled for future use by those ingenious gentlemen who furnish papers of opposite political tendencies with intelligence flavored to suit their respective views. In reporting speeches &c., they will be found especially valuable.

Original Ideas.....Crude Notions.
An emphatic denial.....An equivocal reply.
An enthusiastic meeting.....A complete fizzle.
A brilliant speech.....A few vague remarks.
A crushing defeat.....A moral victory.
A forcible exposure.....A tissue of calumnies.
Satirical.....Would-be-witty.
Success.....Failure.
Gentleman.....Ruffian.
Black.....White.

It will be at once seen that the easy convertibility of these terms renders them with a large number of others of like tendency invaluable to the writers on both sides. If the reader will apply them to the *Globe* and *Mail* reports of the recent elections he will be surprised how easily they can be assimilated, or if required, made to change places.



PROTESTANT INFALLIBILITY;
OR, IS THE "CONFESSION" ABOVE THE BIBLE?

The Modern Leaguer.

In ancient times a "Leaguer" meant,
A sieged town or Tournament,
Where mailed knights in combat strove,
For glory—lands—or lady's glove.

In modern days the "Leaguer" means,
The dogan chief who shifts the scenes,
Who finds for "Paddy" place and room
Where "Biddy" plies her pan and broom.

Grip's Oracular Proclamation.

Whereas the *Globe* and *Mail* equally indignantly disclaim the posting of a certain green placard, NOW WE, GRIP proclaim that the individual who posted that infamous production (equally discreditable to, and discredited by, both parties) was

JACKMAN—the Bill-sticker.

N. B.—The Pope denies any share in its composition. He says "*non possumus*."

Nonsense Verses.

The Nizam of Hyderabad
Is a young man who hasn't a dad;
Says this hapless young orphan,
"I'll order my coffin
If I must see the Britisher cad."

A wily professor named GOLDWIN,
Was "gone for" by BROWN, as a "bold one";
So seeing his danger,
He at once turned a "Granger,"
That he might in our country a hold win.

A funny young man in Esqueseing,
Was proud of his wonderful sneezing;
Till in one of his throes,
He blew off his nose,
Which saved it from danger by freezing.

The Court of Chancery in Danger.

MR. WILLIAM MACWANDERER finding equity jurisprudence somewhat difficult to master at middle age, has formed the dire resolve of abolishing the Court of Chancery. Beware, sweet WILLIAM! the Court has summary jurisdiction over persons of unsound mind. We must remind you of that maxim dear to all Conservatives like yourself, "*ignorantia juris non excusat*." Though you are ignorant of law, that does not justify you in attacking the Court of Chancery.

Permit us also to call to your recollection the words of the well-known ballad:—

You are old, father WILLIAM, the young man cried,
And a fossil Conservative now;
You must give up reforming with MAT at your side
Or you'll find yourself in for a row.

The "Rupert of Debate."

ADAPTED FROM "NURSERY RHYMES" BY AN M. P. P.

There was a little man who all the members bored
So we gave him a pretty little sword—sword—sword;
And we put him in a chair,
Where we only saw his hair,
And we never heard his voice till he roared—roared—roared.

And before his little face there was borne the mighty mace,
With a very measured, slow, and solemn pace—pace—pace,
And he squared his little toes,
And upraised his little nose
As the Speaker led him gently to his place—place—place.

And whenever there he sat, he wore a little hat,
And called us all to order very pat—pat—pat;
And conned his little book,
With a very knowing look,
As 'neath the crimson canopy he sat—sat—sat.

But not contented yet, something higher he would get,
And to seat himself with OLIVER does fret—fret—fret;
So he climbs to MOWAT's ear,
And makes him quake with fear,
While he vows he'll have a cushion in the cabinet—net—net.

In Banco.

NEW SUITS.—The fashions are changing even on the Bench. The common Law judges are preparing to non-suit themselves. Their elegant pull-back silk dresses, which are said to date from the days of Elizabeth, having been assumed in delicate compliment to the virgin Queen, are to be discarded. It is believed that the Court of Chancery will take up the abandoned habits. They are to be transferred under the administration of justice act of course, as it enables the Courts of common Law to transfer cases—even of old clothes. A vesting order will complete the proceedings.

Epitaph.

TURNER's star's gone down,
Thus the shoe pinched him;
The *Globe* did him Brown,
And the League Lynched him.

Croaks and Pecks.

A GOOD "FOUR IN HAND." Four Aces.

THE CIVIL THING.—The civil service address to C. J. Harrison.

WHAT kind of stone is the most appropriate for building Free Schools?
Free stone.

THE HARBINGER OF WINTER.—The piping of the Water Commissioners.

TO BE KNOCKED INTO A COCKED HAT.—The next speaker; so hush!!

IF "Britannia rules the *mane*" is there any impropriety in calling her the "Lady of *Lions*?"

QUERY?—Were the planks of G. B.'s "Grand Stand" taken from the clear Grit platform?

It is said that Mr. BROWN, in compliment to the West Durham man, refuses to have any Durham bulls about Bow Park.

THE editor of the West Durham *News* should not be so fierce in the matter of Mr. BROWN's extremities. He is not responsible for them:

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends.

TIMES are very bad. A cobbler says the times want *mending*, that his *little awl* is insufficient to support him, awl-though he's the *last* to complain.

In the present condition of the city the Board of Works may as well display the familiar legend of "No Thoroughfare" at the angles of all the streets.

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDU.—It is understood that the Government will promptly consign to an asylum for insane, any M.P.P. who is insane enough to want a "Committee."

SMALL BOY.—(On removal of first course) "Mama, what's for *desert*?" (accent on first syllable).

MAMMA.—"Sandwiches of course.")

THE Prince of Wales is taking out to India a large number of costly presents. His presentation address will probably commence: "Know all men by these presents," &c.

NEW YORK is crazy to hear TITIENS in Opera. Pe-titiens numerously signed, accompanied by a guarantee fund, might opera-te successfully, and induce MARETZKE to change his mind.

SEAT WANTED!—The ex-speaker wants a seat in the cabinet:—MOWAT says there's none small enough. WELLS won't dig out, and is determined not to be sunk by the Premier's joke. Let WELLS' enough alone, as "all's well that ends WELLS."

HON. JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON remarked in his recent oration that he never reads anything written by the opponents of his party. We never heard of any one who was prepared to accuse him of reading any thing whatever—except the *Mail*!

THE NATION'S QUESTION ANSWERED.—If there is no difference in political principle between the *Mail* and the *Globe*, there is in theological views. The *Mail*, true to its instincts, asserts that Rev. Mr. MACDONNELL is right on the question of future punishment. In fact they will be damned if he isn't. The *Globe* takes the opposite view. "Better to rule in Hell than serve in Heaven!"

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PARLOR ORGANS are ranked by eminent musicians as the leading organ now in use. For the Church, Sabbath School, Lodge or Parlor they have no superior throughout the world. We challenge any manufacturer to equal them for sweetness and volume of tone. Where we have no agents we will allow any one wishing to buy the agent's discount. Agents wanted everywhere. Send stamp for list of testimonials and circular of this wonderful music-producing instrument. Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.**



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E. A. MEREDITH,

Deputy of the Minister
 of the Interior.

WILLIAM F. COFFIN,
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Ottawa, 3rd November, 1875.

HAND-IN-HAND

MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY.

Financial Statement for the Year
ending Dec. 31, 1874.

REVENUE.

Cash Premiums and Interest \$25,486 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims under Policies paid..... \$8,348 95

Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted

and waiting proof..... 750 00

Agents, Commission, Salaries, Directors

Fees, Office Rent, &c..... 6,192 73

Scrip Appropriation to Policy-holders

of 1874, on deposit in Royal Canadian

Bank, being forty per cent..... 10,194 45

W. H. HOWLAND, President.

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Audited and found correct.

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GEO. J. MAULSON, }

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.

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Advertisements and subscriptions received at the office, to which all communications should be addressed.

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References:—J. Stevenson, Quebec Bank; Dominion Bank, Toronto



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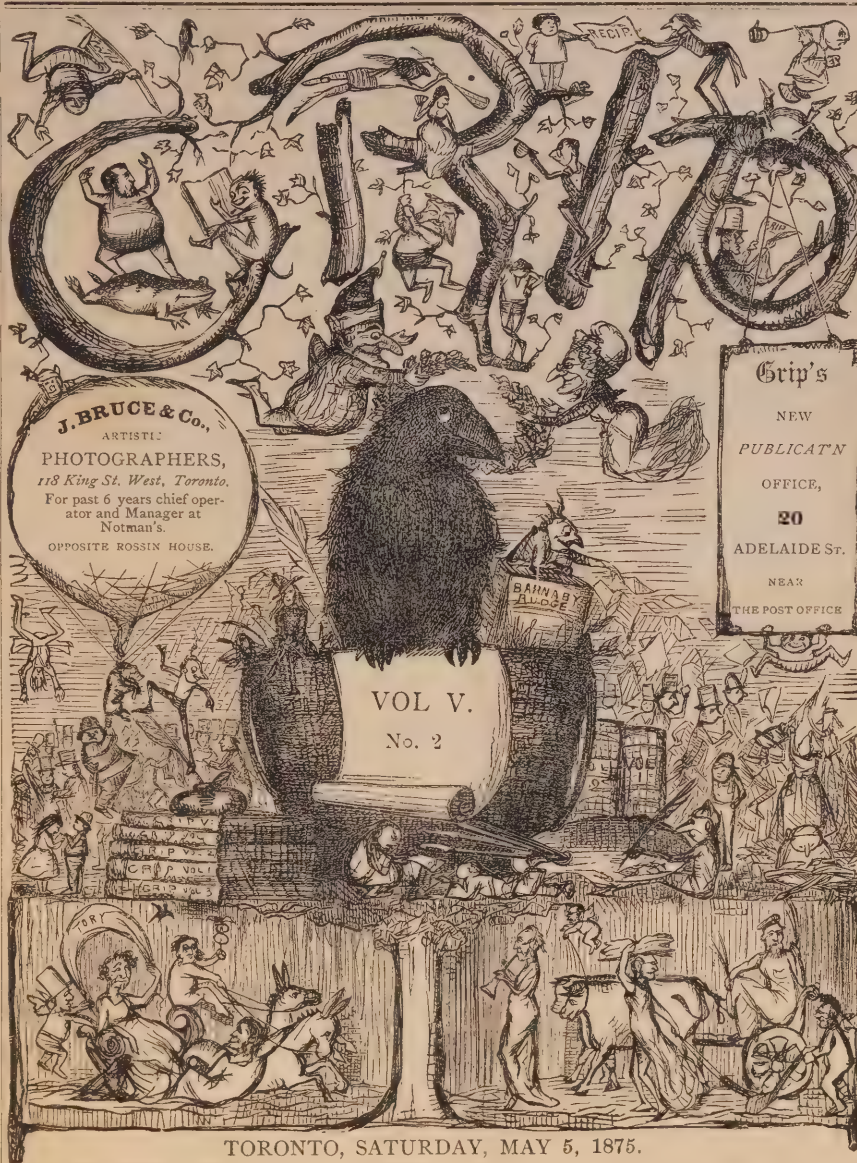
CAUTION.—In consequence of several inferior and spurious imitations being offered, which are obviously in disregard of our patent rights, since the Philadelphia Lawn Mower has become established, all persons are hereby cautioned against infringing thereon, whether as makers, sellers, or users, and we certify that the "genuine machine" is supplied in Canada by Mr. **WILLIAM RENNIE**, Toronto, our representative for the Dominion.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **Grip** office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **Grip** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of TWO DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RODGE.

The grabeat Beast is the Bos; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1875.

From Our Box.

GRIP thinks Toronto people might have done a little more in the way of turning out for Mr. and Mrs. HARRY RICH's benefit on Monday. Serve them right, they missed a good thing, for "Meg's Diversion" was very well played. MRS. RICH as the heroine tormented *Jasper Pigeon* in a provokingly natural manner, and in her turn was tortured by *Roland*. It was a great pity that her most telling scene in which CALDERON's picture of "Broken Vows" should have been realized was spoiled, and the *tableau* effect destroyed by some clumsiness in setting the scene. MR. RICH himself as the simple, rough and goodhearted carpenter *Jasper*, shewed a power of evolving the deep pathos that lurks behind the outward absurdities of the part. MR. CLARKE "created, so to speak" a very fair *Ashley Merton*, and the *Eyten* and *Jeremy Crox* of MESSRS. HERBERT and ROGERS were well acted, particularly the former, who was "not to be trifled with", and whose collapse at the end, when he found he had been, was very ludicrous. MRS. MORRISON looked and acted as well as ever in her favorite part of *Lady Teazle* in a scene from the "School for Scandal", and we were delighted with Mr. ROGER's *Sir Peter*. But, if young gentlemen persist in playing *Charles* and *Joseph Surface* in big black moustaches, something will have to be done. GRIP felt like ordering a tonsorial artist (modern African for barber) to be sent for, and having the delinquents shaved on the spot, as a fitting prelude to the jolly little farce of "Who killed Cock Robin?" By the way, they say that the importation of English sparrows will probably result in the demise of many robins. Can't be helped—nothing like changing the face of nature.

ERIN and the BRENNANS at the Royal. Mr. BRENNAN expounds his panorama of the Emerald Isle with clearness, and the scenes depicted are further illustrated by specimens of the

"Finest pisantry on a fruitful soil,"

who go through the national pastimes of whiskey drinking, fighting, love-making and dance the national jig with reckless enthusiasm and wild shrieks. "J. H. BANKS, its yourself that's the broth of a boy! As *Dublin Dan* you seem just in your element. For friend JOE in this part has full license to dance, sing, make faces, and play the fiddle, which last he does well, so well that it is almost a pity his performances are varied by sundry gymnastic feats, such as playing behind his back and over his head. In fact he seems to be able to play wherever he holds the instrument. Mrs. BRENNAN sang several songs very well, as did also Miss REILLY and the latter lady's jig with Mr. BANKS was worthy of Donnybrook itself. Mr. EDWARDS is sure to please those who like "Dutch" comedy. We fear we are not judges, or that there is something wrong with us, for we never had much affection for even *Hans Breitmann* himself. Altogether the show is a very pleasant one and well worth going to see.

Lots more shows coming along and the walls covered with gorgeous posters. The Humpty Dumpty troupe at Mrs. MORRISON'S, a circus and a wild beast show on the road, and goodness knows what next. "After that" as Paddy would say "comes a pig to be shaved."

The Coming (?) Ontario Ministry.

SCENE: King Street. Enter GRIP. To him Mr. M. C. CAMERON, smiling joyously.

GRIP. (log.) Good morning, MATTHEW. Let me congratulate you, if it is a little late, on the triumphant return of a good Conservative for South Simcoe.

MR. M. C. C. (Hesitatingly)—Ah, th-an-ks—th-a-n-ks.

GRIP—Now, between you and MAC. I look for an early defeat of that corrupt administration of MOWAT'S. The country has its eyes on you. It expects your accession to the benches.

MR. M. C. C. (Impassionately) We'll attain them, too, by the Jingo—we shall, by the Living Jingo!!

GRIP—Come now, no quoting from TOOLE in my presence. But I hope you may, old fellow. By the way, have you given the subject of a Cabinet any thought, in anticipation of being called upon to go to the wheel?

MR. M. C. C. You're shouting, I have! You bet I've got the thing all cut and dried. (Patting his vest-pocket significantly.)

GRIP—I am shocked to hear you speak in such a slangy manner. I am afraid you are already beginning to suffer from "evil association." But let us have the names, old boy.

MR. M. C. C. (Confidentially) Come in here.

(They enter a private parlour of the Rossin House. Mr. C. locks the door, closes the shutters, puts down the window blinds, peers carefully under the sofa, and finally seats himself behind an arm chair in a dark corner. GRIP perches on the table.)

GRIP—Come, hurry up,—I'm sincerely anxious to learn what you're "going to do about it."

MR. M. C. C.—Here they are. (Producing a piece of sheep-skin from his vest pocket.)

GRIP (Facetiously)—Sheepskin? Ah, quite appropriate. Proceed. MR. M. C. C. (Reluctantly, and with a slight blush, reads.)—"Attorney General—MR. M. C. CAMERON."

GRIP—Very good, so far; he's the best and purest man in your Party. MR. M. C. C.—I think so, sir. (Reads.)—"Provincial Secretary—HON. WM. MACDOUGALL."

GRIP—Good again. Immense improvement on MACKELLAR, who is so shockingly inconsistent and artful. By the bye, WILLIE held that office before, didn't he, when he was a Grit? Now, when he goes in, I hope we'll have no canoe couch extravagance, although I think the Province would pardon his purchasing a coat-of-many-colours and a stuffed chameleon, as emblematic decorations for the wall. But proceed.

MR. M. C. C. (Reads) "Premier—MR. M. C. CAMERON and MR. WM. MACDOUGALL."

GRIP—Better still! I see you don't propose to sacrifice your professional practice, and WILLIE can run the House while you're in court. Very sensible. You understand each other, I believe. He'll bring in the Radical measures while you preserve the old ones. A sort of marriage compact, with two worse halves. Go on.

MR. M. C. C. (clears his throat) "Treasurer"—(An awkward pause—GRIP rings for the waiter and orders ice-water for Mr. C. MR. C. moistens his lips and resumes)—"Treasurer—(ahem!)—MR. A. W. LAUDER." (MR. C. looks furtively towards the table and observes GRIP flopping around in a paroxysm of mingled mirth and distress.)

GRIP—(Recovering his composure) Pray proceed!!

MR. M. C. C. (Reads) "Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works—MR. CHAS. RYKERT (?)." (Explains) You see, I put his name down with a note of interrogation in brackets after it.

GRIP. Very thoughtful of you. Shows your capacity for the Premiership. Put another note before it, and one above and below.

MR. M. C. C.—Well, of course, if it comes to that, MR. MACDOUGALL can easily take that Department too.

GRIP—Of course, capitally! you'll find him an excellent harrower before long. Talk about MACKELLAR'S "fall ploughing." Why, old ARCHIE never could turn over his sods or hoe his own row as MAC has done. By all means, let him go to grass! Go on.

MR. M. C. C.—"Commissioner of Crown Lands—MR. BLANK"

GRIP (interrupting) Excellent, my dear Sir! that's the best of the lot. If the others were all as competent as "BLANK" they would have a clearer record! If—

MR. M. C. C. (Interrupting) You misunderstand me, I'm afraid—I merely put Mr. "BLANK" to indicate that that space is waiting to be filled up!

GRIP—Wherein it re-enables my crop at this moment, for I haven't had my dinner yet! Bye-bye, and lots of luck to you!

(Exit through an open window.)

Croaks and Pecks

A TEXT FOR HALTON. "Swear not at all."

WANTED, for chemical purposes—A lady dissolved in tears.

SINCE politicians' lie—abilities are so great, need we wonder that they sometimes fail?—(to keep their word.)

Why should a candidate for a seat in Parliament go and stop at the Queen's Royal Niagara Hotel? Because that's the way to WINNETT.

THE *Globe* seems to think that Dr. CANNIFF ought not to write on "Canadian Nationality,"—but we are of the opinion that the Dr. CANNIFF he likes.

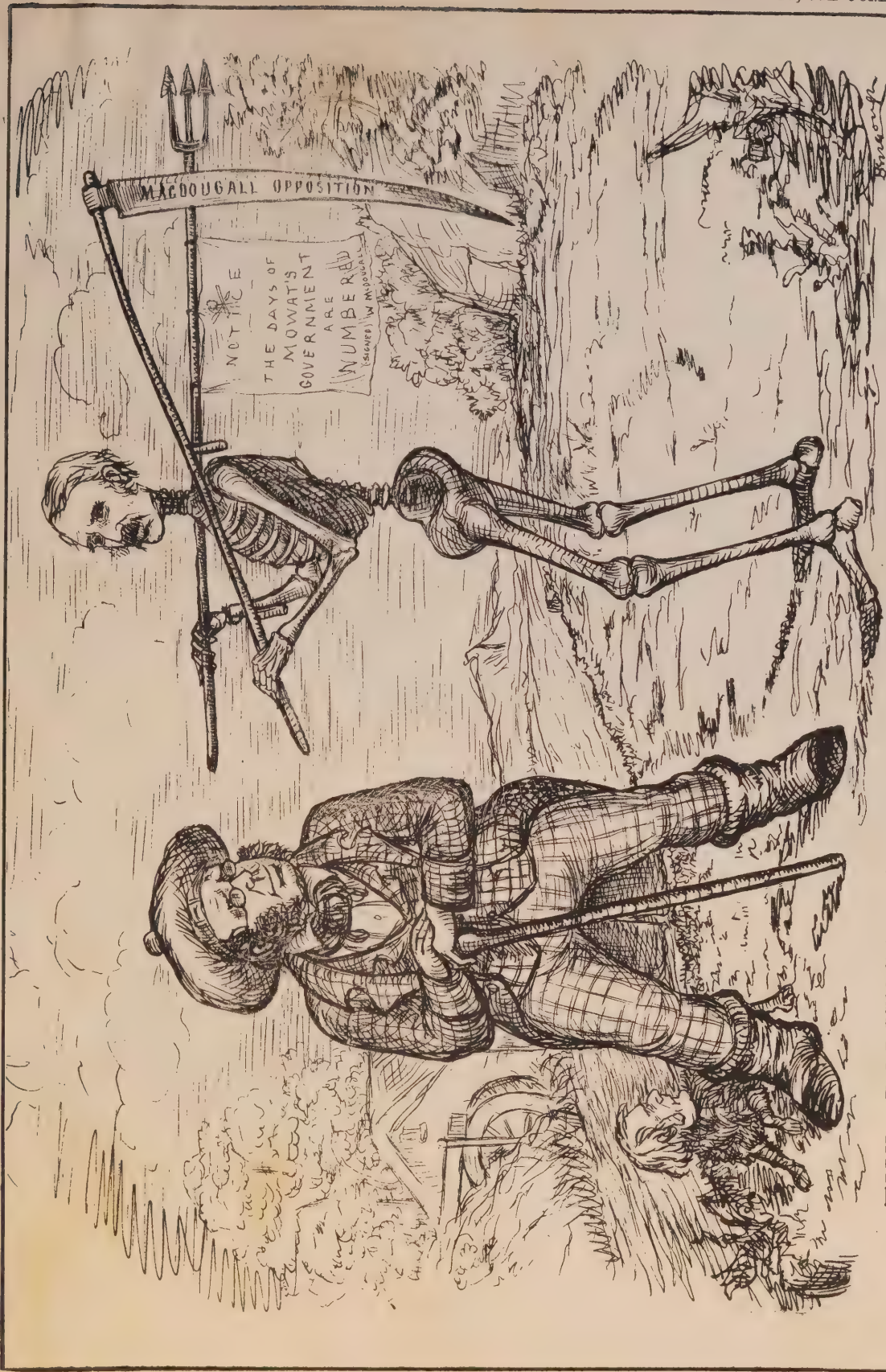
SUMMER is here, and the Old Sol makes it hot for this globe of ours. N. B. We don't mean the Toronto *Globe*. The *Liberal* makes it hot for it.

GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—If the Reformers of Centre Toronto serenaded their member they would transform him into SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD—SIR-and-A-ed him,—don't you see?

The Peterborough *Times* announces the *Annual Monthly* meeting of the Game Preservation Society of that place. An excellent object, but how often are their meetings held?

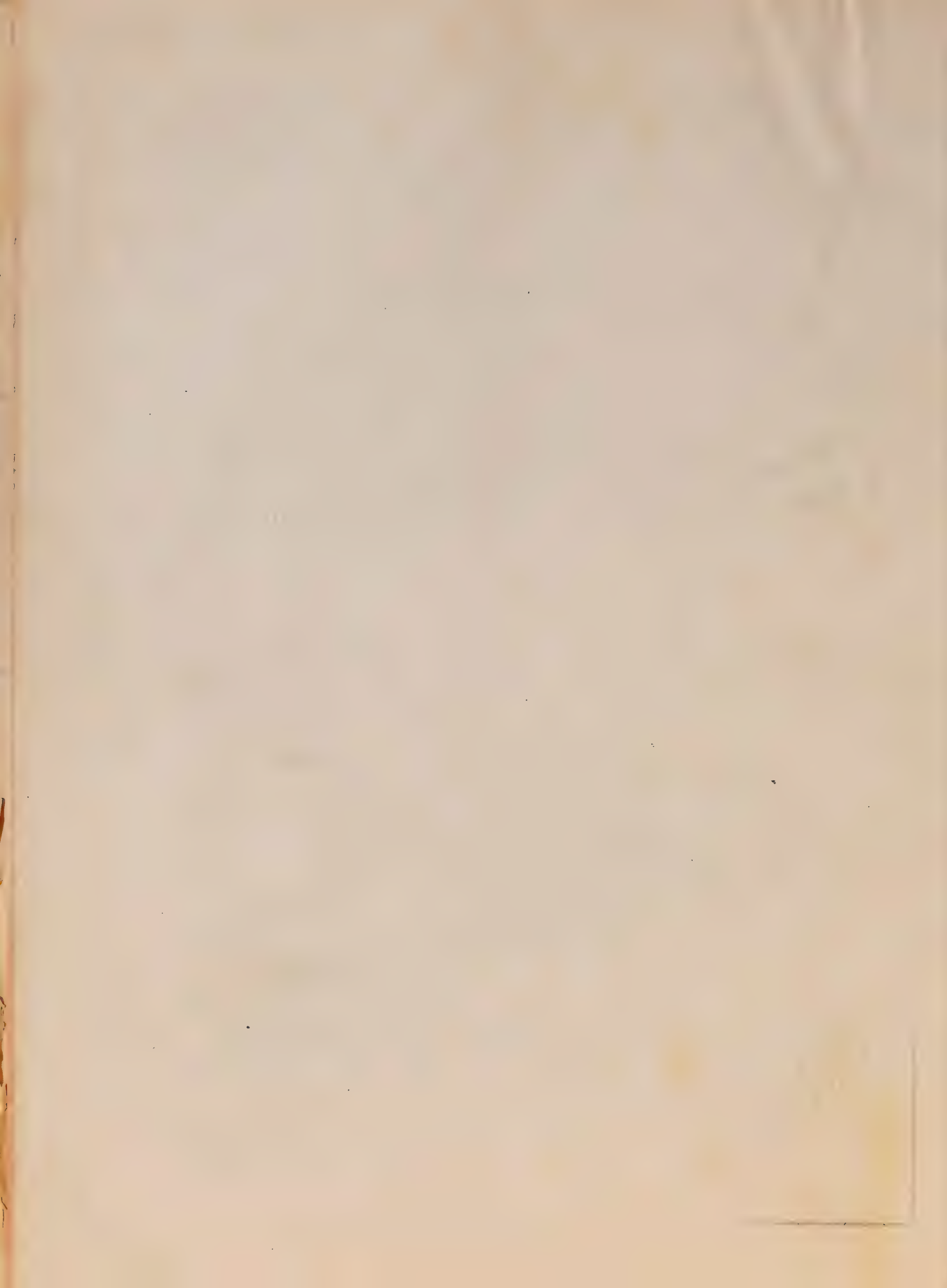
"CANADA FIRST" has scored a glorious victory, proving that it has not departed this life as its detractors assert. It is a Keenansville baseball club, and beat an Athlone club by ten runs.

THE *Aylmer Paper* records a singular case of precocity on the part of one of our great public men. It informs us that Professor GOLDWIN SMITH was born in 1853 and called to the bar in 1847.



THE POLITICAL "DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK."

DR. HORNBOOK MOWAT—"Guid faith, ye're maybe come to stap my breath."—Burns' Poems.





"MR. MACKENZIE left for ENGLAND yesterday. HON. GEO. BROWN sails for the same destination shortly".—*Daily paper*. "He can't allow MAC. to get out of his sight"—*Sun*.

ALEX.—I thocht tae hae a quiet time
Across the broad Atlantic,
But losh! the fellow in yon tub
Has spoiled my dream romantic!

I micht ha' known I couldna' fly,
Beyond the globe's dominions,
Nor hope while livin' on the *Globe*
To 'scape frae his opinions!

JOHN BULL.—Go back, both of you!!

Ode to Vulcan—After Horace.

ARGUMENT:—The Hon. GEORGE BROWN prays VULCAN for the safety of ALEX MACKENZIE, departing by train to Quebec, *en route* for England; and moralises on the dangerous pace of "things" generally, in these fast times:—

GREAT VULCAN! look wi' favourin' eyes
On yonder train whilk roarin' flies
To where Quebec's old housetops rise!
An' thou, guid driver! quaff
Nae potent rye, wi' drunken crash
Lest thou 'gainst ither engines dash
An' hurry to immortal smash
Dear MAC.—my souls best half!

Yon chiels maun hae, without a joke,
Limbs made of iron, hearts o' oak,
Wha in yon coaches bold do poke
Themselves, nor e'er alarm
Their souls to think from slumber wakin',
Roused by a muckle dreadit' shakin',
They'll find, down some embankment taken,
They're minus leg, or arm!

But ah! what danger does he fear
Wha, when election time is near,
An' mobs inspired by rye, or beer,
Tumultuous round him pour,
On platform perched beholds from high
The sticks whilk wave, the stanes whilk fly,
(Meant, perhaps, to hit him in the eye)
Nor trembles at their roar!

Hech! often as ane walks the streets,
Fu' fearfu' sights ane's vision greets;
Yon *Liberal* placards whilk ane meets,
They tak ane's breath awa';
Yon *Nation* too, an bad, bold *Mail*,—
Eh! terrors sair my mind assail,
Lest judgments on us het should hail,
Sae wicked noo men are!

Some think J. A. is quite a god;
Some thousands bow to GOLDWIN's nod;
In fact ilk hour new marvels odd
To mortals is displayin',
Great JUPITER! for mercy's sake,
Me to some ither planet take,
For at this rate we soon will make
This world too hot to stay in!

"Death and Doctor Hornbook."

(As related by Dr. HORNBOOK MOWAT, who vouches for the truthfulness of the matter, but acknowledges his indebtedness to ROBBY BURNS for most of the words.)

(See Cartoon.)

The ale o' Power had made me canty,
I was na' fou, but just had plenty,
I stachred whyles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches;
An' Opposition slanders kenn'd aye
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The session moon began to glow'r
The fair Ontario hills out-owre,
To count my force wi' a' my pow'r
I set mysel',
But whether I had less or more
I couldna' tell.

I was come round South Simcoe's hill,
Late scene of Wandering WILLIE's mill
Wi' our DINWOODIE, (wham said BILL
Made even sicker
Than men are made wha test their skill
At drinkin' liquor.

I there wi' something did forgother,
That put me in an eerie swither:
An awfu' scythe out-owre ae shouther
Clean dangling, hang;
A three-taed leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

An' frae this in a drooped position
A flag hang, wi' this proposition:
"MOWAT, this coming Local session
Shall see thee fade;"
The scythe—"MACDOUGALL's opposition"
Bore on its blade.

It spak—"My name, to you, means *Death*;
You'll find it so!" Quo' I, "Guid faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath,
But tent me, BILLY,
See, there's a gully!

"Guidman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try it's mettle,
But if I did I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd,
I wad na' mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel," says I, "a bargain be't;
Come, gie's your haun' and sae we'er gree't;
We'll ease our shanks an' tak' a seat,
Come, gie's your news,
This while ye hae been many a gate
At mony a house!"
"Ay, ay," quo' he, an' shook his head—

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We haven't room for any more of this interesting narrative; besides, everybody knows the history of the strange person's wanderings.

"KING CHARLES walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off." But this is nothing to a Windsor baby, who has had his little head amputated and yet it survives. It is true he had two to start with.

SOME of our contemporaries are recommending each other a fish diet, which is said to be excellent brain-food. To judge from the way some of them make use of others' ideas, we fear that "suckers" have mainly constituted the diet of those who tried the experiment.

THE May number of *Church Chimes* is received. We are somewhat doubtful of the success of this venture, as the field for comic journalism is a limited one. Our contemporary is a sprightly, sparkling little sheet, however, brimful of good things, but we are afraid it is too much given to treating upon subjects which hardly fall within the especial province of a humorous publication. The monthly burlesques of the saints are in the worst possible taste. We are not actuated by anything like jealousy of the notoriety of our little neighbour, in a sphere which in these days of the multiplication of newspapers we can hardly hope to monopolize, but we do think that its writers might find an ample outlet for their flow of brilliant humor and sarcasm without the frequent allusions to sacred things which are calculated to lower an otherwise excellent publication in the estimation of the respectable portion of society.

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Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted
and waiting proof..... 750 00
Agents, Commission, Salaries, Directors
Fees, Office Rent, &c..... 6,192 73
Scrip Appropriation to Policy-holders
of 1874, on deposit in Royal Canadian
Bank, being forty per cent.... 10,194 45

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.

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Advertisements and subscriptions received at the office, to which all communications should be addressed.

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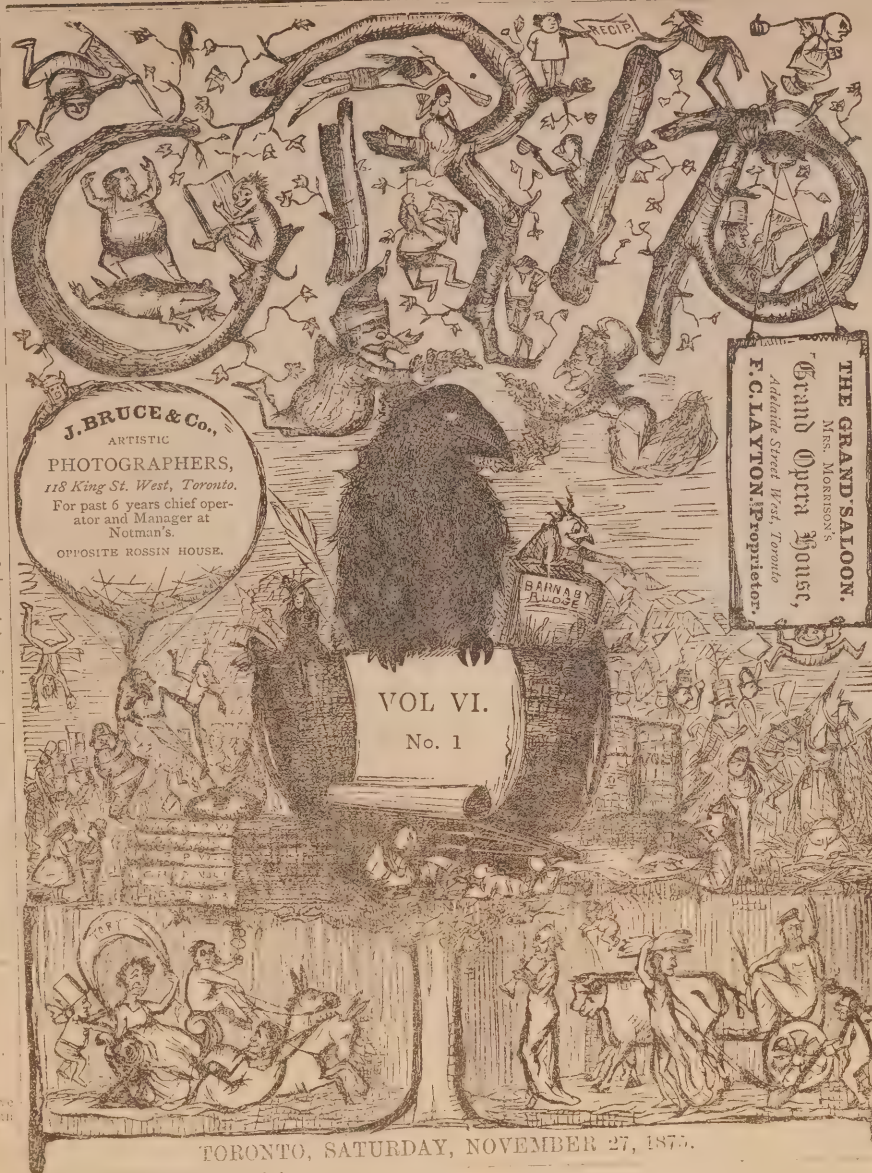
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Jew; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

ALD. FARLEY.—We sympathise with you. All that was meant was that you showed yourself a fur bearing animal.

ALD. BALL.—Yes, you should be Water Commissioner. No one wishes to see three BALLS in the Council.

The Ball at Government House.

(By our own Social Parasite.)

On Tuesday night one of the most splendid and well-managed balls that Toronto has known was given at Government House. We gladly pay our tribute of praise to the generous hospitality of the new regime.

In spite of the vast crowd assembled at the ball, there are no casualties or unpleasantness to record. The mob was good humoured throughout, and on the whole bore the inevitable jostling without profanity. About the time supper was announced a disturbance was for a few moments anticipated. However the rumour that the Mayor was sent for, with the request that he would attend with a copy of the Riot Act and a legal adviser, is absolutely unfounded. We are also able to state the gratifying fact that there is no sensible diminution in the number of the vice-regal spoons, and that most of the guests went away with no better hats and coats than they came in. This is very creditable and implies self-restraint on the part of the guests, as well as good management on the part of the host. It is all the more satisfactory, as both the City Council and the Local Legislature were largely represented.

The military lent brilliancy to the scene by their uniforms. It is only just to say that they managed their accoutrements with much dexterity. We did not observe any officer with his sword between his legs, or in any other situation calculated to produce trouble. We dare say that some of those gallant young soldiers had not before Tuesday night smelt powder. They saw however on this occasion a good many engagements, and a very considerable amount of powder.

As we gazed on the brilliant scene, we naturally became poetic. Certain not unfamiliar lines came into our mind.

A thousand hearts beat happily: and when
Music arose, with the voluptuous Swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
But hush! hark!—a fierce sound strikes like a rising yell.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel!

This we beg to state was the piper preparing for the Scotch reel. The sound of the pibroch, "savage and shrill," created some sensation. As the crowd surged in the direction of the noise, one old lady asked us if the kitchen-chimney was on fire. We were unable to watch the performance of this primitive and pleasing step, but we are credibly informed that between the Hon. GEORGE BROWN and Mr. KENNETH MACKENZIE, must be divided the honours of persistent and vigorous dancing. As we were leaving we learnt that these two lively individuals were in one of their most meritorious paroxysms.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No rest till morn when YOUTH and PLEASURE meet!

we muttered, as we stepped into a cab which has yet to be paid for.

R. I. P.

"The Bishop of Ripon, having been appealed to against the refusal of the incumbent of Marsden to allow the words *"requiescat in pace"* to be cut on a tombstone, has agreed with the rev. gentleman's decision, and pointed out that these words really constitute a prayer for the dead, which is against true Protestant belief, though quite in harmony with Roman Catholic doctrine."

It is all very fine for the Bishop of Ripon
To forbid R. I. P. to be cut upon stone,
For it is very certain in GRIP's poor opinion
That this Bishop will have R. I. P. on his own.



Opening of the Ontario Legislature.

(By our own Correspondent who was not there.)

Seldom has Phœbus driven the 'Sun' into such a corner as that of yesterday. A wild west wind with drifting flakes of snow, marred the manly beauty and pinched the noses of the gallant cavalcade that with glistening helmets and martial ardour determined to protect His Honour the Lieutenant Governor in his perilous progress between Government House and the Parliament Buildings, or die in the attempt. And a good many of them dyed—their moustaches. But we anticipate the course of events. At precisely 2.15 p. m. the front of the Halls of Legislature was enlivened by a small boy in a red comforter and ditto nose. At 2.30 the concourse was swelled by an applewoman with a baggy umbrella. At 2.35 dashed up a one horse cab—not a handsome one—and a splendid carriage and pair, and from them alit, in due order of precedence, the twin brothers of the German Empire and the Netherlands clad in cocked hats. Finding there was no one round, they re-embarked for a drive round the block. Then arrived a detachment of the gallant Q. O. R., headed by their Suckling band, having green and red shaving brushes on their busbies, to indicate that they were ready to lather anybody, and sh(ave themselves. After halting into their places, and dressing themselves, they looked all attention while their officer told them to 'stan'atees'. He then said 'shun' as the four wheeled quadruped containing the German Empire rolled up followed by the Netherlands, whereupon the rear rank man on the left presented arms prematurely, and was severely looked at by the officer. (This man has since, we understand been presented with the Iron Cross, and made a K. N. L. privately—being a private.) At this stage of the proceedings, a stout party with a boiled lobster coat, and feathers on his head, like a polish fowl (in language more foul than polished) reviewed the troops with a martial eye, until alarmed by the explosion of a gun from the artillery, he ran to cover in the buildings with true soldierly instinct, and got behind the speaker's chair. After this masterly retreat, and when the echo of the seventh gun had caused a spasmodic action in the applewoman's spine, two cavaliers with carbine on thigh, dashed up, followed in irregular order by others of a similar description bearing swords as if they knew they would cut. Their fears were groundless, as their swords were not ground. Following them in a covered cab of a private nature, came the representative of Her Majesty, as the in's say, and the representative of the Federal Government as the out's say, attended by an aide-de-camp in waiting (how can he de-camp and be in waiting at the same time) clad in the gorgeous full dress costume of the Ottawa Fire Brigade, borrowed for the occasion, and which he wears as his position of private secretary to a civil governor precludes his wearing military uniform, and farther accompanied by a military biped in boiled lobster raiment, evidently the hen bird to the old cock that wouldn't fight at an earlier stage of the proceedings. The illustrious trio disappeared within the Legislative Halls—the last notes of the National Anthem died on the ear—the victorious "Queen's Own" ordered arms from the Present, and all was peace. When again the clarions rang out their wild alarm, and the trooper on the grey horse had whacked him into line with the flat of his sword, your correspondent retired, with a sense of injustice in that a minion of the law had prevented his entering upon the arena of politics—the floor of the House—because he was not the possessor of a pink pasteboard. The troops entangled themselves in mystic evolutions, the band woke the echoes with the lively drum, and the First Session of the Fifth Parliament of Ontario was left to the agreeable duty of electing a speaker they didn't want, without the aid of your

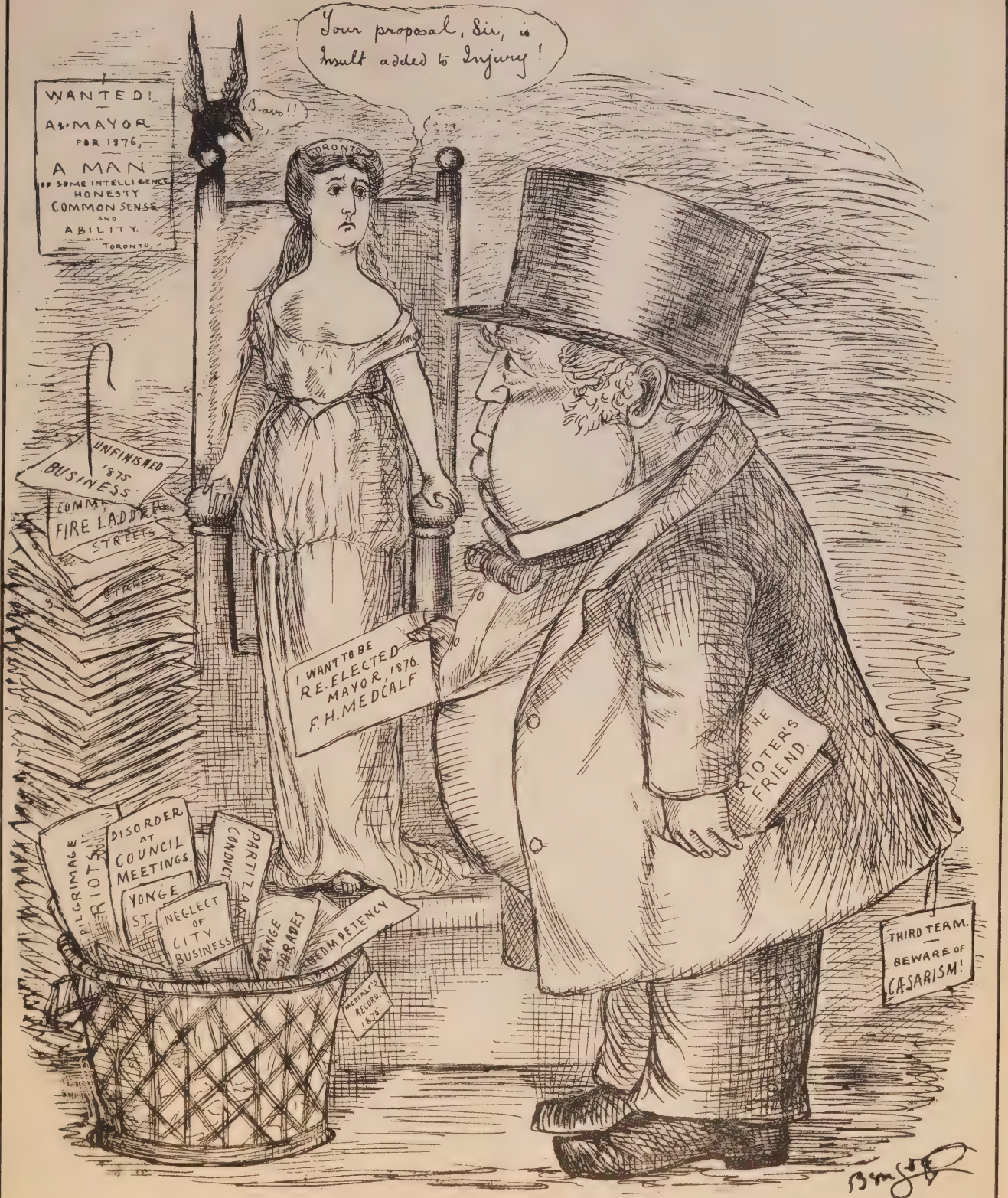
CORRESPONDENT.

The Mayoralty.

MAYOR MEDCALF.—MR. MEDCALF does not desire to be re-elected Mayor. He is as coy as a maiden on the subject. He won't run—he does not like to run—he hates to run—he has done his duty to his fellow citizens—and, poor old patriot, he is weary of serving his country. He is anxious to be rid of responsibility. His solicitude for the welfare of all has been a dreadful strain upon his powers; his anxiety respecting the due payment of his salary has depressed his spirits. So he will not be a candidate save on the strongest pressure.

The Imperial Crown.

It would appear from a late letter of the eminent Irish orator Mr. D—V—N that some one has been offering him an Imperial crown, which he has very properly declined. An imperial quart would perhaps have been more to the taste of an Irishman. The same letter refers to a Scotchman who so far outraged all the traditions of his race as to offer the writer money—probably the crown referred to, or more likely only half a crown. Mr. D—V—N's own fidelity to national idiosyncrasies naturally make him indignant at the treason of the Scotchman. As a mere matter of curiosity however, we would like to see that Scotchman.



THE IRREPRESSIBLE CANDIDATE.

His Honor the Lieutenant Governor's Speech.**Honourable Gentlemen,**

I congratulate you upon your success in electing Mr. WELLS Speaker notwithstanding the effort of Mr. HODGINS' friends to beget trouble in the Ministerial ranks. Mr. WELLS is a very dignified young man and does credit to his cocked hat. Mr. HODGINS left himself in the hands of his friends and is there yet.

The Election Law has worked severely and hurt the feelings of a great many. Hence my advisers will endeavour to counteract its results by qualifying once more those who have enjoyed a period of temporary disqualification. An Act will be introduced to whitewash BARBER & Co.

Gentlemen,

I drop the word honourable advisedly as how I speak of railways. My government has been duly persecuted during recess by the everlasting railway men. Mr. LAIDLAW and his friend have been at them and worried them with great rigour. In consequence all railway companies will have another haul from the public chest.

Honourable Gentlemen,

The numerous Emigration Agents appointed by my government are hard at work earning their salaries and have qualified themselves to become M. P.'s in England. There are some rocks in Muskoka yet to be inhabited.

I have visited many public institutions in the Province and have been very much pleased with the jails. These places of confinement are deservedly popular and attract large support.

The Consolidation of the Statutes is proceeding steadily. The Consolidators find great difficulty in keeping pace with legislation but in the course of forty or fifty years they will be ready to report progress and ask leave to sit again for a century.

The creation of the office of Minister of Education has been rendered necessary by the vagaries of Dr. RYERSON. Its occupant will have to pass a preliminary examination in the three R's before being admitted to the Council Table. This severe test will it is hoped secure a competent adviser to the Crown.

There is a large surplus so be active in exhausting it before the next government comes into power.

Coming Political Events.

In advance of all our contemporaries we have secured from the MOWAT Government some indications of the principal measures they intend to lay before the House during the coming session of the Ontario Legislature.

1. A bill to incorporate the Catholic League and to render it imperative on all Catholics to support such candidates as Messrs. O'DONOHUE and MERRICK approve of.

2. A bill to further amend the act further amending all previous amendments to the Municipal Law by rendering Mayor MEDCALF ineligible for the office of Mayor of Toronto until the Conservatives again come into power.

3. A bill to gerrymander all constituencies not sufficiently gerrymandered for Grit purposes.

4. A bill to whitewash BARBER and all good Grits who may be unfortunate enough to be disqualified for bribery and corruption.

5. A bill relative to the protection of insectivorous birds.

6. A bill to facilitate the appointment of Catholics to all situations in the Parliament Buildings.

7. A bill to enliven the proceedings of the Court of Chancery for the benefit of Hon. Mr. McDougall.

The Opposition have not disclosed their policy but we take it for granted from recent utterances of the Hon. M. C. CAMERON that they are prepared to oppose the Government tooth and nail, in season and out of season, at all points and in all points.

The Hon. W. McDougall is preparing bills night and day. A few of his productions so far, are—a bill to abolish the Court of Chancery; a bill to set everybody by the ears; a bill to abolish the Mace and the Speaker's cocked hat.

Mrs. MARROWFAT ON McNUTT.—McNUTT, who was sentenced to death for murdering a sailor in St. John, N. B., has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. Mrs. MARROWFAT hearing of it says she's glad to hear that poor McNUTT's sentence is computed.—She don't believe in capital punishment and thinks the Plenipotentiary for life is hard enough, especially in his case where there was so much interdictory evidence. She says she always had a great sympathy for him and hoped he would have been able to prove a 'lullaby' which would have proved exclusively that he wasn't not there.

Nonsense Verses.

On a street in a suburb called Bloor,
Live some nice girls, quite pretty, but poor:
Who, 'tis well understood,
Would wed if they could,
But no suitors have yet come to Bloor.
(I don't know the reason I'm sure:
Would they come if the maidens were fewer?)
Ed.

There was a young maid of Orillia,
Who when her fond lover said, "Will ye?
Just fix on the day?"
Cried, "O get away!"
This bashful young maid of Orillia.

A grandfather living at Mimico,
Invented a patent alchymic hoe,
To make thistles and weeds
Bear the choicest of seeds—
Why did ARCHY sell out at Mimico?

There lived a young man in New York,
Who could stand on one leg like a stork,
And what was more queer
With his toe scratch his ear,
Could this agile young man of New York.

There was a young man lived in Cobocok,
Who was given by nature a noble conk,
And whenever he blew it,
An echo rang through it,
That alarmed all the children of Cobocok.

Croaks and Pecks.

Is the religion of the mussulman a shel-fish religion?

PULL-BACK whiskers is the latest style for gentlemen.

PRIVATE BILLS.—GRIP intends to take no notice of other people's private bills. He has enough of his own to think about.

THE reason why Mr. WELLS was elected to the speaker's chair is evident—Mr. ABRAHAM LAUDER was the opposition candidate.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH (or some one over his signature) has sent us a poem of 400 verses on the subject of Canadian Independence. We have sent them to Dr. RYERSON.

MR. ANGUS MORRISON is out in his tartan "breeks." In order to get the better of him Mr. MEDCALF is going out to canvass in the gorgeous gown he purchased for the Lord Mayor's Show.

AN EXTINCT INSTITUTION.—The Catholic League has been ruined by the West Toronto election. Mr. O'DONOHUE has resigned the Presidency, and Mr. MERRICK has declined to represent any longer the fictitious membership. Even TERRY CLARKE has resigned the secretaryship. *Vale, extinct monstrosity?*

WATER COMMISSION.—Mr. BAXTER wishes to be elected one of the Water Commissioners on the strength of his vast consumption of the beverage which temperance men do most affect. He has no liking for the salary attached to the position. In the latter respect he is only on a par with Mayor MEDCALF, who despises money, especially public money.

THERE are certain circumstances in which a fertile brane cood itself invente a good hint: for instans, if you c the fello moving on his chare yu might begg him to sta a little longer as if you expected he was going: but it requires considerabel femenin tacket to urg a man to stay in sutch a maner that he shud fele compeled to depart. (From an unpublished volume "Hints, for the use of yung feemails," by *Joking Jerry*.)

THE LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.—We understand that a Liberal Association has been formed in Toronto for the purpose of undermining Christianity. So far as its members are concerned, the Association has been eminently successful. COMTE's philosophy was discussed at the last meeting, and an organ-grinder present demolished JOHN STUART MILL's arguments against the eminent Frenchman's religious theory.

Mr. MEDCALF is, as usual, a candidate for the Mayoralty. He is determined to stand on the strength of his toes which are said to be square. He has carefully put away last year's salary in City Debentures—so it is said. He has distributed none of it in charity—so it is said. He has filled the chair with dignity, urbanity, insanity and humanity—so it is said. He has got up a gorgeous new gown which he keeps for dining in at Lord Mayor's festival and he intends to present it to his successor—so it is said.

THE MAYORALTY!**YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE**

At the coming Election, are kindly
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ANGUS MORRISON.

The Election takes place on Monday, 3rd
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L. Wilkinson, P.L.S., on view in the hands of Botsford &
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The lots and buildings thereon will be sold together

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By order of the Hon. the Minister of the Interior.

E. A. MEREDITH,

Deputy of the Minister
of the Interior.

WILLIAM F. COFFIN,
Commissioner of Ordnance
and Admiralty Lands.

Ottawa, 3rd November, 1875.

HAND-IN-HAND

MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY.

**Financial Statement for the Year
ending Dec. 31, 1874.**

REVENUE.

Cash Premiums and Interest \$25,486 13
DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims under Policies paid \$8,348 95

Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted

and waiting proof 750 00

Agents, Commission, Salaries, Direc-

tors Fees, Office Rent, &c. 6,192 73

Scrip Appropriation to Policy-holders

of 1874, on deposit in Royal Cana-

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..... \$25,486 13

W. H. HOWLAND, President.

HUGH SCOTT, Manager & Sec'y.

Audited and found correct.

ERNEST G. PULFORD, } Auditors.

GEO. J. MAULSON, }

Rates accepted on all Descriptions of Insurable Property.

Rates fixed with regard to the Laws of Average. All the

Profits divided among Policy-holders annually.

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Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.

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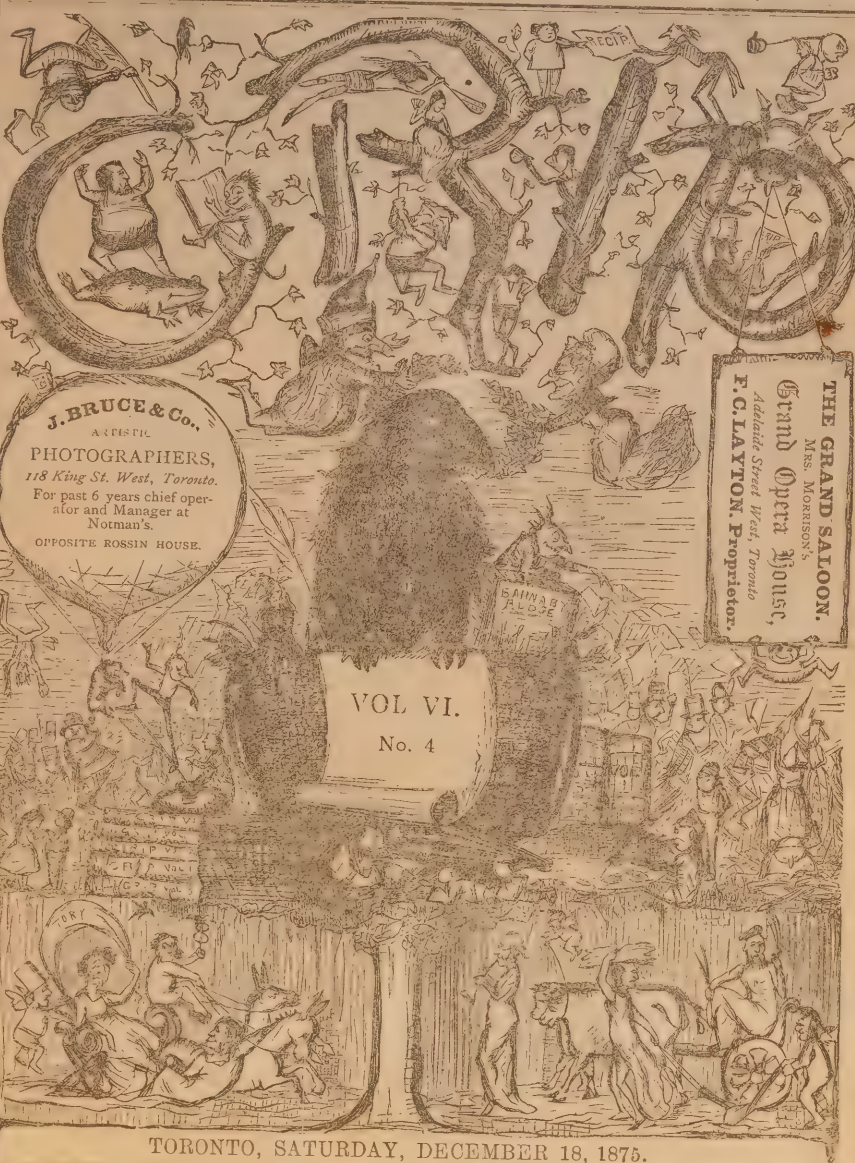
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1875.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.*

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In the matter of Life Insurance interests the "Union Mutual" is among the best Companies doing business in Canada. Last year this Company increased the amount previously at risk by \$1,100,000, being larger than any other Company local or foreign doing business in the country, and whilst other Companies may show a larger business for the year still the true test is the Balance between the figures at the Beginning and the Ending of the year, and judged from this stand-point, this old and progressive Company has taken the lead of all competitors.---**KINGSTON DAILY NEWS.**

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will for the present, be paid for at rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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SHOES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Special attention given to measurement.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGIF.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, 1875.

From our Box.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—MR. EDWIN ADAMS takes his benefit to-night (Friday) in *Enoch Arden*. He is a good actor and this is his finest role. The Laureate has himself recognized the great merit of Mr. ADAM'S representation of the heroism immortalized in his beautiful poem.

On Monday amateurs of the Toronto Cricket Club will present "The Pride of the Market," with the assistance of Mrs. MORRISON and Miss MARY DAVENPORT. In the second innings a leg-hit-itimate drama called "Bowl Him Out" will be played. Some capital hits, stump-speeches, and effective bye-play may be anticipated. Swiping however will not be countenanced. Lovers of point (or cover-point for that matter) in the cricket field, or behind the footlights should not fail to be present.

THE Royal Opera House is again open with the 'Overland Route' as a trial piece. Mr. FYFFE as *Dexter* shows little dexterity for such a part. We commend to his attention a properly accentuated geography, that his mispronunciation of Indian names may no longer injure our ears. Likewise that *Sir Sydney Smith* was more famed for heroic deeds than witty sayings. Mr. DEGRAT would also do well to remember that aged British diplomatists do not affect the Dundreary goose step introduced by Mr. SOTHERN. Miss DOLLY BIDWELL, bids well to be a favorite if she would restrain her vivacity in the part of *Mrs. Seabright*. Mr. BELVILLE RYAN'S *M. Lovibond* was an excellent piece of comic acting. Miss VIOLET CAMPBELL has evident capacity, and performed the part of *Mrs. Lovibond* remarkably well. The piece was well put on, the scenic effects of the second act being particularly good. The orchestra rendered not a few hideous by their inharmonious strains.

Twin Pictures.

Drawn with a raven's quill by our special artist.

THE HON. J. B. LOVE EASE.

WHY this amiable and eminently unpractical gentleman should forsake his home comforts, his easily managed business, and his Samia cronies, to encounter the hurly-burly of the Ontario Legislature, is one of those things that no fellow can tell. Why should he vex his soul with things he neither knows nor cares anything about? Would not the Government be able to worry out a precarious existence without his presence at the Council Board? And it is said that he would willingly forego the sweets of office, did not his colleagues fear that the starting of even so slight a rivet would loosen the bands that bind them to power. Perchance the dread of fleeing from ills they have to others that they know not of, may influence them in continuing their convulsive grasp upon the honorable and unwilling sharer of their councils. So he still slumbers nightly in his chair, or airs his genial humours in the lobbies. But because he is thus *faincant* and indolent, it must not be supposed that he possesses no moral force or strength of character. On the contrary, were he allied to men of energy and will,—were he allowed the strength of his opinions,—had he not been subdued into a *'laissez faire'* idleness by the wavering policy of the administration,—he possesses strength of convictions, and soundness of principle, that would have rendered him an able and patriotic minister. He has leanings towards nationalism which he dare not discover;—he abhors party in his inmost heart, and longs for the downfall of the Dictatorship;—his honesty revolts at the quibbles and petty dishonesties that the exigencies of the Government force him to countenance;—and from his inmost soul he hates the bother and complications that harass the holders of office. Personally he is genial, good-tempered and somnolent. The only draw-back to his complete social enjoyment, is the recollection that his worthy father was a teetotaler. He prefers a snug party with their knees under the Speaker's mahogany, to the clatter of contending politicians in the House. If a bill could be introduced to abolish meetings of Parliament he would be completely happy, and would do his half-hour-a-day office work, and feel that he was discharging the whole duty of man. He wears a hat brush under his chin, shews his teeth when he smiles, and has a penchant for his old clothes. It is a matter of surprise that he does not wear slippers and a dressing gown, and introduce a canoe couch (damask into the Legislative Chambers for his greater convenience and comfort. He likes ease.

W. R. MERIT—IT, M.P.P.

It is only a question of time as to the prefix of "Honourable" to the name of this gentleman as a title—not as an indication of character. Possessing advanced ideas, and a fair power of giving them expression, he is Conservative only by birth and prejudice, Liberal in all else. His dislike to appear conspicuous, and anxiety to avoid disagreeableness, check him in many differences of opinion with his narrow-minded leader; and he allows himself to be misconstrued rather than appear quarrelsome or factious. With these idiosyncracies, his parliamentary career is characterized with more of the *'laissez faire'* than is consistent with his true character. Were he to exert his strength, and test his standing in the House, he would be surprised to find that he ranks second to none in his reputation for sound sense and ability, and would be more popular as a leader than his present chief or his Lieutenant. Certain it is, that he ranks third upon the opposition benches, and possesses that great merit for a leader—a clear record. Of prepossessing personal appearance, and shewing indisputable marks of education and refinement, he is a great favourite with the Ladies Gallery, and frequently relieved the tedium of a wearisome debate by his pranks with the late member for Frontenac's spectacles. His appearance is gentlemanly, and his clothes are made for him. Without affecting the dandyism of the member for South Brant, he is sufficiently particular to shew that he is a man of society and *savoir faire*. For the rest, his history is still to come; and with the position he has achieved at his age, it should be that of a man of mark.

Nonsense Verse.

There was a young man of Port Hope,
Who with a sweet girl did elope,
But his father was wroth,
And kerwolloped that broth
Of a boy, with the end of a rope.

The Traveller in New Brunswick.

DEAR GRIP,

In compliance with your commands, and with an eye to future remittances, I proceed to tell you all about St. John.

MR. MACKENZIE was here lately and told the inhabitants all about everything else, and it is but fair to tell all about them in return.

There are several different ways of getting here, partly depending on where you come from. You can come by sea or by land, and you might come in a balloon, but this is an uncertain class of conveyance, and you had better not. The approach by sea is on the main, rocky. It is also exceedingly rocky on the Maine.

The early history of St. John goes back to remote antiquity. It's dark ages were enlightened at times by the burning of the entire settlement. This occurred so frequently that the insurance offices grew suspicious, and it was discovered to be the result of a put up job between the Mic Mac Indians and the local architects. This is the shupie savage perverted by the duplicity of civilization. You will not find this account in the ordinary histories. I had it from the agent of an American insurance company.

This is an excellent place of residence for people who don't want to be bothered with visitors. The names of the streets are generally carefully concealed, and the same wariness also appears in the majority of the houses not being numbered. This is said to be a relic of the old days when the Indians made frequent incursions. It gave you a chance of escaping the vengeance of an offended chief, who might mistake the house and scalp your neighbour.

The scenery of the harbour is very interesting. With a few trifling alterations it would pass for the Bay of Naples. But the Torontonian visitor will revert with pride to thoughts of his much loved marsh and the newly-planted trees on the Island. St. John has nothing to compare with these. The rocky gorge known as the Falls through which the river St. John enters the harbour cannot compare in placid beauty, and certainly not in richness of odor, with the well built piers which conduct the pellucid Don into Toronto's delightful Bay.

The inhabitants of St. John are singularly undemonstrative. I understand that the present Mayor enjoys great popularity, but I cannot learn that such endearing epithets as "Old Square Toes" and others, which Toronto's impulsive sons have bestowed on their chief magistrate are ever applied to him. Do not think I am telling a traveller's tale when I say that these people seem to have some ideas of respect for his office. They have, I fear, but a small sense of humour and don't get the fun they ought to out of their civic dignitaries.

There is a *Globe* here, but no GEORGE BROWN to run it. Fancy two *Globes* in one Dominion—you can hardly do that—but at once recognize the wisdom which prevented the co-existence of two BROWNS. Yet in Halifax there was lately another GEORGE BROWN, now no more. I have not heard of his making any big push, but at a big pull he was said to be unequalled.

Economy is an admirable thing—especially in public affairs. Perhaps



THE MINISTERIAL SHANTY;

OR, THE CAUCHON AT HOME.

the most remarkable instance of it I have met with yet was on board the steamboat which brought me to these shores. The sea was extremely calm and two seedy looking individuals were discoursing on deck. One remarked on the calmness of the weather adding "I wish it had been rough, I'd have been sick and it wouldn't have cost me anything for grub." "That's just it with me," said his companion. Which proves that it is an ill wind which blows nobody good, even in case of a storm at sea.

What is the fashionable crime in Toronto now? I suppose violent assaults are getting out of date. Here I believe forgery to be the chief amusement of aristocratic circles. I tried my best imitation of your autograph to-day at several bankers, but they declined to negotiate it at any price. They are ignorant people. Some of them don't know who MCKELLAR was and never heard of the Quartette.

At the Speaker's Elbow.

Friday, Dec. 10.

THE Select Committee appointed to revise the Rules and Regulations of the House presented their report, the principal changes suggested being as follows;—

I.—REGULATION AND MANAGEMENT OF THE HOUSE.

In order that the speaker may preserve due Order and Decorum and have his head sufficiently well-balanced to be able at any moment to decide questions of Order; he shall wear pumps and part his hair in the centre. In the event of a Speaker having a bald head, he need not comply with the latter portion of this regulation, unless five members of the House insist upon it.

Not less than five members of the House must "see strangers present" before the Speaker is permitted to be conscious of the fact. Should the Speaker happen to be a bachelor, he may betray a consciousness of pretty girls in the gallery, even although five members have not called his attention to the fact.

When a debate is protracted to the "wee sma' hours," the Sergeant-at-arms shall keep his eye upon the Reporters' Gallery, and when he finds it getting empty he shall signal the fact to the Attorney-General, who shall thereupon move the adjournment.

II.—RULES OF DEBATE.

Any member having anything to say upon the subject before the House is at liberty to say it. Any member having nothing to say is requested to be as brief as possible. Any member having something to say upon every subject but the one before the House shall be requested to speak to the motion.

The member for East Grey shall not introduce the Proton Outrage. Any allusion to "little Mrs. ——" shall be held to be unparliamentary.

III.—CONDUCT OF MEMBERS.

Every member is bound to attend the House. Loafing in the smoking room counts as attendance. Members wearing rowdy hats are at liberty to pull them down over their eyes *a la* BLAKE, Hon. Mr. FRASER and Mr. MCKEDITH not having a monopoly of the fashion.

IV.—BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE.

An important part of the Business of the House is, to put in the full thirty days so as to secure the largest possible sessional allowance.

Monday, Dec. 13.

BILLS INTRODUCED.

DR. CLARKE (Norfolk).—An Act to abolish whiskey, and to convert Whiskey-mills into Drug Stores.

Hon. Mr. FRASER.—An Act to provide for JERRY M—RR—K and other proteges of the Catholic League.

MR. LAUDER.—An Act respecting the building of fences around Public Buildings.

MR. HODGINS.—An Act to make it compulsory upon every Reform candidate for the Legislature to be provided with a license, and appointing Hon. GEORGE BROWN to be the sole issuer of such licenses.

Tuesday, Dec. 14.

SUPPLY.

On the item of \$56,696 being voted for "Hospitals and Charities," some objections were made to Roman Catholic institutions receiving more aid than Protestant ones. On this point Mr. SINCLAIR made some sensible remarks. He said that so long as the government bestowed grants upon denominational institutions, so long would the government be accused of making an unfair distribution. He would have the Executive reconsider the matter, and only support unsectarian charities. GRIP thinks so too. If denominations get the credit of supporting charities, let them supply the wherewithal.

MAMMOTH PETITIONS.

The ladies of Ontario have been inundating the House with temperance

petitions. The total length of those presented to-day was between four and five hundred feet. If the Bill based on these petitions be at all proportionate in length, it will be "carried" with extreme difficulty.

The Lion and the Lawyer.

A FABLE.

It chanced that an attorney, reflecting on his misdeeds in an unfrequented place, was so overcome with the weariness of the task that he fell into a deep slumber.

Suddenly starting therefrom he was annoyed to find himself in the presence of a majestic Lion, who had been playfully rubbing his paw to and fro over the sleeper's bald head.

"Hope I see you well," said the King of Beasts, with that genial affability which is so charming in great people.

"Perfectly," said the Lawyer, thinking that if he had seen him less perfectly, he would have been equally pleased.

"A representative of the law, I presume?" said the Lion inquiringly.

"Yes," said the Lawyer, forgetting in his confusion that no man is compelled to criminate himself.

"My own name is Equity," said the noble beast carelessly, "I occasionally rattle up the dry bones of the law."

The man of law felt his own bones rattle at the terrible suggestion. He muttered something in which the words "to be hence dismissed with costs," and "the plaintiff will ever pray" were alone audible.

"Don't talk about 'forever preying,'" said the Lion with a frown, "it isn't polite."

"Equity does not favour sleepers," continued the Lion, drily, after an awkward pause.

"That is true," replied the Lawyer, who had by this time recovered his self-possession, "but there is another maxim which you will of course respect. Equity imputes an intention to fulfil an obligation. You will excuse me therefore if I hasten to keep a most important appointment."

And he started to go.

"All right," said the Lion, smiling, having now quite regained his good temper. "There is another maxim I am bound by. Equity follows the Law."

And he followed him.

"You will find" suggested the Lawyer hastily, "that all that sort of thing is altered by Mr. MOWAT's 'Act.'"

"Hang Mr. MOWAT's Act," replied the monarch of the forest, justly indignant at such petty quibbling, "In future the rule will read thus: Equity swallows the Law."

He then swallowed the Attorney with many expressions of satisfaction.

MORAL.

This fable forcibly illustrates the probable result of the confusion of Law and Equity.

Croaks and Pecks.

GOING THE WHOLE HOG.—Taking a 'Co chon' into the Dominion Cabinet.

HAVING A BULLY TIME.—Senators BROWN and CHRISTIE at the Short Horn Convention.

QUESTION FOR DIPLOMATS.—When Britain bought the Suez Canal, did she buy the Egyptian *canaille*?

A XMAS DINNER FOR EUROPEAN GOURMETS.—Turkey and Sublime Port(e). The gobbler will be gobbled.

CAVE!!—The Right Hon. Mr. CAVE goes to Egypt to investigate into the Egyptian Loan. The name is significant.

QUERY FOR THE DRY GOODS.—Is the latest importation of "Boss TWEED" a prison-spun "yarn," or is it merely "all stuff."

SOLVING THE WATER-WORKS DIFFICULTY.—Make Ald. BAXTER a Commissioner and let him sit on the pipe—that would keep it down.

PUTTING ON THE BRAKES.—Fearing he should not be able to ride through the next Session of the Dominion Legislature, Mr. MACKENZIE has put a Coach-on to run the Council through as many Acts of Parliament as possible. As the road is down hill the Premier probably thought a drag would be useful. He may find he has purchased a pig in a poke, dear at any price.

GRAIN REGULATIONS.—It is evident that W. H. H—W—L—D has been in New York. The associated press despatch of the 14th states that "No 1 Canada (evidently meaning "Canada First") shall be plump, sound, and well cleaned. No 2 Canada (evidently Grits and Tories) shall be known as "stained," instead of "slightly stained." Have the New Yorkers only just heard of "Big push" and "Pacific Scandal."

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Requested for

ANGUS MORRISON.

The Election takes place on Monday, 3rd
January, 1876.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

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OF THE

WARD OF SAINT GEORGE,

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Having been requested to offer myself for election as one of your representatives in the City Council, I place my services at your disposal. Should you elect me to the honourable position of an Alderman, I will serve the city to the best of my ability, watching closely over the expenditure to see if some better system cannot be devised than that which fritters away your money in patches of improvement spread over the several wards, instead of husbanding your resources to make permanent improvements where these are called for most. While cheerfully responding to your call, I must ask to be relieved from the necessity of making a personal canvass of the electors. As I have no object of my own to serve in going into the Council, I must leave it to you to say by your votes whether my services are desirable or otherwise. In either case I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

H. E. CLARKE.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street. East.

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—AND—

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&c. at all hours.

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13

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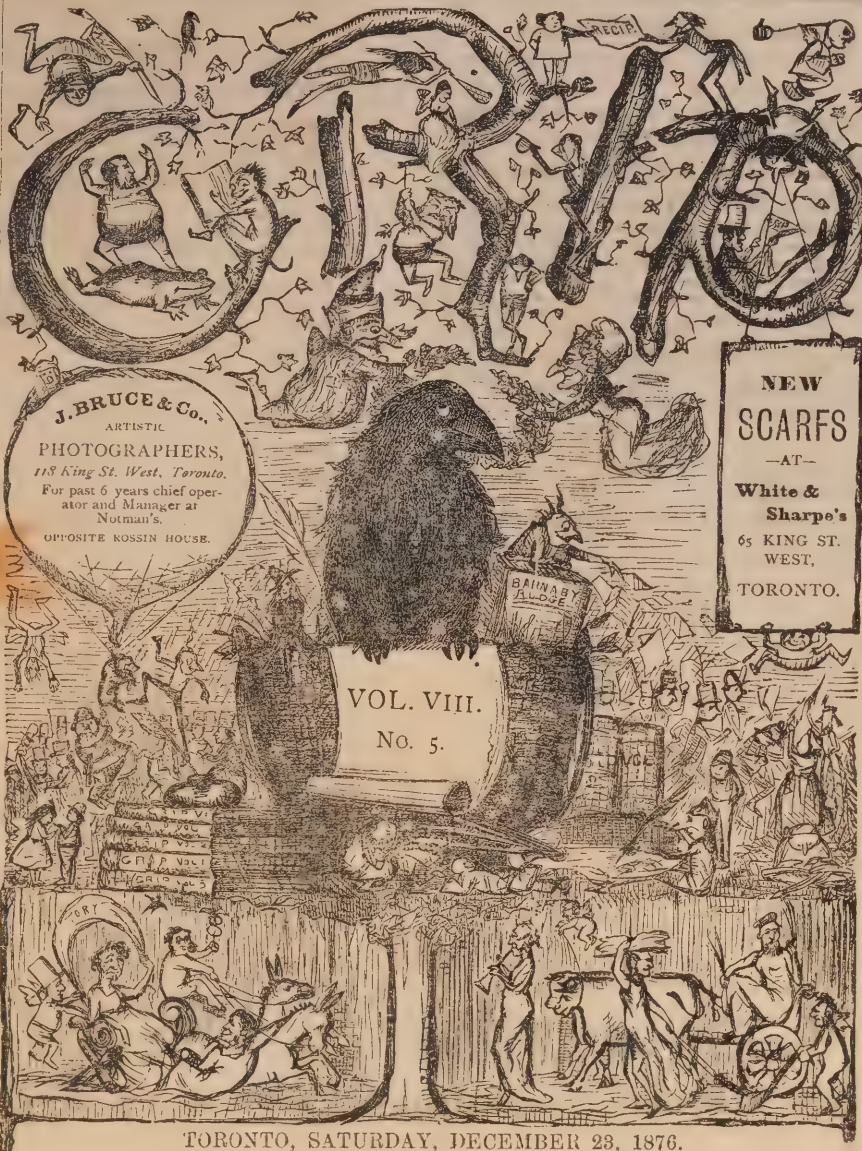
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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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By Telegraph From Philadelphia.

TO THE SINGER MFG CO., TORONTO.

The world renowned Singer carries off the highest honor which the Centennial Commission could give to any competitor at this fair. Two Medals of Merit, two Diplomas of Honor, and the special commendation of the judges have been awarded to The Singer Manufacturing Company, for Superior Sewing Machines.

TORONTO OFFICE, 22 Toronto St.,

R. C. HICKOK, Manager.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

THE
MAYORALTY

Your Vote and Interest

are kindly requested for the re-election of

ANGUS MORRISON
As Mayor.

The Nomination takes place on Friday, December 22nd, 1876, and the Voting on Monday, January 1st, 1877.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

J. Gordon Sherriff,
MERCHANT

TAILOR.

96 QUEEN ST. WEST,

(LATE 49 KING ST.)

Gents own material made up in good style.

W. BREALEY,

ANATOMICAL BOOT MAKER

171 YONGE ST.,

A select stock of Boots & Shoes always on hand.

WRICHT'S

Shell, Can, Count and Bulk Oysters Received Daily. Oysters served in every style. Fruits in season.

101 King Street West

The most elegant Oyster Parlors in Toronto

"When could November's surly blast lays field and forest bare."

It is about time my dear friend, you were finding comfort in a suit of those

WARM & STYLISH FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
Just received.

CHESEWORTH & FRASER

United Empire Club, King Street west.

W P. Williams,

134 Queen St. East, Toronto,

[Between George & Sherbourne,]

DEALER IN

PURE CONFECTIONERY

AND

CHOICE FRUITS.

A select supply of Canned Fruit, Fish, &c., always on hand.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl.
The grabest Fish is the Oyster. the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 23RD DECEMBER, 1876.

Christmas.

CHRISTMAS is come again, with full force of griping frost, heaping snow, and driving wind. GRIP is jovial; he is happy; he wishes happy returns to that portion of the world's population gifted with reason (his subscribers) and as for the rest, who are probably only endowed with instinct, he charitably wishes them happy returns too—and better sense. GRIP does not preach sermons; but he has a little homily to read which folks will remember, and thank him for, if they use. Most people here are, in one way or another, at this time, better prepared with food, fuel, and comforts and amusements of various sorts, to enjoy themselves for a few days than at any other season of the year. Now what GRIP would say is, for once—enjoy them. Look at the bright side of all as it passes; keep the dark determinedly out of vision. Try it for a week, and it may be the happiest Christmas you have ever spent. And by the way, there really is nothing more likely to lengthen life and thereby give a succession of Christmases than a regular perusal of GRIP's invaluable paper. All who have forgotten will be good enough to forward subscriptions and names at once. Think how short life is, and what you are losing.

The Bankers of the Day.

Scene in parlour of the Bank of Credulity.

1ST OFFICIAL.—I suppose those city debentures are all on-hand and correct? Billiards to-night, eh? JONES'S?

2ND OFFICIAL.—No; shan't go; good thing at the theatres. Debentures?—oh, no doubt.

1ST OFFICIAL.—Give up play myself soon—shut off—cool down—all that. By the by, which clerk has 'em in charge?

2ND OFFICIAL.—Which?—oh,—ah—let me think—let me see—oh, young FLYAWAY. He says they're all right. Asked him, now I remember, two or three times. See that young mare of his?

1ST OFFICIAL.—No, what's it like? Oh! those securities, though; should be all right, you know; easily disposed of, very.

2ND OFFICIAL.—Like? 2.10 anyway. No need to check those papers all the while, though, eh?

1ST OFFICIAL.—No, no. We are gentlemen, I hope. (*Enter Mr. FLYAWAY*) Oh, I say, those city debentures—We ought to check them sometimes—all right, I suppose?

Mr. FLYAWAY.—All right; counted up total yesterday. Couldn't you both come over to dinner to-day? I've a fresh hamper of champagne—the real article this time—saw importer's invoice myself.

1ST OFFICIAL.—I am sure we will both be most happy. By the by, as you check the wine merchant's papers let's just check yours. Fetch along that debenture box.

Mr. FLYAWAY.—Oh, bother! what's the use of unnecessary trouble?

2ND OFFICIAL.—No trouble; ought to do it sometimes, you know; let's do it for once.

Mr. FLYAWAY.—Oh, but then, *they're not all there you see.*

1ST AND 2ND OFFICIALS.—Not there? good heavens!—you said you counted them yesterday!

Mr. FLYAWAY.—Why, surely, gentlemen, your banking experience must have rendered you aware that in financial statements mental reservations are unavoidable. I remarked that I counted the total; as I did—present and absent.

BOTH OFFICIALS.—But—what?—surely—you have them *somewhere!*

Mr. FLYAWAY.—Well, not exactly; used them as collateral in exchange business—happened to be short, and of course they went. Probably be long next time, make all square. Must go. You'll be on hand at seven?

1ST OFFICIAL.—Bless my soul! Never could have thought—Stay, FLYAWAY (*opens window and beckons*). Is it possible you are not aware of the nature of your admissions? (*Enter policeman*). Take that gentleman in charge; case of embezzlement.

Mr. FLYAWAY.—You are really acting in a most ridiculous manner. What can you charge me with? Using funds placed in my charge for purposes of speculation not contemplated by those who entrusted them to me? Why, does not our institution do the same thing every time it operates in the New York market? If right for them, how can it be wrong for me?

1ST OFFICIAL.—Ah, can't say. Most painful thing; can't help it; know this, have to give you in charge, regular thing; very sorry.

(*Officer advances with handcuffs; scene closes.*)

A Toronto Man's Lament.

Oh, for a tune, ye music murdering bells,
Grating the nerves with your discordant swells,
I'm sure, indeed, war whoops and Indian yells
As tuneful are!
We had been blest it when the moulders tried
To cast those bells, they had been cast aside;
Or that some freak had made them all tongue tied,
"Twere better far!

Oh, for the strains of PATTI, REEVES, or VERDI,
Or in some grove to list to some sweet birdie;
We'd rather a French fiddle or "Hurdy Gurdy,"
Squeaking their notes;
Compared with them are not among life's ills—
Nay we could hear with less of horrid thrills—
The long eared cattle on a thousand hills—
Clearing their throats.

Music hath charms the savage to appease,
E'en some town bell(e)s possess the charm to please,
Alas! it is not in such bells as these
We pleasure take;
Had they been sweet of tone, I will be bound
Some crack or flaw had in them soon been found,
But now too well we know they are "all sound,"
And no mistake!

Equestrians pay their toll-gate tax, poor souls,
Where'er horse trots or lumbering waggon rolls;
If they'd but tax the bellman for his *tolls*
(Save those for dinners)
It might some useful moral teach,
To those who equal rights profess to preach,
And bring sweet peace at last within the reach
Of us poor sinners!

We have made arrangements with a first-class poet to render GEO. BROWN'S affidavit. It will sound better in-verse-ly than any other way. It may be suggested that it will be very blank verse indeed, as it contains neither "rhyme nor reason." We don't know about that, but WILKINSON'S remarks on hearing it read would be represented by blanks in all good newspapers.

Grip on the Municipal Election.

The people of Toronto owe a debt to their present Council—a heavy debt—something near a million in fact. Mr. SOUTHEY said the national debt was part of the national property; and looking at it in that light, our city fathers have increased our property amazingly. They have done more. Night after night—day after day—have they toiled with unremitting ardour. They have done twice the work for us they needed to. Determined to work, they have built markets nobody asked for, made roads nobody travels on, dug sewers everywhere they could have been done without, put lamps wherever nobody walks of evenings, made macadamized roads with sand of the purest description, laid concrete pavements which will come out all right in the spring (for the next contractor) and laid a wooden mixture on York street which is the wonder of the world. They have been most liberal in salaries and contracts, remembering who loveth a cheerful giver. There never was such a body for work. Far from shirking it, they loved it, and when no works remained to execute, they grieved like so many Alexanders, and invented some at once. Now GRIP does not for a moment credit the slanderous statements that these worthy gentlemen were all the while rinding their own axes, and all playing into one another's hands—and pockets—that one had commissions on materials, another property to benefit, another stuff to sell—another work to do at his factory which he knew came in consequence of his council proceedings. GRIP has the best reason for disbelieving these reports—namely, that had such things been going on, (many of which are contrary to law, and all contrary to honesty) and even one honest alderman there, he could not have failed to hear of it, and would instantly have moved for a rigid investigation. No investigation was moved for. Therefore, one of two things: 1. The jobbery has not occurred, or 2. We have not one honest alderman. The latter is of course absurd; so GRIP accepts the former and announces to all and sundry that the reports of jobbery are unfounded. This is most satisfactory.

Next, as to re-election. GRIP protests against it. It is imposing on good nature. After the amount of work these aldermen have done, and the debt we owe them, as noticed above, GRIP declares solemnly that they have done enough for the city. To allow them to do any more would show a want of appreciation which does not exist. No, vote for any others; but as for the present, Toronto unlearn's too well what they have done for her. They have worked hard; give them a rest—the longer the better.

Christmas.

1.
Christmas' coming gives one joy.
2.
No; just what it don't, my boy.
1.
Every heart with pleasure fills.
2.
Does it?—read my Christmas bills!
1.
Who could now for money pine?
2.
Who—some creditors of mine.
1.
Well, 'twill pass, so don't be sad.
2.
Then comes New Year's, just as bad.

Letter from a Farmer.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—I want justice to farmers. Here has I lived and slaved all my days. What has I got for it? Why a farm and stock as wouldn't sell for more than twenty thousand dollars, and maybe a few thousands in the bank. And you rolls in carriages and luxuries, and has the snow sweep off your streets, and water fetched by steam from the island, and bread baked for you, and nothing to do but come out and buy all you want from one of us oppressed farmers as grows it for you, and keeps you from dying of starvation. You axes what I want? I want you city folks as lives on the sweat of our brows to build more railroads for us. What business has we to build roads? Let the towns as wants our trade make tracks for it to come. Then what right has you to want us to build you a new Parliament House? If Toronto wants it let her build it. Farmers will not be starved. Farmers owns this country, and the sooner townspeople knows it the better.

Yours,
CLODHOOPER.

P.S.—We has just resolved in our township council that Toronto ought to pay our taxes, as all our trade goes there. This must be attended to at wunst. C.

Figsville, Dec. 13, 1876.

Centennial Auction.

The Centennial buildings were sold by auction to the highest bidder, and GRIP thinking the main building would make a good office for him if removed to Toronto, sent a reporter to Philadelphia to bid on it. Here is his report of the affair:—

"Now gentlemen, I offer you a first-class exhibition building—warranted sound in all respects—good as new, has only been in use for six months, and is not damaged in the least. How much am I offered? Start it at something, gentlemen—shall I say \$10,000? \$5,000; thank you, sir. I'm offered \$5,000 for the Main Building! Why, gentlemen, it's worth double that for kindling—\$5,000 I'm bid—any advance on 5,000? 6! did I hear you say 6? ah; thank you. 6 I'm bid, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, going at 6; and a half. The bid's against you sir; shall I say 7? \$7,000, thanks—bid lively gentlemen; 7 is the figure. All done at 7? 8, 8 1-2, going at 8 1-2—\$8,500 for a building that—9. Thank you, sir—\$9,000 is what I'm offered for the Main Building—and a half, and a half—do I hear 10? \$10,000, \$10,000 is all I'm offered for one of the grandest and most—and a half; 10 and a half, a half. The cost price of this article was \$1,600,000 wholesale, and I'm only bid \$10,500 for it. Only \$10,500 for a Crystal Palace whose equal the world has never seen—warranted genuine—and all I'm—11, 11, 11, going at 11. One of the noblest edifices and a half, a half; 11 and a half—make it 12. Shall I say 12? \$12,000 is offered—any man and a half, and a half—might be proud to possess—a half, a half, all done at a half, this fine—\$13,000, going at \$13,000—all done at \$13? going at 13, once!—Never have another opportunity like this again—going at 13, twice! going 13, third and last time—\$13,000 for the Main Centennial Building—Last call! going, going, gone! and sold."

GRIP.—"Here's your \$13,000. Deliver the article at 20 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Canada."

AUCTIONEER.—"Sir, we never deliver materials sold."

GRIP.—"You must stand and deliver, or I don't want your old junk shop."

AUCTIONEER.—Gentlemen, this sale begins over again—How much am I offered, &c., &c., &c. Q.E.D.

Seasonable Presents.

GRIP is forwarding the following Christmas gifts, neatly packed and directed to their proper addresses, and will be glad to be informed of their safe receipt:—

To GEORGE BROWN.—Judgment of Court, disqualifying him for newspaper business during life.

To the Bank of Montreal.—An Auditor.

To the City Council.—A walking ticket (not good for return.)

To the Water Commissioners.—A cow-bell to tie to their Engineer.

To the Ontario Legislature.—Verse printed in gold letters "Be content with your wages."

To the Dominion Legislature.—Ditto. "This do, and ye shall live and not die;" accompanying small statuette of Canada putting on the armour of Protection.

To the MACKENZIE Government.—A looking-glass, illuminated by a Cardwell lamp.

To Mayor MORRISON.—Engraving of a Year of Plenty—underneath written "Too Jolly to Last."

To MR. MEDCALF.—Brazen allegorical figure of Pertinacity, represented by a ram trying to butt down a stone wall.

To LORD DUFFERIN.—(From the citizens of Toronto)—Statue of the Spirit of the Air, inscribed "More heard of than seen."

To the Clerk of the Weather.—An order on the Fuel Association.

To the caretaker of the Parliament Houses.—A bundle of props.

To the American Nation.—A big wedge, engraved, "You've got to split."

Horrible Depravity.

For many years there has been a quiet old party who lived on King street, in the employ of GEORGE BROWN. Every month regularly this harmless individual used to issue forth and visit a number of acquaintances, and tell them all sorts of yarns on agricultural subjects. The old fellow was dry and prosy, and was known among his friends as the *Canada Farmer*, as he was born and raised in Canada and loved all things pertaining to a farm. Now the said G. BROWN has advertised that "after January 1st the *Canada Farmer* will cease to appear" thinking thus to detract public attention from the missing man; but it has been discovered that the aforementioned GEORGE B., intends to deprive of life and utterly destroy the peaceable *Canada Farmer* and bury the remains on the face of the *Globe* (weekly edition)!!! Will such an enormity be allowed? Is an innocent agriculturist to be throttled by those gaunt BROWN fingers and none of his Canadian brethren attempt his rescue! Never!

Croaks and Pecks.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.—What will you take?

THE NEW TERM FOR EXTREME LENGTH.—As long as BROWN's affidavit.

The Canada Southern Railroad want Parliament to let them tunnel the Detroit river. What a bore!

Now the melancholy days have come when "froze" rhymes with "nose" better than at any other season.

No more is heard the sound of the romantic gay lute played by a romantic ga-lout. The music of the catarrh takes its place.

THE DRESS CIRCLE.—When a person catches his foot in a lady's train and describes a curve before striking the pavement.

It looks as if that RY-KERT were going to be upset and his opponent NEEL-on him after each Lincoln the chain of evidence is completed.

GOODERHAM & WORTS have five thousand cattle and hogs fattening on swill, and this will be the result:—Gooder-ham & Worts beef than any firm in the city.

THE DEPTH OF MALIGNITY.—G. B. "My Lords, I will lend the 30 year's files of the *Globe* to my opponents"!!!!!! Fancy the horror of GEORGE'S opponents.

The *Irish Canadian* won't run so well now that its LYNCH-pin has been taken out. As our journalistic friend is mad about the Archbishop's letter, why not change its name to the *Ire-ish Canadian*.

THEY say Chief Justice DRAPER is going to resign, and that Judge Moss will take his place, then Justice will Drape'er walls justice soon as he leaves, and unlike a rolling stone will gather MOSS. At least we judge so.

ALMONTE manufacturers held a meeting a while since, and said if they didn't get protection their factories would shut up. The *Globe* pokes fun at them. We dislike Al-monté men, we suppose as they own carding mills they are the 3 card monté men so often denounced in the papers.

REV. CHAS. CLARK,

IN SHAFTESBURY HALL,

On Saturday Afternoon, Dec. 23rd, and Monday Night Dec. 25th, will present his Popular Holiday Entertainment entitled

CHRISTMAS IN OLD ENGLAND.

Its Customs and its Carols, embracing Antique Fashions, Merrie Masquings, Curious Customs, Yuletide Ditties, Humorous Stories, Wild Was-saling, Modern Quaintnesses, Festive Doings, Mirthful Mysteries, Exquisite Carols. The Musical Illustrations will be sung by a

DOUBLE VOCAL QUARTETTE,

Selected from the best Vocalists in Toronto. This Quartette will form the first of a final course of four, which Mr. Clark will deliver on four Monday evenings, as follows: Dec. 25th.—CHRISTMAS IN OLD ENGLAND. Jan. 8th.—OLIVER GOLD-SMITH. Jan. 15th.—DICKENS. New lecture. Jan. 22nd.—OLIVER CROMWELL.

First Seats and Gallery, 50c. (Numbered Seat, 75c.) Back and Upper Gallery, 25c. Seats, Tickets, Prospectuses, at Nordheimer's. Numbered Course Ticket for Mr. Clark's Four Final Lectures, \$2. Communications to Mr. R. SMYTHE, Queen's.

THE MAYORALTY, 1877.

To the Electors of the City of Toronto:

GENTLEMEN,—

It is with feelings of deep regret that, owing to an unforeseen and sudden attack of illness, I am compelled to ask your permission to withdraw my name as a candidate for the honourable position of Mayor of this city, a position to which I was encouraged to aspire by the cordial support tendered me by all classes of my fellow citizens.

I have, however, no alternative, but must bow to circumstances which I cannot avert, but in doing so I venture to hope that on a future occasion I may be honoured with your confidence and support.

With my best thanks to those who have laboured earnestly to secure my election.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,

JOHN TURNER.

St. George Street,
16 Dec., 1876.

1877. THE MAYORALTY, 1877.

Your vote and interest are kindly requested for

JAMES BRITTON,
AS MAYOR!

The nomination takes place on **Friday, Dec. 22, 1876**, and the voting on **Monday, Jan. 1, 1877.**

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. JAMES' WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Respectfully solicited for

JAMES BEATY, JR.,

FOR

ALDERMAN FOR 1877.

Elections on New Year's Day.

VOTE FOR WISE ECONOMY AND REFORMED
ADMINISTRATION.

Nov 16-3t

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

CIVIC ELECTIONS—1877.

ST. ANDREW'S WARD.

To WM. BURKE, Esq:

SIR,—We the undersigned Ratepayers within St. Andrew's Ward respectfully ask that you consent to become a Candidate for election to the Council as Alderman from our Ward for the year 1877. We promise to make every legitimate effort to place your election beyond cavil or question.

Samuel Davison,
Alexander Shields,
George Lewis,
Walter Grant,
Taylor & Wilson,
P. Higgins,
S. Meadows,
W. King,
John Manless,
Arthur Crawford,
Thomas Davison,
J. Workman,
Mark Bowman,
D. S. McCallum,
John Edwards.

Robert Shields,
John Wilcock,
Thomas Campton,
Alexander Puse,
J. C. McMillan,
S. B. Pollard,
E. Kupitz,
King & Yorston,
Kent Bros.,
D. O'Connor,
James McMullin,
James Stark,
Charles Ruse.

Geo. Parker, Walter Fischer,
Fred. R. A. Lee, And many others.

GENTLEMEN,—

In reply to your request I place myself in your hands as Candidate for Alderman for the year 1877, and if elected I will do my utmost to serve the interests of St. Andrew's Ward and the city generally.

Your obedient servant,
WM. BURKE,
Sheppard St.

ST. JOHN'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are respectfully solicited for

GEO. L. TIZARD

As Alderman for 1877.

ST. JOHN'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

are respectfully requested for

HARRY PIPER

THE PEOPLES' CANDIDATE,

AS

Alderman for the year 1877.

The Election takes place

Monday, January 1, 1877.

ST. LAWRENCE WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are respectfully solicited for

G. C. PATTERSON

As Alderman for 1877.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

PIANOS.

Until further notice we are offering the

**Celebrated Mathushck, Fischer
and LaBelle Pianos,**

—AT—

LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.

SQUARE GRAND,
\$700 OFFERING AT **\$275**

SQUARE PIANO,

Seven-octaves, Rosewood case, Serpentine Mouldings and Carved Legs,

\$350 OFFERING AT **\$190**

PRINCE ORGANS

AT ABOUT HALF-PRICE.

All instruments warranted for Five Years. Send for Price List.

NORRIS & SCOPER,

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UNION RAILWAY STATION,

Cor. Front and Simcoe Sts., Toronto.

The above commodious and centrally located house contains all Modern Accommodations, Steam Heating, etc. Affords Excellent Accommodation at Moderate Rates.

Having reduced its figures from \$2 to \$1.50 per day.

M. A. TROTTER, PROPRIETOR.

F. HODGINS, and A. M. CARIGAN, Managers.

M. B.—Omnibus Free.

"PAT'S,"

NO. 67 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

MESSRS. HANLON & BREEN, PROP'RS.

The bar will be found to be furnished with the very best brands of Liquors and Cigars obtainable. Headquarters for gentlemen interested in aquatic sport. Mr. ED. HANLON, the CHAMPION OARSMAN, will be pleased to see his friends at his new home.



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, November 7, 1876.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON
American invoices until further notice, 7 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-tf

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

Every Lady should have "THE FAHEY BROS." KID GLOVES, Every Pair Warranted. See that each pair bears Their Own Mark.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE
Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.
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Baking Powder.
 WHITE, ODORLESS, & DOES NOT DISCOLOR.
 Manufactured at the Ontario Coffee and Spice Steam Mills,
 W. J. SMITH,
 TORONTO.

SITTING BULL
SMOKING TOBACCO.
 Made expressly for the *Virginia*
TOBACCO AGENCY
 OFFICE:
26 TORONTO STREET.
GORRELL,
CRAIG Co.,

LITHOGRAPHERS
 13
ADELAIDE ST
EAST.

FARM FOR SALE.
 A very desirable farm for a gentleman's residence, consisting of 31 acres, in the Township of Pickering, County of Ontario, overlooking Frenchman's Bay. A small stream runs through the north west corner. There is
A Capital Orchard of Pears, Plums, Cherry and Apple Trees, covering twelve acres, nine of which are only six years old, just commencing to bear. The soil is as good as can be found in the township, which is equivalent to saying there is none better in the province.
BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
REAL ESTATE AGT.
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS.
 Next Post Office, Toronto.

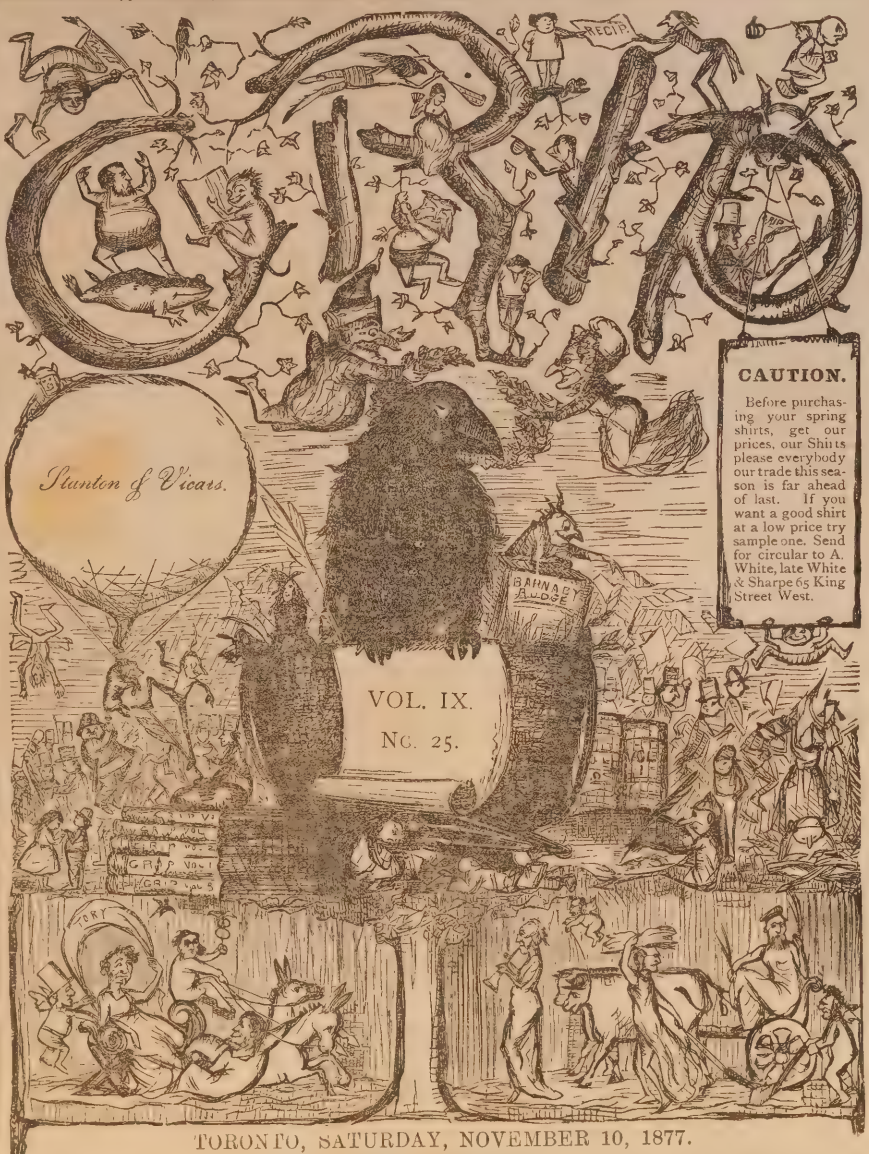
WANTED.
A HOUSE TO RENT.
 About \$12 per month,
 Address J. G., Grip Office.

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FOR YOUR
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W. F. ROSS & CO.,
MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS,
WATCH IMPORTERS.

We have now in Stock at close prices, new designs in
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GRIP OFFICE, } *The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;* } **5 CTS. EACH.**
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 FOURTEEN WEEKS IN PHILOSOPHY \$1.50 LIVES & LESSONS OF THE PATRIARCHS \$1.50.
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 CANADIAN FARMERS' MANUAL \$2.00 DOMESTIC WORLD 75 c.
 sent to any address on receipt of price.
BENGOUGH BROS.,
 IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (First door west of Post Office) TORONTO.

EDITOR'S NOTE.
 ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

GENTLEMEN
 Collars of all the Newest Styles gotten up EQUAL TO NEW, at
2 1-2 cts. each or 25 cts. per doz., at
TORONTO STEAM
LAUNDRY.
HALLEY'S HALL,
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H. T. ALISOPP,
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FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.
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YOUNG MEN
 Wishing to learn
TELEGRAPHING,
 A certificate good for
Twenty Dollars,
 Will be sold cheap, good for the
TORONTO INSTITUTE.
 Address:
H. GUMMER,
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 HOUSE on Church St., south of Carlton, 8 to 12 rooms, must be first-class.
 COTTAGE in St. John's Ward—5 rooms.
 FOUR COTTAGES, Not more than Seven Rooms—between Simcoe and Seaton Streets.
BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
 Next Post Office.

BLACK-BOARD
 IN THE
SUNDAY-SCHOOL.
 A practical guide for superintendents and teachers by Frank Beard. Fully illustrated. \$1.50. Artist's Manual of Oil and Water Color Painting, &c., 50 cts. Furniture and Cabinet Finisher, 50. Watchmaker and Jeweller, 50. Soapmaker, 25. Taxidermist, 50. Of booksellers or by mail. **JESSE HANEY & CO.,** 119 Nassau St., N. Y.
PAINTER'S Manual.—House and sign painting, graining, varnishing, polishing, kalsomining, papering, lettering, staining, gilding, &c. **50 cts.** Furniture and Cabinet Finisher, 50. Watchmaker and Jeweller, 50. Soapmaker, 25. Taxidermist, 50. Of booksellers or by mail. **JESSE HANEY & CO.,** 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

STOVE & CHESTNUT COAL \$5.00 per Ton **AL NATRIN'S.** OFFICE, - - - NEXT POST OFFICE. DOCKS, - - - FOOT OF CHURCH ST.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Whyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 10TH NOVEMBER, 1877.

From Our Box.

THE engagement of Mr. RAYMOND at the Grand has been a great treat to the lovers of the drama in Toronto. In the early part of the week *Col. Sellers* ate his raw turnips before large and delighted audiences, and on Wednesday night the new play of *Risks* was given, with the great comedian as *Pennington Pembroke*, the life insurance agent. It is needless to say the character was "immense." The main fault GRIP sees in *Risks* is that there is not enough of RAYMOND in it, and there is no reason why such a capital agent shouldn't take the fire and marine branches as well, which might give him more business in the piece. The support was very fair with the exception of Mr. SOUTHARD, who is scarcely ever as familiar with his lines as he ought to be. We hope the prosperity of the Grand will go on, and that as *Col. Sellers* passes away he may be able to glance at the treasurer's box and say *There's millions in it.*

An Autumn Ode.

Bleak Autumn it has come at last;
The picnic season now is past;
The cold shades now do grow severe,
We need Protection more than ever.

The Great Reaction has set in.
Winter must take the place of spring;
Which proves the Grits will have a Fall,
And our chieftain will be all in all.

The leaves are falling from the trees
Before the blowing of the breeze,
And thus the votes did fall away
From LAURIER on election day.

The landscape looks awful bleak and barren,
And the cattle are put in a warm barn;
So we will stab you under the fifth rib
If you don't let us go in and get fat at the government crib.
J. BURR PLUMB, his x mark.

The Soliloquies of Fitznoodle, of the United Empire Club.

I. THE ONE-MAN POWER.

If anything could make me maw proud than I am of being a twee Conservative, and standing by the Wight Hon. Sir JOHN, it is to gaze upon those wretched Gwits cwinging—aw—undaw the lash of that wiculous and vulgaw fellow BWOWN. The gwand pwiniples of twee speech and Bwitsish libawty of the subject, seawared to us by the blood of owah faw-fathaws, and all that sawt of thing, is outgawed in the most gwoss manraw by the Gwit Dictataw, and still the Gwits submit to it without a gumble. The vewy idea is enough to make a fellow angwy, but I must twy and westwain my feelings out of wespect to my cwawat, which would get doocidly dissawwained if I gawe way to wesentment. But still I wepeat—aw—this one-man paw is vewy wepugnant to the feelings of any fellow who is not a cwawen wetch, and who pwetends to be a gentleman. Of cawse I know the Gwits do not pwetend to be gentlemen; I am awaway they wecognize us as the Gentleman's Pawty, and I must give the beggaws cwedit for being fwank and candid with wespect to that. But they do pwetend that they are not cwawen wetches, and still they cwing the heel of BWOWN and the *Globs*. They don't pwesume to have any mind of their own, all their newspapaws wite what the *Globe* wites, and all the Gwit fellows say what BWOWN says. No mattaw what cwoupion BWOWN goes into—aw—no mattaw what political cwimes he may commit, the wretched tools of Gwits follow him like a flock of wretched sheep. It is disgusting in the extweme. It wouldn't be quite so absawd if the fellow was a twee gentleman, well bwed, and all that sawt of thing; but he is only a gway headed fellow with wiculous shaped twowsers and big feet. If the Wight Hon. Sir JOHN dwessed like BWOWN, I would leave the Pawty without a moment's hesitation. I would newaw so faw fawget—aw—my duty, as to follow such a man. I was speaking with a Gwit the othaw day—I couldn't vewy well help speaking to the fellow, or I shouldn't have done so,—and he actually had the bwass to say that we Conservatives were gweatlaw slaves than the Gwits. He twied to be vewy witty by asking me when the Gwits ever stuck to any man who went through Pacific Scandals, and Nawthewn Waylaw cows, Secwet Service Money, Owdnance Land Swindles, Nawth West Webwillion fwauds, wretched slanders and life long cwoupion; and he also wanted me to point

out a Consawvative papaw that cwaw expressed an opinion diffiwent from the Wight Hon. Sir JOHN and the *Mail*. I weplied to all this wretched calumny and Gwit abuse, that the Wight Hon. Sir JOHN was Canada's gweatest statesman and wore wespectable twowsers. That settled the wretched Gwit. *Waitaw! a bottle of pawty wine!*

To Grip.

Advice to a Lawyer.

RESPECTED SIR.—I am a member of the legal profession, and apply to you to solve some doubts which have lately made application to me for a hearing: Your answer is earnestly requested:—

1.—If I am applied to to plead for a criminal, who confesses to me his crime, and offers a heavy fee, what is my course? If freed, he will undoubtedly again enter on a course of crime. He will rob, he will steal, he may murder. Yet it is held to be professional to accept his fee, and assist him.

2.—If I am retained by a company, established for any purpose—say railway, steamboat, manufacturing, insurance, or other. I am put into possession of their secrets. If I observe the objects of this company to be nefarious or fraudulent, should I continue to give them my services?

3.—If I know my client, being a business man, is going to abscond or play any tricks of that sort, should I conceal it? Yours,

LEX PUZZLIBUS.

ANS. OF GRIP.—Lawyers are, as a class, understood to be devoted to the interests of their clients and eternal punishment. GRIP is not at present aware whether the understanding is well based, but he will say this:—If one, being a lawyer, do, conceal, or allow, that which as a private gentleman his honour would not suffer him to do, conceal, or allow, GRIP would not speak to him, nor allow him into his office, unless to subscribe, (when cash in advance would be imperative)—not though the assembled bar of the world (which would be a lamentable spectacle) had just endorsed his conduct, and presented him with a wig; and the assembled Bench. (which would be another) had approved their course.

Prospectus of "The Partisan."

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER devoted to Politics, Religion, Literature, News and Advertising.

We believe that the time has arrived when an appeal may be made with confidence to those who prefer the aggrandizement of party to the interests of the Dominion; and this belief is our only excuse for publishing this paper.

In religion we shall aim to be liberal; in politics, Conservative; and in literature, as pure as the tastes of the reading public render necessary. Our news items and telegraphic reports will be found as truthful and reliable as may be, in accordance with our desire to furnish exciting topics of conversation for the breakfast-table; and our advertising department shall be conducted on purely commercial principles.

In political discussion, we shall make no uncertain sound. No consideration of right or wrong shall induce us to raise our voice or wield our pen in opposition to the views of our party, and, in the approaching struggle for the treasury benches at Ottawa, no candidate who is unwilling to speak and act in strict accordance with the party programme, need expect encouragement or support in our columns. It shall be our earnest endeavour to advance the interests of the Conservative party, without regard to considerations of public gain or national advancement. To the best of our ability we shall advocate Protection, as opposed to Free Trade, and shall continue to do so until our party leaders, in their wisdom, shall deem it advisable to change their views on the subject.

In dealing with questions of religion, it shall be our aim to express the sentiments of all sects and creeds; and not a single line that can give offence to a possible political supporter, shall ever if we can avoid it, find a place in the columns of the *Partisan*.

On the temperance question, our opinions are liable to alteration or modification at any time, but, as a general rule, we shall be found directly opposed to any measure introduced by the party now in power.

In provincial and municipal politics we shall do our utmost to promote the prosperity and increase the importance of Toronto, unless at any time such a course should clash with our own private interests or those of our party.

We have placed the literary department of the *Partisan* under the charge of an experienced cutter, and in order to furnish our subscribers with the very best novels, tales, sketches and poems that can be selected from our exchanges, the scissors and paste-pot shall not be spared.

It is our intention to make our advertising columns even more attractive than those devoted to editorials, and to this end all advertisements shall be inserted for which we may entertain a reasonable hope of being paid. We shall make no attempt to satisfy ourselves or the public as to the reliability or good faith of parties advertising.

Having thus briefly referred to the leading features of the *Daily Partisan*, we respectfully solicit the patronage of the party in whose behalf we make this venture. Our first number will be issued on Monday morning, the first of April, 1878.

Terms, six dollars a year, payable strictly in advance—or otherwise.

Address,

"PARTISAN PUBLISHING COMPANY," Toronto.

Bill Dunkin and his Foes.

A grin of delight
 Convulses them quite.
 Those dealers in drinks and red noses;
 For they say that BILL DUNKIN
 Makes people more drunken.
 On account of his five gallon doses.

Their spouters they spout
 Of the woe-begone rout
 Which DUNKIN is meeting wherever
 He's been put into action,
 Giving no satisfaction—
 And small drinks are sold worse than ever!

They guzzle and reel,
 And shout for repeal.
 In the haunts of old rye and of swaggar;
 For in Brant, or in Grey,
 Or in Napanee, they
 Have seen a few veterans stagger!

But hold a bit, pray.
 You donkeys that bray,
 And see your false logic abolished;
 Because some men will kill,
 Would you bring in a bill
 To have laws against murder abolished?

The Railroad Bonus.

PRESENT.—*The Mayor, surrounded by a sharp-looking crowd on the platform, and confronted by a dirty-looking one in the hall.*

HIS WORSHIP.—Gentlemen.—In conformity with the duties of my—hum—hum—hum—position as laid down in the Act before me, I have called this large meeting of influential—hum—hum—and am sorry to see so few—hum—present. I have been—hum—will the requisitionists—really very sorry—come on the platform?

Nobody comes on the platform. The crowd yell and shout. The requisition is read. The names appended are called out. None of them come.

MAN IN CROWD.—Offer a reward for 'em.

2nd MAN IN CROWD.—Give 'em a bonus to come.

3rd MAN IN CROWD.—Send police after 'em.

Everybody looks everywhere, and at last Mr. JONES, an unhappy requi-
 sitionist who mysteriously signed his name at the request of his next door
 neighbour, who "thought it a good thing," is discovered in a dark
 corner.

CROWD.—JONES! JONES!! JONES!!!

Mr. JONES, more frightened than at any previous moment in his life,
 does not move.

HIS WORSHIP.—Mr. JONES!

CROWD.—JONES! JONES! JONES!

HIS WORSHIP.—Mr. JONES, as a requisitionist—

Pat man behind JONES pushes him out into aisle, and JONES comes on
 platform.

Mr. JONES.—Mr. Mayor, Gentlemen—I do not—that is to say—I
 do not know anything—(CROWD.—Then why did you sign?) I do
 not know anything in the world—(VOICE.—And you look like it!). I
 must say, gentlemen—(VOICE.—Then why don't you say so?) As I
 said gentleman, I know nothing whatever (VOICE.—We see that) about
 the objects (VOICE.—Taint about objects—this here's a bonus palaver)
 the intentions—in fact, I came here for information. I did not know
 anything. I signed that some one might tell me something. (Mr. JONES
 now completely collapses, and wet through with perspiration, takes a
 back seat amid terrific cheering by crowd, who haven't had any one to
 cheer yet, and must begin.)

HIS WORSHIP.—I call on the promoters, if the scheme has any—to
 come forward—hum—hum—hum—Act of Parliament—hum—vested in
 me—hum.

Mr. SQUAT, (first promoter).—Gentlemen—beg pardon—Mr. Mayor
 and gentlemen—this has been got up to oppose the line. Awful! No
 one should oppose the line. All the municipalities have signed little
 bonuses on condition you will sign a big one, which is but fair, as they
 get most of the profit and you most of the honor of the road—and
 honor is—well, I trust—Honor of Toronto—Queen City of the West—
 Honor is preferred here to gold. (Immense Cheering.) Yes, gentlemen,
 it is true you have lines there already, but this is a rival line. Are they
 to charge what they like?—is there to be no opposition? (Cheers) It is
 true there is only traffic for one, but think of the future—future of mag-
 nificent Toronto. (Loud Cheers.) It will give work (Cheers) to the
 citizen (Cheers) to the men (Cheers) to the poor men (Cheers.) Only
 five hundred thousand dollars wanted—what's that to this great city?
 We will commence work at once. (Cheers.) As to—

CITIZEN.—What traffic will it bring us? (Hisses.)

Mr. SQUAT.—Traffic Immense (Cheers). I cannot tell you where now;
 but you know—new districts (Cheers) fresh opportunities (Cheers) new

openings. (Cheers). Would any sensible man ask more? (Cheers). *Citi-
 zen sits down squashed amid hisses.*

MR. GAUNT (Second promoter).—Mayor and Gentlemen—I can't
 help expressing delight at the prospect. You know what benefit rail-
 roads do you—railroads—roads—roads (Loud cheers.) Any direction;
 no matter what (Cheers) give us roads, roads, roads (Cheers). Gentle-
 men, I say a railroad anywhere, even to the moon, offers wonderful in-
 ducements. (Cheers). Why not? (Cheers). Right of way free. (Cheers)
 What if there is no water on the route?—think of the profit in carrying
 it there for the inhabitants! (Cheers). And on the return track no steam
 needed. (Cheers). What a saving. (Cheers). We want a road to the
 moon. (Cheers). I shall submit it, and ask a bonus of two millions from
 Toronto. (Tremendous Cheering). This road however, at present under
 discussion, offers great inducements in the way of—but you know the
 advantages of railroads. We are educated to that. (Cheers). I know
 you will vote for it. (Immense Cheers.)

SECOND CITIZEN.—I should like to point out that we already have a
 line there, and there is not, and cannot be for twenty years, traffic for
 two. (Tremendous hisses "Would you give a poor man work? What
 if you are wealthy? Get down! More hisses till CITIZEN gets down.")

THIRD CITIZEN.—I must point out that the city is too much in debt
 to bonus useless undertakings like this—(More Hisses, "Oh it's him
 wud tyrannize!") "Save him down!" "Down, down!" Second CITI-
 ZEN & lapses.)

THIRD PROMOTER.—I am heartily glad to witness such unanimity
 on the part of the ratepayers. You will never be sorry for it. The
 prospects are immense. Toronto will increase wonderfully! I am de-
 lighted. (Great applause). The plan will be laid before the Council at
 once—the Council must put it to the people, or we'll mandamus 'em.
 I can see which way it will go. I congratulate you. (Aside.—And if
 I don't get a good haul out of the bonus, if you are fools enough to give
 it, I'll agree to eat the railroad). Now, gentlemen be early at the polls.
 Talk of debt, nonsense! (Great cheering—resolution passes; meeting
 adjourns.)

Agricultural Protection Made Clear.

Mister GRIP, Deer Sir:

I am a Farmer and wat i wants to know is about this Protection
 queshun, i have herd a lot of speeches at Picnics out our way this sum-
 mer by Sir JOHN and others, but owing to being deff an on account of
 so much noise made by Grits wat was sittin near me i cudden hear and
 understand wat they was a drivin at. Wud you be so kind enough to
 explain the Protection Bissness so as plain farmers like me can under-
 stand it wot aint got much eddication.

Yours respectfully

A FARMER.

Fog Township, Nov. 6.

GRIP is always delighted to have an opportunity of this kind. His
 special mission is to enlighten the farmers and everybody else on this
 and every other question. Owing to the limited space at his command
 his reply must necessarily be brief, but he hopes, notwithstanding, that
 it will be perfectly lucid and satisfactory.

The question of Protection, as relating to farmers, when divested of all
 nebulousities, technicalities, and irrelevance, is a simple question. In or-
 der to arrive at a solution of it, however, it is necessary for you to look
 at it from the standpoint of statesmanship, namely, a picnic platform,
 and to give careful attention to the following considerations: The nat-
 ural resources of Canada being, by virtue of the retaliatory tariffs, and
 of the blundering incapacity of CARTWRIGHT, created into a great mon-
 opoly which crushes the producer under the iron heel of the consumer,
 the sphere of action of the native manufacturer is extended to such a dis-
 astrous degree that the market of the old country governs the price of
 grain here, and a bad harvest is the result. If a change of government
 could be effected, and a vigorous national policy inaugurated, the im-
 mediate effect would be that these intolerable monopolies, not being any
 longer supported by the influx of labour, and being further strengthened
 by the vast development of our matchless resources, which would ren-
 der hurtful competition more easily done away with, the effect would
 be a general revival of trade and the increase of our expenditure which
 would have the effect of making all the farmers of the country rich. As
 to increased taxation, that is easily explained. In the first place CART-
 WRIGHT is the antithesis of GEORGE WASHINGTON (with his little axe),
 which sufficiently proves that the importations of live stock and the
 cheap transportation of grain and other cereals, would immediately
 show an upward tendency, and the slaughter market of the American
 labourer would be greater than 10 per cent. custom duty in advance of
 all transhipment duties, canal tolls, and the efforts of the Wall street
 bulls and bears, making Canada a dear country to live in, if not more so.
 These great changes can only be brought about by placing in
 power a set of statesmen who fully and sincerely believe that the bal-
 ance of trade under all circumstances, depend upon the amount of impor-
 tation and exportation controlled by a wise executive in the interests of
 all classes of the population, and the imposing of such duties as shall
 secure a sliding scale and make Canada both feared and respected in the
 markets of the world. With these few remarks, we leave our friend the
 farmer to the torture of his own mind, only hoping that he will see it is
 his duty to vote for the friends of Protection when the time comes.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NEW ROUTE.

TO

Hamilton and Buffalo.

THROUGH BOOKING

By Grand Trunk Railway

-TO-

HAMILTON AND BUFFALO

BY WAY OF THE

HAMILTON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY
AND THE

GREAT INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE.

FAST TRAINS, making close connections at Toronto,
run as under:—

Leave Montreal at 10 p. m., and Toronto at 11 30 a. m.
Arrive at Hamilton at 2.05 p. m., and Buffalo at 5.35 p. m.
Leave Buffalo at 12.50 p. m. (New York time.)
Arrive at Hamilton at 3.30 p. m., Toronto at 6.50 p. m.,
and Montreal at 8 a. m.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given that the arrangement for
landing and embarking the English Mails at Rimouski
will cease with the Mails for the outgoing steamer of the
10th November instant.

The English Mail per Canadian Steamer

Will therefore after the above date, BE CLOSED AT
THIS OFFICE on

Thursdays, at 10 o'clock p.m.

By order of the P. M. General.

JOSEPH LESLIE, P. M.

Post Office, Toronto, 7th Nov., 1877.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

ONTARIO STREET north of Wellesley, two
brick fronted houses, nine rooms, extra finish,
bow windows, folding doors, grates, &c. Good
cellar, hard and soft water. Lot 23 x 126.
Price \$1,900 each.

NIAGARA STREET, two rough cast houses,
seven rooms, hard and soft water. \$2,500 for
both. Would exchange for farm.

ESTHER STREET, two story dwelling, six
rooms. Price \$900.

DALHOUSIE STREET. Three houses, 6
rooms, hard and soft water. \$1,250 each.

RICHMOND ST. WEST. Two roughcast
houses, 11 rooms, splendidly finished, bath
room and every convenience. \$3,000.

WILLIAM HENRY STREET, rough cast
house, seven rooms, grate, folding doors, &c.
\$1,800.

ORDE STREET, rough cast cottage, six rooms.
\$1,000.

SUFFOLK PLACE, rough cast, detached, nine
or ten rooms. \$2,600.

BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,

Real Estate Agents,

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (Next Post Office.)
TORONTO.

CHEAP FUEL.

Reduction in the Price of Coke.

THE CONSUMERS' GAS COMPANY

Are now selling Coke at the reduced price of

8 CENTS PER BUSHEL

to clear out stock on hand.

At the above price this is the cheapest fuel that can be
obtained. Orders must be purchased at the Company's
Office, 19 Toronto-street.

W. H. PEARSON, Secretary.

WANTED!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO LEARN TELE-
graph operating for offices opening in the Dominion.
Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Address MANAGER,
Box 955, Toronto

J. F. DANTER, M. D.

Homoeopathist and Medical Electrician. Office and
Pharmacy: 4 Albert Street, (Cor. Yonge) Toronto. Medi-
cine for sale, vials refilled, Letters promptly answered.

BOARD AND LODGING. A FEW
gentlemen can be accommodated with good board
and pleasant rooms; also day board, at 49 Richmond St.,
East.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 12th Oct., 1877.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON
American invoices until further notice, 3 per
cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-1f

A. ELKIN IS IN TOWN WITH HIS
letter Copying Book and Ink copies letters with-
out press brush or water, St. James Building, Room 11
46 Church St. next to King St.—Agents wanted.

1823. SEND FOR 1878.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

The best Religious and Secular Family Newspaper. \$3.15
a Year, post-paid. Established 1823.

37 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

Marlborough House,

UNION RAILWAY STATION.

One, ~~Front~~ and Simcoe Sts., Toronto.

The above commodious and centrally located house com-
bines all Modern Appointments, Steam Heating, etc.
Affords Excellent Accommodation at Moderate Rates.

Having reduced its figures from \$2 to \$1.50 per day.

M. A. TROTTER, PROPRIETOR.
F. HODGINS, and A. M. CARDIGAN, Managers.

N.B.—Omnibus free.

THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.

The Printer's Miscellany will be ready for delivery in
about two weeks. The subscription lists and accounts
were lost in the fire of 20th June. Subscribers whose term
of subscription had not expired will please send their
names, addresses, amounts paid, and date of subscription,
as soon as possible. Those whose term ended with the
June number should lose no time in renewing, otherwise
considerable difficulty will be experienced in securing
back numbers. The paper will only be sent to those
whose subscriptions are paid in advance. Subscriptions
and advertisements respectfully solicited.

HUGH FINLAY,

Editor and Proprietor.

St. John, N. B.

REMOVAL.

"Grip" wishes to return his best thanks to the
people of Canada for their liberal pat-
ronage heretofore, and to inform them
that he has removed to more extensive premises, in that
very handsome Stone Front edifice, erected last summer,
now known as the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

WHICH IS

One Door West of the Post Office.

Where he is prepared to execute all Orders, from a

LABEL TO A 3-SHEET POSTER

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

CARDS.

We are prepared to fill Orders by Mail for Visiting
Cards (Finest Bristol, White or Tinted) immediately on
receipt of letter, and forward by FIRST MAIL, at the
following

RATES:

100 Cards, (one name, one style type), 75 cents.
50 " " " " 50 "
25 " " " " 30 "

Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each
Order.

THE FOLLOWING ARE

SAMPLES OF TYPE

FROM WHICH A CHOICE MAY BE MADE.

1

Robert Taylor.

2

William Richardson.

3

Miss Maggie Thompson.

4

George Augustus Williams.

5

Mrs. Thomas Jones.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespeare.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you
desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

TORONTO, ONT.

**Have You Seen
That Husband of Mine?**

**WHY YES!
I Just Left Him**

AT FAHEY BROS.,
Buying you some of those lovely Gloves, they warrant every pair

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

**ONTARIO
Baking Powder.**

WHITE, ODORLESS, & DOES NOT DISCOLOR.

Manufactured at the Ontario Coffee and Spice Steam Mills,

—BY—
W. J. SMITH,
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(Successors to CORNELL & CO.)



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Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

**GRIP OFFICE, } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.
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IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (First door west of Post Office) TORONTO.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned

GENTLEMEN

Collars of all the Newest Styles gotten up **EQUAL TO NEW**, at
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Situated on the high banks overlooking Lake Huron, is now open, with ample accommodation for
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A well appointed Coach leaves Goderich direct for the house morning and afternoon. An office of the Montreal Telegraph on the premises.
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HOUSE on Church St., south of Carlton, 8 to 12 rooms, must be first-class.
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FOUR COTTAGES,
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OFFICE, - - - NEXT POST OFFICE.
DOCKS, - - - FOOT OF CHURCH ST.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grubest Beast is the Ass; the grubest Bird is the Owl;
The grubest Fish is the Oyster; the grubest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 6TH OCTOBER, 1877.

Theatrical.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—MR. F. W. ROBINSON, the distinguished English Actor, is the star at this house the present week. His acting is very graceful and finished, and all who desire to spend an evening of pleasantry should take this opportunity of seeing him.

Good as Ever.

BELFORD'S Magazine and the Fortnightly Review for the current month have reached GRIP's table, and insure a delightful feast of reason as usual.

Little Stories.

I.

There was once a funny old person,
Named Senator D. L. MACPHERSON,
Who a pamphlet did write
So learned and bright
That it set the Grit party a-cursin'.

But this great man felt taken down rather,
When 'twas found that he wasn't the author,
But he got the job done
By some humbled one,
Thus taking the praise without bother.

II.

There once was a sheet called the Mail,
Which alleged that fraud did prevail
In the "Central Committee,"
(Supposed to be Gritty)—
But when challenged for proof, it turned tail.

New Drama—"The Unfortunate Citizen."

SCENE—The backwoods. CITIZEN ruralizing for benefit of his health. COUNTRY URBIN detailed from farm to take CITIZEN out shooting.

CITIZEN (who has done about four miles of steep moun'ain climbing in the bush).—Do you think, my boy, there is any chance of our seeing partridges?

BOY.—Lots of 'em somewhar. I always skeers up heaps of 'em round here. Queer as none of 'em shows to day. (Noise heard in distance.) Thar's one drummin' on a log. Come along, mister. (Rushes off.)

CITIZEN, (greatly excited, tumbles off slippery log into mass of hemlock stubs, emerges from thicket of underbrush with scratched face).—Where? where? where?

BOY.—Here, here, (Citizen runs panting after, catches him, and they presently approach partridge on log pluming its feathers, CITIZEN goes to cock the gun, hits the hammer with back of his hand—Bang!—partridge exit with loud whirr.)

CITIZEN.—Bless my soul! Never did such a thing before! What a fine bird! Let's go after him.

BOY (rather tired of the hill).—He's flewed to the low lands. They always does go thar about noon, (they travel two miles down hill and get into big swamp.)

CITIZEN (who is now perched on hammock among elder bushes).—Do they ever come here?

BOY.—Lots and lots? Very skeerce to-day. Thar! I sees one. (Skips over bog; Citizen dashes furiously after; sinks deep in black swamp muck; splashes through it, trips on root and tumbles; gets up with face and hands covered.)

BOY (staring up).—Look, look!

CITIZEN (Sees on branch above big bird astonished at fuss; takes aim—Bang!—bird falls).—Splendid partridge!

BOY.—Young howl.

CITIZEN (throwing it away).—So it is. Beastly place. Let's get back to dinner. I'm all mud (wipes his face with great bunch of leaves.)

BOY.—Snakes alive! Whatyer doin'? Them's nettles, Lor you'll hev a face tomorrel!

CITIZEN.—Hang it all! (Washes his face in black pond.) Hullo! (jerks his head up). What—What's that? Damn 'em! Pull 'em off!

BOY (pulls two good sized leeches off Citizen's face).—Horrid creeters them blood-suckers be; they aint pyson, though.

CITIZEN.—Come along! Let's get out of this! (Splashes off followed by boy.)

ACT II.

NEXT DAY—FISHING.

CITIZEN (Holding out big fishing pole under shade of tree; boy scaring off mosquitoes with branch).—If you had not to waive that thing, I might catch a fish, if there ever was one in the river!

BOY.—Can't stop waivin' we'd be bit to all tarnashun. Thar's a bite! Pull!

CITIZEN (Gives tremendous pull and hauls up awful looking open-mouthed object).—A great catfish! Beast! Here, he's swallowed the hook and half the line, (Spears his finger on sharp fin.) Darn it! (Breaks line and throws fish squash against a tree.) Give me the other hook! (fishes again).

BOY.—Gosh all spiders! (jumps away). Look, mister!

CITIZEN (Hears a peculiar rattling "Zip, zip, zip!" on bank; looks and sees very full-grown rattlesnake—starts back, falls into six feet of remarkably muddy water, gets hold of branch pulis himself out; snake crawls off).—Guess we'll go home, I don't think there is much fish in this river.

BOY.—We ketches lots. I knows a place a little furdur in the—

CITIZEN.—Yes, "a little further." Don't want to go there. I'm bit to death with mosquitoes; burn't up with nettles; can't see how much clothes I have left for the mud, and am so stiff with walking I can hardly stand. If this is amusement, I want something serious.

(Exit boy carrying pole.)

The Water Rate.

It was a worthy citizen
Of credit and renown.
Who long had been well known within
Our big Toronto town.

Who had a lot of houses got
On both sides of the way,
And much did hate big water rate
Upon them all to pay.

And cast around with thought profound,
And exercised his wit.
With labour great to cogitate
How he might lower it.

With heart elate he thought him straight
Upon a certain clause,
A clause unwise, which dead now lies
Among the city laws.

Who never got, and needed not
The city water, he
Would make to pay as well as they
Who used it steadily.

But people say another way
The thing will have to go,
For this would be clear robbery
As honest men do know.

Letter of an Indignant Lady.

TO MR. GRIP:

SIR, Observing that you are the friend of our sex, I write to you in a tone of astonished remonstrance. Why cannot my husband get me all I want?

My desires are moderate. A handsome house, a few horses, two or three carriages, sufficient servants, a seaside residence for summer, and a blank cheque weekly, are all I need—at present.

I am sure you would agree with me that my life would be much more comfortable with these concomitants, and that my husband should see that I could also render his more agreeable, did I possess them.

He will not give me them!!!!

He says he is not able!!!!

This is, you will agree with me, utterly unreasonable, when many in no better circumstances do even more for their wives. And he agreed to cherish and protect me!!!!

He is in business, and he says the expense would bankrupt him. I agree with him, and tell him that is the very thing necessary. But he will not agree with me!!!!

Now, Sir I am sure you read with pleasure the charming disclosures made in a late bankruptcy case—how the husband didn't know what the entries were, or how much money his wife had had, or what her houses cost, or what the household expenses were, or anything but that she had everything fine, and spent a very charming lot of money indeed. Now I want my husband to do that, and then if necessary begin again, and afterwards do it, and if required do it some more. And he will not!!!!

I am the most injured, the most persecuted the most wretched of women. I sign myself

AN OUTRAGED FEMALE.

Toronto, Oct. 2, 1877.

He Will not Do.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
 Though graced with polished manners, yet fine sense
 Wanting, and sensibility, the man
 Who needlessly would some two dollars hoard,
 Nor turn aside, and pay it down for GRIP,
 Delivered for a year. A list of friends!
 He is no friend; he never had a friend;
 He never could be friend to aught on earth,
 Save his two dollars' chink; he is some knave
 Who paltrily doth sneak along the streets,
 And spy the noble illustrates of GRIP,
 In bookshop window hang, and gaineth thence
 Amusement more than fillet his small soul
 Up to the bursting point, yet buyeth not,
 But crawlth off, and rubs his dollars two
 Within his waistcoat pouch, and chuckleth then
 Deep in the place where others have their souls:
 "Am I not clever?—I have thus much got
 Free gratis out of GRIP." Poor miserling—
 Pumpkin of heart, and pipkinized of head,
 I wiste no thought on him.

But you who would
 Were we but once acquainted, soon be placed
 On friendship's dearest scroll, who haply know
 Nothing of this the chief Canadian sheet,
 Oh, stay not longer thus. Bethink you, this
 Is now the Nineteenth Century, and that
 Men of your most undoubted calibre
 Should not remain in ignorance, nor should
 Forfeit the only literary joy
 That this young country yields. How soothing, when
 You have the public movements striv'n to scan,
 By aid of dim and particoloured lights,—
 Those lanterns dark by which the *Globe and Mail*,
Et genus omne hoc discover part,
 Part hide in deepest shade—to turn to GRIP,
 And view his iridescent picturing
 Reveal at once the whole. And there are those
 Who have not yet subscribed!!

Canadian Rights Entertainment.

WHEN the night was come, the Sultan SANDIMAKENZI repaired again to the *cauchon* and begged him to relate the rest of the story of Wandering Willie and the Cûte Vizier. At which the *cauchon*, making a low bow, resumed as follows:

When the Grand Vizier SIRJONNAY announced to WANDERING WILLIE that he had appointed him Pasha of the North West land, WILLIE was greatly delighted, and, having kissed the hand of the generous Vizier, he retired to make the necessary preparations for his journey. As soon as he had withdrawn, the Grand Vizier fell into a great fit of laughter, and appeared to be highly pleased. So much noise did he make in thus giving vent to his joy, that one of his attendants entered his presence and requested to know if anything had struck him, or if he was often taken in that way. To this the Grand Vizier replied that the occasion of his laughter was the clever trick he was about to play upon WANDERING WILLIE. The attendant replied that a demonstration of joy on that account appeared to him to be somewhat premature, "for," said he, "even as I came in to your chamber, I observed this very person, WANDERING WILLIE, already far advanced on his journey towards the North West country, of which he is to be Pasha. Whatever therefore, may be the merit of the trick thou would'st have played upon him, (and I do not doubt it would have been most amusing) he is now beyond thy power, and thy laughter hath been spent in vain." Thereupon the Grand Vizier burst into still louder mirth, at which the attendant greatly marvelled.

Observing the expression of wonder on the attendant's face, the Vizier said, "I perceive thy stupidity, and I will not bring thee relief by relating plainly the nature of this jest I am about to play; but considering that thou hast always served me faithfully, and that thy dulness of mind is probably not thy own fault, I will give thee some light on the matter by relating a little story."

"I thank thee, great Vizier," replied the attendant. "There is nothing I delight in more than the relation of strange adventures, and mayhap I may be able from thy story to guess what is the trick thou wouldst play on WANDERING WILLIE."

"Listen then" said the Grand Vizier, "to the story of

THE PRINCE AND THE WILD GOOSE CHASE.

The King of a certain country had a son, who was very fond of the chase, and kept a large pack of hounds for that purpose. The Prince was greatly attached to these animals, for, besides being well trained, they were all pure white. As may be supposed, he took great pride in caring for them, and even washed them with his own hands thrice every

year. At length there appeared amongst them a dog which had a small brown spot upon it. The Prince could not tolerate about him any dog that was not pure white, but he found that this particular animal was fully as good and clever a hunter as any of the pack, and he persuaded himself that the brown spot was but a stain accidentally got in the chase. He therefore tried to wash it out, but in doing so he discovered that it was no mere stain but a natural color. Then he began to hate that hound, and determined to separate it from his pack. He had not the heart to kill him outright, and he found it impossible to get rid of him by whipping, slighting or other manifestations of unkindness. At length he hit upon a plan which affected his purpose. He sent the hound off on a wild goose chase. Having first given him a false scent, he started the poor dog off with his nose to the ground in search of an imaginary wild goose, and so disgusted did the dog become when he found at the end of a journey of many tedious miles, that it had all been for nothing, that he conceived a great hatred of his late master the Prince, and never returned. And so the Prince got rid of the hound with the brown spot, and was happy. When the Grand Vizier had finished his story of the Prince and the Wild Goose Chase," continued the *cauchon*, still addressing the Sultan SANDIMAKENZI, "he observed that the expression of stupidity was still upon the face of the attendant, so he dismissed him from his presence, forbidding him again to appear before him until he had guessed from this story the nature of the trick intended to be played on WANDERING WILLIE. Meantime WANDERING WILLIE, with all his camels and retinue, was approaching the gates of the country of which he had been appointed Pasha. The sun was just sinking in the West, and everything looked glorious. Little did he think of the horrible fate that awaited him, when—

"But, Great Sultan," the *cauchon* suddenly said, interrupting himself, "I perceive that it is day: I must leave the Cabinet and start for the North West." "No!" ejaculated SANDIMAKENZI, "I am burning to hear the sequel of thy wonderful story. I go to attend a picnic and transact other state business now, but will hear the end of the story to-night."

So the *cauchon* stayed another day at the Cabinet.

(To be continued.)

Is There no Change?

Must it be ever thus—shall we aspire
 Never to more than this diminished span,
 To eat and sleep at ease our chief desire,
 As if the selfsame aim had beast and man,
 Food, drink, and shade provided—no more they will or can.

It is for these alone—what other end
 Employs Canadian hand—Canadian brain?
 The house once built,—the gold once saved—they spend
 For these alone, and to no more attain,
 This—this asylums fill, and fill them yet again.

Man must have more than this—his soul consents
 Not to be levelled with the lower kind,
 Their satiation never him contents,
 Dwarfed, shrivelled, crushed perforce, the human mind
 Consumes itself, and sinks in idiocy blind.

For this we build, and yet must build once more
 The mighty piles which cage our mindless ones,
 For this we see in emigration pour
 To other climes, our country's noblest sons,
 The first's sad fate is known—that fate the second shuns.

There is no room for aspiration here,
 Nor will be while we prostitute the land
 To be the feeder base whence others rear
 Their fabric—the support on which they stand,
 The growers but of grain reared never nation grand.

Think what we are, and think what we might be,
 Four millions on a territory's marge
 Fit to sustain four hundred, while we see
 Where day by day grows larger and more large
 Our neighbor, till he shall relieve us of our charge.

Oh, spring from those whose sturdy hand will
 Have won for them on earth the foremost place,
 Why occupy this false position still,
 Base, grovelling, far unworthy of your race,
 The means of strength are known—why not those means embrace?

Assist the farmer's art—it is but one
 Ingredient in the compound of success.
 Add manufacture, and of countries none
 Shall ours exceed in power and nobleness,
 Thought scarce can show the change; words scarce can it express.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

ONTARIO STREET north of Wellesley, two brick fronted houses, nine rooms, extra finish, bow windows, folding doors, grates, &c. Good cellar, hard and soft water. Lot 23 x 126. Price \$1,900 each.

NIAGARA STREET, two rough cast houses, seven rooms, hard and soft water. \$2,500 for both. Would exchange for farm.

ESTHER STREET, two story dwelling, six rooms. Price \$900.

D'ARCY STREET. New brick dwelling, extra finish, eight rooms, bath-room, vestibule and folding doors, bow window, grates, &c. Price \$2,700.

ADELAIDE ST. WEST. Brick fronted semi-detached house—eight rooms, hard and soft water. This is a new house and extra well finished. Price \$2,800.

CHURCH STREET. Roughcast house, twelve rooms, folding doors, grates, etc. Lot 21x130, to a lane 20 feet wide. Price, \$2,500, half cash.

DALHOUSIE STREET. Three houses, 6 rooms, hard and soft water. \$1,250 each.

RICHMOND ST. WEST. Two roughcast houses, 11 rooms, splendidly finished, bath room and every convenience. \$3,000.

WILLIAM HENRY STREET, rough cast house, seven rooms, grate, folding doors, &c. \$1,800.

ORDE STREET, rough cast cottage, six rooms. \$1,000.

SUFFOLK PLACE, rough cast, detached, nine or ten rooms. \$2,600.

BEACHELL STREET, store and dwelling, \$1,100.
Cottage, 5 rooms, hard and soft water, \$700.

HURON STREET, two story house, rough cast, eight rooms and summer kitchen, \$2,300.

PROPERTIES WANTED.

ST. JAMES WARD, Cottage of about five rooms.

ST. THOMAS WARD, a detached or semi-detached house of about nine rooms, good yard, with stable or room to build one. Price about \$2,500.

ST. ANDREWS WARD, house of about 7 rooms, near the market. Price \$1,000 to \$1,500

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THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.

The Printer's Miscellany will be ready for delivery in about two weeks. The subscription lists and accounts were lost in the fire of 20th June. Subscribers whose term of subscription had not expired will please send their names, addresses, amounts paid, and date of subscription, as soon as possible. Those whose term ended with the June number should lose no time in renewing, otherwise considerable difficulty will be experienced in securing back numbers. The paper will only be sent to those whose subscriptions are paid in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements respectfully solicited.

HUGH FINLAY,

St. John, N. B.

Editor and Proprietor.

REMOVAL.

"Grip" wishes to return his best thanks to the people of Canada for their liberal patronage heretofore, and to inform them that he has removed to more extensive premises, in that very handsome Stone Front edifice, erected last summer, now known as the

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Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

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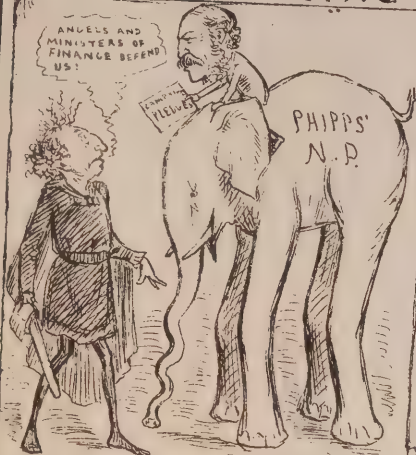
"AND HE SHOOK THE BEAST OFF INTO THE FIRE AND FELT NO HARM."



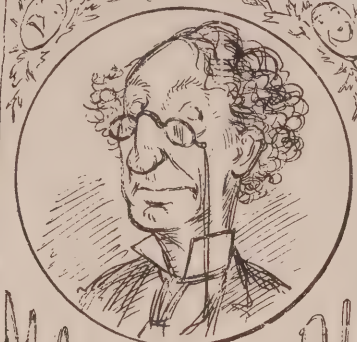
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COMMENCING THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH 1879!!!



HAMLET.



MACDONALD!

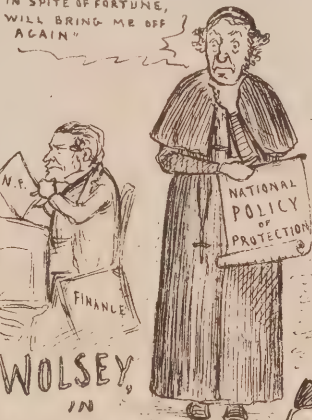


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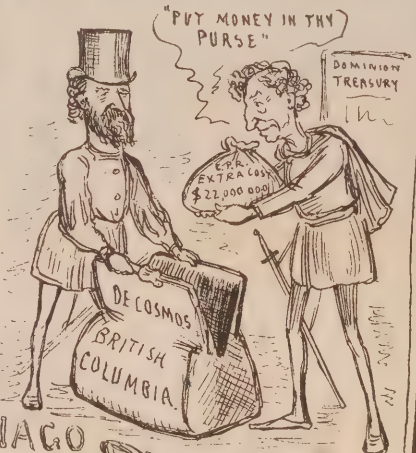


RICHARD III.

"I KNOW 'T WILL STIR HIM STRONGLY, YET I KNOW A WAY, IF IT TAKE RIGHT, IN SPIKE OF FORTUNE, WILL BRING ME OFF AGAIN."



WOLSEY, IN HENRY VIII.



IAGO IN OTHELLO.

OWING TO THE EXPENSE OF THIS ENGAGEMENT, PRICES WILL BE RAISED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.



THE COMING ATTRACTION!

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Subscription price, \$2 per annum; single copies 5 cents. For sale by newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

Advertisements and subscriptions received at the office, to which all communications should be addressed.

GEORGE BENGOUGH,
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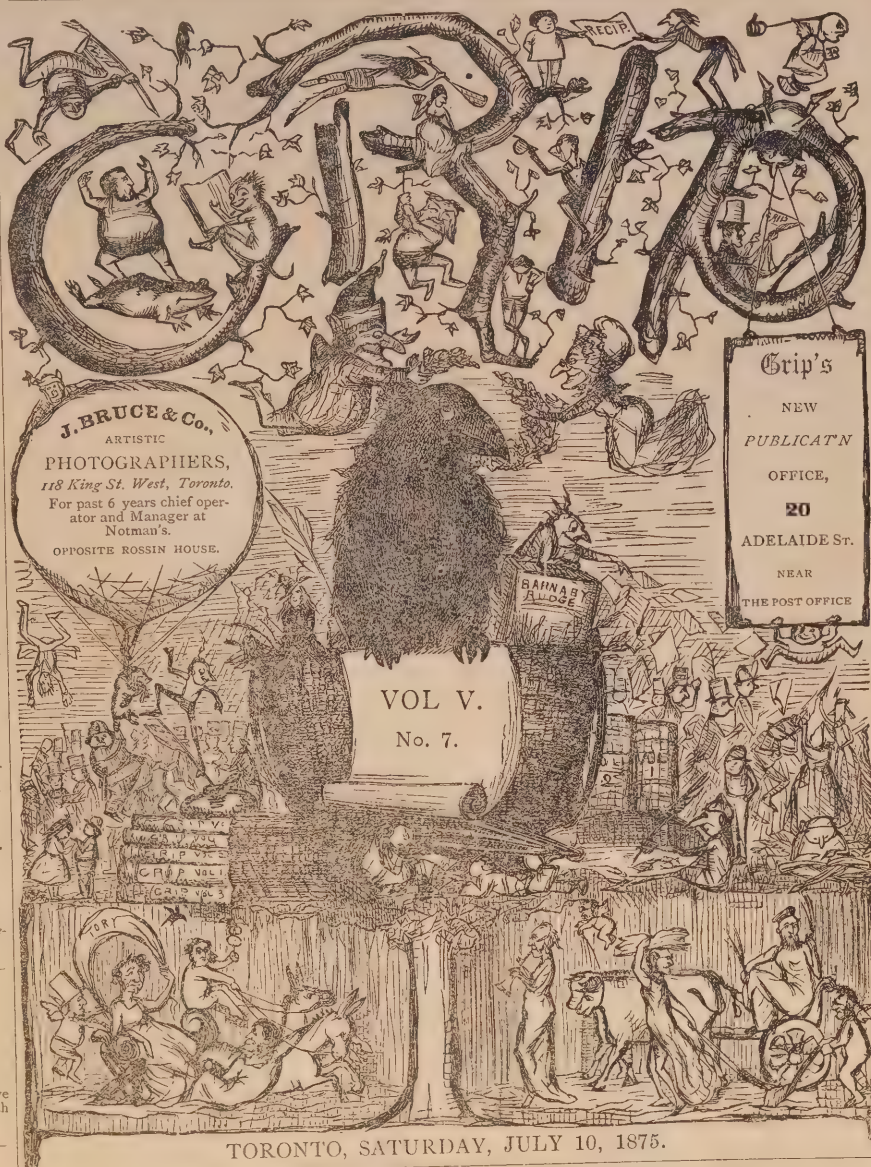
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office not later than Wednesday.—
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The grubest Fish is the Oyster; the grubest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1875.

Toronto Owls.

A Toronto Owl am I,
By night and by day do I cry,
Some people call it shrieking,
But careless of right or wrong,
I ever repeat my song,
And sing both loud and long,
In spite of their evil speaking.
Too, oo, ut-ut-ya-owl, a-whoo !!

'Tis night, and the weary city
Seeks rest, and craves my pity,
And thousands pray my ceasing,
But I care not what your number,
I'll keep you from your slumber,
Hear this from Don to Humber,
In piercing strength increasing,
Towl, howl, yool, hool, ga, ger, ghool !!!

There, the city I have shaken,
A switchman to awaken,
With my fiendish midnight laughter;
Needless, truly, are my cries,
But I glory to surprise
Sleep from all sleepy eyes,
And to think of their misery after.
Hoo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, owl !!!!

In yonder cottage lying,
A little child sinks dying,
My singing gives her anguish;
Each note sends thrills of pain
Into that aching brain,
I'm sending her insane,
Well, what care I how she languish?
Ha, ha, ha, Howl ha yuhoo !!!!

My sister bird the jangling bell,
Can warning give and danger tell,
Which some think quite sufficient;
But the work in which I revel
Is simply to do evil,
And to prove that I'm proficient:
Loot, hoot, mool, mer, oo, oo, oo, owl !!!!

I know I mar your slumber
Every night times without number
Till "tired nature" balked of rest with
rage does fairly bristle,
But you can't move me to pity,
And in spite of all entreaty,
I'll be night-mayor of the city
For I'm the *Railway Whistle*;
G. T. Rowl, G. W. Rowl, T. G. Bowl, N. R. Howl, oool, ooot. !

Last (Political) Words of Great Men.

A paragraph giving the "dying words of eminent men" has been going the rounds of the newspapers lately. As political death is fast approaching the many distinguished individuals who occupy public attention in Canada at present, GRIP begs to anticipate a few additional sentences to the item in question:

"Alas! poor flock, left without a shepherd!"—George Brown.
"This is my last day out!"—Crooks.
"No bribing death?"—Maddiver.
"After life's fitful wanderings we rest well."—W. Macdougall.
"Na'e'en the Isolated Risk hae any power o' insurance 'gainst a mon's latter end!"—Alex. Mackenzie.
"When the oil of life fails its lamp goeth out."—Pardee.
"Politics don't pay."—R. A. Harrison, Q.C.
"There's a few fellows I wouldn't have minded hanging ere my own tether was cut short."—Sheriff McKellar.
"Methinks it thundereth."—E. B. Wood.

"The reputation of the good shineth like burnished copper!"—Seth Huntingdon.

"This is the first time I ever felt short of breath."—C. F. Fraser.

"These hands are clean!"—Sir John Macdonald.

"I have fought a good fight!"—Edgar.

"Kiss me, Willy!"—M. C. Cameron.

"Life, is but a poor pantomime where clowns jibe and tumble."—Joe Rymal.

"Tell Wood, he had better not speak now!"—Blake.

"I shall soon be a cipher in the great human account."—Cartwright.

"There is laid up for me a goldine crown!"—Wilkes.

"We are but as 'bantams,' or 'babies,' in the strong grip of death."—Jenkins.

"I have kept the faith."—Dymond.

"Bury my 'scrap-book' with me!"—Rykert.

"I travel a road where there is no evading the full toll."—J. Beatty.

"Too heavily weighed! Death's pale horse wins in a canter!"—Pat-teson.

"I stay on the *Globe* no longer."—J. Gordon Brown.

"I'll be a loss to the whole Nation."—Goldwin Smith.

"Finish my sufferings with a club."—W. H. Howland.

The Centennial.

In accordance with our promise, we proceed to take the reader with us in our tour through the various objects of interests in the several departments and classes of the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, with special reference of course to the share therein of Canadian Exhibitors.

The tenth group of the first class comprises mineral raw materials. In this we particularly observe, in class 106, the grindstone used by those who have axes to grind. In the same class are shown some polishing materials from a fashionable boarding school for young ladies, consisting of a French novel or two and some of BRINLEY RICHARDS'S piano music.

Class 102 contains some of the crude petroleum which was pumped up for MR. EASTWICK'S inspection, and other mineral combustibles.

In Class 107 some fine specimens of the granite used for fertilizing purposes in Muskoka are exhibited.

Group 11 containing agricultural products used chiefly for food contains, in addition to the ordinary products of the earth an extra class for grasshoppers, the new and favorite delicacy of the Menmonite settler.

Here, in Class 113, we remark with pleasure the fruits of temperate regions, under which head we should have thought grapes might have been included as having no connection with wine, at least as a rule.

Group 12, devoted to arboriculture, contains many interesting specimens. Class 120 contains, among other fruit-trees, the Canada thistles from which the enterprising managers of the Model Farm have been endeavoring to raise a crop of figs, as yet without much success.

Our Canadian Almanac will take a foremost place in class 122 for annual flowering plants.

Class 125, for orchids and parasitic plants, contains in addition to several awkward looking specimens, the original social parasite of MR. DISRAELI'S *Lothair*.

In Class 128 the Toronto Harbour Commissioners will exhibit their entire aquatic plant, consisting of an old scow and a steam dredge.

Group 13 is devoted to forest products. Need we say that Manitoba is to the fore in class 132 with an ornamental Wood.

Dyeing, tanning and coloring in class 134 give several newspapers an opportunity of shewing the endless variety of colorings that can be given to the same object.

Class 135. Corks and substitutes for corks of *vegetable growth*. This restriction excludes the human thumb. A corn-cob is not to be relied on. The best substitute for a cork is to empty the bottle, unless so far in the forest that there is no hope of getting it filled again.

Class 139. The miscellaneous products of the forest include mosquitoes, blackflies, deerflies and any amount of ferocious insects.

In Group 14. Class 140 shews the difference between the actual tobacco leaf and the five cent cigar.

We linger at Class 147 to inhale the exhilarating perfume of the catnip and skunk-cabbage, and pass on to Group 16, of animals and live stock. It may be remarked that persons bringing wolves and wild-cats are requested to provide their own cages. During the present financial stringency a number of persons will be only too glad to send away the wolves from their doors for purposes of exhibition.

Some members of the Canada First party show the *lynx* that bind them to the mother country. The poor animal appears very thin.

Group 17, of fishes and fish products, will include, if not a whale, something very like it. The JONAH of the Ontario cabinet will appear in connexion with this group.

In class 171. The *Monetary Times* shows a very fine TROUT, in the class of fishes, living and preserved. A PIKE and some SUN fish complete the list of contributions, with the exception of a few suckers.

Class 179 contains whalebone and shagreen. The latter denomination is mainly supplied by defeated candidates at recent elections.

The proprietor of the *Leader* has sent several emissaries to secure the Waubushene swordfish, who were assisted in their search by several Orillia newspaper men. They found no traces of the monster and came back swearing at being fooled. So Canada is not likely to boast of one after all.

Group 18. Class 180. THE DAIRY. An unrivalled specimen of Toronto milk will attract all eyes, rivalling the sapphire in its cerulean hue and pellucid clearness, and the vendor rivalling Sapphira in his asseverations of its purity.

In Class 182 we find there is nothing like leather except some kind of beef. Here we observe parchment enough for all the commissions a countryman has to execute when he goes into town, and some to spare for those of the Ministry. Also for its even less legitimate use as drumheads for perambulating bands.

The Department ends in the nineteenth group with preserved meats, vegetables and fruits, among which several venerable sardines appear without any tin. Some corned beef from a rural hotel was placed by a pardonable mistake in the leather class, and some pork of a rich yellow tinge gave rise to doubts as to whether it was intended for railway grease or animal perfumes. Cannington carried off the palm from most Canadian competitors, though Canfield pressed it closely, it being at length decided that there was no necessity to can a whole field, when the produce was all that was wanted.

Modern Devotion.

(A number of Pic-nics, in aid of church-building, were held on Dominion Day.)

Beg, beg, beg,
From morn till dewy eve;
Beg, beg, beg,
No house unvisited leave,
Eggs and butter and flour,
Flour and butter and eggs;
In these is latent a holy power,
For these each sister begs.

Bake, bake, bake,
For oh! 'tis for the Church:
Bake, bake, bake
Our Committee out of the lurch.
Bake, bake, bake;
We'll give bread for stones;
So sisters, bake, e'en if you ache
Through all your tender bones.
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.

Batter and knead and bake
The jumbled full of your bag,
And show your skill in various cake
Till not an arm can wag.
Pies and puddings and paste
Pile up in ample store
For stomachs good,—none go to waste,
Though we had even more.
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.

Slops and sweets and sweat
May mingle at their will;
Our zeal and heat may make us wet,
Yet we our guests must fill.
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.,

Shout, shout, shout,
And young Ontario Crown;
Spout, spout, spout,
On the dingy past look down.
Gold, gold, gold,
In the ages long ago,
Paid the saints of old,
Or their lands they sold,
To make their temples grow.
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.,

Saints, saints, saints—
Their feelings would be shocked,
And every grave professor faints
And thinks himself just mocked.
Bill or cheque to give
For love of God or man:
"Oh no! he just can live;
But he knows a better plan."
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.,

"On cakes and tea and pies
A sound foundation lay,
And thence you'll see a structure rise
Shall mark the present day.
Faith and alms and prayer—
Such things are out of date;
In the ways of old we wish no share,
Nor of them hear men prate."
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.,

Smug and cheap and bright,
M. E. or St. Bridget's walls
Will rise to becoming height
With few and little calls
On any good man's purse;
The tea-shine does it all;
To it we'll have recourse
Oft as the funds may fall.
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.,

Day, day, day,
"Day better the better day";
Now God is pleased,
No saint is squeezed,
And we have had our play.
Shroud, shroud, shroud!
In sight of it (I say)
We'll give God thanks aloud
For this work of Dominion Day.
Eggs and butter and flour,
Flour and butter and eggs;
In these is latent a holy power,
For these each sister begs.

"Sub tegmine fagi."

BY RICHARD DE DICKE.

Beneath my favourite spreading oak,
With boughs broad-stretching, as I sit,
And take my peaceful morning smoke
While Fancy's visions o'er me flit.
The town and lake beneath me lie,
And, on the dim horizon far,
Looms indistinct before my eye
Thy distant shore, Niagara!

Amid the leaves soft zephyrs play,
The meadows, fresh with genial showers,
Shine forth in verdure's brightest ray,
And richer tints adorn the flowers.
In various shapes and hues the clouds,
O'er heaven's expanded azure stream;
Now veil the sun in shadowy shrouds.
Now melt before his strengthening beam!

I sit and smoke, and think 'tis true
(As saith the bard) that "blest is he
Who wealth, nor power doth ne'er pursue,"—
Nor "Boss" of any kind would be.
Avant! ye "Politicians" all!
Who still our peace of mind assail—
(Like angry cats which fiercely wail—
With curving back and swelling tail.)

Here, in my calm retreat, I snap
My fingers at your snarling din;
Nor care in sooth a single rap
For who is "out", or who is "in".
Nor ask—but lo! who comes us here?
Who standeth at my garden gate?
What loon is this brings letter here,
And saith, "for answer he will wait?"

I know him by his scent of ink,—
I know him by his demon smile,—
I know him by his fiendish wink,—
Exulting in his errand vile.
And me he knoweth too; and knows
He's going to have me on the hip,
For thus his fearful missive flows,
"Please send some 'copy' up. Yours, GRIP!"

* * * * *
My pipe is out. My joys fled far,
All nature's clothed with sudden gloom;
P. D's, fell destinies they are
Which dog man's footsteps to the tomb!
Oh! for a lodge in land remote
From printers' ruthless whirl and whirl!
A land where no one wants to "vote"
On anything, from year to year.

When tar and feathers prompt await
On all who newspapers peruse,
And his is deemed the happiest state
Who never knows of any "news"
Where Vigilance Committees deal
With "Editors," wherever found,
And ne'er one solitary squeal
For "copy," breaks life's blissful round!



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CANADIAN COMMISSION,
International Exhibition,
1876.
PHILADELPHIA.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO,
TORONTO, June 19th, 1875. }

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Immediate application is necessary to secure space.

The transportation, receiving, the unpacking and arranging of the products for exhibition, will be at the expense of the Canadian Commission.

The Canadian Commission will provide, at their own cost, all show cases, shelving, counters, fittings, &c., which they may require; and all countershafts, with their pulleys, belting, &c., for the transmission of power from the main shafts in the machinery hall. All arrangements of articles and decorating must be in conformity with the general plan adopted by the Director-General.

The Canadian Commission will take precautions for the safe preservation of all objects in the Exhibition, and it will be responsible for damage or loss of any kind, or for accidents by fire or otherwise.

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For further information apply to the Secretary of the Ontario Advisory Board.

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39 Scott street,
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THE HON. A. McKELLAR,
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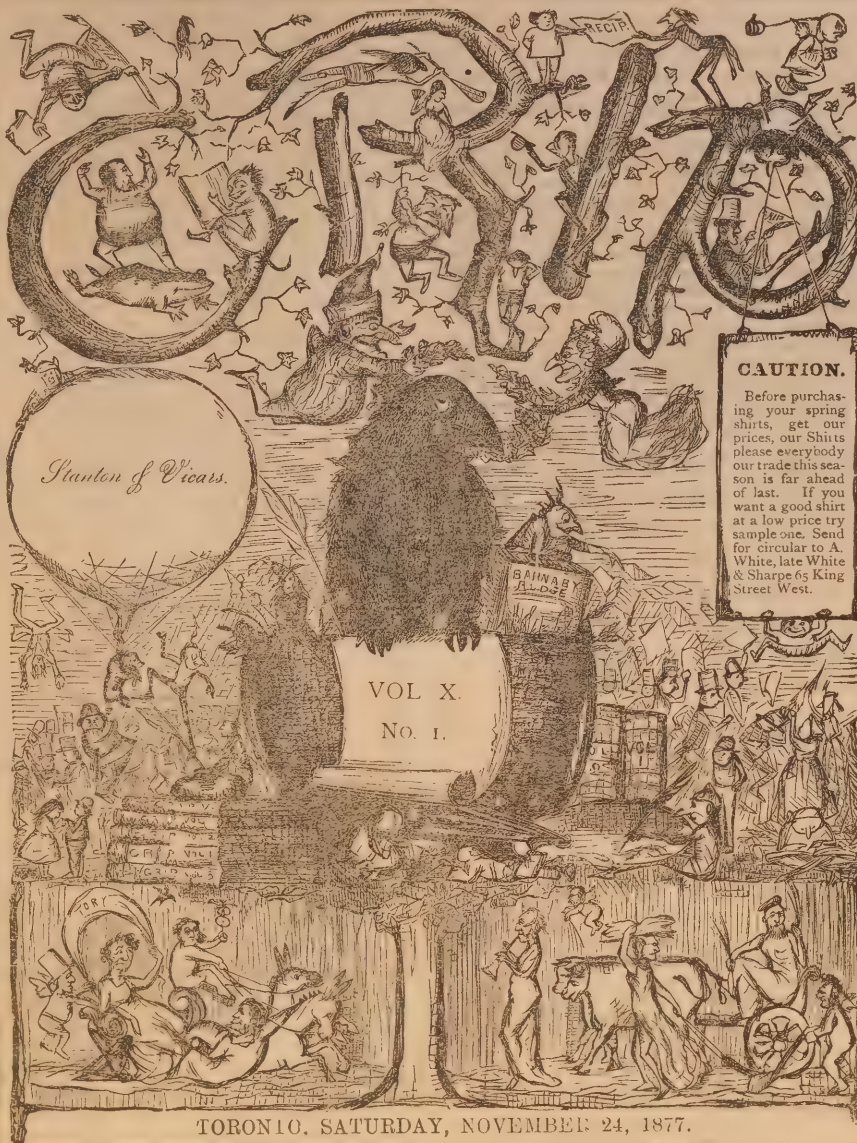
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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOLPH.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 24TH NOVEMBER, 1877.

Volume X.

With this number GRIP enters upon his TENTH VOLUME, and in anticipation of kind enquiries from all quarters of the earth he would say, "First rate, thank you; never felt better in the whole course of my existence!"

The Depression, which has for so long a time been squeezing grumbles out of our business people—all along of that wretched Government—has only affected GRIP in an indirect manner. So far as his financial affairs are concerned he snaps his fingers at it—(if a Raven may be permitted to speak of his talons in that manner). It is in the political department that he has felt its effects. The dullness in trade has begotten a similar dullness in the minds of GRIP's special charge, the politicians, and their movements have for a long time been so sluggish and insignificant that it has put him to no little pains to find matter for his weekly comment—pictorial and otherwise. Fortune, the friend of the good, didn't entirely desert him, however, but sent him the Northern Railway Cow, and a few pic-nic extravaganzas, which tided him over a very trying time. But, perhaps he ought not to complain, especially as this is a Thanksgiving season; and after all, on looking over Volume IX, he sees that his mission of chastising wrongdoers has not been badly fulfilled. Those who would see and judge for themselves, are informed that Vol. IX (or any previous volume) can be obtained, neatly bound, at his office, for a very reasonable sum. Let the past go; the future is full of hope. Pretty soon this political Depression at all events will disappear, whatever the financial Depression may do. Parliament is to meet shortly, and we are promised a session that shall outstrip all its predecessors in violence, vituperation, scandal, and all the other qualities that delight the heart of the cartoon-maker. GRIP is sharpening his pencils for the fray, and the clever young men who furnish his literary good things every week, are cutting their quills in anticipation of a great harvest of fun. Let the reader make a note of this, and if he hasn't already done so, let him subscribe forthwith, and have the coming six months enlivened by regular visits from the numbers of VOLUME X.

A Wifely Query by Mrs. John Greenhorn.

I.

How often in the small hours' gloom,
When JOHN is snoring at my side,
Waking the echoes of the room,
I've sobbed, I've whimpered, and I've cried.

II.

He only winks his nether eye,
And tightly purses up his lips,
To my entreaties he'll reply
By silence, nothing from him slips.

III.

He will not tell the reason why
His waistcoats always *cloves* contain;
He will not answer when I cry,
"Oh JOHN! beloved JOHN, explain!"

IV.

"And why! Oh why these *coffee-beans*,
My tears *should* melt a heart of rock;
Oh, tell your MARTHA what it means,
And why this little square of chalk?"

V.

Oh dearest, kindest, Mister GRIP,
Take pity on a woman's tears,
Let not another moment slip,
But quiet a poor woman's fears!

VI.

Is JOHN a burglar or a thief?
Am I in truth a robber's misses?
My heart is nearly cracked with grief,
Oh! do I share a cracksmen's kisses?

No—he only drinks and plays billiards.—ED.

What Grip Loves.

To watch a dance I love to sit
Against the wall on tilted chair,
And view the joy-flushed damsels flit
Around the room; 'Tis passing fair,
'Tis passing fair! I love it well,
But ten times more the supper-bell,
Calling the hot and happy throng
To ice cream cool and champagne strong,
To lobster salad, chicken; Stay,
No more of this I'll sing or say,
For ghosts of suppers, years digested,
Are from my memory resurrected!

I love to hear the hearty brats
Raising CAIN upon the street,—
Running hand-sleighs, stoning cats,
Or the people whom they meet;
I also love the screams and yells
Which to my ear a story tells
Of angry father; mother wild,
Licking that unsuspecting child!
My soul doth love these sounds bewildering,
Of angry parents whacking children,
I love to hear a traveler old
Tell of the places where he's been;
To hear the hoary liar bold
Recount the things he's never seen;
I like to overhear a lover
Telling oh, such yards of lies,
Swearing by the "heavens above her,"
Swearing by his sweetheart's eyes;
I love a maiden's rippling laugh,
Like wavelets on a moonlit sea,
I love to see a thoughtful calf
Chewing a boot-top on the lea;
And much I love a sailor bold,
No yachting fool in seamen's guise,
But true as steel or oak or gold,
I love his jovial "dash your eyes!"
I love to hear a parrot's talk,
Although its words might soil this page,
I like its clinging, clambering walk,
Head downwards all around the cage;
I love the free and easy grace
With which he cocks his horny nose,
Consigns me to a torrid place,
And squares his light fantastic toes;
And much I love an Indian grim,
Who'd stab and scalp you without fail,
All grand in war paint, huge of limb,
Like SITTING BULL or SPOTTED TAIL;
Oh yes, I love an Indian well,
Of guttural "Ughs" and "Waghs" so full,
With noble instincts, purpose fell,
Like SPOTTED TAIL or SITTING BULL.

The Trinity College Blow Out.

(By our rural Commissioner.)

REVERED GRIP:

When my honoured parents brought me to the city and placed me under your guardianship, they probably did the best thing they could do, in view of all the dangers that surround a rural youth on commencing life; and I am sure it was only your solicitude for my morals that induced you to take me upon your staff, and send me up to attend the Trinity College Dinner on Thursday of last week. "There, my boy," said you, as I was leaving the sanctum, "there you shall mingle among high dignitaries of the church, and the real gentlemen of the land; there also you shall meet clever and exemplary young men; perhaps the visit will do you good." The visit has done me good. It has opened before me all the pleasures of life. I regret that I am not yet sufficiently recovered from the effects of the Dinner—jamboree the exemplary young men called it—to furnish you with a detailed account of the occasion. My nerves are yet unsteady; my head is yet dull and aching, and I feel rather thirsty. But I expect in a few days to be able to tell you all about it. Meantime let me say I did my part nobly; I drank almost as much as the rest of the boys, and did my share of making night hideous in and about the College. We got tin pans and horns, and tore through the corridors, kicking up the deuce along with some of the old fellows. SIR JOHN MACDONALD was there and made a speech, but unfortunately (like many more in the audience) I couldn't see or hear steadily, and so failed to catch the drift of it. I say Trinity College is a brick, and I want you to send me up to the next Dinner they have. Nine Club be hanged, in the meantime.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

The Soliloquies of Fitznoodle of the Club.

III. CAWTWIGHT, AND OTHAW THINGS.

I AM—aw—wather sawpvised at WICHARD JOHN CAWTWIGHT. I don't know pweicely what to think about him. I don't approve altogethaw, you see, of the *Mail* fellow pitching into him in such a weckless mannaw, and calling him nawsty names, because I have gweat wewspect for WICHARD JOHN—that is, compawwitivity gweat, considwring he is a Gwit. He was once a Consawwative, and he dwesses well even yet. He is the best dwessed tellow in the Gwit wanks, and I wewspect any fellow who dwesses well, whatewaw may be his political opinions. I don't think twifies like politics or weligion ought to pwedulice us against a fellow who dwesses well. Now, WICHARD JOHN dwesses like a gentleman, and I wewspect him accawdingly; he was once a membaw of the pawty of gentlemen, and what is bwed in the bone will come out in the weawing appawel. But, why did WICHARD JOHN leave his Pawty, and go over to the Gwits, wewspectability and all? This is what sawpwises me most. The wewy idea of leawing the wight Hon. SIR JOHN, and going owaw to SANDY MACKENZIE, it is almost too widiculous, down't you know. But Twuth is stwanger than fiction, as some fellow once said, and WICHARD JOHN actually did do this wewy stwange and wetchted thing. The question heaw awises: Why did he do so? Why should any fellow who has been brougnt up to dwess wewspectably, and has associated with fellows like the Wight Hon. SIR JOHN, who dwink wine in the Club, and conduct themselves in ewwy othaw way as gentlemen,—I say, why should such a fellow dwop all this to take up with people like MACKENZIE, BLAKE, BROWN, and HUNTINGDON—pwower enough people, of cawse, in one sense, but not a bit like the Wight Hon. SIR JOHN. Why should he do it? It does seem to me like a fellow selling his mess of pottage faw a mere buthwight. The *Mail* says that WICHARD JOHN did this wewy stwange thing fwom selfish motives; that he wanted to get a place in the Gwit Cabinet. I wewget to diffaw with my fwied of the *Mail*—with whom I have dwank so many bottles of champagne—but the twuth is, WICHARD JOHN left the Consawwative wanks befw the Gwits had any notion of coming into office. And as I have wemawked alreawdy, I don't approve of the *Mail* calling WICHARD JOHN bad names about this; I don't think he did it fwom selfish motives. My own pwivate theow'y—I havn't yet mentioned this to any othaw fellow—is that it was a case of tempowawy insawwiny; not so wewy tempowawy eithaw, because it is going on yet. The wewy fact that any fellow with a pwopaw taste for dwess, could leaw the Consawwative wanks and go to the Gwit wanks is *pwime face* ewdence of insawwiny. Then, if you want any pwowf to show that WICHARD JOHN is still wong in the head, look at his wewcent speeches. Would any man attack the Wight Hon. and give him such twemendous cawstwagitions in public, if he wew not cwacked? The Wight Hon. knows poor WICHARD JOHN is dwemented; he pwities him so much that he hasn't said a word in wewply to those speeches, and I wather think he will wemain silent. He don't wish to exaspwate the patient.

Maritime Meanderings.

Grip, my old Bird: Let me salute you on the occasion of a first letter as your occasional Correspondent. My errand to the Low Provinces, as we agreed, was, to find out the why and the wherefore of the chopping and changing of the weather, and everything else, where the Marines and Submarines flourish, and the storm drum of the political atmosphere is hoisted as often as the moon changes. To begin, I railed it at once to the Capital City of Halifax, which is a capital place to live and move and get grub in. My card presented for the admiration of Janitors and waiters of the hotels and club-houses, is the key for admission to the presence and conversation of the Bachelor Aristocracy, not to mention a sprinkling of Benedict society. At the Club we put in a stave for everything—Staves we talk about, and by their aid we walk about, and they enter into the manufacture of kegs, barrels, tubs, pipes, hogsheads and puncheons, for the trade in cakes, crackers, shipbread, corned beef, fish or sugar, as the case may be, in cases where no case is used, but barrelshaped of all sizes are substituted. They talk of everything here, from the cost of Labrador herring to the Fishery Commission, but cannot tell me what either of them will cost at the year's end, and from a fish-wife's *trousseau* to an Admiral's nuptials they are equally at sea, or at fault, till one feels disposed to exclaim, a truce o-truce to such gossip. Yet I only reply in such cases, "Tell it to the Marines!" The Marines they say are the P. E. Islanders, but Acadia is held to be the land of the Sub-marines, since the cables wew stretched from Cape Rae to Cape North, and from Valentia to Torbay, and thence to Rye Beach, where the old rye obtains notoriety. These ropes connect us with the Buoys and Boys of brother JONATHAN, who come over like guys in the guise of fishermen of the Maine state, to reap the in-shore privileges of the Treaty, and post up the books of the Fishery Commission, still sitting and setting their respective nets, to catch the award, and finally distribute the net proceeds. If they don't kill me here with kindness, I shall hail from this (after dinner) Port, so long as Toronto shall bow to the reign of GRIP, and Halifax shall correspond.

I am writing as the clubbists say, fornest the sanctum of the Baker, whose loafing consists not in the use of spring wheat flour, but in the abuse of a May-flower not native to, or sintered to, the taste of the com-

munity, but in this regard there are differing views according to the standpoint of the beholder, just as GRIP of late described them in pictorial cartoon, as a contribution to Marine History. Since that burlesque exhibition of one editor others of the editorial fraternity have displayed an itching to be similarly honoured! One of them exhibits a disposition to invite trials of skill with everybody on every disputable topic. This gentleman or co-editor has already enjoyed one trial in the Superior Court, and at a place named KENT, after the Duke of that Ville, and was invited to pay five hundred dollars for the promotion of courtesy in manner editorial! The man who did it for him is known as M. P. WOODWORTH. The aggrieved man of the press has since made war, in Turkish or rushing style, on every one bearing the appellation "WOODWORTH," between this town and Washington, until his mental perception is dazed, and he now goes maundering about the fuel yards alternately saying to himself and the forestallers of slabs, what is WOODWORTH? This same party offers to wager two to one in red cents, 1st That Sir JOHN A. never made Halifax the winter port of Canada; 2nd That he never will make any winter port for Canada except Portland! 3rd That nobody else can make a winter port, except Premier MACKENZIE, and he only after LAURIER's election is assured! 4th That the Vailed and Confined Ministry has been improperly blamed for protection in general, and protection of Portland *versus* Halifax in particular; 5th That the *Mail* of Toronto declared that the government should not do anything more than appoint Halifax as the winter *Mail*-point; and 6th That the summer port is quite unimportant or like the last resort of "any port in a storm!" Cannot you with old Boreas and the Weather Prophet, settle these port-able questions in a summary way? Pray do and send printed particulars, on the wings of your Press. for

ONE OF YOUR MARINE STAFF.

The Gladstonian Opinion.

MR. GLADSTONE having been asked whether, if Canadian interest demanded differential duties in favor of American goods, Canada would be permitted to levy them, replies that no country but Britain would regard the question as an open one, and that the views of the Colonial Office and British Government of the day would settle the matter.—*British News.*

Sage WILLIAM, ever known so trebly wise,
As on each point to see three courses clear,
Let GRIP, who sees through plain Canadian eyes,
Inform you there are no three courses here.

These questions, and all questions such as these,
Have been transferred to Canada alone;
Great Britain's sovereignty holds; but please
Know this: Canadians' commerce is their own.

You know full well, when Britain duties laid
On every cargo bought of foreign grain,
She favouring discrimination made
On each colonial ship which crossed the main.

But your Free Traders—and some help they had
From you—repealed all customs such as these;
"Who cares for colonists?" they cried. "Get mad?
Why, let 'em, and cut off too if they please!"

It was a heavy blow; and since that day
Your men—your money—built up Yankeealand.
You send them forty for one sent our way,
Now, WILLIAM, GRIP would make you understand.

It was your act—that day you cut the tie,
What you had loosened how could we unite?
Yet leave us to ourselves, and by-and-by,
It may be we will make the matter right.

We do not wish the Empire great to leave,
Which better men once ruled—now overswayed
By money-makers; but you may perceive
Keen friend, how narrow your our road have made.

Two courses and no more we have to-day;
We must have liberty to live, and make
Our living here by such commercial way
As our commercial interests bid us take;

Or we must join the States; not with our will,
But forced by stern inexorable fate.
Drive us not thither, GLADSTONE, Britain still
Would mourn the action—and would mourn too late.

An Order Solicited.

If the Manitoba *Free Press* expresses the views of the general public of that Province on the subject of M. CAUCHON's appointment as Lieut. Governor, there is a likelihood that the gates of the North West will be shut against him. And if it is the intention of History to repeat itself, GRIP would notify M. CAUCHON that he has a very complete job office, and can get out a Pamphlet, like that written by Mr. MACDOUGALL, with neatness, cheapness and dispatch.

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The intermediate Examinations of the above Schools will begin on Monday, Dec. 17th, at 2.30 p.m., and end on Friday, Dec. 21st at 4.20 p.m.

The semi-annual examination of Candidates for second-class certificates in the County of York, will be held in Toronto, commencing on Monday, Dec. 17th, at 2.30 p.m. Terms of notice can be obtained on application to either of the County Inspectors.

JAMES HODGSON
Presiding Inspector.

Yorkville, Nov. 3rd. 1877.

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THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.

The Printer's Miscellany will be ready for delivery in about two weeks. The subscription lists and accounts were lost in the fire of 20th June. Subscribers whose term of subscription had not expired will please send their names, addresses, amounts paid, and date of subscription, as soon as possible. Those whose term ended with the June number should lose no time in renewing, otherwise considerable difficulty will be experienced in securing back numbers. The paper will only be sent to those whose subscriptions are paid in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements respectfully solicited.

HUGH FINLAY,

Editor and Proprietor.

St. John, N. B.

REMOVAL.

"Grip" wishes to return his best thanks to the people of Canada for their liberal patronage heretofore, and to inform them that he has removed to more extensive premises, in that very handsome Stone Front edifice, erected last summer, now known as the

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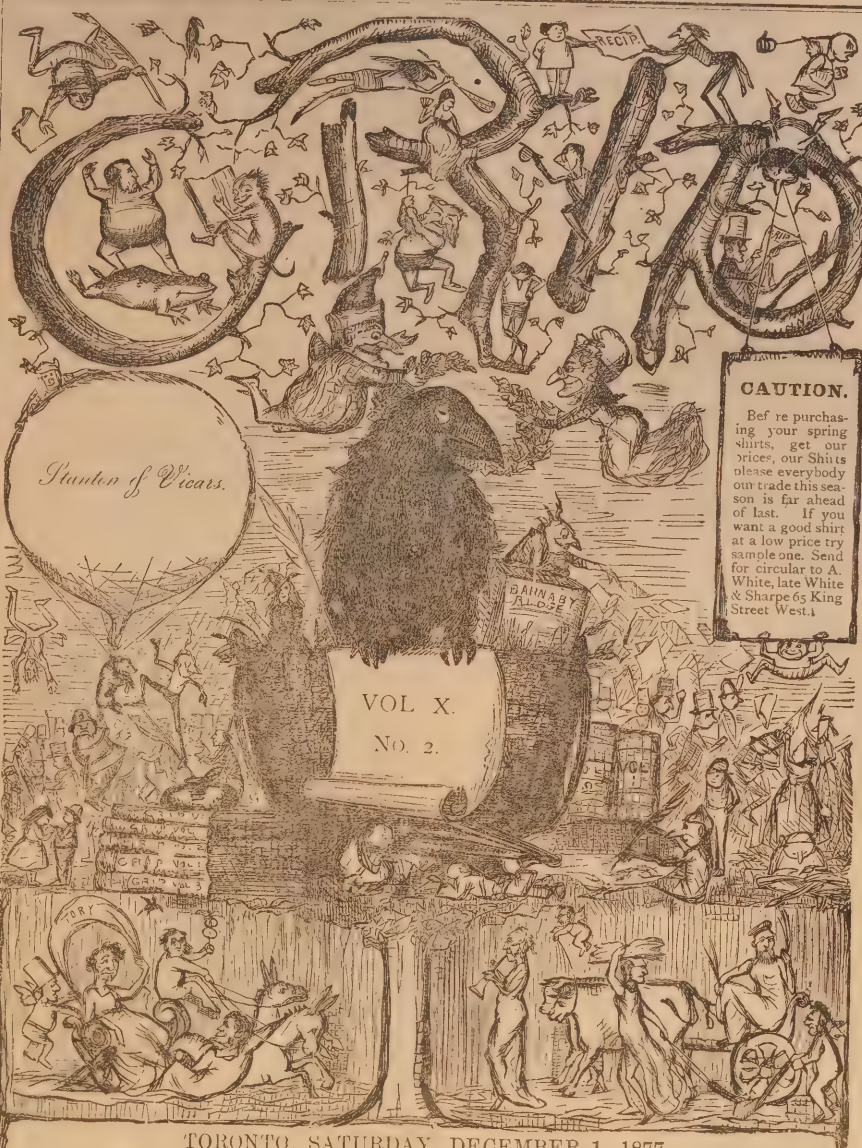
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will ways be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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IN THE

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OFFICE, - - - NEXT POST OFFICE,
DOCKS. - - - FOOT OF CHURCH ST.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 1ST DECEMBER, 1877.

Answers to Correspondents.

M. A. NATIVE, London.—Rather too severe on a certain party, though well written. Try again.

Who Shall be the Next Mayor?

I, said one with ruffles mounting,
For I gave 'em a most magnificent founting,
I shall be Mayor.

No, said another; make me Mayor they oughter,
For I'll teach 'em how to dodge the rate for water,
And I shall be Mayor.

No, said the electors of Toronto,
There are some things which we that party want to
Do,—that next Mayor.

When he's made one a Water Commission of,
He's not to shut his eyes to the condition of
Things,—our next Mayor.

He shall endeavour to make the taxes lower,
A thing for which the citizens continually do ro-ar
When he is Mayor.

He shall not go in as CLEAR GRIP or as TORY,
If he don't think of party any more, he
Will be the better Mayor.

He who comes the nearest to these hints on his selection,
GRIP will pass his name round, which will settle his election,
And he shall be Mayor.

How I Went Ahead.

Mr. GRIP, Sir:

Six years ago I was living in England, wallowing in affluence. I had my valet, and never did any work: and was so ignorant that I had never heard of Canada, Clear Gripism, Standard-elevation, or the art of putting down bribery with lots of money.

I did not even know there was such a paper as the *Toronto Globe*! Melancholly condition!

Fortunately I lost all my money, and having taken an independent passage as a stowaway I arrived at Quebec hungry and without a cent.

Starvation staring me in the face I tramped to Toronto, and called on Mr. GEO. BROWN, who, when he learned I was a greenhorn without money, received me with enthusiasm, and gave me a bundle of old *Canada Farmers*, and *Weekly Globes*.

Patting me paternally on the back, he said: "Just the sort of man we want here! Money is a hindrance and incumbrance in Canada! This is a land of Democratic equality and simplicity! Go north, my son, and vote straight!"

With some hesitation I asked him if, being in extremes, he could let me have a dollar to go north with?

I never saw so extraordinary a change come over anybody. He sprang at me like a tiger, took me by the collar, and thundered in my ear:—

I lend thee dollars! I will see thee hanged first!
Oot o' my sight, O miserable Catfish!
Horriblest Tory! mendicant-et lozel!
Whiskey swillin' base hound! Smoker and chewer!
Spiritless, soul-less! Villainous vagrant!
Lick-spittle loafer!

With that he opened the door and kicked me down to the stair landing. This may seem a rough reception, but I now know it was truly philanthropic and enlightened. It was, in fact, the making of me!

Had Mr. B. given me any help I dare say I might have subsided into a mere dry-goods man, a politician, a newspaper party, or some similar city minstrel. But this plain, faithful dealing aroused within me all my latent manhood.

I worked my way northward, getting jobs among the farmers, who prefer as a "help"—as is well known—the individual who is a complete stranger to wood chopping and field operations.

Arrived in Muskoka I squatted with invincible squat, on 200 acres of

rich land. I borrowed an axe and roughed it during the winter in a large hollow tree, which, however, I made quite cozy in appearance with some of the pictures out of the *Globe*, and a roll of carpet I had found outside a shop door in Toronto.

I went to work like a one-cr. In chopping, experience or skill isn't worth much. It is *will, vim*, the stern pioneer spirit, going in a bee line for a noble independence, which brings down the trees. And they *did* come down too! That winter I gashed, and logged up, unassisted, fifteen acres, and split 23,000 cedar rails, which, having no oxen, I hauled out of the bush on my back in the spring and set 'em up. I then got some grain, potatoes, cows, pigs, farming utensils, etc., on a bill at eighteen months, perpetually renewable, and am now all right, living like a fighting rooster in a \$5000 stone mansion, splendidly furnished, with money in the Bank and out at interest. Mendicant and other penniless lozels instead of hanging about city soup kitchens and stone yards, should do as I have done. Farming in Canada is an easy, delightful profession—especially in the bush. If you have no money and no experience, success is certain. Some practical agriculturists who settled near me with money are now loafers and vagrants in Toronto; but every tailor, butcher, baker and candlestick-maker, who did not know a plough from a harrow, has been an eminent success. This seems to be the great peculiarity of Canadian agriculture, distinguishing it from all other businesses.

Come then ye lozels, ye "Mendicants," ye chronic grumblers, loafers, diseased splenetic entities—come ye penniless poltroons, leave the dull, base city, and crowd into the stirring exciting life of the primeval forest and the boundless prairie. Cast your eye on the official guide and note the log house—page 27—developing like greased lightning into the noble mansion, page 28. Come on with your axe and your wallet and make trial of the hardy pioneer's healthy and happy life, and you will find all I have set forth is nothing but

"FACT, I ASSURE YOU."

Currant Cbints.

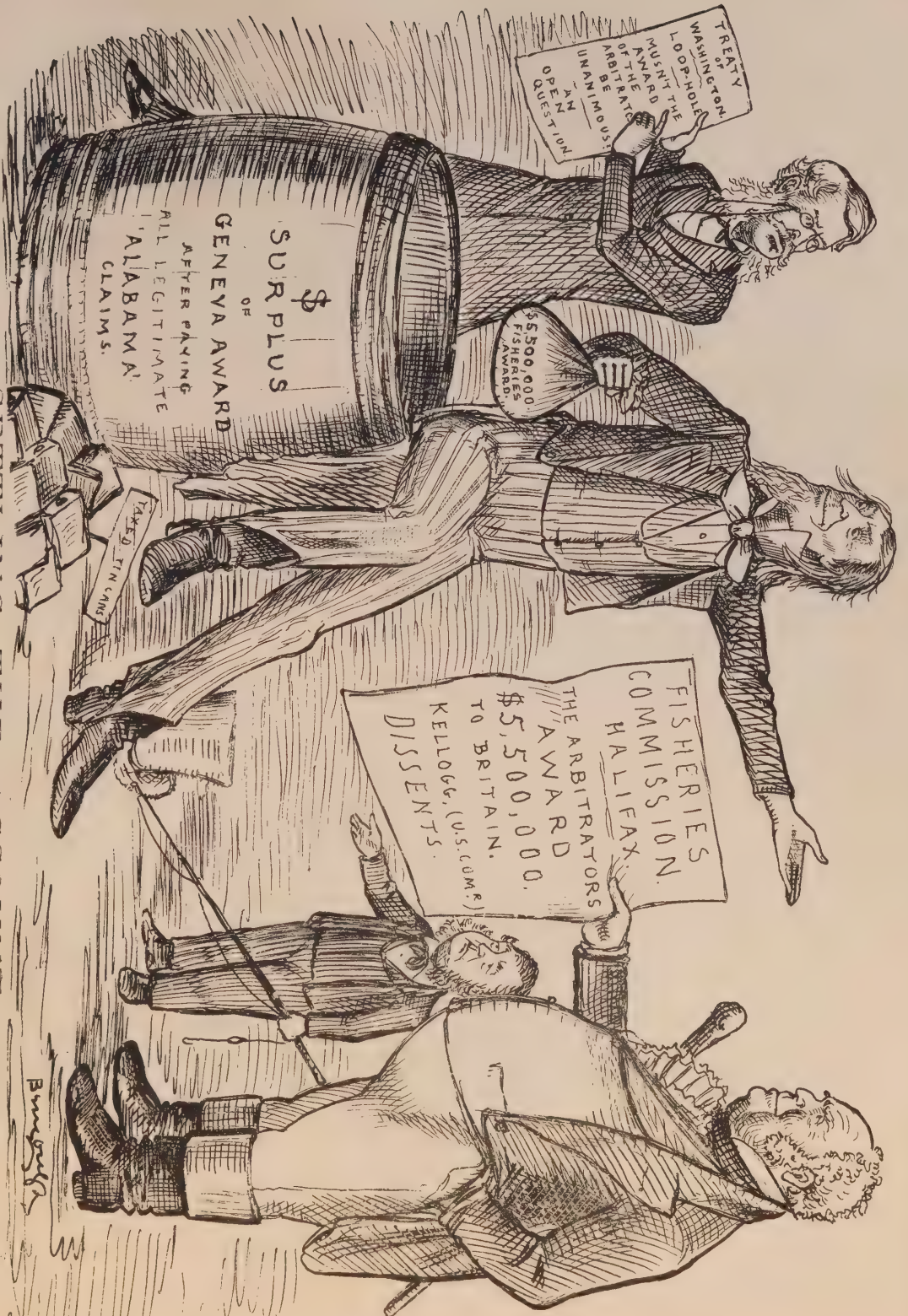
Me Darlint GRIP:

Fwthin I saw be the lasht GRIP paper that yez wor commencin' yer TINTH VOLUME, and that yez intinded to make this ben better nor anny before, I med up me moind that I wud reshume me correspondance, an' help yez to kerry out that detarminacion. Mebby yez wor beginnin' to think that I was dead, be me keepin' silence since me lasht letter, but I am plazed to shtate that I am shtill in the land av the livin'—if yez call Kanady that, while the depressin av the Grit government houlds on to it. Me raisins for refrainin' from not writin' so long, was chafely on account av that KOOSHON bein' in the Cabinet. I cuddin' shtand it anny longer, an' I tuck a vow that I wud sind nothin' to the papers, forby a letter sometimes to the *Mail* agin him, so long as MICKINZIE an' BLAKE let him sit there. Av coorse yez are aware av the fact that in consiquince av me policy av ignorin' KOOSHON has been shuck off, an' sint away to Manitoby to be governor, an' bein' a man av *rank*, he will make a good wan MICKINZIE thinks. I larn't this thrick av squelchin out me inimies be ignorin' thim from Mистер BROWN av the *Globe*. That is how he kilt the *Liberal*, and that is how he is at the present toime frettin the loife out av that fifteen cint edition av a man—the *Tillygram*. It works shplendid. I am going to thry it on wid JARGE BROWN hiffself, an' see how he likes it, an', be the same token, I think JARGE is makin' up his moind to kill aff Mистер BUNTIN', the new *Mail* man, wid thim same tactix. Shpakin' av Mистер BUNTIN', mebby yez worn't towld that I wint an' interviewed him wid rfrince to the best way av managin' the *Mail* from this out. Bein' a good Conservatif that niver votes for the Grits since the elicion laws was med so unreasonablen an' hard on the poor man, av coorse I was med welcome be the new owner of our organ, who gev me a sate in his proivate room an' towld me he wud be plaised to get anny sugestins what I moight make. Wid that I tuck a shmall bit of paper out av me pocket, an' handit it over to him, wid the observacion that I had writ down fwat I thought wud be a few gud hints, bein' a lithry man an' conversant wid the *Mail* from its childhood, so to shpake. Av yez wud loike to know fwat was on the paper, it was this:

1. Never tell anny lies about a public man, unless yez know thim to be thure, an' can prove thim wid affdavys.
2. Niver attempt to disthroy the karrackter av a political opponnet av he belongs to your own party, or av he is a man divoid av karrackter.
3. Quit stabbin' under the fifth rib, av it wud be convanient, an' wuddn't interfere wid the sale av the paper.
4. Ignore the *Globe* wanst a wake.
5. Niver putt in anny article that wud harrum the cause of our Chastean, Sir JOHN, like the first iditor used to do.
6. Fwathvir yez do, shtudy GRIP, an' take warnin' from the hints he be's givin yez all the time.

The new man read over the sugestins an looked plaised. He said he wud see that they were carrit out; he thanked me over an' over, an' axed me cuddin' he do somethin' for me, an' didn't I want to subscribe? I towld him not to minton it, as I borry the paper every day; an' thim I walked out.

TERRY TIERNEY.



SETTLING THE ACCOUNT.

JONATHAN:—CRAWL OUT OF THAT LOOP-HOLE? HUNKERSLIDE? NEVER! KELLOGG, NEVER! I'LL PAY 'EM THE AWARD NOBLY—WITH THEIR OWN MONEY!!

Ye Red Tappe Crosse Knight.

YE BALLADE OF SYR BLAKEADOCIO.

A gentle knight came pricking o'er the field,
 V'couted with great penne and black bagge large,
 For these ye only arms which he hidde wiede,
 These his huge speare and his refugious targe.
 In lawe's arene to fight, and make ye dreadfule charge.

Yet nowe on foraye legale dydde not ride,
 Nor would hys weaponne deadlye puncture through
 The woefulle clyent of the otherre syde,
 But bound hym to engage in warrefare new,
 And tore arounde therefore, and raged in awfulle stewe.

Hee vowed hym nowe to strenuouslye fighte
 For ladye of hys love and mistresse deare,
 Of beautye greate, who CANADA was highte,
 Of purtye and reputationne cleare;
 And swore herre foes shoulde flye, and straightwaye disappare.

For nowe, he cryed, she injurie dydde take
 From herd of monstres vile and grawlisomme,
 Which underre name of Toryes war dydde make,
 And constantlye in armes agaynst herre come;
 Whence to her ayde he marched, with trumpet and wyth drumme.

For manye such before, and eke behinde,
 With him dydde marche, hys praises greate to sounde,
 And beat ye bigge bassoonne, and hornes dyd winde,
 And shouted loude hys mighte and power arounde,
 And how to fighte for CANADA most desperatelye bounde.

He was a comelye youth as one might see;
 Of visayge broad, and mightye depthe of jawe,
 And mouthe which dyd sarcastyc seem to bee,
 And forward eyne, welle fitte to overawe,
 As often he had donne in joust of deadlye lawe.

Before hym one hys bannerre broode did beare,
 Whereof the cognizance full manye knewe;
 Alle meete of bright greene baize y' glancing faire,
 On which a burnynge crosse was pyctured too,
 Of redde tappe structured all, moste brillante to viewe.

And loude hys mystresse' prayse hee stille dyd synge,
 And howe hee dyd for herre a warrefare goe,
 And woulde some tyme to herre a jewelle bringe,
 Confederationne called, of richeste glowe.
 (That jewelle was of brasse; but thatte hee dyd notte knowe.)

By fayte's decree, which noughte on earthe dothe spayre,
 This ladye fayre, for whiche hee dyd arraye
 Himselfe, and hys affectionnes loude decayre,
 Was placed in dismalle woe and grievousse waye,
 And in the power of foe dyd pitifullye laye.

For as she peacefullye herre pathe pursued
 In herre dominionned spayce and gardenned bounde,
 Upon herre sprunge a dragonne fierce and rude,
 Despying herre complaynt of doleful sounde,
 Herre pryssoner seized, and dothe herre stille with powerre surrounde.

Nor from his clutches maye she move nor flye,
 Hee holds herre faste, and shortlye wille herre slaye,
 For herre sworne Red Crosse Knight, though closelye bye
 Hee bee, hathe never ventured on the fraye,
 But lettes the dragonne sterne pursue his wicked waye.

DEPRESSIONNE is the fearsomme dragonne's nayme,
 A monster famine-struck, and gaunte of bone,
 And still hys victimnes doe becomene the sayme
 The while he drawes their lives to feede hys owne,
 Untille they dye—hys waye, for ages past well knowne.

And in deepe straitte fayre CANADA dothe lye
 Environned by this demon's force to-daye,
 While hee herre goodes dothe to hymselfe applye,
 And all herre substance greate dothe waste awaye,
 And housen eke and fieldes bee gonne intoe decaye.

But where is hee, that false and felon knight,
 Who all hys trumpettes dyd soe loudlye blowe,
 Deepe vowinge for that ladye fayre to fighte,
 And up and downe the lande dyd roaringe goe,
 Whatte tyme no foe was seene, nor signe of presente woe?

Hee cometh rounde, and to ye dragonne great,
 Submissionne makes, and drawethe salarye,
 And sweepeth out ye pathe to ye fronte gayte,

And picketh uppe ye stickes, and clips ye tree,
 Worke unbeseeing knighte of ancienne pedigreee.

Yette stille hys flatterers doe neare hym staye,
 And trumpettes blowe, and shoute, in disregarde
 That hee hys lance in resie would never laye,
 For his fayre ladye in deepe dungeon barred,
 "See whatte reformes our knighte dothe make in ye fronte-yarde!"

Yette dyd laste weeke a knighte in warrefare knowne,
 Y'bearing blayde of temperre tested welle,
 Hym challenge unto combatte all alone,
 Contemptuous; but that fighte hath not befelle,
 Nor is it likely to, for reasonnes GRYPPE could telle.

Greate GRYPPE, who is ye learned chronicle
 Of this romaunt of moderne daye and tyme,
 Who alle whych happeneth dothe recorde here,
 In pyctures gay, and jolie prose and rhyme,
 Two dollarres yerelye, saye, wille buy hys worke sublyme.

Kindly Hints to Pastors.

One of the most popular and gifted of our city pastors preached a sermon last Sunday evening, in which he rebuked those who are in the habit of carping in an ill natured or captious way against the preachers they listen to; and at the same time he stated that pastors would be very glad to receive useful and helpful hints given in a kindly spirit. Since then, GRIP has received for publication quite a number of suggestions, some of which he prints below for the benefit of ministerial subscribers:

Rev. Sir:—If I might make so bold, I would call your attention to the fact that your white cravat was not as neatly tied as it might have been last Sabbath.

Respectfully,

SARAH JEMIMA.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—Might I take the liberty of suggesting that you do not pull your gown in that absurd manner when you are preaching. It makes me nervous.

Yours truly,

AUNT V.

Dear Pastor:—I lost all the effect of your last sermon on account of the way you had your hair combed—or rather not combed. It stuck out behind in a very ungraceful manner.

Yours kindly,

A PARISHIONER.

Reverend Friend:—I must really quit attending on your ministrations if you persist in letting your beard grow. You look ever so much better with it off. Me and my cousin JANE couldn't talk about anything else during the service.

Very earnestly,

MINNIE.

Rev. Sir:—As a kind suggestion would be acceptable to you, I would state that your subject last Sunday seemed badly arranged and jumbled up. I found myself several times thinking of Monday's business. Please pay more attention in future.

Yours truly,

MERCHANT PRINCE.

Dear Sir:—I have attended your church for a considerable time and the greatest fault I discover in your elocution is a tendency to put too much emphasis on little words such as lie, cheat, sin, etc. Also, I would say you get too much worked up. Keep more calm and dignified, in future.

Yours &c.,

WORLDLEY WISEMAN.

Questions very likely to be set at the Next Intermediate.

1. In guessing at questions likely to be set on a paper, whether is it better to be previously acquainted with the examiners or with the papers? Give seasons and dates and figs., without looking at the prepared answers in your packet.

2. Define a ring. Compare it with a serpent biting its own tail. (1st) as being cunning; (2nd) scaly; (3rd) *bellicose* or belligerent; (4th) as needing a rattling retail interest.

3. Are you aware that there are two kinds of J.A.M.? Which variety did Taffy purloin? Why is it desirable to bottle up this material after inspection. Work this out fully by the *Unitary Method*.

4. What is your experience as a European tourist? What is the revised method of charging such expenses? Would you like a nice present of books from England?

5. Has similarity of mental developement any relation to double obliquity of moral vision? Has either any *normal* or textual relation to the *gag* of a firm monopoly?

6. Compare the following terms: 1. Collusion and the North of Ireland; 2. Authorize and scissors; 3. Genius and nucilage. N.B.—No Sangsterian bosh taken.

7. If you are experienced in Collusion, answer the following: (a) How best to get at an invisible marked man; (b) Who shall decide when doctors disagree; (c) How best to give a ROLAND for an OLIVER as rebuttal?

8. Did jauntily ever keep company with monopoly or had he his own policy?

9. Did you ever for yourself on any other body directly or indirectly for \$50, or any other sum, a few weeks before examination, or at any time, from any body, or with any body's assistance?

N.B.—This is a stiff question in *stat(e)ics* and requires careful *coach-ing* but the answer is *no* any way.

10. What did your certificate cost you in round numbers, excluding ordinary expenses of board, tuition fees and time? Work this out on the Hughson blank-form method.

GRIP has had these and many more for future examinations worked out by *experts*, and is prepared to supply answers and questions for a small trifle.

Toronto General Hospital.

THE ANNUAL Election of a Trustee

for the year 1878, will be held on

TUESDAY, THE 4TH DEC. NEXT,

at 3 p.m., in the

BOARD OF TRADE ROOMS,

Exchange Buildings, Wellington street.

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The annual subscription of \$20 gives the right of voting. Any subscriber contributing \$50 has, in addition to his suffrage, the right to send four patients to the Hospital during the year without further expense.

Subscriptions may be sent to the undersigned, or paid to John Gillespie, Esq., Yonge-street, W. S. Lee, Esq., Western Building Society, Church-street, or T. McCrosson, Esq., King-street.

W. H. HOWLAND, Chairman.
A. F. MILLER, Secretary.

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An Examination of Pupils for admission into the Western and Markham High Schools will be held on

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,

The 11th and 12th Dec. next at 9 a. m.

The intermediate Examinations of the above Schools will begin on Monday, Dec. 17th, at 1.30 p. m., and end on Friday, Dec. 21st at 4.20 p. m.

The semi-annual examination of Candidates for second-class certificates in the County of York, will be held in Toronto, commencing on Monday, Dec. 17th, at 1.30 p. m.

Terms of notice can be obtained on application to either of the County Inspectors.

JAMES HODGSON
Presiding Inspector.

Yorkville, Nov. 3rd. 1877.

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Ottawa, 12th Oct., 1877.

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v-6-tf

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Commissioner of Customs.

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"Grip" wishes to return his best thanks to the people of Canada for their liberal patronage heretofore, and to inform them that he has removed to more extensive premises, in that very handsome Stone Front edifice, erected last summer, now known as the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

WHICH IS

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LABEL TO A 3-SHEET POSTER

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50 " " " " 30 "
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2

William Richardson

3

Miss Maggie Thompson

4

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5

Mrs. Thomas Jones.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespeare.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

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TORONTO, ONT.

Every Lady should have "THE FAHEY BRO'S." KID GLOVES, Every Pair Warranted. See that each pair bears Their Own Mark.

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Subscription price, \$2 per annum, in advance. For sale by newsdealers. Back numbers sold.

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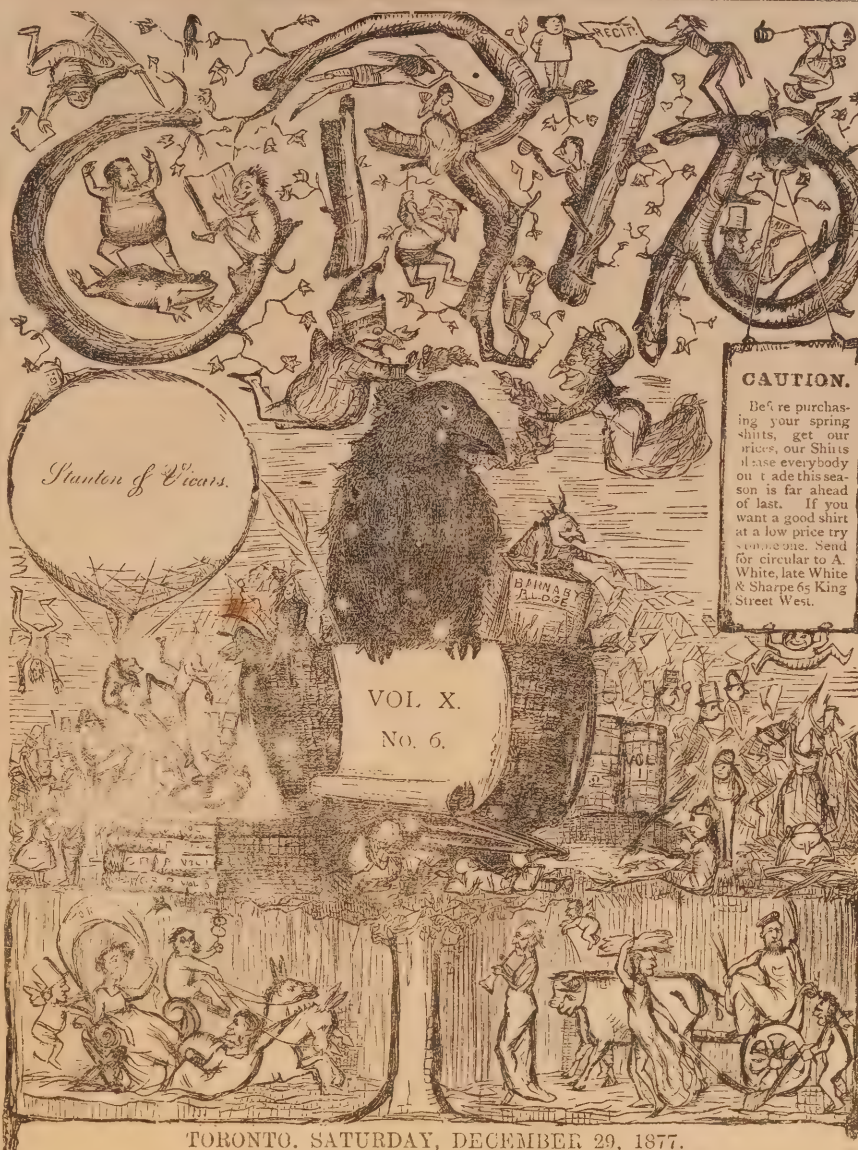
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Opiſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 29TH DECEMBER, 1877.

The Appealing Ministers.

Opening Chorus by Applicants.

We here appear, all Ministers of some denomination,
Empowered to proclaim that sin will meet with condemnation,
And beg to state it certain is your condemnation deep will
Become if you most foolishly still taxing of us keep will.
Spare our Gold!

We know that certain clergymen have thought it wicked quite is,
To take advantage of the Act, but we think that it right is,
We should be free, for we promote the interests of the nation,
Good works, morality, and such, which helps civilization.
Spare our Gold!

Civilization we approve, though one thing that it lacks is,
Which isn't right,—it tends to make all people pay their taxes,
And when we think that priests paid none in Dark Age barbarism,
We're apt to think the Reformation was too bold a schism.
Spare our Gold!

We're all of us, as you're aware, quite in the well off classes,
Untortured by grim poverty, our time right smoothly passes.
And though the poor 'twould help if he to taxes waived objection,
The charity we preach don't seem to lie in that direction.
Spare our Gold!

CHORUS OF CITY LAWYERS.

The commentators show,
As all should clearly know,
The statute was designed to cover just these cases.
These worthy clergymen,
Should plainly see that, then,
To fork their taxes out it most certainly their place is.

JUDGMENT BY HIS HONOUR.

Don't care for commentators,
Not a straw,
Preachers are elevators,
Of the law,
Do good near and far,
Which is cause,
I think that they are
In the clause.

In their respect I say then, the statute is exemptory.
And if you bother them again, I shall be quite peremptory.

How "We" Beat the Bonus Hunters.

(From the Telegram.)

"In the pursuance of our mission WE have defeated the bonus. In vain the three Morning Miscreants subsidized by the organized brigands who sought the Bonus, yelled, screamed, shouted, swore, pleaded, entreated, and raised heaven and earth quite a height in its favour. WE were against it. It sufficed. No more was required. The Torontonians buy the other papers. But they do as WE bid them. Let the paid minions of combined plunderism—let the city clique of conspiring aldermen—let the rascally band of would-be contractors—let the jobbing Boards—the calculating caucuses—let them shriek in dismay, and retreat in palsied terror to their deepest retreats. WE are going for them. The Telegram is roused. Our blood is on fire; our vitals are scorched; our brain seethes; but not with trouble. It is with joy. WE have defeated the bonus! WE are happy. Hooray! There shall be no more bonuses—no more—never—never—never—never—unless WE are—subsidized did we say; no, unless WE are satisfied. In the meantime let it be remarked that WE have defeated the Bonus. No Bonus shall be passed, we opposing it. If it be asked how the others showed through in spite of us, we will say we answer no questions, and that the abnormal state of society, and so on."

GRIP is truly sorry to see this effusion from his respected contemporary. He fears it is inflated. Let GRIP soothe the excited spirit, and exorcise the vile fiend who is puffing up our respected friend out of his wits. The people of Toronto rejected the advice of the morning papers because they feared they were bought by the bonusites. But as to following that of the evening one, how were they to know the Grand Trunk hadn't bought it? Nonsense. Delusion. Humbug. The only reliable paper in Toronto opposed the bonus. The people read it, and uncontintently kicked the bonus out of doors. That paper's name is—no, modesty forbids. But it may be seen over the door of our office.

The Municipal Sea.

From RABELAIS.

And now of a verity we sailed apace through a dreadful strait, and the sea rose with a vengeance, and threatened to dash us on great sharp rocks which a sailor said were Bonuses. "And moreover whithersoever anyway," said he, "you had best mind the Exemption Shoals, which would swallow a dozen of you, and the Contract Reefs on which you will smash in a twinkling; and if you escape, why brother, it is but so that the Bankruptcy Squall will blow you to the very deuce, and so d'ye see, there is no going forward, and as for going back, it is impossible. so it behoves us to be moving. Here's luck!" Wherewith he swallowed about seven gallons of punch the good PANTAGRUEL had prepared for his own inward comfortation.

"Ahoy! Steady! What cheer! Rightly now! And take a turn in the mizen," cried PANTAGRUEL as he came blustering up the hatchway. "Keep her full! Rap full! Where now be my punch?" Then he knew the drinker by his face and stomach, and lifting him threw him a great distance, which we could not measure, yet knew it more than a hundred leagues. And falling into a well on an island he was saved, and married a savage of the Stretchites, and had a son called TUPPER. No more of him.

But now came swarming off from the shore a vast and hideous multitude, which surrounded and stuck to the boards of the ship, they being filthy and sticky. And there were Gullygobblers, and stinking Magswasherabillies, and dirty Squinkingites, foul Swab-quashers, and abominable Fevumishobhobkins, besides being all intermixed, covered, and beswamped with creatures which never had any name. And they yelled, and screamed, and shouted, and spoke, and talked, and beat drums, and blew trumpets, and fired squibs, and crackers, and cannon, and big patateroes. And ever and anon they cried City Election! City Election! Vote for the great PANDRINKORRIBLE for another year! Vote for the courteous PLACANDAGRABTHFUND for another year! Vote for SQUINKER, SMASHER, GRABBER, BLOWER, for another year! And the noise rose ever and ever, and became more hideous and horrid, inasmuch that Friar JOHN'S left ear cracked, and his silver jewelite of three pounds fell overboard.

"Wo is unto me!" cried the good friar, "for the devilles be come out of hell. I hear PLUTOERNES howling, and DEMORGORGONIANIBUS roaring. Bon! bee! bo! bi! b-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

"Be patient," cried the worthy GRIPPANIBUS, who had taken passage at Portofunnibos, "I will kill them to you like so many black beetles!"

And with that he unsheathed his great cutting sword NOIREBLANCHE and made towards them, and did so cut, hew, chop, slash, slice, chip, divide, hash, smash, burst, split, and generally imposter those hends, that they floated to windward in small pieces and maggots, and were no more seen. Then we spliced the main bower, scraped the keelson, boxed the caboose, kept her on three spikes and a half, spread the shrouds to the winds, and ship-shaped the rudder for Obeliskcolichinsky, whither we arrived in great joy and pleasured.

A Plea for the Physicians.

Where are those vile pessimistics—where have they all been and got to? Where are they hiding their heads—why are they all of them dumb now? Those who abusing pitch into of physic the Most Noble Order? Those who denounce all the Doctors—calling them poisoning engines? Saying that all of us would be very much better without them? Saying they spoil constitutions—saying they weaken the nation? Saying their drugs and their herbs are all of them vilest concoctions? Saying they none of them know any time what is the illness? Saying it pure suicide is even their door bells to pull at? Saying they would not call one in—no they'd see all of them hanged first? GRIP will point out the position now of these calumniators.

Deep in the quiet apartment—stretched on their easiest sofa, Pressing their hands with strong force on their abdominal regions, Much in a safety-valve fashion, as if some fearful explosion Were to be dreaded extremely; rolling in sockets their eyeballs, Also the rest of their features working in woful convulsions, Saying to THOMAS the flunky, whom they have just rung the bell for, "Can't you see that I am ill, you?—why do you stare like a dummy? Go for the doctor at once, sir; if he's away fetch another, I shall be dead in a moment, or in a period shorter, Say that I yesterday dined out, he will then know all about it. Let him bring all that is needed; why are you not gone by this time? Stupid, slow, lazy, unmoving; you might have been there and back now!

Thus in the whirlwind of years does Time bring about his revenges. This the solace of the Doctor; also his story vindication Presently cometh he, calm, knowing his foe at his mercy, Then from the Pharmacopeia compounds a horrible torture, Maketh him take it, and then, maketh his pay for it likewise, So may it ever be done still unto those wicked maligners.



F. H. B. On His Hobby.

Behold the man of sea-side fame,
The *Mayflower* man of letter'd name!
The scribe who turns his canny hand
From water salt, to fresh-man's land;
Displays his literary taste
In letter from GRIP's basket (waste);
The toiler over bay and town,
By cove and cliff to gain a crown,
Yet proves no vulgar cove, for he
Adorns his crest by letters three!
Praise then the wight, revile who dares,
Who thrives by can-nings natures wares—
By modes crustaceous kneads his bread,
May-flour combined with Lobster red;
The fields of ocean deftly tills,
Till fish-pot, tame his Bakery fills,—
Thus E_v_p't's flesh-pots laughs to scorn
From dewy eve to rosy morn!
In wonted *Mayflower* style he cracks
Hard nuts and jokes at Halifax,
Though adventitious aids he use,
And haply paste and scissors choose.
N'importe—if in his sanctum high
He drop a tear to pure old rye.
Till *Mayflower* sheets an odour shed
More pun-gent than an onion-bied;
The jokes and fun he weakly pokes
Fall harmless on the weed he smokes!
And so, the charge of blunder-buss
In paper pellets aimed at us!
Yet go it blind! Oh rider bold,
By saving claws the Lobster hold;
So, distance Chawles and Co. at rubs,
Or whispering scandals in the clubs!
And every loafing "fraud" trot out
Who puts his morals "up the spout!"
At many a knave sharp censure hurl'd
May help GRIP to reform the world;
Yes, F. H. B., fit whip you'll find,
To lash the *faults* of lapsed mankind,
But have a care lest H. P. A.
May fall your own to wash away!

A Lunatic Tragedy.

IN FIVE ACTS.

(By our special maniac.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:—*A Man; a paper making Machine; a Maiden.*

ACT I.

The sun was setting o'er field and fen, the day was growing old. A youth and a maiden were wandering on. Their hearts were warm, their noses cold. For winter with her icy grip (no relation of ours, you know), held poor Dame Nature frozen tight by her finger and nose and toe. But what cares love for snow or ice—it laughs at locksmiths even—for wherever the loved one's eye doth glance, there is warmth and heaven. So talked the youth with low-toned note, as he gazed in those starry eyes, and hugged himself on the one bright thought that in winter there are no flies. This bright discovery gave him pluck, and he popped the question straight; while the maiden answered "yes," with a sigh, and then remarked it was late, as the thought then dawned on her youthful mind that the parlour at home was bright, and her lover and she might just as well bask in the shady calm lamp light. A curtain we draw o'er the harrowing scene, which reminds us we once were young, for now we are feeble and old and poor and the topic might blister our tongue.

ACT II.

The sun was setting o'er field and fen, as this same youth left the store and hurried home for a "clean biled rag," ere he rapped at the loved one's door. His heart beat high that night, for his Boss had marked his ways, and knowing the marks of "love at first sight," had soft soaped him with praise of his diligence, energy, business tact, and shrewd plain commonsense, and prophesied great things for him, but of course in the future tense; for his brilliant talents were lost, he said, in his present position in life, and 'twas best for him to go out alone. To help him to this he'd contrive to start him in business, sell him his goods and open a bran new store, and aid him by *paper* and pen and ink and all his financial lore. Then bye and bye as he gained in strength, and his business *seemed* all right, the rest of the Wholesale Firms would rush to sell him as much as they might. In short—prosperity bright and gay wou'd him to her embrace. He swallowed it all and hurried away all his joys to reflect on the loved one's face.

ACT III.

The sun was setting o'er field and glen, as his Boss strolled homeward that night, rubbing his hands every now and then with a sort of fiendish delight. He knew he had "limed" that innocent youth—had caught a willing prey—and he thought of the Barker's gold he'd squeeze forth with his innocent's paper next day;—how his own pressing debt he'd be able to pay and put off the evil day for a time at least—while his brain was at work to get *others* the piper to pay. The dream was golden, the fruit seemed ripe and round and mellow and sweet, but he never thought of what was within or believed it could ashes secrete.

ACT IV.

The sun was setting o'er field and glen. E'en the business world looked pale, as some ten months later the Boss walked home to his mansion near the vale, and he wrung his hands every now and then with a shiver of horror and grief, for he knew that the morning sun would dawn and show him a Bankrupt—perhaps a thief; for that day his victim and forty more had their shutters nicely put up by a limb of the law, with an ugly writ for hundreds about a score—writs issued by other and greater fools who had flattered themselves that he, the Merchant Prince with the golden tools, was weighty with *G. S. D.*, and would never allow his pet accounts to come to untimely grief, so they tried to dig into his choicest trade, but not deep enough for his relief. But then when they saw how the game was wrought, they went one better—nay two—and riled to the very core at the thought they forced him his hand to show.

ACT V.

But how of the victim and his young Bride? If for her he had selfish been, he had learned the lesson and had it by heart—he was no longer "green." But he picked himself up with a manly grace and went to work again. Now the sweets of honestly earned gold visit him now and then. No longer over field and fen doth the sun of hope go down, but the Sun of Love towards his fellow men clears away from his brow care's frown.

EPILOGUE.

The Sun is setting o'er field and glen, the darkness is coming again; the Lunatic too must go to bed, and roost like a cheerful hen that has done its duty and laid an egg to be hatched by some other brain—less of the feather kind—with more of the strength o'er the ruins of men.

The Old, Old Story.

Now when you read these words above,
So hackneyed late by voice and pen,
You think that I would write of love,
Alas, that you are sold again.

I merely wish to say to one,
Who scans your page with curious view,
That it is time he had begun
To frame his resolution new.

That resolution new and bright,
Which he at this time yearly makes,
To change his mode of living quite,
And then incontinently breaks.

A diary he gets—(the one
Last year he got will often do,
The page to use he had begun,
He overlays with paper new.)

Then draws afresh a noble code,
He WISDOM will, this coming year,
Take as his guide upon the road,
And follow her instructions clear.

Good sir, the vain attempt forego,
'Tis not for you; burn up your plan,
And this small fact in future know,
That sort of thing requires a man.

1878. ST. JOHN'S WARD, 1878.

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As Alderman for 1878.

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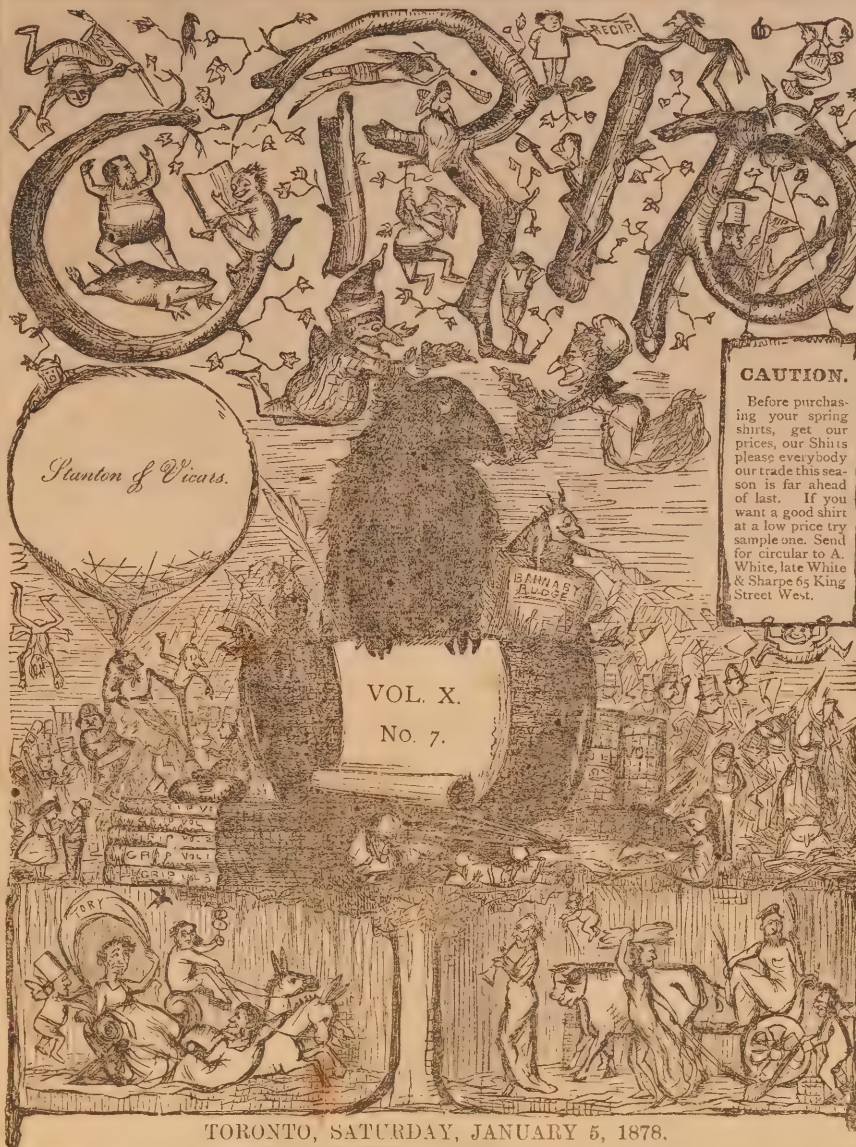
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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DOCKS, - - FOOT OF CHURCH ST.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass : the grabest Bird is the Owl ;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster ; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SAUTRDAY, 5TH JANUARY, 1878.

Twinklings.

Reporters do a credit business—they take notes.

"To edit a newspaper requires that one be a statesman, essayist, geographer, statistician and encyclopediac," says TALMAGE. He might have added that one must have a fair knowledge of the shear-manipulating art and be able to brew good paste.

The Vision.

There is a period to all things, and there was to GRIP's Christmas dinner. If you will take roast beef, and turkey, and celery sauce, and rabbit pie, and plumb pudding, and trifle, and cheese, and port, sherry, claret, Roman punch, and coffee, in sufficient quantities, there will be one to yours, and it is not unlikely that what happened to that renowned individual may happen to you. What Was That ?

He Went to Sleep.

He Had a Vision.

This Was It :—

The people of the Earth deployed before him as they would do, or as they should do, during the New Year. At first, it was a dreadful picture. Quarrels, riots, disturbances, wars, famines, miseries of every kind mingled with horrid uproar. Turks and Russians slew one another in the region of the great war; Austria and Prussia, France and England, each fully armed, stood with hand on sword, expectant each moment to join the fray. Republicans and Democrats, Hard Money and Paper Base. Men in the States were ready to fly at each other's throats. In Canada, Free Trader and Protectionist were tooth and nail; Orange and Green were anxiously waiting to pitch in. Everywhere was nothing but clamour, bloodshed, spite, hatred, and destruction.

He Looked Again.

A mighty change had occurred. Turk and Russian had made it up, sworn everlasting friendship, buried the dead, fixed up the wounded, and were rebuilding the villages. The Great Powers had given up all thought of war. Something had occurred which put them in such good humor as rendered combat impossible for a length of time. The Great United Statesmen had united in earnest and were having a gin cocktail. Archbishop Lynch was giving his benediction to the Grand Master, and JOHN A. was clasped in MACKENZIE'S arms, while CARTWRIGHT and TUPPER were frantically drinking each other's health in the distance.

What Was the Cause?

The Nations Looked at GRIP.

He Had Done It.

"I will agree to do it regularly," said that distinguished personage, "for \$2 a year each."

He Had sent them his last volume.

The Vision Closed.

The Skating Rink.

At last a look of happiness
Comes on a face which you may guess.
It needn't take you long to think,
The man who owns the skating rink.

November came ; upon his knees,
He prayed for frost ; it wouldn't freeze,
December—still there was no ice,
He made remarks which were not nice.

In vain his hose did nightly pour
The water on the level floor,
While at thermometer he stared,
With eye in which a fury glared.

Last night there came a little snow,
And frost—it surely will not go.
But if it should, and then again,
Oh, woe to the rink-owning men.

In his wet rink will each him drown ?
Or will he madly leave the town,
And despatch off on railway roll,
To open rinks at the North Pole ?

The Novelist.

Amelia :

How thrilling are the tales
The glorious fiction-carpenter turns out !
A spring that never fails
Is he—a most entrancing waterspout !
I sit and quaff and dream,
And revel in his conjurations bright—
He brings on sentiment by steam,
And is, in fact, intoxicating quite !

MOURNFUL NOTE BY GRIP :

Ah, couldst thou see him now, confiding maiden,
Mixing his cock-tail in the gay saloon,
In truth, though with less romance, could'st thou say then :
He is a most intoxicating coon.

A Hymn of Fire.*What the Insurance Promoter said to his Conscience,*

"Tell me not, with dire prediction,
Mine is an ill-fated scheme,
Shares subscribed a pleasing fiction,
Prospectuses not what they seem.

Cash is real ; notes are earnest
Of the cash that shall come in ;
To contributors returnest
Surplus cash ? " Nay—that's too thin,

Not security, not surplus,
Is our destined end or aim,
But to swell returns, get business,
Part stock, part mutual is the game.

Cheek is strong, and dash is sweeping ;
And if hearts are hard and brave,
Agents bold, the risks up-heaping,
For a while we'll dodge our grave,

In this land the field is ample ;
Fame's my first aim—second, pelf ;
No man shall be my example,
I'm a law unto myself.

Future, say you ? Shun the subject,
You'd chill a furnace with your dread ;
We're a-goin' to gain our object,
Let dead comp'nies bury their dead,

The Stadacona was a jumble—
Its forerunner strained its luck—
And, before one fire to crumble,
The Provincial folks lacked pluck.

Don't remind me of the Beaver—
The Niagara's dying roar—
Canada Agricultural either—
Cease your croaking, you're a bore,

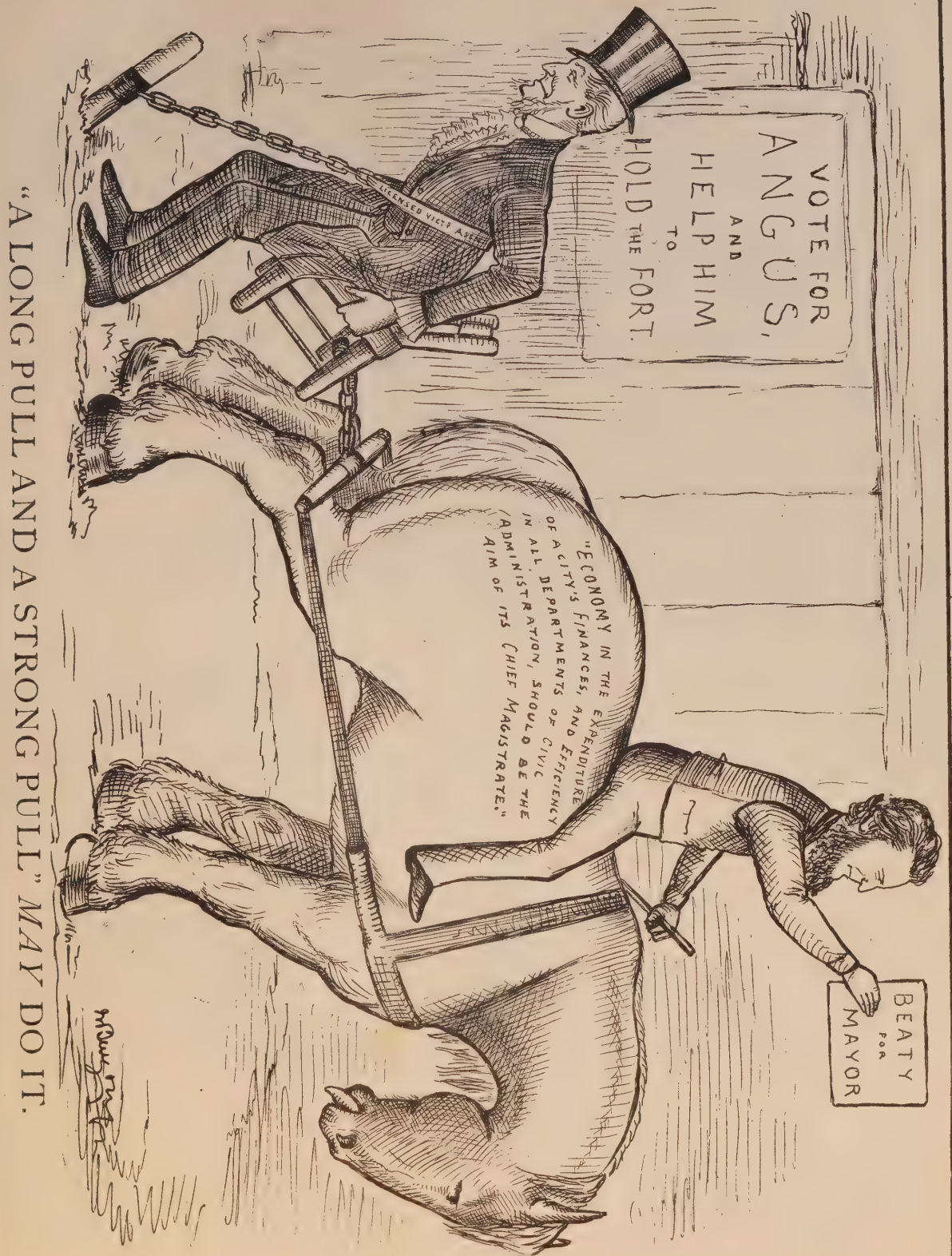
Ours shall live, shall soar like Eagle,
(Till I sell my shares, whate'er),
Make its title something Regal,
Hoist the Ensign in the air !

Lives of reckless men remind us
We can clear our skirts of crime,
Or levitating, leave behind us
In the annals of the time,
Hoofprints "

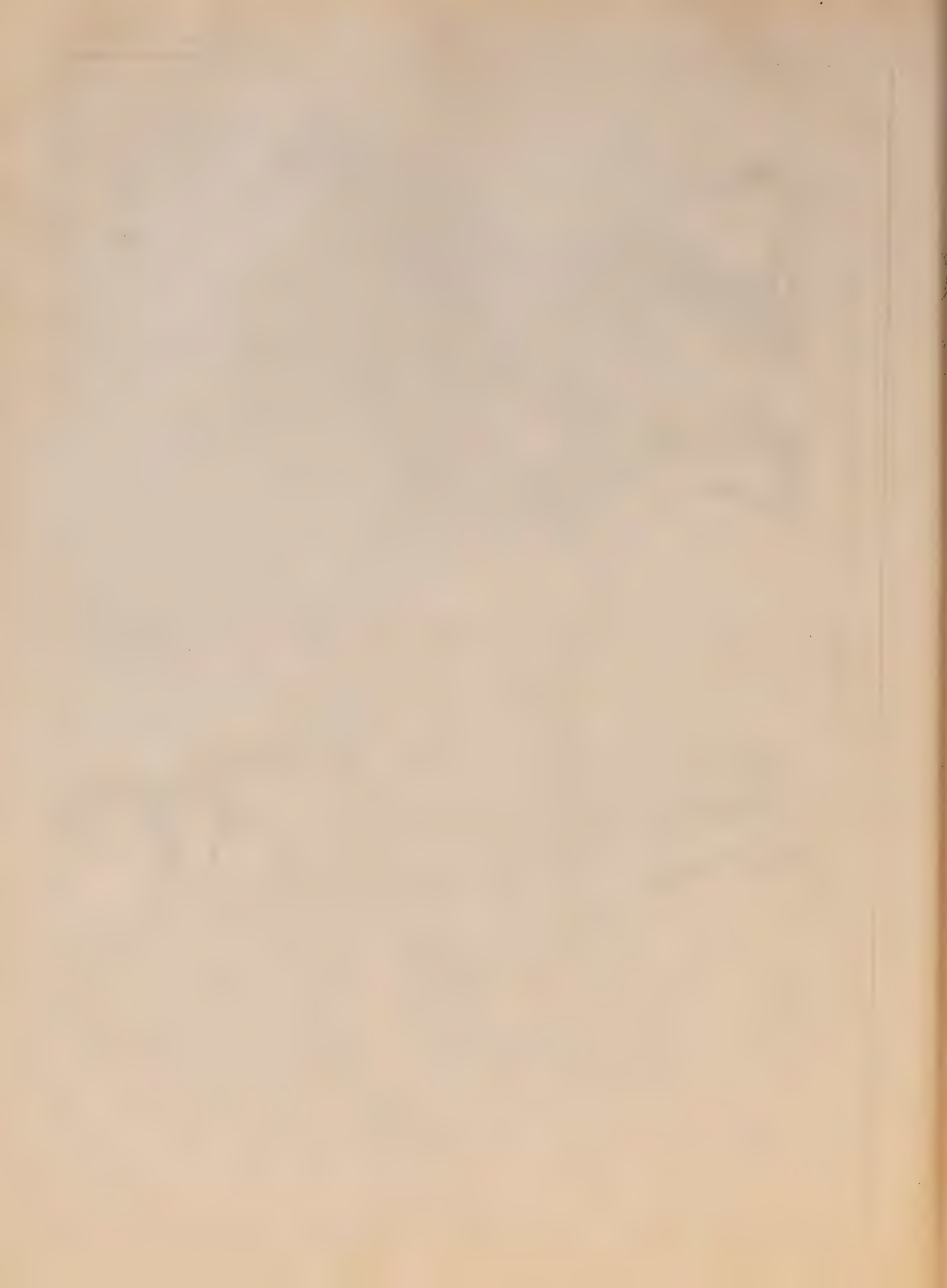
(The shade of his departed conscience gloomily here takes up the unfinished strain.)

Yea, Hoofprints in the dust that smothers
Whole communities in flame,
Which, forlorn and fire-wrecked brothers
Seeing, execrate your name.

Companies ! be up and doing,
For no fair Utopia wait,
Rivalry excessive rueing,
With its evils still accruing,
Wise rules obeying, right pursuing,
Labour to maintain your rate.



"A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL" MAY DO IT.



The Disgusted ex-School Trustee.*To the Editor of GRIP :*

SIR :—I would like, as an hold School Trustee, to know what is goin to happen. I considers French Revolutionism, Communism, and any other think possible!

Look at this. Here is people comin' hout for Trustees sayin' they wants to put down hextravagance! Actually printin' it!

And they say they 'ave been teachers, and are well hup in hedication, and that! It is hun-British, that's wot it is.

I puts hit to hany School Board hif any perkersites can be picked hup on such a system. They cannot. I wants to know hif any hedicated chap hon a School Board isn't a noosance to them as knows less. He is.

The city wants no hinnervation—no heconomists—the lor' says the people *must* pay all the Trustees axes—I goes for axin' plenty. Down with heconomy! New schools hevery year and plenty of 'em. Ooray!

ONE WHO AS BIN A TRUSTEE.

Toronto, Jan. 2, 1877.

The Matrimonial Duet.

HE.

The first day of the year. My dearest, say,
For still for help, you know, I look your way,
How can we best proceed? Our income, dear,
Will be just one half less the coming year,
Than what it has been. Now, with your good aid,
This saving, though excessive, may be made,
Say, may I count on you?

SHE.

You know you may.

I have it planned in mind, ere you can say.
Already I a hundred chances see,
For well retrenching superfluity.
One half is all you wish, you say, to touch
Well, we have always spent one half too much.
Do you not think so?

HE.

Certainly I do.
In this, as in all else, I think with you.
How undeserving I, when gods above,
A wife bestowed so worthy of my love.
Now mark the items down, and never doubt,
All you dispense with I will do without.
Begin at once.

SHE.

Let's pen and paper take,
How happy should her luck *one* woman make,
Who such a husband has, with whom nor she,
Nor any reasoning mind could disagree.
Ah, kiss me, love; and now 'tis fit you say,
What may be lopped; my duty to obey,
Fear not I shall forget.

HE.

My charming wife,
Joy of my present, as of all my life,
Well, first the house, five hundred here we pay,
There was a cottage offered me to-day
For half that rent. The extra furniture
We can dispose of, and thereby secure
Some ready cash.

SHE.

Oh, that will never do,
My dear. There's FLORENCE now her studies through,
Just coming out. How could I folks invite
To some small, poky, one front-windowed fright?
And you have often said, you know, with men,
It helps to give a dinner now and then.
You couldn't give it *there*.

HE.

And that is true.
Well, let us think of something else to do.
Now, as to dress, your bills on King Street make
Sharp pulls upon my purse. Could you not take
Some off in that direction, and yet show
Extremely well? I thought of late you go
Beyond the mark.

SHE.

My dear, 'tis very sad,
To hear you talk as if no sense you had.
What have I had? My princess dress—brocade,
(To save, I had the back of velvet made,)
My furs are good; but furs are out of wear.
A silken sacque I bought—those two, I swear,
Are all I've had this week.

HE.

Don't angry be.

SHE.

Well, let my dress alone, and we shall see
What else there is. Your club, two hundred clear,
And all those vile cigars—you owned them dear,
Must be a hundred more; and then you treat
Your friends; don't get. I pray, in such a heat,
We'll cut things down.

HE.

We will, I plainly see,
But all the cutting's to be done on me.
Will you do with a servant less?

SHE.

I'll save
With any one; but make myself a slave
I never will; and when you married me,
If I had thought—

HE.

Or I, that this would be.
But your extravagance—

SHE.

Your horrid waste
Has caused it all, and soon you will be placed
In Bankruptcy; don't speak to me; I'll not
Hear it. I know you've not one penny got
Laid by for me. Abominable, mean.
Weak creature; if I'd only never seen
Your ugly face.

HE,

To match with yours it might
Be so; your friends agree that quite a fright
You've grown of late.

SHE.

That's nothing but your spite
You miserable, base, low, abject wretch,
I'll go for a divorce; I'll go and fetch
My brother here. You horrible and vile!
I'll scratch your eyes out;—yes—I'll—I'll—I'll—I'll—
(*Goes off into hysterics; husband goes off to town.*)

Clerical Retreats.*To the Editor of GRIP :*

The merely lay and secular element in the church—of course I mean the Church of ST. SWITHINAS, now, alas, the only representative of the Direct Succession—is strangely ignorant of the true cause and nature of Clerical Retreats. I—a humble brother—a mere neophyte—am deputed to explain.

Pressed as the clerical element is in modern times, by the assaults of infidelity, the attacks of nonconformists, the faiths, desperate in their dying agonies, the troubles of their flocks, the troubles of getting flocks, the difficulty of watching and especially of shearing flocks when got—the health, spirits, and strength of the worthy clerics decay to an alarming extent. Recuperation is necessary. They find it in a Clerical Retreat. Not yet well adopted in this country, they hope it soon will be. For instance, a gentleman is rich. Why should he not afford means for a Retreat. His country house, say, he places at the disposal of a number of worthy clerical friends. Far from worry, confusion, and annoyance, they can there spend some months in preparation for a fresh attack on SATAN. The *cuisine* is necessarily excellent. The country air is refreshing. The repose is what is needed. The course is varied, but dinner at seven, and perhaps supper at eleven is as beneficial as can be suggested. A mortification of the flesh is of course necessary in the course, fasting next morning till the time of rising, say ten, should be proposed. This short explanation will give some idea. By the way, the Middle Age Monasteries—which should not have been altogether suppressed, furnished excellent Clerical Retreats.

Yours truly,

Toronto, Jan. 3, 1878.

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AS MAYOR FOR 1878.

ELECTION TAKES PLACE

Monday Jan. 7, 1878.

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ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED FOR

HARRY PIPER

As Alderman for 1878.

1878. THE MAYORALTY. 1878.

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6

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7

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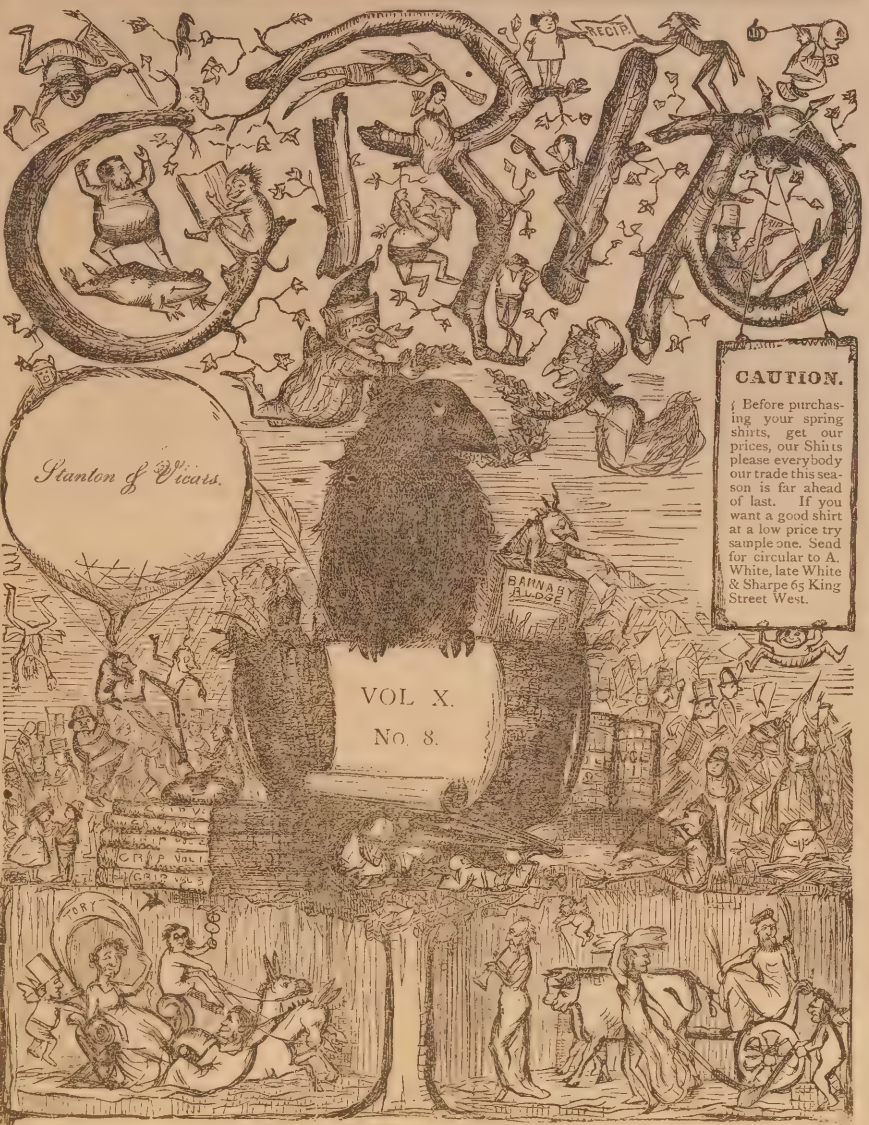
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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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The grubest Fish is the Oyater: the grubest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SAUTRDAY, 12TH JANUARY, 1878.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. D. A.—Shall be pleased to hear from you again.

The Contest.

BEATY preached in every street,
Vet poor BEATY he was beat,
MORRISON spoke not at all,
Yet to place we him recall.
Quiet pigs, the fables say,
Get the milk; it's so to-day.

Whose Ox is Gored.

Now GRIP can talk theology, having the advantage over he of the *Telegram*, that he of GRIP knows something about it. GRIP would remark that lately certain Dunkinite clergymen urged people not to drink spirits, "lest thou make thy brother to offend!" Very good. GRIP approves. But there was a head officiating minister of the Church who once said to PETER, "Give the piece of money to them for my taxes and thine, lest we offend them." Now, why were not the clergymen who were so ready to beg others to avoid "offending" weak people by drinking, careful to avoid offending by insisting on exemptions? They know nothing is hurting the faith more than this clerical sharpness. Did not GRIP see some of the amphitheatre declaimers at the exemption court? Hah! Send that cash back at once labelled "conscience money," or GRIP must name the offenders, which will be a deal worse than if the Speaker does it.

The Water Commission.

It is extremely plain that a Water Commissioner. Must hold a complete independent position. For They say there's a cool hundred thousand deficit, And nobody seems much to care, or to miss it, They've passed over the works, but still now, at the row's end, GRIP would say, come, account for the odd hundred thousand.

Grip to the Council Boys.

"Now, my good little fellows," remarks the venerable GRIP, smiling benignantly on the Alderboys who, as usual, come for instructions, "there are some of you, I see, who have never done anything very wrong in the Council, as this is your first election. The rest did not do so badly last year as they might, which is a great step in advance for a Toronto Council. True, they raised salaries, and spent little on roads, but they kept within their appropriations. They might have done all this, and run us into debt besides. For what they did not do we have reason to be thankful. Now remember these rules:—

1. Hire a lot of police, and do not support their authority. Let any blackguards stone them, and don't punish them when caught. Then 100 men will be about as good as fifty might be.
2. Be good enough not to spend Toronto's money on Toronto, but on any fields near the moon, where some aldermen might like to have streets, gas, and water, and might not like to pay for them.
3. Support the water dodge which killed BEATY. Propose that people with plenty of water shall pay for city water they don't want, to make it cheaper to the rich. Folks like that. It is so fair.
4. There are only about \$100,000 left yearly for improvements, after paying other charges. Keep on an expensive engineer and big staff to spend it. Of course they're not half needed, but keep 'em on. It looks grand.
5. Put soft land stone and softer limestone on the roads, fill with sandy gravel, grind it to powder and cart it off in a year. Of course there's lots of granite could be shipped here, but what would the city stone jobbers do?
6. Lay the macadam, and then dig up the streets for sewers. Lay it again, and let the gas company dig it up. Then let every one dig it up who wants to connect. Then it will be fit to dig up altogether, lay again, and commence again.
7. The bonus cow is killed. But you might make a haul by borrowing \$100,000 for improvements. Take care you know beforehand how much percentage the contractors will fork over.
8. More in successive numbers.

The Catastrophe.

Young JONES he was a citizen,
Of credit and renown,
A dry goods clerk also was he,
Of famed Toronto town.

To him last his sweetheart did remark,
Though courting we have been,
For twice two pleasant months, yet we
No sleigh-ride yet have seen.

To-morrow is a holiday,
And you must here repair,
And bring a sleigh. That dry goods man
Did stare a ghastly stare.

The road he knew with horse and sleigh,
Was sure to be alive,
The fact he did not dare to tell,
He knew not how to drive.

But soon the fated morrow came,
And with it too came he,
Who was but little at his ease,
But much appeared to be.

That day the horse came back alone,
The sleigh came not at all,
It lies upon the country road,
In pieces very small.

The lady and her lover came
Home after through the snow,
He visits other houses, but
To hers he dare not go.

The Editor's Sanctum.

EDITOR.—And how many editorials would you write me in a week, my dear sir?

WRITER.—Why, perhaps two; but would rather limit myself to one.

EDITOR.—Heavens! Earth! Sea! Stars! Why, what would you expect me to pay you for it?

WRITER.—Well, how do you manage?

EDITOR.—Why, you can get a fellow for twenty dollars a week, or ten, or I believe five even—these literary chaps are plenty, and anybody can write. Well, he'll write you one, or two, or even three a day. Don't believe in those folks who charge much; always found the cheapest fellows would hand out more copy in a given time than the dear ones. Why I often wrote a leader myself, without the slightest preparation, at three o'clock in the morning, printed it at once, and nobody noticed anything wrong in it. A very good rule is not to tell the public anything in your editorials. Make no assertions. Give no facts. Fill up with argument and logic out of your own head. In the end you will really have asserted nothing. Well, what have you then? An undeniable statement.

WRITER.—And does it convince?

EDITOR.—Convince? No writing would convince 'em. Why, I know fellows have read the *Snarler* for a year, and are no wiser.

WRITER.—That is not unlikely. Do they read the editorials?

EDITOR.—Well, now. I can't tell the reason; but they skip them to such an extent that I have seriously thought of abolishing editorial.

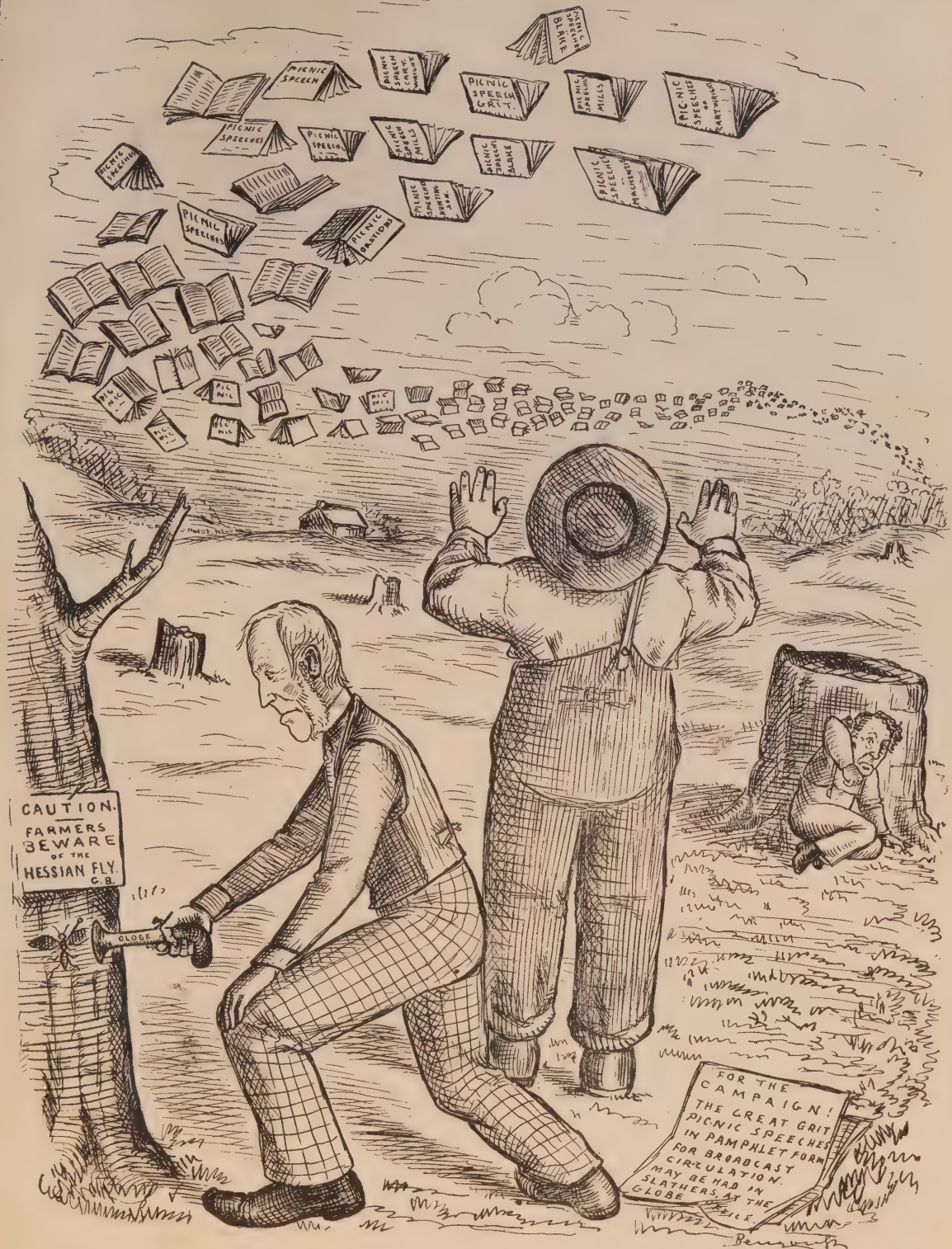
WRITER.—I should think they would. And if you offered them stones for bread, they'd skip it too.

EDITOR.—Bless me! Stones! Why, sir, we all do it. You are hinting at serious innovation. No one could pay what you are thinking of.

WRITER.—My dear sir, let me leave you with two words. No man can buy a writer worth having. He must write his own ideas, not yours, or he is not an assistance, but an injury, for his prevarications will defeat themselves. Next, know this. No forcible writing is possible without careful study and revision. No man of talent will give you time without return in money, for if he cannot obtain an equivalent in your profession, he will seek another, and having talent, will succeed. Your present course is calculated to place the once-powerful and respected newspaper *dictum* in the hands of mediocrities—men such as those who challenged HORACE to write in an hour as many verses as they. And by this course you, and such as you, have paved the way for that "Decline in Modern Press Influence" so often spoken of, and of which you have of late had such a sharp reminder in a Canadian city.

Forced Meat.

Wherefore do butcher-boys furious drive—
E'en more so than JEHU—when he was alive?
Having sought for the reason and found it at last,
GRIP answers:—'Tis meet that they drive so fast!



THE CAMPAIGN PAMPHLET PEST.

"THE COUNTRY" (log)—JE-ROOSLUM! MR. BROWN, LOOK A-HERE! THE HESSIAN FLY AIN'T NOTHIN' TO THIS PEST THAT'S COMIN'!

The Final Determination.

BISHOPRIC OF ST. PLUVIUS.

January 7th, 1878.

BELOVED FRIENDS—

These are sad times. Surely now the hearts of the faithful are tired, and the end draweth near. It is appalling! On every side the attacks of infidelity menace the ancient religious foundations. Nay, clergymen in their pulpits, never hitherto suspected, give forth sounds only too certain—declarations of disbelief in the most sacred and undoubted truths. Alas, the Reverend CANON FARRAR in England—our Mr. MACDONNELL here—others in the States—have declared that they do not believe—they actually doubt whether our merciful Creator intends to burn twenty five hundred thousand millions of people—the computed number—being the majority of those who have lived on earth—and we know that the broad gate receives most—in unquenchable fire for ever and ever. They doubt it—they actually doubt it. Alas, alas! my friends. There are indeed others, among whom I must say that brother in spirit though not in church—TALMAGE—is gloriously pre-eminent—who paint the red-hot mansion and the endless and horrible tortures of the twenty-five hundred thousand millions of men, women, and children, in glowing colors delightful to the true believer's contemplation. But there are few like him, and it is strange that such preaching is not popular. People do not like the idea—nay, there are those—I may say that a young lady of my congregation told me last week she had no pleasure in thinking of the torments of the damned. Sad, sad, my friends!

And now everywhere against us come on the mistaken champions of infidelity, clad in the armour of reason, attempting to prove by geology, history, and judgment that the faith is false. And people tell us, "Combat them!" But how can we combat them in those matters when we do not understand them? But they say, "Study them." They say, "Come forward, revise your creeds, teach people that you are willing to submit your doctrines to reason, reject old and unfounded dogmas, show the clear bent of the Christian faith as taught by its founder, show the good it has done where purely taught, explain the evils which infidelity would bring. You are in the right, our hearts tell us so—there must be reasonable proof; bring it forward." Alas, my friends, what would reason avail? Did we even attempt the superhuman labour of studying these matters, and expounding them, what would it avail? How little logic and proof would do, you will at once see when I tell you that we have lately ornamented the whole of our church in trefoil, cinquefoil and quatrefoil; that the mullions, transoms, finials, and crockets of the structure are of the purest Early Christian style, that I have lately made additions to the reredos, and have purchased for myself a new alb, stole, and dalmatique; that we have engaged a gentleman to lead the service whose powers of intonation are almost heavenly, that our surplices and gowns are of the purest white and of the brightest black, and that our crosses, flower-stands, and carvings have lately been new gilt. What could reason, study, or logic—even did we submit to the dreadful mortification of the flesh necessary to acquire them—do when such means as these fail?

No, my brethren. Another means lies open: we will avail ourselves thereof. Disunion has weakened us; union shall strengthen us once more. The three mighty branches of the Church—the Roman, the Anglican, and the Dissenting, shall unite in one, and resist all assaults of the evil one. The points of difference are daily becoming less. Our worship is becoming grand and magnificent in its choral beauty; we sing it all. And we have added such modern flourishes, trills, quavers, and demisemiquavers, such occasional screams of rapture and mingling depths of woe, from the modern style of vocal expression, that I am exceedingly glad to remark that our congregation will soon have the inexpressible pleasure of listening to our service and not being troubled to understand a word of it! And when that is the case, why not put it in Latin? Why not, indeed?—and there is the principal difference between us and Rome abolished at once! No doubt they too would make concessions, and brotherly union would be established once more. Then the dissenters, I am happy to say, are coming nearer and nearer every day. They ornament their churches in the style of SOLOMON himself. No more Puritanic error. Their surplices, their choral services—you may see them advertised every week—their gorgeous church interiors are the wonder of the world. They would make concessions too, no doubt. Then, what a glorious thing it will be to have one original and undoubted Church, compounded of Roman, Anglican, and Dissenting, all with a glorious choral service, splendid ceremonial, surpliced priests, gowned neophytes, censers, incense, confession, wafting the loud chant of sympathy from pole to pole, and carrying captive the hearts of the whole race of man! Against such a force of ceremonial strength what will the mere geologists, historians, and rationalists avail? They will melt away as the snow in spring, and dissolve from before the vision of the Church!

Yours, hopefully,

SWITHINIBUS.

Church Railings.

Canst tell me wherefore we may deem,
(Incongruous as it may seem,) That building, where to pray we meet,
Like to a suit at cards complete?

Why, you will see, with little pains,
That each of them a (K)nave contains!

The Telegram on Theology.

The *Telegram* has gone into theology with a zeal and effect which is surprising. Really, after killing the Bonus, there is no telling what it is ready to do. It has now demolished hell at one rap. It explains to the *New York Sun*, who it appears was not satisfied without a hell, that "Christianity is not founded on the horror of brimstone; but on the all-consuming love of CHRIST." GRIP must say this is a new and astonishing explanation, and will remark that if people generally had not a different idea of the quality of our Saviour's love from that held by the *Telegram* editor, they would be apt to imagine it about as bad as the brimstone. By the way, had not the *Telegram* better devote itself to topics on which wild writing will do less harm?

The Lay of the Business Member.

I'm the man to Parliament,
By constituent wisdom sent,
What the deuce the fellows meant
Puzzles me.

Knowledge public I had none—
What should or should not be done,
I'd looked out for number one,
So, you see.

Was at business quite a dab.
Knew the way the cash to nab.
Quite a pile at last did grab,
Then a friend

Said, "You're now a leading man.
Ottawa is now your plan.
Get returned—I think you can,
If you spend."

Wife and children cried, "Oh do!"
Well, I stood, and got in too.
Cost me hundreds not a few,
Grieve to say.

Faid for it. A business man
I. What is the business plan?
Why, get what return you can
Is the way.

So, when appears the Premier free,
With, "You'll support us, Mr. B.?"
"Who will support my family?"
I mildly say.

"Oh, by the way," he says, "your son
A fat collectorship has won,
By chance, of course." The job is done,
I vote his way.

You wouldn't think that I could do
The thing; but I make speeches too,
Though I don't know, nor never knew
A blessed word

On what is up. I simply go
And find some fellow who *does* know,
And cram; but that *he* told me so
Is never heard.

No better speculation is
Than being member, if you're biz,
But all this patriotic fizz
Is only trash.

Folks think SIR JOHN will higher pay
This year than MAC. If that's his way,
I take this early chance to say
My terms are cash.

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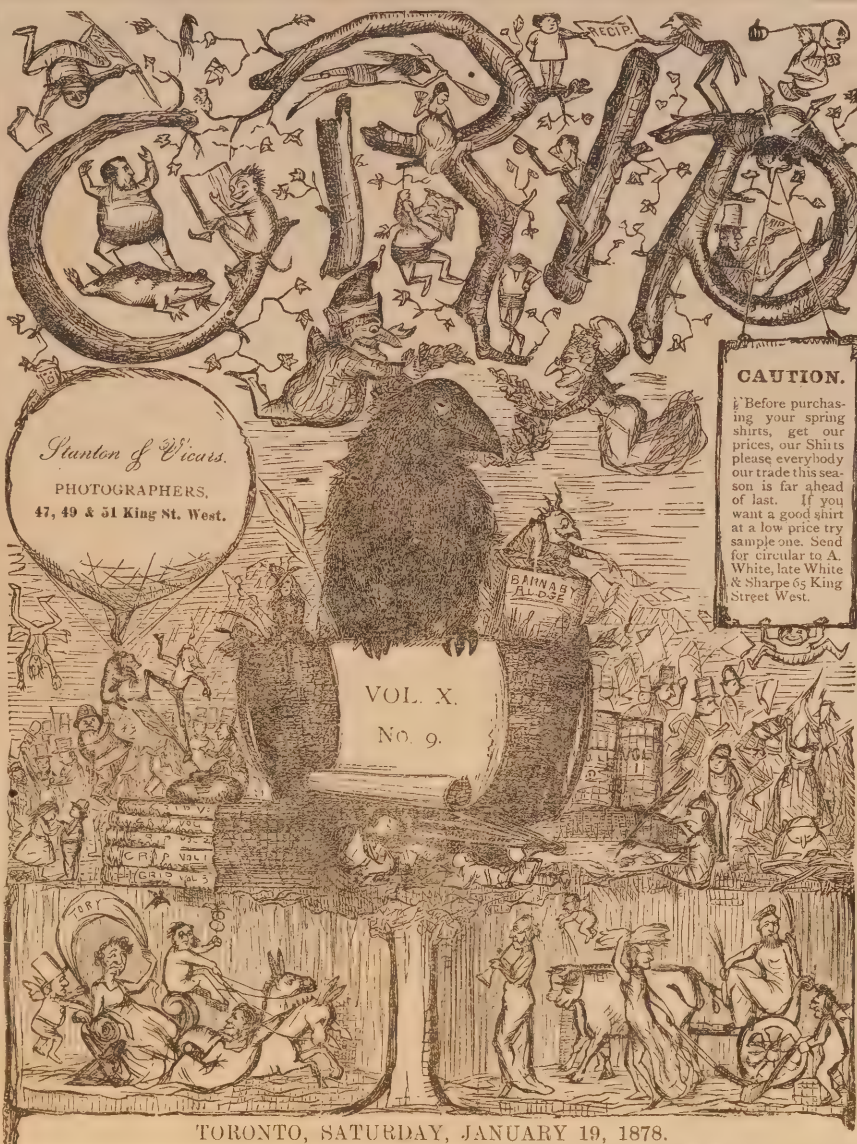
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No. 9.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1878.

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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass: the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster: the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SAUTRDAY, 19TH JANUARY, 1878.

My Stars.

Like a brilliant comet RIGNOLD has come and gone—only to make room for other stars. We wonder if Mrs. MORRISON could not plan it so as to have a fixed star to coruscate for the pleasure of Toronto audiences! And yet from the somewhat cool receptions with which some of them meet here, we should almost say, that if she were so adventurous as to risk this, the speculation might end in disaster.

The First False Step.

The readers of GRIP had reason to be aware of the remarkable slipperiness of that glassy morning last week, when Nature had iced, smoothed, and polished all out of doors, until every place you could stand on you couldn't stand on; but they do not know—except a select few who won't tell—what happened on King street. GRIP will tell. Considering the state of the sidewalk, it was no wonder that Mr. BOUNCER, Q. C., then going along with a blue bag, thinking of his opening speech and not of sidewalks, slipped down. With professional readiness, however, he, though he could not catch himself, caught the situation, and fell with legal precision and stiffness, straight and solid, determined to exhibit no unbecoming gyrations. Now, had he fallen as anybody else would have fallen, no further damage might have resulted, but Mr. JONES behind (of JONES & RUSSELL) was not prepared for the tragic descent of BOUNCER, whose head impinging on JONES' stomach, doubled him up and took him off his feet all at once. Naturally, the reaction of opening his bent figure out again was rather sudden, and it is not to be supposed that it was purposely his dexter foot knocked out of line the sinister gaiter of the fair Miss PORPOISE, who incontinently deposited two hundred pounds of charms on top of a butcher boy, whom another butcher boy was drawing on a sleigh, bringing that vehicle to a sharp stop, flooring the drawer with a jerk, and rolling him right across the doorway of BROWN's provision store. Now, BROWN's man is very careful; but when one is tall, and thin, and running out at top speed with two hams to a waggon on a very slippery day, to have a stout boy rolled exactly on our instep is rather discomposing, and it discomposed BROWN's man into turning a sort of somerset into the street, while the hams flew right and left like pieces of bombshell at Plevna. How many were floored by this discharge GRIP could not count; but no more casualties occurred, as the street was so blocked up with the fallen that no one else could come there to fall just then. So everybody got up, burst out laughing, which is the recognized mode of remarking that it was a very slight tumble, and went home for arnica.

What Goeth on at Present.

About this time the young man with no understanding issueth forth from his habitation and goeth down into the street called King. His apparel is gorgeous. SOLOMON in all his glory was never equal to the vain young man, who doyleth into the city, the glass of observation and inutility in his eye, the staff of uselessness in his grasp, and the words of "Haw! Haw!" (which being interpreted meaneth nothing) issuing from his lips. And the wayfarers say one to another, "Truth it is and of a verity, this is a bank clerk!" And the young man with no understanding meeteth a damsel fair to look upon, and he saith unto her: "Go to! I pray thee, thou hast found favour in mine eyes, wouldest that I might accompany thee homewards—Haw, Haw," (which being interpreted meaneth nothing). And the damsel standeth aloof from the vain young man, and entertaineth him with a glance of derision, whereat is the young man who lacketh knowledge discomfited, and proceedeth west without delay.

And the further doings of the vain young man and the accounts of his habits, are they not written in the book of STOVEL, the tailor.

About this time the voice of the borrower is heard throughout the land, saying "Would that I had! for then I would. And he goeth to the simple man, who is worth "Hogs," and he saith unto him, "Lend thy servant ten shekels and at the time appointed I will repay thee thine own with usury, that is to say the usual 10 per cent." And the simple man who is worth "Hogs" lendeth his ear—and the ten shekels to the borrower, who rejoices greatly thereat, for he intendeth to repay the dollars at the same time that he returneth the ear.

And in a short time there will be a voice of lamentation heard in the courts of the city. It is the voice of the simple man weeping for his shekels, and will not be comforted for they are not—to be found.

And it is just about this time that the unwary youth is beguiled into "seeing" too many "men." The result is that the unwary youth goeth home to his boarding-house, breaketh his lamp, and goeth to bed in the dark with his hat on.

The Metamorphosis.

Oh, there was a paper vat, paper vat, paper vat,
And there was a sugar puncheon, a standing by the door.
Then said the paper vat, "Tell you that, it is flat,
I won't let that party organ have paper any more.

"Because they've got in debt, got in debt, got in debt,
Full twenty thousand dollars, which is a horrid bore.
And as that I cannot get, cannot get, cannot get,
The mortgage I shall close up, and close the office door."

Then said the sugar puncheon, the puncheon, the puncheon,
"Alas now, for an organ what shall that party do?"
Said the vat, "Come take some luncheon, some luncheon, some luncheon,
I mean the thing to transfer straight over unto you.

"And the organ you shall blow, sir, shall blow sir, shall blow sir,
And the present organ grinder shall pack his traps and fly,
And we'll make the party go, sir, go sir, go sir,
As it never went before sir, or we'll know the reason why."

Then straight the puncheon rolled in, rolled in, rolled in,
And rolled out the former grinder ere he anything could say;
And its work it's got quite bold in, bold in, bold in,
And is playing newish tunes up in quite a stylish way.

And the party leaders bearing, all bearing, all bearing,
This astonishing irruption, but most preciously perplexed,
And the followers all staring, all staring, all staring,
While they listen and they wonder what on earth is coming next.

And the puncheon plays quite hearty, quite hearty, quite hearty,
Like a jolly barrel-organ, just any tune it will.
So take warning every party, every party, every party,
If you want to rule your organ always pay your paper bill.

The Voices.

The earth trembled; the great trees groaned fearfully in the heavy and storm-laden air; the sky grew darker and yet darker; the waves of the sea fell slowly, moaningly on the winter strand. All nature, terrified, seemed shrinking within herself. The whole atmosphere seemed now composed of one vast, overwhelming, all-absorbing cloud, impervious to sight. (N. B.—No novelist is to hook this for his opening chapter.)

Out of the cloud came voices. And the First Voice said:—
"But you are not Protectionists?"

Then responded the Second Voice, and it spoke in a furious tone, even as one who wished to bully his neighbour. And it said, "We are Conservatives, and are therefore everything good; and Protection is good, therefore we are Protectionists."

But said the First Voice, "Do you know anything about the science of Protection?"

Then there was as it were a tumult within the cloud, and many voices spoke together—weak and strong, piping and full, bass and treble—all exclaiming, "Of course we do. Are we not SIR JOHN, and CAMERON, and MACDOUGALL, and TUPPER, and others as wise, who know everything? We are the Protectionists! Who are You? Go Away!"

But the First Voice said, "For sixty years the Protectionists of the States have been fighting this battle. The principles of Protection were published—they were as true then as now. By their aid Canada would long ago have been a great country, abounding in manufactures, and in wealth. Yet you have never advocated them till the last couple of years. You had twenty years of power. Why did you not give Protection?"

Then there was a commotion in the cloud, and some cried, "We knew not," and some, "We had Reciprocity," and some, "The States' Tariff was low." And they screamed so that none understood.

Now it appeared that all the cloud were under a spell, and had to tell truth presently. So they answered against their will, "The people turned us out and would have none of us. And the Grits, being led by the *Globe*, unwisely backed Free Trade. Therefore we shout Protection, hoping to get in again, seeing that the people like it. But as for what it means truly we know not; but we mean to ask."

Then there was a great movement in the cloud, and a vast noise, and it seemed as if several were thrown out into space; but the cloud passed away, and the vision was over.

RESULTS OF ABSTINENCE.—According to the *Telegram*, Dr. DICKSON, Kingston Insane Asylum, states that "In wasting diseases physicians assert that alcohol is useful in arresting or preventing waste of tissue, neither of which effects I am quite positive it effects." It is evident abstinence don't assist grammar. Would the doctor say what effects something effects, and what is effected, in a manner sufficiently effective to let us know what he means?

Letter from a Nobleman.

Lord BLOODYBONES has lately sent several letters to the London papers, which have excited much interest. GRIP might explain, however, that those were not the original letters. His lordship, an old acquaintance of GRIP's, sent them to this office to be toned down and prepared for publication. As the Canadian public might like to see the originals, GRIP prints one:—

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR:—Blood! Fee! Faw! Fum! I smell it! I must have it! What! Are we to lose our *prestige*? Is the conquering banner of our supremacy to be trailed in the dust? Never! War! War! War! I have twenty cousins in the army raving for promotion. Battle! Death! Let us ensanguine; let us imbrue! Not mys-If personally; my affairs will keep me at home. But my cousins shall fight to the bitter end. I'll see if there's no public way of providing for them, if the Competitive Examination obstacle does cut them off from the Civil Service.

What if the nations of the Continent have great armies and conscriptions? So must we! What if they are down to starvation point, bread and water, through it? So must our populace. They are too well fed in Britain. Look at their strikes? Look at them, quarrelling with their own bread and butter! Make them fight! Let grape and canister teach them what they are! Conscript a million at once, and send them to attack the Russians. Conscript another million, and hold Germany in check with them! That's the way NELSON, or WELLINGTON, or FREDERICK, or NERO, or any of those sterling Conservatives would have talked!

No, Sir. We are going all wrong. Our Colonies. Yes. Send a strong force, conscript all the available men, bring them over to attack Austria if she says anything! Make every Colony double its debt, and send us the proceeds. If they won't, hang the leaders, and let their successors do it.

"The flag that braved"—yes, that's the way to talk. Britannia rules the waves. Let us go in! Let us have a shindy! Let us kill somebody! Build ironclads, raise armies, increase the debt, fling out your banners on the outward wall, and if manufacture, commerce, trade and agriculture all go to the deuce, let us take our old pre-eminence among the nations, cut as many throats as we can, and if necessary, then go into bankruptcy.

Yours,

BLOODYBONES.

P.S.—I don't mean to say any one is or has been or is about to be injuring us. But we are too quiet, sir, too quiet for the British lion. We must kill a great number of people at once, or our reputation is gone.

It is not True.

Did it ever occur to anybody that all advertisers are most abominable liars—except one? They all declare their goods the best and cheapest. Did any one ever notice the amount of lies necessarily told by a lawyer who defends criminals; always, of course, telling his clients. "tell me just how it was, or I can't help you?" Did they ever think of the number of falsehoods manufactured by the medical profession, to "keep up the spirits?" Did any one ever imagine how many—of the whitest kind—the clergy tell, by not giving rich members of the flock their true opinion of their moral state? Did ever any one try to count the vast multitude which no man can number told over the counter? Did any one ever notice how many of the same sort are told about the circulation of newspapers? Has any one thought of the quantity uttered by insurance agents, or circulated by book peddlars? Or the falsehoods of omission, such as when our big dailies wish to prove a point, and forget something to do it? Did any one think of how many a day ascend from the market? It is a sad reflection, but it is much to be feared that the Recording Angel, mentioned by Mr. STERNE, has had, before now, greatly to enlarge his staff in the Falsehood Department.

The Butter Humbug.

GRIP of highest topics sings,
But to-day with drooping wings,
From Parnassus' lowest grade,
Softly rhymes the butter trade.

Canada has pastures green,
Cows as good as e'er were seen,
Milkmaids clever many a score,
Yet her butter's "grease"—no more.

So it ranks all markets in.
So for forty years has been.
Such the way Canadians wise,
Do their country advertise.

One well framed "Inspection Bill,"
Would have cured the matter, still,
Governments which we put in,
For such matters care no pin.

Great SIR JOHN had twenty years.
No improvement still appears.
Great MACKENZIE four years more,
Things are as they were before.

Had it been an Orange Bill,—
Its discussion miles would fill,
Grievance Catholic to state—
Leagues would scantily hold the prate.

Railway wanted not all,
Weeks would keep the House in squall.
But for this, which merely would
Greatly help the country's good,

No one speaks. In endless din,
Grit and Tory, Out and In,
Talk; but know nor care, in fact,
How to frame one useful Act.

Shall we ever see the day,
Party hacks shall pass away,
And in Parliament shall stand,
Rulers fit to guide the land?

TYRANNICAL EDUCATION.—Somebody writes to the *Ledger* to ask whether his education would "permit" him to teach school.

The Popular Oracles.

From the Circular.

We have no doubt that the "gentleman's organ," true to the falsehood of its instincts, will endeavor to place the matter in another light. But in reference to the matter in dispute, there is at least one infallible guide—we refer to the past. All who have the least smattering of historical data are well aware that the art in question was first introduced by the Emperor TRAJAN, who imparted it to EDWARD the Confessor in gratitude for his services at the Battle of Prague.

From the Postboy.

A Reform contemporary displays, we regret to say, extreme ignorance—an ignorance not the less glaring that it—*more suo*—boasts of its knowledge. But we distinctly beg our readers to understand that, in this as in many instances, it falsifies history. The Emperor TRAJAN could not have been engaged as our contemporary states. Every effort of the Greek and Roman empires, in his day, was needed, and was exerted, to stem the advancing tide of Liberalism which, in the East under OLIVER CROMWELL, in the West headed by CHARLES MARTEL, threatened to overflow Europe. The simple fact is, the art was not European. It was invented by CONFUCIUS, and given by him to the first EARL OF CHATHAM, who, as every schoolboy knows, sent out an ironclad to bring the necessary materials to Britain.

From the Follower.

It is natural that journalistic mushrooms should manifest ignorance; but we have never observed such glaring instances thereof as lately manifested by the *Circular* and the *Postboy*. One refers an invention, the origin of which is well known, to TRAJAN, the other to CONFUCIUS. One slight difficulty should have suggested itself, namely, that neither of these individuals had been born, while the art spoken of was well known in Europe. We are sure our readers in the north and south, the east and west, need not be told that SIR WALTER RALEIGH brought it in from Hindostan; and though, as we know, he was murdered by the Otaheitan savages on his way home, a survivor of the expedition, meeting by the merest chance with Sir THOMAS MORE, who was then collecting materials for "Lalla Rookh," confided to him the precious deposit, to which, in fact, he owed the magnificent reception given him by HENRY VII., at Blackheath, immediately after the signing of Magna Charta. The art was then immediately adopted by the Flanders refugees, and has ever since flourished. It is disgraceful to our contemporaries that they are so little informed on important matters.

From the Lightning.

The three big dailies, as usual, are stuck in the mud. We don't know anything about it, but they cannot be right, first because they all give different statements; secondly, because they never are right on anything, which explains our hooking their locals. But what matters, anyhow? All this disputation about dead people and past events. Fudge! The point is whether Canada shall remain a slaughter-house for East Indian goods, or whether the vile Chinese shall be allowed to flood us with tea we could grow and washermen we could manufacture. Free Trade! Did ever any one hear such nonsense? A mere modern heresy introduced by Calvin! But as to the Conservatives, we doubt whether they really are in earnest in backing Protection. No. It is the loaves and fishes, the loaves and fishes that are wanted. Very plain. What is it makes city papers back bonuses—or oppose them?—What indeed? We trust to hear no more humbug.



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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Ass: the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Eel: the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SAUTRDAY, 2ND FEBRUARY, 1878.

Answers to Correspondents.

CONTRIBUTOR.—We are always ready and willing to pay for contributions, at the rate of \$2.00 per column. We prefer short and pithy articles.

Awake.

Too long, too long, our country lies in slumber,
Too long, too long, to life and light unknown.
Awake, awake, ere with the dead they number,
The people unaroused by warning tone.

Awake—you own what millions all uncounted,
Turn greedy glance toward, and yet you sleep,
Till that grim horseman, on pale courser mounted,
Shall tread you into stupor yet more deep.

That death which time to nations still is bearing,
Who hold resources vast, yet use them not.
The fate we gave the savage is preparing,
For us who now his old domain have got.

We took from him a land which population,
A hundred times our number might maintain.
Awake and use it, ere a stronger nation,
What we from others took shall take again.

RELIABLE JOURNALISTIC STATISTICS.—Monday's *Telegram* says:

"The first tree cut on the Ottawa River was felled on the 7th of March, 1799. Since then 80,000,000 cubic feet has been cut down in the forests of Canada, of which \$13,000,000 worth has been exported to Europe and the United States."

Since we have sometimes sent to those countries \$26,000,000 worth in a year, GRIP should rather think there had.

The Real Truth.

As is sometimes his wont, GRIP last week called through his office tube for the members of the Dominion Government, who came running in, bowed, and stood in a line.

"You are only Twelve?" said GRIP.

"I maun humbly annoonce," remarked MACKENZIE, "that we hae lost VAIL."

"Where did you lose him, and how?" asked GRIP, severely, for there was in the physiognomies now before him which suggested homicidal, felonious, and even cannibalistic ideas as to the fate of one who had been their fellow traveller.

"If you please, allow me to explain," said CARTWRIGHT, and GRIP listened with some confidence, "We lost him at a place called Digby. The *Globe* said it knew all about it, and promised to tell all about him in a day or two, but it has not told us yet. So, of course, we cannot tell."

"I accept the explanation," said GRIP. "Now, what I called you here for, is to enquire why you make such fools of yourselves."

"A wheen o' us," said MACKENZIE, with a glance at CARTWRIGHT, "didna mak oorsels what we are ava, and are no responsible for the exawmple they present to the rest o' mankind. But they are usefu', and gang whaur bidden wi' mair docelity than beings possessit of mair reason, wha are noo an' then even less usefu', and far mair injurious." And he glanced at BLAKE, who caught the expression of his countenance, and broke into a torrent of verbiage.

"Even in the tremendous presence of the great GRIP," he exclaimed, in tones which broke a pane of GRIP's office window, "I shall indignantly protest against such allusions. I alone, by the unaided strength of my reputation, have sustained this Government. But for the knowledge that BLAKE was there, it had long since been hurled down the wind in tatters, a prey to fortune. My reputation, I say, my *prestige*, my known calibre, my force of sarcasm, my lacerating acerbity, have upheld this combination, which I will not call a Government, through all its perils. Let GRIP enlarge his question, state the points to which he refers, and let this person, (pointing to MACKENZIE,) who has been chosen by a Parliament not distinguishing for wisdom as my leader and spokesman, answer for all." He spoke no more, but leaned against the wall, with that awful scowl and heavy villain style very effective in Parliaments not renowned for knowledge.

"Weel, weel," asked MACKENZIE, "Maister GRUP, hoo dae we mak fules o' ourselves? Maybe we arena sic great anes as some o' us leuk."

"Why," asked GRIP, "do you talk such ineffable rubbish on the Free Trade question? You all know well enough that if Canada had factories spread over the land, making what could be profitably made here of what she now imports, her prosperity would be assured and rapid."

MACKENZIE spoke. His countenance assumed as much dignity as his upper lip would allow. "Is it," he asked, "my fault if the majority o' Canadians are fules? Ye canna wyte me wi't. I gie them what they ask. The *Globe* has had the hail pack o' born ilgits by the lug for mony a year, pu'ing them along whaur it lists by shoutin' oot that it leads the Reform party. Deil a party it cares for but the foreign importers, o' wham it has constitutit itself the organ. Weel, the kintra folk a' read it, they are a' persuadit that Free Trade is correct, and we joost humour them, and they keep us in salaries sic as I, for ane, ne'er saw nor expectit before ava. What wad ye hae? If we gie Protection, the *Globe* wad turn on us like a fleeing dragon, an' oot we gang. Speak to ye're ain people; dinna abuse us. Gin Ontario, whilk is, ane may say, the vera backbone o' the Domeenyuan, alloos itsel tae be taught poole-teecal economy by ane newspaper, and that ane no neither deestinguished by poore, wut, or knowledge, what div ye expect o' us? We gie the people what they askit."

"The children of this generation," said GRIP, are wiser than—I thought them. And you," he asked of the rest. "Do you concur in this explanation?"

"My science," said the grandiloquent BLAKE. "includes but the noble and profound technicalities of the law, and the mighty mystery of effecting reform in petty Departmental expenses. I study not commerce nor trade. I repudiate the idea of connection with *Globe* perfidy, or the Machiavellian system my leader has avouched. Such as I am the people elected me; and now arise voices of disapproval, and presently

"Then waft me to the harbour's mouth,
Wild wind, I seek a warmer sky."

I have assisted my colleagues with my reputation—"

"With naething else," said MACKENZIE. But ye—CAIRTWREET—ye knew my thochts. Speak noo."

"I indignantly repudiate the assertion," exclaimed the Honourable RICHARD. "No man will believe that I have ever known anything—"

"There, there," interrupted MACKENZIE. "Let the sentence stand; ye canna improve't. Maister GRUP, we hae explain't. Friens, we maun hurry doon tae support JONES. Oor posecutions are in jeopardy—and oor alloances—"

The last word galvanized the party with electric vigour. They flew out of the doorway with such celerity as drove half a dozen of their heads together with splintering force, and the office boy picked up next day a pound of leaden chips.

The Anglican Resolve.

I would be better pleased indeed if I
Could otherwise proceed; but all around
Obstructions bar the way. My brethren dear,
And sisters none less dear, who weekly all
Do aid me here in intonation loud,
Till mullions, transoms, finials, crockets, all
The decorations of our sacred fane,
Do ring in symphony—oh, sympathise
With me in this as well. Let us demand
Of him who was our old and ancient head,
Who rules the Church of Rome, to know the terms,
Shall all the breaches heal, and us admit
Unto the bosom of that sacred home,
The Reformation broke from, and afar,
To wildernesses led, in which we still,
Do wander all the years in heaviness,
And see no light beyond.

The Way to Choose a Member.

Enter two influential gentlemen.

1st I. G.—Who shall we run for member?

2nd I. G.—Oh, HEAVYHEAD will run best. He has a good deal of property, has some private ends of his own to serve in Parliament, so that he will spend time and money to get in, and then he will be on our side, and in fact be a useful voting member on all political questions, which indeed he knows little of, and is too busy to learn about.

1st I. G.—But, my dear sir, could we not get a better man? There is WISEBRAIN, a good speaker, a man who is well aware of the state of the country and its needs, one who cannot be bought, and who could be of the greatest use to us in the House. In fact, we have no one else fit to put against SHARFTONGUE on the other side.

2nd I. G.—Ah, but then, you know, he can't get in.

1st I. G.—He would if we back him.

2nd I. G.—But then he might want his own way.

1st I. G.—Well, why not, if his way is best?

2nd I. G.—No, don't like him. Has old fashioned notions about honour and all that. Shan't help him.

And next session sees a dummy or a noodle representing the place as usual, and people wondering why Canadian legislation is stupid and slow.



"ONLY WAITING."

TRAVELLER.—HOW LONG DO YOU MEAN TO DELAY THE INTERCOLONIAL AT RIVIERE DU LOUP?

THE G. T. R.—HOW LONG DO YOU MEAN TO DELAY BUYING OUT THIS BRANCH AT OUR FIGURES?

The Universities

"And so, my dear sir," said GRIP to a high University dignitary, "the Canadian Universities are making progress?"

"Remarkably so," replied the gentleman addressed "we have had now for years very many in the Province, and each year sees more built."

"But may I ask," returned the dulcet tones with which GRIP charms his interlocutors to submission. "how is it that we notice such poor results?"

"Good heavens! Sir! poor!" replied the astounded magnate, "why we turned out thousands of matriculants in law, science, and divinity last year!"

"But the results," persisted the placid GRIP. "In law our biggest guns get woful British snubbings when they try a bit of international, and here you have neither judge nor counsel who ever makes a speech worth place beside WEBSTER?"

"But we are young," cried the dignitary.

"Your doctors make no advances in their art, and timidly copy old country modes," said GRIP.

"Very young," said the U. D.

"Your ministers make exccruciatingly dull sermons, and seem not sufficiently versed in history and science to combat these freethinkers," added GRIP.

"Extremely young," said the University.

"In science you don't fetch along any GALILEOS, NEWTONS, FLAXMANS, FRANKLINS, or WATTS," said GRIP.

"Too young," said the University; "but in a few hundred years—"

"When we are all dead," said GRIP.

The Sad Ballad of John Smith and Polly Tinker.

Now list all ye people who choose unto me,
While a story I tell of our modern countree.
And young men and maidens I all of you pray
To improve by this moral while yet that you may.

O who is yon maiden who goes down the street?
It is fair POLLY TINKER, the pretty and sweet.
And who is yon youth walking now by her side?
O who but JOHN SMITH, of his parents the pride.

O why seem they happy, as onward they walk?
O, of good times to come they most pleasantly talk.
And what are the prospects which give them such cheer,
He's to get a bank clerkship—five hundred a year.

And what will they do with this salary small?
O 'twill give them a cottage, and marriage, and all
That existence requires. Of LUXURY fair,
And of all that he asks, they know nothing nor care.

It will give the fair POLLY a pretty new gown,
Twice as oft as her father with one can come down;
While JOHN thinks with joy that whenever he need,
He can buy a full suit of Canadian tweed.

Now the next thing that comes in the course of my rhyme,
Is a moral reflection on passage of time;
And the difference women, and difference men,
Often manifest Now, to what once they did Then.

O whose is that carriage which rolls down the drive?
The cashier Mr. SMYTHE'S—now the proudest alive.
And whose the fair form which beside him doth glow?
Mrs. SMYTHE'S—nee ELYZABETH TINNEQUERRE, you know.

O what is his income to keep up all this?
Twenty thousand a year? No, that's rather a miss.
He's got but five thousand, it's very well known;
But great private estates he's considered to own.
O where did they get it—this private estate?
O their parents were somewhere of wealth very great,
Though exactly the region where those old folks dwell,
Is a something which somehow the SMYTHES never tell.

O they're aristocratic exceedingly then?
Yes, and give splendid dinners too, now and again.
And of late, when the committee were in the lurch,
SMYTHE forked over five thousand to finish the church.

And the whole congregation are loud in his praise.
So select too, and highminded in all his ways.
There's no lord buys new dress suits so often as he;
And her velvets are getting a wonder to be.

O what do they say now each other beside,
As in pleasure and glory together they ride?
And why they are thin, worn, and fallow to-day,
Unlike JOHNNY and POLLY who once passed that way?

With a sharp voice and squeaky she speaks in his ear,
"I declare it's a shame I can't decent appear,
In the houses I visit—there's that Lady JONES
Wears diamonds worth millions—such beautiful stones.

"And she looks down on me, and I know just for why.
They're beyond quite the *status* of you and of I.
And she turns up her nose, and I'm sure I can't see
That I'm not quite as good on heach pint as is she.

"And I eard that she said as how queer people, dear,
In this country can get president or cashier
Of a bank; but then real refinement, she said,
Was a thing hup to wich they ave never been bred.

"And she meant them ere diamonds, I know; and I say,
I don't like to ear you spoken of in that way."
"Nor she shan't," cries proud SMYTHE, "Who is she?—Lady
JONES!

I'll get you better diamonds, my dear, than she owns.

"I'll teach 'er oo's oo." And a week from that date
Mrs. SMYTHE goes in diamonds, with spirit elate,
And is fully convinced that the universe owns
She's a being transcending "that there Lady JONES."

O what are those rumours the newspapers give?
"Defalcations—cashier?—why, it's SMYTHE, as I live.
He's run off and they've just brought him back from the States;
And behind him—twelve years—close the dark prison gates.

O who is that convict in yellow and white?
Tis our old friend JOHN SMITH, once so pleasant and bright.
And who takes in washing just over the way?
Tis POLL TINKER, gone home with her parents to stay.

The Propagandistes.

FROM CHAUCER.

Then there was grette havock and foraye,
And all ranne either which waye,
And loud cried of them which ruled,
Saying "Of Goddie's truth they have us fooled.
Shut up and close is every factorye,
And the poor folken all idle be."
So that much poverty was in the lande,
As had not been before I understande.
Then did a crye rise up in the nighte,
"The Propagandistes will set them all righte,
They will give to this poor people worke,
Also high wages, else I am but a Turke,"
Straight came SYR JONNAYE out in the streete,
Running in hurrys more than had been meete,
So that his garments he scarce bracen hadde,
"I am one," he cried out, "bee gladdie,"
Also loud shouted as he were madde,
Waving hys head and hys arms up throwen,
So that all people to hear him be gonne.
"I am a Propagandiste," shouted he.
"Also I another!" cried MALCUMSEE,
Then low to JONNAYE "What is it one to bee?"
Answered then SYR JONNAYE in his eare,
"It is to draw eight thousand a year."
Then to pass it onward they begunne.
DOCTURTEE screamed himself was one,
Also WILLIE who wandered aboute.
Big BURRPLUMME also yelled it oute,
Also many more as tongue can telle,
All up and down they raisen the yelle,
Ran and read in bookes what it might meane,
Then at picnics shouting it were seene,
Making of it such medlaye variouse,
That they who knew it laughed loud in chorusse,
Who had it studied, and knewe it welle,
But nought said and letten those yelle,
Who for it cared nothing nor knewe,
But that office they might win untoo,
For in truthe they in power had beene,
Full year twenty, and nought was seene.
Nor did they ever cry Propagandiste,
Until their placen that they had they miste.
This be the wayen of the world each where,
Wherefore be minded of the evill snare.

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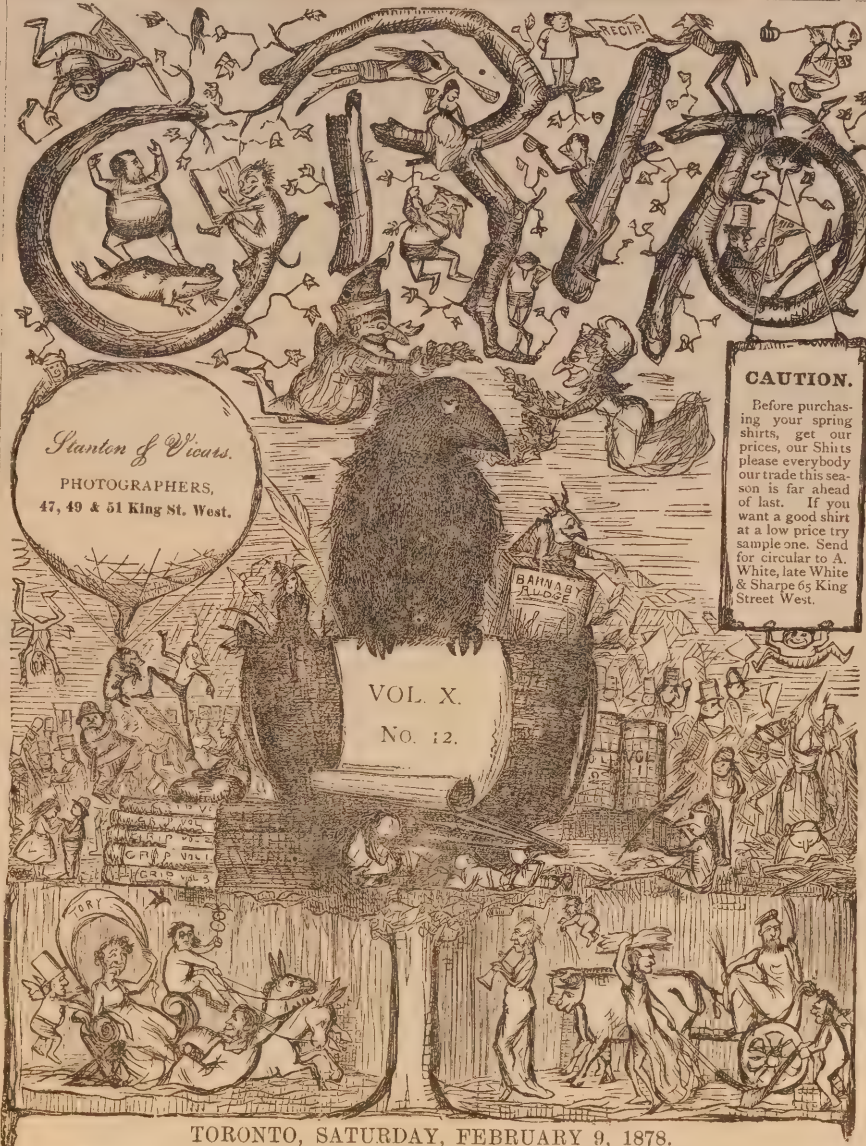
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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
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TORONTO, SAUTRDAY, 9TH FEBRUARY, 1878.

The Difference.

Good times, all said, would surely be
When BLAKE got in the Ministry,
Alas, that yet we've cause to shout
They may come, now we've got him out.

Mr. Blake's Retirement.

"He abandoned office," said the *Globe*.
"Lest it should abandon him," said the *Mail*.
"His associates finding themselves abandoned," said the *Globe*.
"We always told them they were," said the *Mail*.
"I say," said the *Globe*, "he was obliged to retire from—"
"The company of a set of contracting members, place-hunting Ministers, promoters out of office, non-fulfillers in," said the *Mail*.
"From illness," said the *Globe*, "and finding himself utterly unable to—"

"Bear any longer with the greediness and incapacity of those who surrounded him," said the *Mail*.
"Unable to fulfil the arduous duties of a most responsible office," said the *Globe*, "in which he had been of the greatest service to the country—"

"To the amount of several candle ends," said the *Mail*,
"And finding it utterly impossible to—" said the *Globe*.
"Remain in the company of a gang of persons denominated a Cabinet, who had recklessly determined again to choose an illegal Speaker," said the *Mail*.

"Impossible to attend to Departmental management, and the carrying out of his splendid international law improvements," said the *Globe*.

"Which the British crown lawyers called all humbug, as no doubt they were," said the *Mail*.

"He has retired from public life until the period when—" said the *Globe*.

"When he can find more reputable associates," said the *Mail*.
"The period when he finds his health sufficiently re-established, and is able to join—" said the *Globe*.

"To join a Ministry all of whose sins he will not be compelled to bear the weight of on the strength of his own honesty and capability, which are very doubtful qualities in this case after all," said the *Mail*.

"To join again the greatest, noblest, most capable, most honest, most disinterested excellent, patriotic, and admirable government that ever existed—(because they support my friends the importers)," said the *Globe*.

"The most vile, worthless, corrupt, ignominious caricature of a simulacrum of a Government that ever was suffered to exist by a foolish people, (because they stand in my friends' way to office)" replied the *Mail*.

"But I have wandered away from BLAKE," said the *Globe*.
"On the contrary, it is he who has wandered away from you," said the *Mail*.

"But next year, it is to be hoped," said the *Globe*, "he will take office again, under—"

"Sir JOHN MACDONALD; "and we could make something of him," said the *Mail*.

At least they might have carried on such a conversation, if either of the humbugs had one-eighth enough wit in their composition, says GRIP.

A Medical Question.

"I guess stranger," remarked the Down Easter to the fervid Milesian by his side, "you haint no 'spepsy in Ireland?"
"And why shouldn't we thin?" asked PAT. "Do yez think yez have a patinat av it?"

"Calculate they don't stuff much thar," returned Yank. "Ska'sity and 'spepsy don't travel together, not nohow."

"Och, thin, it's wonderful the ignorance av some folks, so it is," said PAT. "Sure in Eighteen Hundred and forty-sivin there was nigh a million died av it in ould Ireland."

"Of 'spepsy?" asked the D. E. staring,
"Av indiginsion; the same thing, darlin'," said PAT.

REFLECTION.—Passing through Canada on R. R.—Still on the wings of steam I fly, from pinery to pine-ry.

The Weather.

Now, my love, let us into the garden repair,
And inhale the mild breath of the warm winter air,
That the age is progressing is easy to see,
When our summer's extending through February.

All the old style of weather is over and past,
And in future the summer all winter shall last,
And our grumbling old farmers shall grumble no more,
For they'll reap twice a year, 'stead of once as before.

How delightful will be all the new fashioned ways!
Hang the skates up as relics—put wheels on the sleighs,
And our furs shall all into a mission fund go
For the good of our friend the still-cold Esquimaux.

Some old men there'll yet be, who shall tell us aghast,
How there used to be ice in the days of the past,
"From the Indies we get it; but yet on my word,
We'd it here 'fore the great change of climate occurred."

And our land shall be tropic, and out-doors we'll rove,
And we'll pull down our houses, and live in a grove,
Have a nice open temple, perhaps, where you'll see
GRIP rejoicing in roses next February.

The Friend of Humanity.

He was tall of stature, large of frame, seedy of apparel, grim of visage, determined of eye, and the bearer of a satchel. He knocked at the door of GRIP, and in fact he entered it, and meeting the approaching flunkey with an air which thoroughly convinced that functionary that it was Dr. TUPPER come to save the country, or the Sultan of Turkey come to save himself, he calmly turned into GRIP's private apartment, and looking that potentate in the eye with a concentrated force which would have transfixed any other optic, gently elevated his right hand, waved it, and remarked, in a manner addressed to the world in general, but taking into especial confidence the bust of CICERO on the mantle, and culminating towards GRIP in particular:—

"You have it."
"Habeo, hab-es," answered GRIP, "And in order to fulfil the Anglization or Africanization of the last word, hab yours. Take your ease. Sit down."

"I have not a moment," said the visitor.
"When you came in," said GRIP, reflectively, "you had several, which you have since lost. If you have, or which is the same thing, are going to have no more, which undertaker do you prefer?"

"Sir," returned the Unknown solemnly, "you treat the subject of my visit with too much lightness."

"I wish you would treat it with a little light," said GRIP, with that instantaneous flash of scintillating repartee which has rendered his name famous throughout Christendom, and even penetrated the interior of China, as the orthodox RAINSFORD remarked the other day when breakfasting with him. GRIP considered it a missionary experience, and was delighted. Alas, that incorrigible joker had only found a cartoon in the sugar bowl. But to the Visitor. He said again, "You have it!"

"Admitting a point on which you appear decided," answered GRIP, "may I ask in the words of BARNUM 'What is it?' and in those of BULWER 'What will I do with it?'"

"Sir," returned the Personage, tragically, "the question at issue rather is, 'What will it do with You?'"

The woe of the celebrated GRIP is never to be annoyed, and his *forte* is never to be alarmed. But a sensation of chilliness seemed creeping down his spine, and he experienced a wavering of the knees. With a mighty effort he threw it off, and but that the Unknown went rapidly into explanations, he should have gone similarly out of the room.

"You have," he said, "the taint of Scrofula. That dreadful disorder is rooted in your system. Its symptoms, now almost unobservable, are yet as plain to me as the obelisk of CLEOPATRA sticking out of Knightsbridge Hill. As certainly as I see it, I know its course. It cannot stop. The fearful disease is in your blood. The monster is at work. Within a short time your whole surface will break into frightful ulcers, which will change your entire existence into a misery perhaps yet unexperienced—unequalled in the world. Your days will be of unmingled wretchedness—your nights unalleviated woe. The pains of the damned will rack your every joint. The tortures of Phalaris were nothing to it. Death alone can relieve you from its dreadful hand—Death, or I, I, in this satchel, carry the antidote. One gross of my unparalleled Scrofula Pills, and a thousand of my patent surface applications, and—"

GRIP rose, and left. In a moment he returned, rolling before him a small black cask, labelled "Gunpowder—Beware!" His eyes glared demoniacally. A small fuse attached, was burning brightly. "It explodes in forty seconds," said GRIP, leaving the room.

Though he re-entered immediately, the Unknown was not there. From the window, he and his satchel were visible, flying through the front gate. GRIP shut the door, pulled the fuse out of his cider barrel, and rolled it again into the pantry.



DEVOTIONS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

(AFTER WILLARD'S FAMOUS CHROMO.)

A Sermon on Candles

BY OUR FEEBLEST LIGHT.

GRIP has a superior mind. People have noticed it. We have even been cognizant of it ourselves at times; but never more so than the other evening, when, just as shutting up time had arrived, and the shutters which bar the mural repository of our wit having been put up we were about to carry that other repository which rests upon our shoulders to more festive scenes, a voice from the upper pavement sounded with stentorian tones in our shapely ear the monosyllable *Hi!* We turned, and beheld an eminent clergyman whose personal acquaintance it had never previously been our good fortune to make. With a brief lamentation that he had arrived too late to button-hole us in our Sanctum, he did it any how—nay insisted on linking his arm within ours to accompany us on our homeward way, cheering the while our lonely path with the thrilling story of his woes. In his measured gait we soon discerned the poetry of motion, while in his voice the profounder poetry of subdued emotion became distinctly perceptible, as with his trembling tones and moving forefinger, most plaintively he sawed the air, it seemed as though all night we'd linger, and yet he did not seem to care how late it might be ere we reached our lair. My friend, he said, this is a sadly straying generation, and none but he of frivolous mind can view the gradual complete vastation of good and truth among mankind, at least as such are orthodoxly set forth by we who are the guiding stars of thought—who labour hard with all our strength to see that they are rightly taught. Alas the people don't believe us and no amount of college lore seems to be anything but previous—to them. They view it as a bore. Authority from man on sacred subjects by youthful sprigs in conclave's set at naught. They think on subjects the most complex our *learning's* not with *wisdom* strongly fraught. Eh? did I hear you say "quite right?" No! No! my witty friend you too are going wrong in straying from our nicely tempered light, you'll hurt your eyes if you continue long. The shade of orthodoxy has been provided to dim the light as well as save the moth who every warning has derided and rushes to destruction—nothing loth. Remove that haze or smash it by your number your onward course will soon put out the Light, and though perhaps to one survivor the Sun of Truth itself may come in sight, yet can he stand it or its bright effulgence to penetrate through all his life, and may it not force him to deeds of darkness? To certain it again might be his strife. Why is there then so much of talk and writing in every newspaper except the guiding *Globe*, for it of course is "unco' guid" and cares not risking respectability to please what it would call *the mob*. Respectability besides has got the siller, and in this glittering age that outweighs truth. If one holds that, one holds the tiller, wherewith to guide oneself to waters smooth. This agitation about Truth and Light is very wrong. Just let men mind their cash and mind their business, leave us those things to us belong, drink in our truths and pay expenses. So will the world move smoothly on; and if we retrograde towards the dark ages what need you Editors new garments don and try to bloom out as religious sages, a character which once assumed, you'll find yourselves like birds beating 'gainst well wired cages, unable to help others or get out yourselves, till with your tears you blot your pages. So far we could not edgeways even one word insert, though not our wont in conversation to be so inert. He ceased, and now we muttered forth in solemn tones, so solemn as almost to freeze his bones, in darkness lamp or candle suits us very well, but when the Sun arises in his might, we've noticed that its presence seems to quell the other feeble, dim and then quite useless light. The stranger turned and fled—yet heaved a pensive sigh, so pensive he forgot to say good bye.

The Methodist Progress.

My friends, you know
The churches which we left, our fathers thought
Them too magnificent, and longed to pry
A plainer style of worship and of life,
More blessed to the soul. Our women then,
Our men as well, loved ever to be known
By lack of ornament, and rather chose
To shine by works of love and holiness,
Than by apparel bright, or sculptured fanes
Bedizened richly by the carver's art.
But they, it seems, mistook. In both of these,
As I to you may plainly demonstrate,
We gain to-day on those from whom they broke,
In all the senses love. Our church as grand,
Our worshippers as gaily decorate,
Our harmony still more magnificent
Than any they can show. My dearest friends,
What if we should return? It might not be
So bad a thing to do,

The wife of the alleged Brahmin priest has had a son, which is advertised in the *Globe* "birthplace" as the "first Brahmin child born in Canada." Considering the fuss raised about the father, most people will hope it is also the last.

The Railway Ride.

Dr. JOHNSON of old his opinion expressed
Of sensations, the riding in chaises was best;
But he'd not have expressed that opinion by far,
If they'd fastened him up in a modern rail car.

Where your feet almost freeze on a cold winter's day,
And your head's full of blood, and feels just 'tother way.
For the triumph of late ventilation, you know,
Is to put the heat where you don't want it to go.

Though it reek with foul breath, if you want some fresh air,
Of unclosing a window GRIP bids you beware.
For the first thing that meets your examining eye,
Is a very hot cinder, just then on the fly.

Fifty miles shakes your bones 'till they're all of them sore,
And a hundred just shakes them—well, twice as much more,
Till you fierce maledictions internally scream,
On the rascal who found out this riding by steam.

It would not be so bad if they'd leave you to weep
Of your sorrows—you might cry yourself off to sleep.
But—as foretaste of place FARRAR says there is not,
They've an agent appointed for keeping things hot.

He's a very small fiend; but extremely malign,
With an eye full of business as ever was seen,
And he pokes you each moment, and wants you to look,
For he's sure he can sell you some paper or book.

Which you don't want at all; or he begs that you'll buy
Maple sugar—it's awfully dingy and dry;
Or he'll sell you some candies, made in the year one;
Or some apples, which have to decay just begun.

And the scenery's all like the scenery last,
Till you'd swear that this place is the one you just passed.
For these new styles of travel so speedily run,
That they seem to smooth valley and mountain to one.

But like most things in life, the long journey gets past.
How delightful to feel *terra firma* at last.
And you've one consolation—your route of to-day
Would have occupied six in the old-fashioned way.

The Point to be Attained.

THE object of every Canadian is to build a large house. That done, at great expense, he lives in its back kitchen generally, and shuts up the rest. It has rooms for six servants; he keeps one. It has six spare bedrooms, he never has a visitor but once or twice a year. It has a big dining room which never sees a dinner party, nor any meal at all. It is well furnished. The object is first, a big house is a big advertisement, and will bring him consideration nobody would have given him without; second, to give his family occupation in dusting the rooms. When he looks over it himself, he makes a chalk mark on the walls occasionally, to know his way back to the kitchen. It is supposed that the numerous instances of missing men in Canada might be cleared up, to a great extent, if the out of the way rooms of their residences were examined. It is considered that Dr. WORKMAN might have said that nineteen-tenths of the remarkable amount of madness existing in Canada is owing to this cause.

Conversation.

CANADIAN.—I am going to clap tariff on Yankee goods.

IMPORTER.—Oh no. You must keep friends with the States; must not embroil yourself; the consequences would be terrible. Must be civil.

CANADIAN.—Well, I must put them on British goods.

IMPORTER.—No! no! no! Must not anger the mother country.

CANADIAN.—Well, if you say so; perhaps I had better not. But many of us are starving for want of work. (*Exit.*)

IMPORTER.—You may as many of you starve as like, so long as the rest buy my goods. (*Exit.*)

"And so BLAKE's gone, said CARTWRIGHT. "The point is no' the game but the ganging," said MACKENZIE. And the Hon. C. saw a vanishing vision of another borrowing voyage, and sighed.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY is will this summer in winter do good or harm, and did JOHN A. or MACKENZIE make it. Grits and Tories will answer according to their respective lines of argument.

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NEXT MONTH!

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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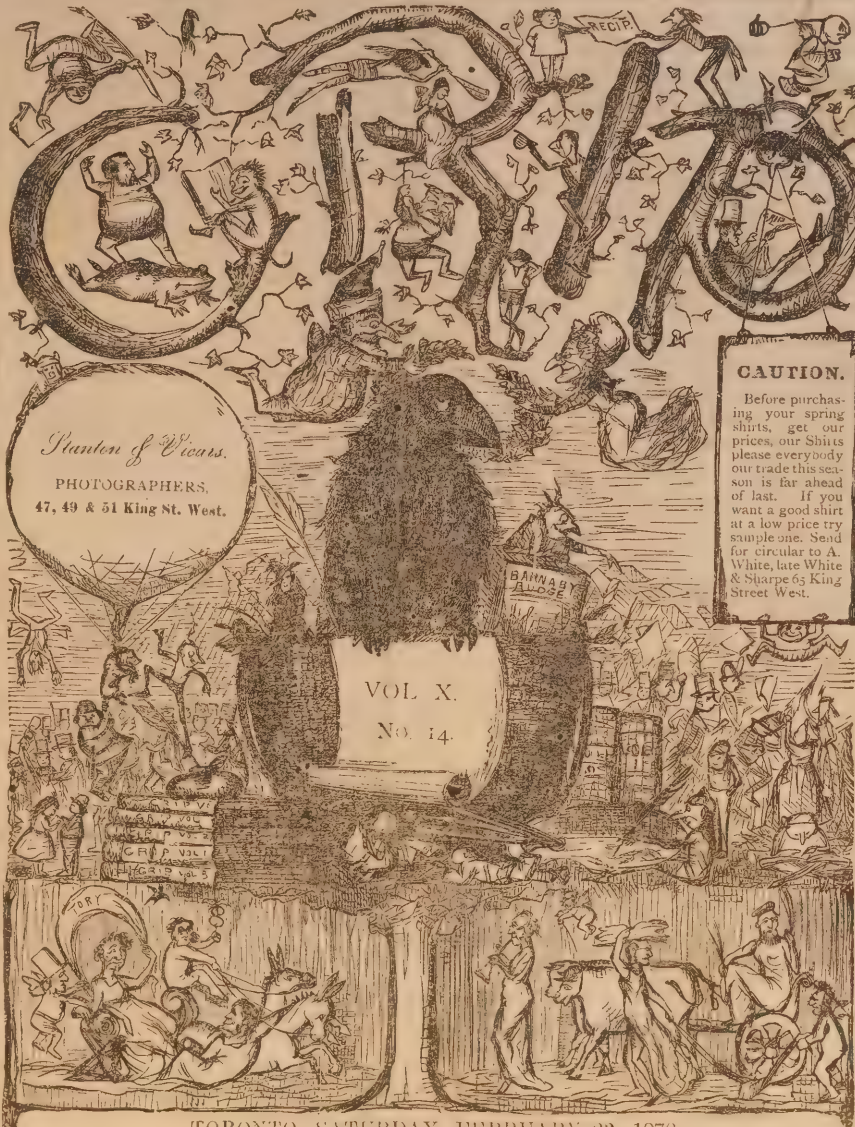
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1878,

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyater; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 23RD FEBRUARY, 1878.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

MACKENZIE BELCHAZZAR and all his gay coves,
Are guzzling free on the fishes and loaves;
The flesh-pots of Egypt lie round on the floor,
And the good things of office are scattered galore.

For four years the Party has surfited there,
With appetites strong and digestive powers rare;
While the Tories outside (heaven ordained to rule)
Have been fretting to death in the shades that are cool.

But lo! there's dismay in the banqueting hall,
For the writing of Fate now appears on the wall;
A mystical sentence portending the End—
But how it was written we can't comprehend.

Perchance 'tis the work of an angel of light,
To whose spotless soul Grits are odium quite;
No doubt 'tis the writing of some righteous hand
Who to "JOHN A. and VIRTUE" would give up the land.

A Conversation.

"The deuce of it is," said Sir JOHN at the last House Dinner, "that people really want new men to come forward."

"Are we not good enough?" growled TUPPER in his deepest baritone.

"If takin' pains to please," remarked N. F. DAVIN, "can soothe their savage buzzums, there's nivr a counther-jumper in King Shtrate can bate yez. Protectionists in Onthario, Free Thraders in Halifax, Lib-erathers of RIEL, allies wid BOWELL—oh, bedad, there's nothing but a kellydescoop can aiquil yez."

"A kaleidoscope," said M. C. CAMERON, who will try to make folks pronounce words correctly.

"The kellydescoop I did be sayin' Surr!" said N. F. D. "Neemed afther its inventor, me maternal ancistor, Surr JAMES KELLY, K.C.B. knighted for drivin' the bailiffs from Oireland, A.D. 1757."

"Ye are ower forrit, young mon," said one of the Club flunkies, a tall big-nosed person in a magnificent suit of green and gold, who, remaining when his fellows had departed, had taken a seat at the table with the guests. (It was G. B. He really runs the club as our other institutions). "When I had ye on the Glob, I keptit ye in order. In pitting ye on the Mail, ye ken, ye are simply removit tae anither Clear Grit journal, disguisit for purposes o' my ain. Mairower, ye arena tae gang round speaking—"

The fiery passions of the Milesian addressed had now rendered him red hot. Nothing else could have saved his adversary, but N. F. D. found his dress suit beginning to singe. He rushed from the room. took a shower-bath and came back cool and pallid. In the meantime the conversation had changed.

"I maun observe," said G. B., "that we haena had oor time. Ye had twenty years, and agreeit tae let us hae oor turn. We canna do wi' scant four. It maun be managit."

"But you cannot deny," said MACDOUGALL, "that you are making in four years as much as we in twenty. You give MACDONALD \$10,000 a year. He gets it. But as for me, I was sent to pick a governorship out of a bulldog's mouth, and got properly bitten for my pains. Speaking of dogs recalls the fable of the bone and the shadow. Isn't it time I got the substance?"

"You bring me back to my muttons," said Sir JOHN, "and by the way that leg was superb—"

"But the devil's sint no capers wid it," said N. F. D.

"They knew we had you;" said the baronet, "but as I was saying, my dear GEORGE, it is true that years ago, we leaders agreed to divide in turn the spoils of office, and to keep outsiders off. I am sure we aided you manfully in your efforts to shove aside every fellow, from BALDWIN to GOLDWIN SMITH, who tried to shove in a patriotic oar. But now it will do no longer. You know as well as I that the country has been humbugged, not governed. People demand men who understand commercial positions, and a lot of things never hitherto forming part of Canadian governmental programmes. I don't say we would not have had them before now, it unhampered by opposition, or that you would not, if equally clear. But you know as well as I that it has ever been impossible to pass needed measures, on account of the ever-present necessity of buying corrupt friends, and approving corrupt opponents."

"Breebery an' corruption!" said G. B. "Why did ye nae stap it?"

"Why didn't you?" asked Sir JOHN.

"Gin ye introduce ye're opponent, as Dr. JOHNSON remarked," said G. B., "there's an end o' argument. Hae ye nae better manners? Answer me, sir!"

"Well, GEORGE," sighed the knight, "I challenge you to answer this. When the people send fellows to Parliament who come with no other purpose but to be bought, have I or MACKENZIE any other resource but to buy them?"

"It is vara true," said the disguised ONONTIO. "After a', it's nae use abusing ilk ither in preevate. What div ye think is noo tae be done?" "Your friends must go out at the end of their term, GEORGE, and we will have to get in men fit to draw up a proper scheme of Protection, and several other things the country needs." So said the knight, pensively drinking a tumbler of sherry.

"Ye are a puir-speerited creature," said G. B. "I shall ance mair tak' the stoomp myself. I speakit gran'ly at Oxford last week. I sall hae na Protection here ava. What div I care for the kintra? Whaur wad gang my Breetish supporters, mairower my Yankee friens? Hoo could the Glob dae without the importing interest? Gae wa! Free Trade forever! Wi' the mighty engines o' the Glob and Mail I hae directit, and wull direct! Shadows o' necht avaunt! GEORDIE's himsel' again!" And the old gentleman executed a triumphal attitude in which his long limbs, not now under their old command, knocked down a \$100 set of Sevres from the sideboard.

"GEORGE," said Sir J., "You cannot direct me. Master of myself though China fall!" And he looked sadly at the fragments—a present from himself.

"Nor me," roared the Tremendous TUPPER, whose sore throat wine had temporarily healed. "I denounce your policy! I oppose your course! I deny your principles—"

"Ye hae aften deneed yere ain," interjected G. B.

"I" pursued the thunderous honourable, "I am fit here to speak! I, whose dexterous voice plenses East and West, ever sounding loudly the trumpet appropriate to the region. This is Toronto, and I here declare Protection the only course. That we shall follow-o-o-o under-r the glorious-s-s pilot who-o-o-o has weathered the storm-m-m—(But here several panes fell from the windows and some afrighted guests ran to the door).

"Ye're noise disna fricken me," said G. B., "nae mair than the clamorous o' that Irish creature wha I formerly allowed to write for the Glob—"

But the blood of N. F. D. stood no more. Dexterously extracting from a chamois case an immense shellalagh, he leapt on the table, "Be the powers, he manes me," shrieked N. F. D., making a flying leap over the centre vase in the Scottish person's direction. He arrived, but the other was gone. Nay, the room was empty. As TENNYSON says,

"At the mere flash and motion of the man,"

all the guests had disappeared, except those, who under the table, laid supine in the arms of BACCHUS.

"Waither!" cried N. F. D., "bear the inebriated to cabs. The ruction has calmed me sowl. Fetch me pin, ink and paper. There's an iditorial jew, and devil resave the loine written av the same."

The Amenities of Parliament.

Hon. Dr. TUPPER (to Mr. DYMOND).—You are a garbler of reports! Mr. DYMOND.—I aint. You are a vile insulter of the Press.

Hon. Sir JOHN MACDONALD.—It is evident the Minister of Justice is a liar.

Hon. MINISTER OF JUSTICE.—I aint! All your authorities—Chief Justices, Knights, Generals, and everybody else are liars.

THE SPEAKER.—The hon. member for Kingston is out of order.

Hon. Sir JOHN.—Then, Mr. SPEAKER, in a parliamentary sense he isn't a liar, but every other way he is. He has, I say, used rebellion—

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE.—Your colleague, Sir. GEO. CARTIER, was a rebel, and ran away!

Hon. Sir JOHN.—He didn't! he didn't, I protest against slandering the memory of the dead! My worthy colleague fought as a rebel all day at St. Denis, and fired on Her Majesty's flag from morning to night.

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE.—If your colleague fired material bullets at the flag, mayn't mine fire an immaterial expression?

Hon. Sir JOHN.—No Sir! He mayn't, Sir. And he hadn't the courage, Sir! JONES would have run away, Sir, he would, Sir!

Hon. Mr. LAURIER.—It happens to be a matter of history that your late colleague did. (Sir JOHN subsides on the history point).

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE.—And your friends burned down the Parliament House, pelted the Governor, and wanted to be Independent, yes sir! And now worse than all, want to make political life unbearable—

Hon. Sir JOHN.—No, no, no, I rise to explain. The more we give a bearish tendency to the proceedings, the more we make them bearable. (Loud applause. Cries of "Very good; Give us another").

The above is not an over exaggerated burlesque of the class of proceedings lately held at Ottawa. GRIP would remind these gentlemen that the pretended loyalty which occasions such scenes causes that worst description of disloyalty, contempt for our rulers.





THE MYSTERIOUS HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Modern Religion.

Of all instinctive feelings which dwell within the breast,
The promptings to religion the purest are and best,
Most worthy of encouragement in this our earthly way,
And how we them encourage shall be written in this lay.

To church we'll go on Sunday, well dressed from top to toe,
Of churches the description where most of us will go—
Where carpets are the deepest, and pews of softest seat.
And the music to the hearers affords the richest treat.

Where music loud resounding falls bravely on the ear,
Of future penance driving away all sense of fear,
And the senses all enchanted by the loud and pleasant sound,
Are unconscious of that party who goes a roaring round.

For our music in religion is utilized to-day,
As 'tis used in battle's danger, cool thought to chase away,
Or as the Brahmin tomtoms quell burning widows' shrieks,
We drown on Sunday mornings its voice when conscience speaks.

For our priests to-day are finding, as predecessors found,
Complacency still fetches large congregations round,
And we approve that preacher, and raise his salary,
Who makes us feel good rather than teaches us to be.

So advertise in journals the music of our choir,
Explaining some go lower, and some can rise much higher,
Than usual, and stating, with unction most profound,
The pieces meant for singing, when Sunday next comes round.

Then uprises the preacher, the preacher of to-day,
Expounding parts of Scripture in a very clever way,
And gives so many meanings to words both great and small,
That he makes you quite decided the text has none at all.

Then gravely moves to dinner with pillar of the church,
Who turning coat last session left promise in the lurch,
Or with that honest gentleman to difficulties come,
Who pays no creditors, but gives the church a handsome sum.

For he must be forgiving, that meek and gentle man,
And grant them all exemption from penance that he can.
"We need it of each other," he says, and means next day,
To ask it on some taxes by 'right he ought to pay.

When shall we find the churches teach what their founder taught—
To deal with each man justly, and pay each what we ought?
To scorn hypocrisy, although its wealth be what it may?
When shall the faith as given at first be taught in modern day?

Tierney Abroad.

NO. 2.

TO THE EDITOR AV GRIP, up in Taranty :

SUR,—I b'ave I towld yez in me lasht letther that fwhin I wint to Ottaway he the invite av Misher MICKINZIE, I hard av somethin' to me advantage, but I hadn't shpace to foind room in that letther to inform yez fwhat that was.

"MR. TIERNEY," sez the Premier, fwhin I walked intil his affice, "I've hard av yer great abilities, an' wud loike to secure yer services, av ye plaze."

"Thank ye kindly, sur," sez I, "but at the prisint toim I have a job. diggin' a cellar for Misher—"

"Howld on," sez he, intrupthin' me, "its for no manial service av that keind I wud be wantin' ye for," sez he, "I want to give ye a govirmint appintemint, so I do."

"Savin' yer prisince," sez I, "Misher MICKINZIE, ye musht be crazy intoirely; a govirmint affice for me! Sure, amn't I wan av the leadin' Consarvatifs av the counthry?" sez I.

"Jusht so," sez he, "av coorse ye are; an' that's chafely the raison fwhy av me prisint procadin'; its a way we have in the Reformum Party," sez he, "af doin' fwhat we can for our iniinies in the way av the shwates av affice. I think now, betune us, ye wud make a foim immygrant agent for the South av Ireland. Wud ln't ye loike to go an' see the dear ould sod wanst more, at a purty good salary?" sez he.

"I wud," sez I. "An' if I may be allowed to use the ixprission, Misher MICKINZIE," sez I, "I b'ave the Reformum Party is founded on the throe principles av love; if I was in the confessional this minnit, sur, I wudn't deny but me heart has been wid yez all the toime, more or less."

We shuck hands, an' the thing was settled. Misher CARTWRIGHT an' Misher MILLS, the Minister av Philosofy, thin kem in, an' ixpressed thimselves plazed that I would be for some toime away from the corruptin' influence av Sur JOHN an' thim."

The certificate is bein' med out for me appintemint.

"It'll take a few weeks, mebbe," sez Misher MICKINZIE, "to get it complate, because, av coorse, it has to be sint away up to Taranty to be counthersigned by Misher BROWN, at the *Globe* affice, an' in the mane toim, I think ye bether take a soort av a toor through the Marry-time Provinces," sez he, "so as to lay in a shtock av information an' facts about the counthry."

"Wid pleasure," sez I, "I'm ready to shtart to-morry mornin'."

"Good," sez he, "Go; an the blessin' av a pure an' pathriotic govermint go wid yez."

That was all. Next day I shtarted for Monthreal, an' ivir since I have been thravlin' about, goin' most generally from wan place to another, though me movemints is not med out on anny particler plan, an' I have the Dominion Driectory in me pocket and the Treasury at me back.

Av coorse I kape me eyes an' ears open on me thravels, especially fwhin I have to thravel be night in thim shapin' kears av Misher PULLMAN'S. I am takin' notes av the people and places, an' fwhat I hear, an' the crops, and ivery thing av that sort. I thought it wud be best, as I was a little grane at the bisness, af I kep a Dairy as I wint along, an' so I wint intil the chafe buck-shiore av Monthreal an' bought mesilf a foime morrocky covered note-buck, wid lashtic bands an' lead-pencil complate. "Retale price two twenty-foive," sez the clark. "Wrap it up," sez I, "an' charge it to the govirmint."

I have the note-buck purty well filled be this toim, on some av the pages, an' av yez wud loike to print a few av me notes in GRIP, I'll begin' nixt wake and sind yez some. Me coorse has tuck me intil the Provinces av Quebec, Newbrun Swick an' Nova Scotia, an' I think yez'll foind me obsarvations on fwhat I saw nately done an' to the pint.

Yours wanst more,

TERRY TIERNEY.

Their Fate.

She was sewing, and no more.
He was clerking in a store.
He was JOHN HORATIO BIGGS.
She was ANGELINA SQUIGGS.

Vows unto Miss SQUIGGS he made,
Thus his courtship she repaid:
"Fill you in a store I see,
Of your own, don't think of me."

JOHN HORATIO had no tin,
So on credit he went in.
In a store we now him see,
With Miss S. as Mrs. B.

Clever JOHN HORATIO, though,
Wasn't able to foreknow.
That the merchant just next door,
Bankrupt was in two weeks more.

All the stock he had in biz,
Was obtained where JOHN got his,
Went for three months just "half price."
JOHNNY didn't think it nice.

Not a penny worth could sell,
Might have shut up just as well.
Three months passing quick away,
Precious lot of bills to pay.

Not a cent to pay had JOHN,
Assignees came tumbling on,
Start to sell him out that day,
Bankrupts chap across the way.

Ere it's over. Thus we see,
Bankruptcies make bankruptcy.
Clerk again is Mr. BIGGS,
Sewing is the former SQUIGGS.

Croaks and Pecks.

THE RINE temperance people don't believe in Rhine wine.

THE *Globe* of Monday accuses the Opposition of eagerness to make capital. That's just what all of us want to make. Lack of capital is the bane of this country.

THE standing committees are a disgrace to this country. Why can't chairs be provided so that these unfortunate committees will not need to stand any longer. Don't see how they can stand it.

OCCIDENTAL R.R. may be a very good name for that Quebec, Montreal, & Ottawa Road, but one letter might change it to the disastrous appellation of Accidental R.R.

ROLLER SKATING RINK.

Off Bay St., Opp. Temperance.

As a health agent, Roller Skating has proved itself to be invaluable. Many ladies who have attended the Rink, have been restored to a standard of health and muscular energy such as they had not enjoyed since the palmy days of girlhood. The chilling effect that accompanies ice skating is wholly obviated, and instead of suffering from cold feet, as on ice, the circulation is so thoroughly established in the extremities, as to insure a vigorous circulation and warmth for a couple of days.

ADMISSION: Afternoon, Free. Evening, 10 Cents.

SKATES EXTRA: Ladies, 15c. Gents, 25c.



Lighthouse Service!

TENDERS.

Tenders will be received by this Department, at Ottawa, up to the 1st MARCH next, for the supply of 100,000 gallons, Imperial measure, per annum, more or less, for one or three years, at the option of the Department, of the best quality of double-distilled Standard White Extra Refined Petroleum Oil, deliverable at Goderich, Hamilton, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S., in such quantities and at such times as the Department may desire.

The oil must be free from acid or other impurity; of a specific gravity, at 60° Fahr., of between 48° and 45° Baume; non explosive at a vapour test of 130° Fahr.; and must distil between 302° and 572° Fahr. In burning for 12 hours it must produce a brilliant and nearly uniform flame, neither crushing the wick nor discolouring the chimney. If from any cause the light diminishes more than 15 per cent. during the trial the oil will be rejected.

A sample of five gallons, of which the cost and freight will be paid by the Department, is to accompany each tender.

The oil is to be delivered in good order in new iron-bound white oak casks, containing from 35 to 40 gallons, prepared inside with liquid glue and painted outside; casks to be furnished by contractors and cost included in price of oil.

The oil is to be delivered by the contractor subject to inspection of the Department, and re-gauged at place of delivery, and delivered free from all charges, including duty, if any, Inland Revenue inspection charges, and gauging charges.

Tenders will also be received up to the same date for the charter of a steam vessel to deliver supplies to light-houses above Montreal, including those on Lake Superior. Charter to commence at Montreal on the 20th of June next. Steamer to be ready at the Lachine Canal Basin to take in cargo on the morning of the 27th June. Full particulars as to description of vessel required and nature of service will be supplied on application.

Tenders both for oil and steam vessel to be addressed to the undersigned, and marked on outside "Tender for Oil" or "Tender for Steam Vessel."

WM. SMITH,
Deputy Minister of Marine, &c.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
Ottawa, January, 1878. Feby. 22-11.

BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
Real Estate Agents,

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (Next Post Office.)

TORONTO.



Notice is Hereby Given

THAT THE AGENCY FOR the sale of Indian Lands in the Saugeen Peninsula has been removed from Toronto to Wiarton, County of Bruce.

Information respecting those lands may be obtained on application to B. B. Miller, Esq., Indian Lands Agent, Wiarton; to whom also should be forwarded all Certificates of Deposit and Drafts for moneys paid into any of the Chartered Banks by Purchasers or Licensees of Indian Lands or Timber in the Peninsula.

(Sgd.) D. MILLS.

Minister of the Interior and Superintendent General of Indian Affairs. Feby. 22-41



Canadian Pacific Railway.

Tenders for Grading, Bridging,
Track Laying, &c.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender Pacific Railway," will be received up to Noon of

Friday, the 1st day of March

next, for works required to be executed in completing that portion of the Pembina Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway extending from Saint Boniface Station southward to the International Boundary at Emerson, a distance of 63 miles.

For plans, specifications, approximate quantities, forms of tender and other information, apply to the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, and at the Office of the District Engineer, Winnipeg.

Contractors are notified that Tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signature and the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same.

For the due fulfilment of the Contract, a cash deposit to an amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the Contract will be required.

To the Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the Contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, Feby 7th, 1878.

WANTED!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO LEARN TELEGRAPH operating for offices opening in the Dominion. Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Address MANAGER. Box 955, Toronto

J. F. DANTER, M. D.

Homeopathist and Medical Electrician. Office and Pharmacy: 4 Albert Street, (Cor. Yonge) Toronto. Medicine for sale, vials refilled, Letters promptly answered.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 1st Feb., 1878.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON American invoices until further notice, 2 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-tf

FOUND!

A SMALL BUNCH OF KEYS

Was picked up opposite the Post Office. Owner can have same by calling at the office of "GRIP" and paying for this advertisement.

NEATLY, CHEAPLY, QUICKLY.

Grip Job Department.

OFFICE

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

(One door west of the Post-office)

Everything in the Printing line from a

LABEL TO A 3-SHEET POSTER

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

CARDS.

We are prepared to fill Orders by Mail for Visiting Cards (Finest Bristol, White or Tinted) immediately on receipt of letter, and forward by FIRST MAIL, at the following

RATES:

25 Cards, (one name, one style type), 30 cents.
50 " " " " 50 "
100 " " " " 75 "

MOORNING CARDS:

25 Cards, (one name one style type), 50 cents.
50 " " " " 75 "
100 " " " " \$1.25 "

Memorial Cards:

Beautiful Designs, \$ 1.00 per dozen.
Samples by mail, 5c. each.

Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

THE FOLLOWING ARE
SAMPLES OF TYPE
FROM WHICH A CHOICE MAY BE MADE

1

Robert Taylor.

2

William Richardson

3

Miss Maggie Thompson.

4

George Augustus Williams.

5

Mrs. Thomas Jones.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespeare.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

TORONTO, ONT.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

**USE ONLY
ONTARIO
BAKING
POWDER.**

ASK YOUR
Grocer for it.

THE TORONTO
TURKISH BATHS
233 Queen St. West.
THE ONLY TURKISH BATHS IN
THE CITY.

These baths are useful in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Coughs, Colds, Congestions, Bronchitis, Scrofula, Skin Diseases, all inflammations, Biliousness, and for sanitary purposes.

Hours:—Gentlemen from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and 3 to 9 p.m. Ladies from 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. every day. Experienced attendants.

**GORRELL,
CRAIG
&
Co.,**
LITHOGRAPHERS
113
ADELAIDE ST.
EAST.

FARM FOR SALE.

A very desirable farm for a gentleman's residence, consisting of 37 acres, in the Township of Pickering, County of Ontario, overlooking Frenchman's Bay. A small stream runs through the north west corner. There is

A Capital Orchard
of Pears, Plums, Cherry and Apple Trees, covering twelve acres, nine of which are only six years old, just commencing to bear. The soil is as good as can be found in the township, which is equivalent to saying there is none better in the province.

**BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
REAL ESTATE AG'TS
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS.**
Next Post Office, Toronto.

"GRIP"
Job Department

Is Stocked with all the latest Styles and Improvements in
TYPES,

from the American, Canadian and European Foundries, and will be found competent for the execution of all classes of Printing, with

**NEATNESS,
CHEAPNESS
DISPATCH.**

Office: Imperial Buildings,
NEXT POST-OFFICE.

MARBLE CLOCKS

Direct from PARIS.

FINEST GOODS EVER SHOWN IN TORONTO.

W. F. ROSS & CO., 83 KING STREET EAST.



Stanton & Vicars.
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
47, 49 & 51 King St. West.

CAUTION.

Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1878.

GRIP OFFICE,
IMPERIAL BUILDING.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

5 CTS. EACH.
\$2 PER ANNUM.

CHEAP BOOKS.

FOURTEEN WEEKS IN PHILOSOPHY \$1.50 LIVE & LESSONS OF THE PATRIARCHS \$1.50.
TORONTO OF OLD \$3.00. PREHISTORIC TIMES \$2.50.
STUDIES FOR THE PULPIT \$2.00. STONES CRYING OUT \$1.00.
TYPES AND EMBLEMS 60c. SERMONS BY TALMAGE \$1.00.
TEXT BOOKS OF SCIENCE \$1.00. COCHRANE'S SERMONS \$1.50.
CANADIAN FARMERS' MANUAL \$2.00. DOMESTIC WORLD 75 c.
Sent to any address on receipt of price.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (One door west of Post Office) TORONTO.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

\$1.50

Will Wash and Rough
Dry 100 Pieces, at the
**TORONTO STEAM
LAUNDRY.**

Cor. Bay & Wellington.
OFFICE: 65 KING ST. WEST

H. T. ALLSOPP,
DEALER IN
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.
219 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO.

TO
YOUNG MEN
Wishing to learn
TELEGRAPHING,
A certificate good for
Twenty Dollars,

Will be sold cheap, good for the
TORONTO INSTITUTE.
Address:—
H. GUMMER,
Box, 2662.

TO SPORTSMEN.

A FIRST CLASS
Breech-loading Rifle.
Manufactured by Messon, Worcester, Mass. For Sale very
Cheap, the owner having no
use for it.

APPLY AT
GRIP OFFICE

REAL ESTATE.

Persons having Properties to dispose of in City or Country will find it to their advantage to place it in our hands. We have the

BEST STAND IN THE CITY,
and facilities for
ADVERTISING
which cannot be excelled.
BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
NEXT POST OFFICE,
TORONTO.

PENS AND PENHOLDERS.

A JOB LOT
Very Fancy and Very Cheap.
AT
GRIP OFFICE.

\$2 000 CASH

Will be paid for a nice Detached or Semi-detached House, 8 or 9 Rooms.

BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
Next Post-office.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grapest Beast is the Ass; the grapest Bird is the Owl;
The grapest Fish is the Oyster; the grapest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 23RD MARCH, 1878.

Answers to Correspondents.

Demea,—Your poem is rather gushing for our columns.

J. B. P.—Our only objection to your poem is that it has appeared in another paper.

The Insult to McPherson.

Wad the Lallan pody daur,
Insult gie to creat MACPHAIRSON?
It maun be accountit for,
Py tat CAIRTWREET in her pairson.

SHEMUS MACSHEMUS, pring hither her claymore,
Flint up her pistol and load up her gun.
She is tae Ottawa ganging till slay more
CAIRTWREETS tan twanty tree huntret and one.

Daured they say she was a thief,
Wi' an instinct prawditory?
Cry upon each Heelan chief!
Roose Clanranald an' McVourigh!

Pring tae MCKENZIE's an' pring tae MCLBODS town.
Ca' up MCGREGOR, and GRANT, and ILAY.
Pring tae clan CAMPBELL in terrible crowds town.
Pit on tae plumes an' tae tartan array.

When tae CAIRTWREET sees tae flash
Of tae proadwords on her fa'ing,
Her will think her has been rash,
Names tae Hieland shentles ca'ing.

What if tae chiefs frae tae Heelans expell't us,
Stealin' by force a' oor rights to tae lan'?
By tae base Sassenach shall it be tell't us?
Na; tat te Heelan bluid neffer will stan'.

Though her did the cunzie cleik,
Her an' a' her sires redoubtit.
Shall tae Southron daur tae speak?
Shall he daur tae talk aout it?

Pring oot tae pipes an' pring oot tae pig standard,
Gar tae St. Lawrence ring wild tae skreigh.
Gang noo for CAIRTWREET wha basely has slandered
Tae sons o' tae Gael—oich! oich! oich! come away!

Scene at Ottawa.

Present—PARTICULAR MINISTERIAL SUPPORTERS.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—It's a mere sorrow o' heart, an' punishment o' the speirit, ta tak office ava'. Was there ever mortal mon sae persecutit as I hae been the day, and no only the day, but three weeks or mair—three months I might amaisit say? Ae chiel after anither—sometimes three or mair lug by jowl—speirin', speirin', speirin' tae ken whan will be the general election. Gin I knew mysel, it wad be some consolation. But tae tell them I kenna I daurna, or they might threep I had nae policy ava, and tae tell them I ken is tae inveet cross-examination o' the maist barbarous desecration.

HON. MR. MILLS.—I think it due to the country to make public the information at once.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Ye dae! an' hoo sune wad ye hae them come off, may I ken?

HON. MR. MILLS.—Certainly, at once. I would not, previous to joining the Cabinet, have given this opinion. But I consider that after the profound disquisitions with which I have favoured the country—the acumen—the historical information—the accurate statistics I have given—the elections should result in certain triumph to the Cabinet in which I hold position. A precisely similar case occurred in ancient Illyria, B.C. 1200, at the time of the building of the Pyramids of Egypt by JULIUS CÆSAR and CLEOPATRA—

HON. MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Nonsense! They didn't build them. I read it at school. It was MOSES did it for the Shepherd Kings.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Ye are wrang, Maister CAIRTWREET. The Bible wad hae tell't us if he had dune sae. Mairower, Maister MILLS is probably correct.

HON. MR. MILLS.—People with deficits in more respects than one should not interrupt. (CARTWRIGHT collapses). Where was I? Oh,

yes, I was remarking that, according to the very simple equation xy^2 minus x , equal ab^2 , taking the hypothenuse of Q square for a guide, and allowing for the motion of the earth and attraction of the moon, the elections should be held—

HON. MR. BLAKE (Suddenly rising from sofa).—Pack of nonsense!

HON. MR. MILLS.—The ignorant deride the Philosopher, but he heeds them not. He alone is mighty. Give him but a place to stand on, and he will—

JOE RYMAL.—Shove any Cabinet he's in out of power.

HON. MR. MILLS.—I expected better from you, sir.

MR. RYMAL.—So did the country from you. Blessed are those who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—There's nae use in sic collieshangie amang freens'. Here lees the delemma: Gin I haud the elections noo, if we winna a majority, we lose a'. Gin I wait till Januar', we micht cannily pit oorsels in gude berths, whilk are no' just ready the noo.

HON. MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Then wait. We might not get in, you know. And really a bird in the bush—

HON. MR. MILLS.—Why this faint-heartedness? Be bold. Launch out!

"Nunc vino pellite curas,
Cras ingens iterabimus aequor."

Yes, hold the elections. I will address the people. The glorious results of the course I shall advocate must convince—

HON. MR. BLAKE.—Is it to be anything like what you have done?

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Maister BLAKE, it is no' weel taesit in the seat o' the scornfu'. Ye did little for us yersel', forbye helpin' us tae promise prosperie in mair magnificent language than the rest o' us possessit, and thereby seemly placing Maister CAIRTWREET's defeccits in a warse light.

HON. MR. BLAKE.—Oh, could I have done what I would! Could I have infused into the hearts of my lukewarm surrounds the glories of Imperial Confederation. Then, then, indeed, I had not lived in vain. Why make Canada now prosperous? Why not rather keep her poor and miserable, that she may sooner turn to her real refuge? Ah, do you begin to comprehend my policy? When that is achieved, how easy my path to Imperial greatness! Member for Toronto in London—elevated to the British Peerage—no doubt in time a British Minister of State—perhaps allied to the Royal family—what honor for myself, what glories for my race! Ah, how can I, with such ends in view, sympathise with small colonial schemes—

(The door bursts open with a bang, and in strides a tall but shaky figure. Throwing off a plaid appears!)

MR. BROWN. Weel, sirs! I see I hae tae tak' chairge, I hae made sair sacrificees. There are nae less than three coos tae calve at Boo Pairk the morn, and three neist week. Noo, ye maun proceed tae wark. Deemeenish the tariff on a' foreign gudes at ance—

HON. MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Where will be the revenue?

HON. MR. BROWN.—Direck taxation at ance. Ma freens the eemporters maun be servit—tariffs maun be abolisht. What we want is measures. Fules threep I never institutit a policy—they shall fin' oot. Direck taxation an' income tax, I say.

HON. MR. BLAKE.—I congratulate you on your plan of ingratiating yourself in the hearts of the country.

HON. MR. BROWN.—Did I call mysel' here? Is it no the result o' yere feckless attempts? What for did I bring ye forrit? Tae gie mysel rest. Noo I shall tak' command.

ALL.—And when will be the elections?

HON. MR. BROWN.—Mind ye'er ain affairs! Dinna daur tae question me. Leave me the papers, gang intill the nearest room, and dinna come in till callit.

(They obey in silence. Scene closes).

The Mob.

To the Editor of Grip.

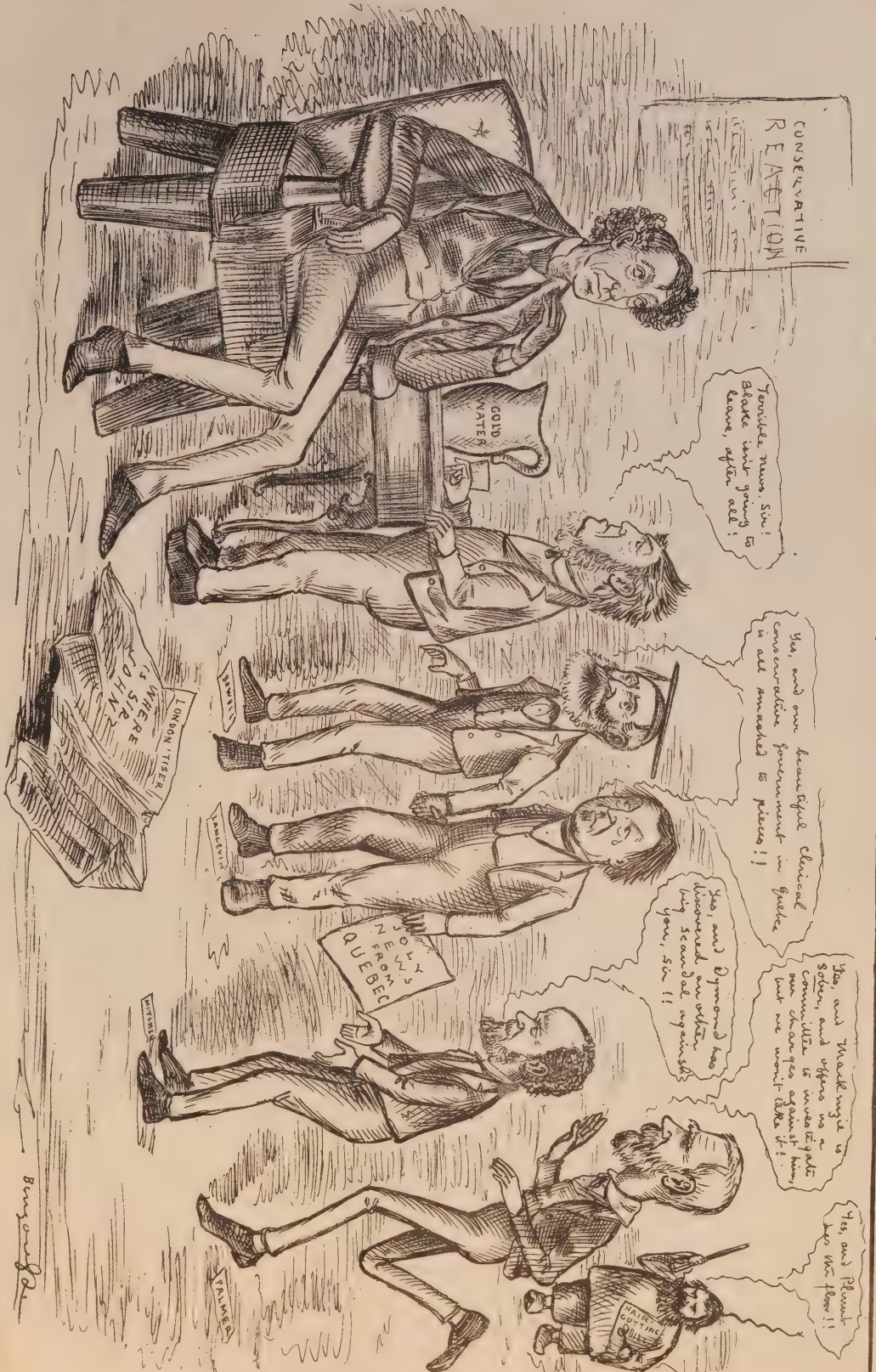
SIR.—I am a citizen of Toronto. I find I have to pay my share for breakage whenever people think it correct to make a row. Some time back this amounted to some thousands, for troops alone. Now what I would say is this. I do not pretend to understand the different religions of the two great tribes into which the ancient and highly respectable country of Milesia appears to be divided, against either of whom, or against their religions—I have too much respect for propriety and my windows to say a word. I am a plain man who never meddles with other people's religions, and being a Christian myself, of course my ideas are widely different from those of the aforesaid tribes. But one thing is very plain. It is part of the highly respectable religious rites of these tribes to throw stones at windows and cause great damage to people who have nothing to do with the matter, moreover to kill and main policemen, to the great loss of their families. I would propose therefore that a wooden house with glass windows be erected in the Queen's Park, and four dummy policemen stood up round it. On the 12th of July let it be destroyed by one tribe, and on the 17th of March have another ready to be smashed by the other. If all parties will accept this compromise, much loss may be averted, and great fear and nervousness dissipated on the part of yours truly,

ANTI-FLINTITE.

Toronto, March 20, 1878.

REACTION INTELLIGENCE.

THE CHIEFTAIN, HAVING WITHDRAWN FOR REFRESHMENT, LEARNS HOW THE CONSERVATIVE REACTION IS GETTING ON.



The Ottawa Theatre.

MR. CLANDEBOYE, lessee, has the honor to announce the re-appearance—procured at great expense—of the celebrated tragedian, comedian, and acrobat, GEORGE BROWN, who will take leading parts in several gems of his ordinary repertoire. He will be the principal character in the tragedy of "The Ruined Manufacturer; or, the Woes of the Working-man." He will also play *Wirepuller* in the farce of "The Unreforming Reformers; or, Rest and be Thankful." He will also exhibit his astonishing equestrian performance of Riding the Reform, Green, and Orange horses at once, driving before him the Sir JOHN and TUPPER ponies at the same time. He will afterwards, assisted by the well-known NED BLAKE, perform the "Sudden Cure; or, the Healthy Patient." No free list. No half price. *Vivat Regina* (JONES volente).

A Combat Between the Drivers of the Conservative Buss and Reform Van.

JOHN.—Conscience! ALIC what's the matter?

You've grown thin instead of fatter.

Driving does not agree with you.

ALEX.—That is a fact, I know it too,

The constant pulling of the rein

Gives my nerves a frightful strain,

Which makes my heart faint and weary

While travelling this road so dreary.

JOHN.—Your horses are too poorly fed,

They show it by the drooping head.

They must have oats or they will die,

So try and feed them ALIC try,

Give better, more substantial food,

Not bricks and mortar, stone or wood,

Contract or steal some oats and hay,

Procure them ALIC in some way.

ALEX.—Why! Trade is lame, can hardly walk,

And when I drive her she will baulk.

JOHN.—Pamper her, pet her as you may

You'll never cure her in that way.

ALEX.—She may improve, if, as you say,

I give her plenty oats and hay.

I'll take the bridle off her head

And give her liberty instead,

To roam the fields of my domain,

And she will soon get fat again.

JOHN.—The Yank's will cross o'er forty-five

And take your mare for a drive

Extract the marrow from her bones

And let her die 'mid pains and groans.

ALEX.—I'm hourly losing oats and hay

My barns are empt'ing day by day

Contents abstracted by the load

So I must turn her on the road.

The wintry months are gliding past

And my little stock won't last

To bring me through the month April

So she must vegetate awhile.

JOHN.—I know too well what spoiled your hay

And left you without oats to-day

For on enquiry I did find

It was a pig that felt inclin'd

To fatten on the best of grain

Under shelter from the rain,

So it took refuge in your shed

As by a *hoggish* motive led

To satisfy a craving greed

To dine upon the best of feed.

While eating there with great delight

It ne'er thought 'twas in a bad plight

Until captured doing harm

Then with fright and great alarm

It shew'd it's heels—off for the West

A sty of liberty and rest

Where it may view the prairie o'er

And meditate on days of yore,

While crushing 'tween its ivory tusks,

The Prairie corn from sweeten'd husks,

To fill an inward aching void.

With sweetest morsels unalloy'd.

Now! as you say you lack good food

I will send you some, if you would

Receive it as a gift from me

'Twill fatten any horse—you see.

My barns are stack'd full of such grain,

My horses cover'd from the rain,

Protection like a massive wall

Keeps them safely in the stall.

When you have fed yours for a while

Just take them out—not for a smile,

And give them oatmeal, gruel and bran,

And we shall see a dashing span.

ALEX.—At pic-nic parties all so gay,

You always make a fine display,

You're always greeted by the crowd

With acclamations long and loud.

Your prancing horses take the eye,

Of every one whom you pass by,

Who look—enraptur'd with delight,

Become ecstatic at the sight.

But my lame steed commands no prize

From any one—unless I rise

In self defence her worth to tell—

JOHN.—You always have a blust'ring swell

Of words, of egotistic sham

With which you never cease to cram

The minds of those you wave at will

To take your sugar coated pill.

Thinking it dropp'd from angel's tongue

They swallow—then they feel they're stung.

With deep remorse and raging ire

They strive to quench the inward fire

Which has been kindl'd in the breast

By your *steal*-(thy) act suppressed.

ALEX.—You're not afraid of any draught

Won by an artful, planning, craft,

Which will inebriate the mind

Or in the purse it's level find.

JOHN.—Insinuations of your kind

Are blossoms of a feeble mind

Which fall like snow on maiden earth

Making no impress by their birth.

So faulty, worthless, base, untrue,

They're born to fade like morning dew.

You'll want *drafts* to meet deficit

So you must *steal* or solicit

Aid, by increased circulation,

To cover loss by speculation.

The *Budget* has disclos'd a tale

Which makes one shudder and bewail

While thus revolving in the brain

Most anxious thoughts in rapid train

Of the fearful doom impending

Brought about by reckless spending

Of the country's well earn'd treasure

Which was lavished without measure

Upon a few within the fold

Whose hungry mouths you've shut with gold.

ALEX.—Your words I'll not refute with rage

While driving such an equipage

But merely say a fond "*adieu*"

While taking thus my leave of you.

OTTAWA, 15th March, 1878.

The two P's---Palmer and Plumb.

Two P's that are M. P's. and as like one another,

As peas in a pod, or as brother to brother,

In a certain respect grow alike more and more,

For PALMER's a *grunter* and PLUMB is a *bore*.

The Two Scenes.

(Scene in Montreal.)

CROWD (To Council).—We must break the Orange windows.

COUNCIL.—All right—(To peaceable citizens).—You will be so kind as to pay the bill for damages.

(Scene in Toronto.)

CROWD (To council).—We must break the Catholic windows.

COUNCIL.—All right (To peaceable citizens).—You will pay the damage, please.

The peaceable citizens in both cities pay, and ask each other how long Canada is to be made a bear-garden for the pleasure of our Irish fellow-citizens, and how long they are to pay the piper for the said bear-garden.

THE APPARENT QUESTION OF THE DAY.—When are the elections? The real question.—Who will have the majority?

The House of Commons should be a very square body by this time. They have had PLUMBING enough this Session, but it does not seem to BUDGET.

THE *Mail* can't answer the *Globe*. That's because it isn't a female. "Conservatives are thinkin' av gittin' up another orgin," said PETHER FINUCANE to us. "Its articles are distitute av pints, the same bein' owin' to sindin' their Quartz to London, mebbe." And PETHER wandered off, smoking.

ROLLER SKATING RINK.

Off Bay St., Opp. Temperance.

As a health agent, Roller Skating has proved itself to be invaluable. Many ladies who have attended the Rink, have been restored to a standard of health and muscular energy such as they had not enjoyed since the palmy days of girlhood. The chilling effect that accompanies ice skating is wholly obviated, and instead of suffering from cold feet, as on ice, the circulation is so thoroughly established in the extremities, as to insure a vigorous circulation and warmth for a couple of days.

ADMISSION: Afternoon, Free. Evening, 10 Cents.

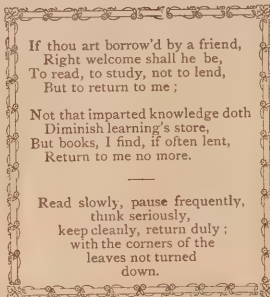
SKATES EXTRA: Ladies, 15c. Gents, 25c.

WANTED.

5 cents each will be paid for the following
BACK NUMBERS OF "GRIP."

VOL. 2. Nos. 2, 16, 23.
" 3. " 7, 9, 17, 20, 21, 23.
" 4. " 1, 2, 4, 5, 6.
" 5. " 5, 7, 17, 19, 21, 26.
" 6. " 6, 7, 9, 13, 25.
" 7. " 4, 12, 20, 21.

BENGOUGH BROS.,
TORONTO.



If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me;

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly, pause frequently,
think seriously,
keep cleanly, return duly;
with the corners of the
leaves not turned
down.

COPIES OF ABOVE

May be had at GRIP Office, or sent free of Postage,
at 25 cents per dozen, or \$1.00 per hundred.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

ONTARIO STREET north of Wellesley, two brick fronted houses, nine rooms, extra finish, bow windows, folding doors, grates, &c. Good cellar, hard and soft water. Lot 23 x 126. Price \$1,900 each.

NIAGARA STREET, two rough cast houses, seven rooms, hard and soft water. \$2,500 for both. Would exchange for farm.

BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
Real Estate Agents,
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (Next Post Office.)
TORONTO.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
OF CANADA.

NOTICE.

A Pullman car will run daily between Toronto and Ottawa, commencing to-night

JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager.

March 7, 1878.

TO PHONOGRAPHERS!

Just to hand a full Stock of ISAAC PITMAN'S
Text Books.

Compend of Phonography,	5 cts.
Exercises in Phonography,	5
Grammologies and Contractions,	10
Questions on Manual,	15
Selections in Reporting Style,	20
Teacher,	20
Key to Teacher,	20
Reader,	20
Manual,	50
Reporter,	75
Reporting Exercises,	20
Phrase Book,	30
Covers for holding Note Book,	20
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60

Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Next Post Office, Toronto.

SKIFF WANTED

APPLY AT
"GRIP" OFFICE.

WANTED!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO LEARN TELEGRAPH operating for offices opening in the Dominion. Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Address MANAGER Box 955, Toronto

FOUND!

A SMALL BUNCH OF KEYS

Was picked up opposite the Post Office. Owner can have same by calling at the office of "GRIP" and paying for this advertisement.

J. F. DANTER, M. D.

Homœopathist and Medical Electrician. Office and Pharmacy: 4 Albert Street, (Cor. Yonge) Toronto. Medicine for sale, vials refilled, Letters promptly answered.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 1st Feb., 1878.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON
American invoices until further notice, 2 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-1f

CHEAP READING.

Having entered into arrangements with the Publishers we are now prepared to supply

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THE FOLLOWING ARE

SAMPLES OF TYPE
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William Richardson.

3

Miss Maggie Thompson.

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George Augustus Williams.

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Mrs. Thomas Jones.

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William Arthur Crawford.

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Miss Susie Wade.

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Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespeare.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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ONTARIO
BAKING
POWDER.**
ASK YOUR
Grocer for it.

THE TORONTO
TURKISH BATHS
233 Queen St. West.
THE ONLY TURKISH BATHS IN
THE CITY.

These baths are useful in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Coughs, Colds, Congestions, Bronchitis, Scrofula, Skin Diseases, all inflammations, Biliousness, and for sanitary purposes.
Hours:—Gentlemen from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and 3 to 9 p.m. Ladies from 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. every day. Experienced attendants.

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CRAIG
&
Co.,**
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13
ADELAIDE ST.
EAST.

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A very desirable farm for a gentleman's residence, consisting of 31 acres, in the Township of Pickering, County of Ontario, overlooking Frenchman's Bay. A small stream runs through the north west corner. There is

A Capital Orchard
of Pears, Plums, Cherries and Apple Trees, covering twelve acres, nine of which are only six years old, just commencing to bear. The soil is as good as can be found in the township, which is equivalent to saying there is none better in the province.

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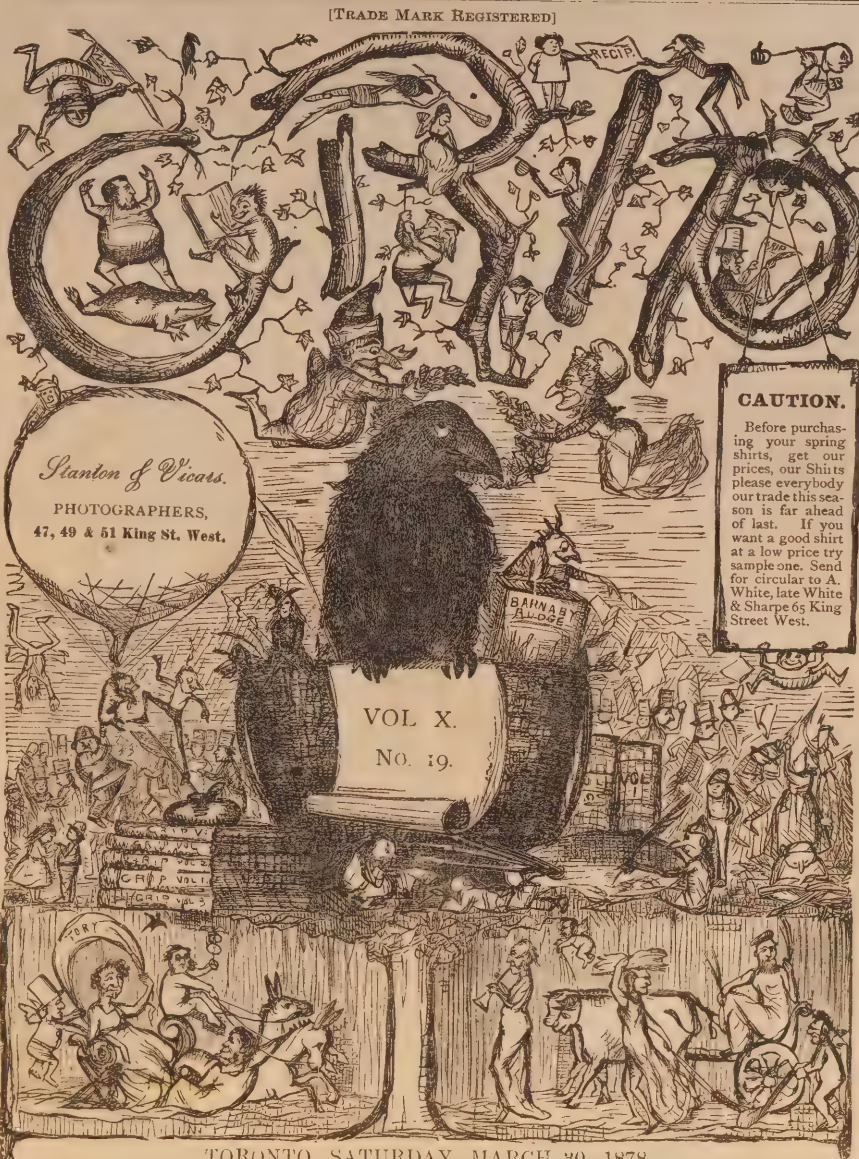
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TYPES,
from the American, Canadian and European Foundries, and will be found competent for the execution of all classes of Printing, with
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1878.
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IMPERIAL BUILDING. } The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

\$1.50

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Dry 100 Pieces, at the

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LAUNDRY.**

Cor. Bay & Wellington.
OFFICE: 65 KING ST. WEST

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Wishing to learn
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A certificate good for
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Manufactured by Messon, Worcester, Mass. For Sale very
Cheap, the owner having no
use for it.

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Persons having Properties to dispose of in City or Country will find it to their advantage to place it in our hands. We have the

BEST STAND IN THE CITY,
and facilities for
ADVERTISING
which cannot be excelled.
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NEXT POST OFFICE,
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Very Fancy and very Cheap.
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\$2 000 CASH

Will be paid for a nice Detached or Semi-detached House, 8 or 9 Rooms.
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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass : the grabest Bird is the Owl ;
The grabest Fish is the Oyater : the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 30TH MARCH, 1878.

JOHN GRANT, New Glasgow, N. S., will hear of something to his advantage by communicating with "GRIP" office.

The Impossibility.

It was an ancient mariner
Was sitting in a boat,
One end upon the rocks had got
The other was afloat.

"I am a knowing mariner,"
He said, "as you may see,
But I'll be blowed if I can tell
The use o' callin' me."

He said unto the captain bold
A sittin' in the stern,
"For all your pretty uniform,
You has a deal to learn,

"For if so be as you'd hailed me
When you sea-room had got,
I might perwail to make some sail,
Whereby I now can not.

"It's precious clear that steerin' here
To Diffikilty Bay,
Guv your last mate the chance to clear
With all the oars away.

"I am an ancient mariner,
As sails upon the sea,
But shiver all my timbers if
A steering course I see."

The Thing to Do.

"My dear," said Mrs. JONES, "they're all doing it."
"I know," said Mr. JONES. "But my father would have thought it so mean. He always said a bankrupt shouldn't be spoken to; if he was left out of jail it was as much as he could hope for."

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. J. "But his opinions are now as much out of date as his high collared, swallow-tailed coat would be."
"I don't know," remarked Mr. JONES, reflectively, "if honesty can get old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned; it's never seen," screamed Mrs. J. "Haven't heard of it for years, far less noticed any."

"Well; what do you propose?" asked Mr. J.
"Settle half your estate on me, cash, houses, all that sort of thing; that will put you into such difficulty you'll have to fail next year," said the practical Mrs. J.

Then a new phrase developed itself in JONES. He stood bolt upright, and spoke in a tone which, Mrs. JONES afterwards said, chilled all her back-bone. "I'll starve first!" said JONES.

Then Mrs. J., cried and sobbed, and asked what were she and the children to do. "Go to the deuce," said the now tremendous JONES, going out and slamming the door.

"And do you know," said Mrs. J. afterwards to Mrs. B., "I found I had never cared anything for him till that moment."

House Hunting.

BOGGS and JOGGS meet on 'change. "Where do you live?" say BOGGS. "I live on Spadina Ave." says JOGGS. "Where do you hang out?" "Oh on Jarvis St." says BOGGS. "My wife wants to move," says JOGGS. "Mine too," says BOGGS. BOGGS and JOGGS simultaneously, "Supposing we let them do the hunting, women are never satisfied if a fellow picks out the house himself." Result, Mrs. BOGGS and Mrs. JOGGS start out separately and each find a place that suits them, and the BOGGS and JOGGS families move. "Where did you move to?" said BOGGS to JOGGS on 'change. "Oh we moved up on the street you used to live on, No.—" "That's my old rookery," cried BOGGS, "Now we got a real snug place on your street No.—" "That" remarked JOGGS with glee "is the detestible shanty I left."

TABLEAU.—Before a bar—"We take the same and remember the sugar."

The Modern House-Fiend.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I write to you for succor in the most deplorable situation to which humanity is liable. I went to rent a house. There was a disagreeable smell about the cellars, which seemed to pervade all the house above. But as it was in a fashionable location, and had a nice looking front, my wife and daughters liked it, and expected that, as the owner told us, the smell would "go off." The yard was a little close affair, letting no sun on the back of the house. But the landlord said this gave in summer a pleasant shade; and as there were bow windows, and big hall and drawing and dining rooms, we took it. I am sorry to say the smell does not go off, and seems likely to send us off instead, for we are all getting sickly, and you cannot cut your finger but what it will form a sore for weeks. Something is wrong with the drains, but I don't know what, and the landlord had certainly gone to the pains of having what are called all the modern conveniences in the house, which it was the old fashion—and I think a deal healthier fashion—to leave outside. Then the "pleasant shade" in the rear keeps the whole house damp, and the city water is not so good as the good well we used to have a little further from the centre of the city. Altogether I don't like it. Then the house is badly built and shrinking, so that I lost my shaving soap to-day through a crack in the floor. What am I to do? Fashion says stay. Health says go. Advise me.

PERPLEXUS.

March 25, 1878.

Perhaps you don't know it,
But a very great poet
Is in the parliament pie.
You can put in your thumb
And pull out a PLUMB,
And say "Oh, what a poet have I."

Signs of Spring.

"Whose turn is it; mine? Well here goes—"
"Why—what—do you go through *that* hoop for?"
"Well why shouldn't I?"
"You should have gone through the middle arch first, so you've lost your stroke."
"I went through the middle arch last time."
"Oh, ADOLPHUS, you didn't."
"Why EVANGELINE don't you remember I said that—"
"You never never went through the middle arch."
"I tell you I did; I roqueted you—"
"You didn't, you didn't, you know you didn't."
"Oh, I don't care at all about losing the stroke, but I hate to be cheated out—"
"Who's cheating? I never thought, Mr. SMITH, that a gentleman would call a lady a cheat for one miserable game of croquet."
"But you know Miss JONES, I—"
"I have nothing more to say, sir, you may consider our acquaintance at an end."
(The marriage of Mr. SMITH and Miss JONES will not take place in May as was supposed.)

Ye Fruit Agent.

The melancholy days have come,
The maddest of the year,
When the fearful fruit tree man
Beginneth to appear.

He brings a book of pictures rare
Of apple pear and peach.
And many many moments fly
As he describeth each.

He shows that never had fruit man
Such luscious fruits as these,
And then persuades the farmer bold
To buy his cursed trees.

The bill is paid; the trees come on;
And deep will planted be,
But no fruit on their branches slim
Will the farmer ever see.

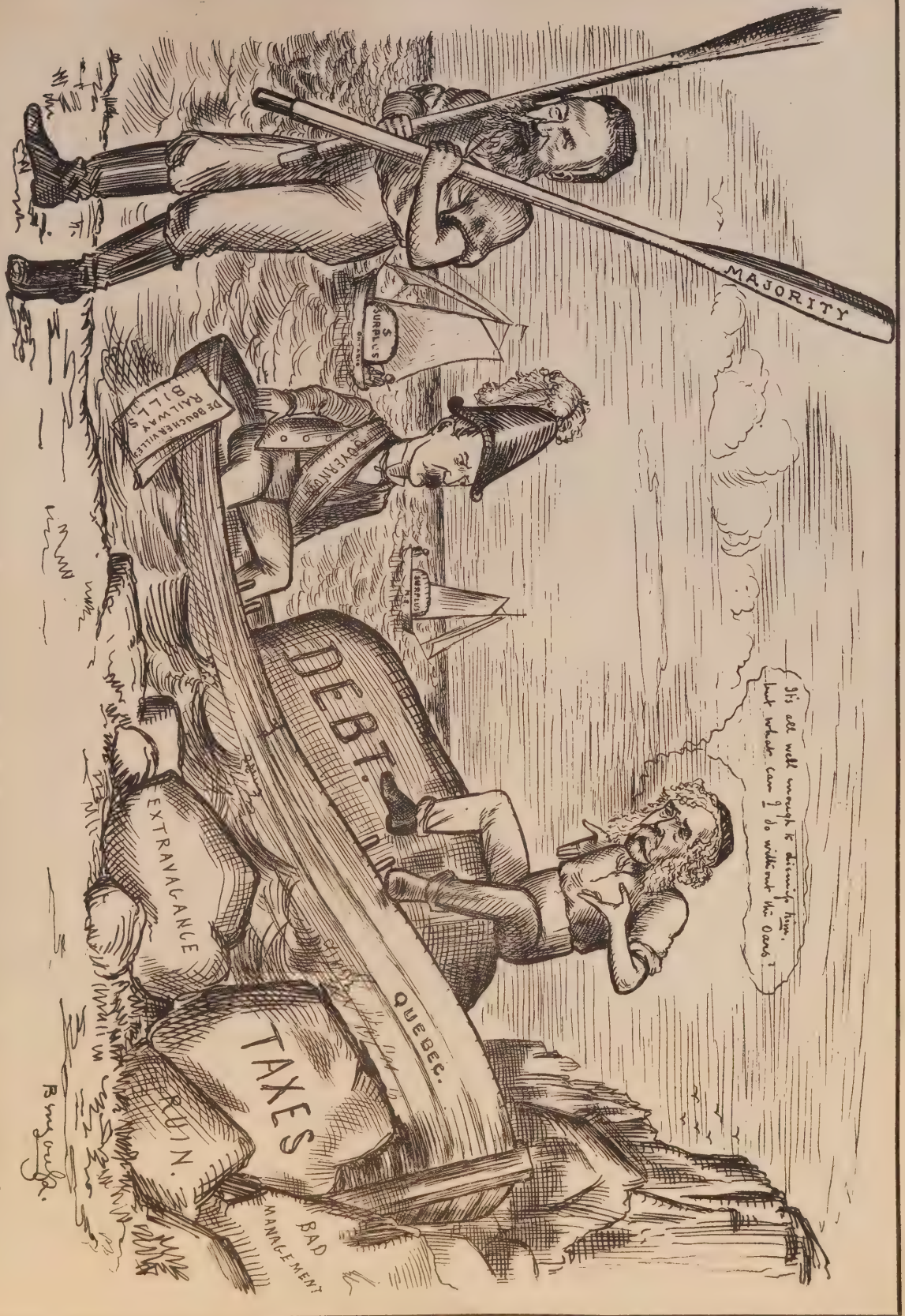
MORAL.

N.B.—This moral has been secured at a considerable expense and will be given to the readers of the above pathetic ballad without extra cost. Now is the time to subscribe for GRIP. This moral is worth hundreds of dollars to the farming community.

Now listen all ye farmers bold,
Who wish your peace to keep.
Go plant the agents not the trees
And mind you plant them deep.

THE London, England, *Times* is hard on JOHN A., but the times in Canada just now are harder.

THE JOLY PASS THINGS HAVE COME TO IN QUEBEC.





THE COMING PREMIER OF ONTARIO.

(AFTER WILLIAM HUNT'S CELEBRATED PICTURE.)



The Exile's Lament, or the Roar of Rossa.

(Sung by him with great applause from a select audience of O'Braligans, Finucanes, and other rightful heirs to the Irish monarchy, in his back parlor).

Och, the devil a fut will I ever be settin'
Agin on the Quane's oogle Canady shore.
What relafe did I fale whin away from it gettin'
I was safely inthrenched in my bar-room wance more.

Sure the thratement I met wid is past all repatin'
And has blotched ivermore the Canajian shield,
For they frickend the people from takin' a sate in
The hall, an' xpinis my spache didn't yield.

Yis, an' then, the bist hall, which my agint was kapin'
For myself, an' had ped for av coorse, as I bid,
They reshumed, for the purposhe fresh insults av hapin'
On myself—Rory Oge's discindint—they did!

Thin the country is all populated wid vilyans.
Whin my hearers I jist had cominced to enthrance,
There pours in a vile mob of some thousands av millions,
Full intirdin' to tear us to paces at wance.

An' the panes they desthroyed, an' the sashes they bate in,
('Twas VICTORIA's others, who sint thim the plan),
An' xicpt that in quick time I made a retrate in,
They'd have indid the chafe av the Donovan clan.

Yis, thim!—the rapscallions—the tyrants—the minions,
Base recayers of gold wid enormity foul—
That they'd dare to touch Arin's bould aigle's bright pinions!
It's their impudence shockin' that burthins my sowl.

It's ingratitude, too, that the deepest I'm falin',
Whin I want to enlighten the hirelings av Guilph—
Whin the grate truths av fraydom I plain was revaylin,
An' was tachin them how to resimble myself.

But it wasn't my thrayson that raised such a storrum.
Sure Lord DUFFERIN's a thraytor far dayper than me,
Av I had him in Dublin myself wuld inforrum
Av well ped, an' delight his suspension to see.

No, it wasn't for that; but their invy was waxin'
Ixtrame, for I med the shuperior plan
From the face av the worruld to root out the Saxin,
Wid the power contained in a dynamite can.

But it's little they know what the omin predicted
Whin on landin', like CAYSAR, I fell on their strand.
To my mind the occurrance immayjit depicted,
Like himself, I'm intindid to conquer the land.

But let no wan suppose that I've any intintion
Of ineroachin' on Canady's soil any more,
Till the time I've complate a noble invintion
To destroy thim while floatin' tin miles from their shore.

Oh, thin with what joy shall each soldier of Arin,
On their frontier debonchin like haroes sublime,
From the disimbered corpses, wid heroic darin',
Take the watches and purses in double quick time.

Ah, it's thus a magnifiscent fund we'll be raisin'
For ould Oireland's brave sons, av all nations the crame,
Thin go back to New Yorruk, an' spind it in plaisin',
Divartin, and likewise enrichin' the same.

The Voices.

A voice was heard through the fields of Canada; it rung through Quebec; it resounded over Ontario, it reverberated across the Manitoban plains. It said in thunder tones "Give us protection to our Industries!"

And another Voice was heard—rather cracked—squeaking from the Mail office, and it shrieked, quivered, tintinnabulated, and clattered from every Conservative printing shanty, "Give us Protection to our—" but no one knew whether the last word was Industries or Politicians.

And another sounded in a worn out sort of bass from the *Globe*, and choked, gurgled, growled, wheezed, and grumbled from every Reform paper-spoiler, "Give Protection to our"—here it hesitated, and a broad Scotch voice added "Pairty," and all the followers repeated the burden.

And still another voice roared from every importing interest in the land, and was caught up, and clamoured, bellowed, argued, pleaded, prayed for, and threatened for, by every member of parliament, railway man, drummer, retailer, middleman, cornerer, monopolist, and newspaper which could be influenced, "Give us Protection to our great Importing Interest, by which our foreign friends who pay us make money out of you!"

And they all screamed together; but among them the first Great Voice was loudest and would not be silenced, and it swelled louder and clearer, while the others dwindled into little tin-trumpet sounds. And the Great Voice would be heard, and was.

Soliloquy of One Obligated by Necessity to go in the Toronto Street Cars.

Oh, dear; Oh, dear; we're off the track!
This whole thing rattles—I must go—
My feet are thrilled—I'm on the rack—
I cannot stay it shakes me so.

Why do I ever set my foot
Within the things, I dread them so.
From feet to head I throb with pain,
This is a thing I should not do.

I start up. Why? Because—Oh dear,
I pull the bell. The noisy rout
Goes on so loud they do not hear—
I cannot stay—I must get out.

A kindly man says—"Never mind,
There is no danger. Do not fear;
'Twill soon be on again you'll find—
You must not go—indeed—stay here."

"Indeed I can't," I say in pain,
"Indeed I can't. Pray ring again."
I inly feel my ears will crack.
That's not the worst; my back, my back.

CONCLUSION.—The recollection of these daily, or rather ten-times-a-daily occurrences, so discomposed me that I could not go on rhyming any longer. In spite of several ringings of the bell the driver lashed on his horses till we were all rattled on to the track again; but even the placid people whose nerves were well packed in solid flesh had got more shaken than they liked.

END.—Can any one discover the reason of such a state of things? Is it owing to the age of the Cars—as some people think? That cannot be: because the new light ones go off as often as the older, heavy ones—nay, rather oftener. It seems to the writer, to be in the power of the drivers either to cause or to prevent this happening; having observed that those who do not use the whip to their horses don't run the car off.

TERMINATION.—Will the Society for the prevention of *Cruelty to Animals* take us, the passengers in the Street Railway under their protection, as the proprietors expect too much from our Guardian Angels.

Croaks and Becks.

BLAINE is an ass braying at a lion.

TO SITTING BULL.—Please remain sitting.

A FARE TRADE.—The cheap fare to spring traders.

MALI-TREATMENT of the public—removing the duty.

ADVICE TO THE MUD AND BOOK PEDDLERS.—Dry up.

ARE those who support Mr. TARTE in Bonaventure Tarters?

HAIR-RAISING STORIES.—Those from the London hair factory.

INSTEAD of "hire a hall" it will be "Oh, rent a phonograph."

"DOWN THE R(H)INE."—Most of the papers are down on him.

MOST RINE Clubs are like old maids—they want to change their names.

TORONTO is like the prodigal son, it spends its substance in riot-ous living.

THE *Irish Canadian* forgets that Lord DUFFERIN is an Irish Canadian too.

THE deserted village—St. Thomas, when the R. R. offices are removed.

HOW TO DEAL WITH A RIOT.—Knock its "i" out and it becomes rot at once.

A SEASONABLE SIGN.—"Green Bushes" at Mrs. MORRISON'S Opera House.

JONATHAN dined on the European plan: He took fish for his dinner and now he hates to pay his bill.

THEY like to egg on a Minister at Ottawa, but the Rev. Mr. SYVRET wishes they would not use such ripe eggs.

IF half the accusations against that London torturer HAR-GRAVE, they lift his first syllable and send him to his second.

MR. RINE wants a suspension of judgment. All right—but if the charges are proven the public will want a suspension of RINE.

THEY say O'DONOVAN ROSSA is entitled to the benefit of Canadian law as much as any other man. Certainly he is. Many Canadians would be extremely pleased to see him get the benefit of the extreme penalty of the law.

ROLLER SKATING RINK.

Off Bay St., Opp. Temperance.

As a health agent, Roller Skating has proved itself to be invaluable. Many ladies who have attended the Rink, have been restored to a standard of health and muscular energy such as they had not enjoyed since the palmy days of girlhood. The chilling effect that accompanies ice skating is wholly obviated, and instead of suffering from cold feet, as on ice, the circulation is so thoroughly established in the extremities, as to insure a vigorous circulation and warmth for a couple of days.

ADMISSION: Afternoon, Free, Evening, 10 Cents.

SKATES EXTRA: Ladies, 15c. Gents, 25c.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO LEARN TELEGRAPH operating for offices opening in the Dominion. Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Address **MANAGER**, Box 955, Toronto



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OF CANADA.

NOTICE.

A Pullman car will run daily between Toronto and Ottawa, commencing to-night

JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager.

March 7, 1878.

J. F. DANTER, M. D.

Homeopathist and Medical Electrician. Office and Pharmacy: 4 Albert Street, (Cor. Yonge) Toronto. Medicine for sale, vials refilled, Letters promptly answered.

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Ottawa, 1st Feb., 1878.

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Byron W. Scott.

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William Shakespeare.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

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PREMIUM GIFT?

THAT WE GIVE AWAY

TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER OF THIS PAPER?

Consisting of the beautiful and valuable Steel Engraving, entitled

"GOD'S CHOSEN."

Painted by the world-renowned artist, **Raphael**, and issued in an American Edition, by the AMERICAN ART UNION, at Cincinnati, O., as a premium to our subscribers, free. The German Edition of this Engraving retails at \$16.00 per copy.

The picture illustrates the Old and New Christian World, the Marriage of Joseph and Mary, the Temple of God, the City of Jerusalem, the Beginning of the New Christian Era, etc., etc., comprising in all one of the most wonderful, striking, and authentic Biblical Engravings of the Age.

OVER THIRTY-THREE FIGURES ARE REPRESENTED,

The Beautiful Madonna Faces having No Superior in Art.

We have made arrangements with the old and reliable American Art Union, to supply the subscribers of this paper the valuable and appropriate Engraving, entitled, "God's Chosen."

Its Size is over Three Feet Long by Two Feet Wide.

The subject of this Engraving is taken from St. Matthew, chapter 1st., verses 23, 24, and 25. Every subscriber should send for this premium at once.

Subscribers will therefore cut out and send the following premium certificate to the American Art Union, Cincinnati, O., together with 19 cents in currency or postage stamps, to pay simply the postage and packing and mounting charges, so that it can be delivered to you free.

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION, CINCINNATI, O.
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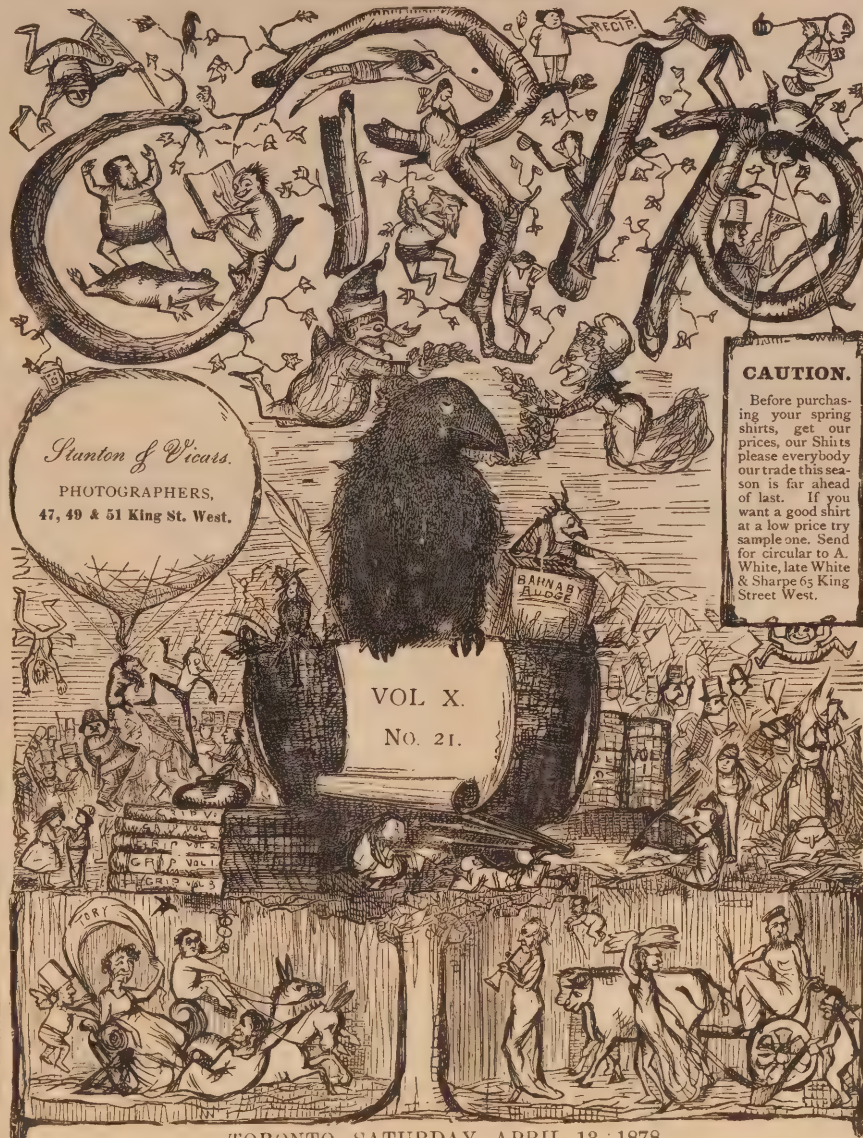
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1878.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 13TH APRIL, 1878.

Mr. Mitchell on the Cow.

MISTHER SPAKER, it is myself wud be sayin' that there is gross evil in these parts connected wid the railway. It has been brought to me notice Mr. Spaker, that the buzzums av me constituents have been lacerated in their tenderest pints. Their very livin' is desthroyed and their manes of comfortable and plazin existence denied them. Government, Sir, Government has done this dade. Yis, the minnions av power have been let loose on me humble constituents and have desholated their noblest affections. Yis. Their cows—their cows! I repate it, sur, in a voice av thunder, their COWS! Calm, confidint, and pafeul, the four-legged friends av me humble constituents wandther through the plisint glade. What is it shalutes their ears? What causes their unsuspectin' harruts to trumble? Is it the universal shudderin' of the earth knowin' the deed av darkness about to be perpehratid? The ground shakes, the atmosphere is filled wid the fire and stame concocted by our apology for a government, the horrid many wheeled monster of their wickedness rowls by on the track! What a shrake was there! Terrible to witness whin those unsuspectin' forrums were dashed to paces and imbrued wid gore. Mr. SPAKER, it call for vingeance. Vingeance, black and dreadful, should be poured on the heads of the perpehrators. The loud reprobations of an indignant country shall foriver ring in their polluted ears. They put up a notish—the gentleman says they put up a notish! Is it—I ask it in the face of all this respectable asssembly, is it expicted that the lasht dhop av tyranny shall be expinded on my unfortunate constituents, and that they shall be compelled to give their cows a boardin' school edication? I cannot belave it. No such measure—aquil to the murderin' aydicts av Caligula and the Mejians, can be contimplated. No, Sir, I take pleasure in holdin' up the creators and concoctors av the superhuman outrage to the general reprobation av the worruld; humanity shall cry shame upon them, and the univarsal vardict of indignant posterity shall iverlastingly reshound to the heights av the eternal rocks agin them, now and foriver more—in *secula seculorum*—av they don't pay the value av the baste!

Sensational Journalism.

Enter Editor of sensational paper (to Sub-editor) Anything stirring?

SUB-E.—Oh, don't know; nothing to make a fuss about. WILD IRISH, Esq., is to lecture here on the 17th.

EDITOR.—Splendid. Great sensation (writes editorial):—

"MOST INJUDICIOUS.

"We hear it is contemplated to allow the celebrated WILD IRISH—well known for his dynamite propensities—to lecture here on the 17th. It is to be much regretted that this step"—et cetera et cetera for days together.

(Next day) EDITOR (to Sub-E).—How do they like that?

SUB-E.—Oh, that has roused them. Here's a batch of letters.

EDITOR.—All right. Print 'em. (Letters appear as follows):—

To the Editor Sensational.

Sir.—I hope the intimation in your columns that that person called WILD IRISH is to lecture on the 17th, is not correct. The city authorities should interfere. No hall should be rented to him in this city. As a Briton I protest against this city being made—&c., &c., &c.

To the Editor Sensational.

Sir.—I think the best way will be to take no notice of the fellow. His vile and infamous career—&c., &c., &c.

To Editor Sensational.

Sir.—The right of free speech must be vindicated. As long as he says nothing treasonable, WILD IRISH is as deserving of—&c., &c., &c.,

(Next day) EDITOR.—How is it going?

SUB-E.—Oh, I tell you, the Sensational is waking them up. Takes it to make things fly. Selling like hot cakes!

EDITOR.—All right. (Writes article):—

"IGNORE HIM.

"Would it not be much the best way to let him say what he has to say, and take no notice? His empty clack cannot hurt us. Perhaps a mild intimation might well be forwarded to him, but really the matter is"—&c., &c., &c.,

(Next day).

"TROUBLE ANTICIPATED.

"If those ill advised persons who engaged the hall for this fanatic individual are possessed of such determination as to carry out their plan, we fear there will be"—&c., &c., &c.,

EDITOR.—How do they take to-day?

SUB-E.—First rate. People believe there is to be a riot, and all want to hear about it. Lots mean to go and see it.

More letters on each side appear. Great talk is indulged in editorially and correspondentially; everybody thinks there will be a fuss, as thousands who but for the newspapers would never have heard a word of it, mean to go and see the fun. The speaker comes. His coming is described in big type and all the incidents noticed as if he were an Emperor or something. Everybody is told where he is going to speak, and if the reporter could find out, would have told what he had for breakfast. The night arrives. Thousands are on the streets, and their presence emboldens all roughs into the idea that something awful is to happen. They make something happen. The police are stoned, many men injured, property destroyed; a precedent is created for plenty of future rows which will some day have to be quelled with ball-cartridge; a tremendously sensational account of the affair appears in the papers, and the papers, which have made a very considerable amount of money by their increased sales, resulting from the publicity given and comments made on an occurrence which but for them would scarce have excited any comment at all, moralize on the whole business in the most innocent manner, and publish long articles wondering where, after all, the blame really rests, and who ought to be punished for the fuss. GRIP could tell them.

The Russian Difficulty.

ALEXANDER.—I'll stay in Turkey, where I mean to smash The British—

PRIME MINISTER.—If you could but get the cash.

ALEX.—Slave; but I say I will. My hurricane Of troops shall sweep them like the peeled rind Before the tempest—

P. M.—Who's to raise the wind?

ALEX.—Sir, when I say I'll do a thing I will.

P. M.—I wish you'd say then that you'll foot the bill.

ALEX.—You talk of money—something strikes me—say,

To Paris telegraph, and say we'll pay

A thumping interest.

P. M.—I've done it, Sir,

They say they should something more require, As for your "thumping" interest, they know Your grandfather paid them exactly so.

When he to Paris came with the Allies,

But they did not quite like it. The replies

Are thus—If you intend to go to war, Sir,

With Britain, why, they want a good endorser.

ALEX.—Why not, ask Prussia, she will not object.

P. M.—Your Majesty, she sends her deep respect,

But old King WILLIAM pious is and good,

You know, and BISMARCK is afraid he would

Consider it unchristian and so on

To aid such strife—

ALEX.—The canting fool. Begone!

Austria will do it.

P. M.—No, your Majesty

She rather wants from you security.

ALEX.—Well, Italy?

P. M.—She's on the other side.

ALEX.—The States?

P. M.—They say the distance is too wide

And WASHINGTON has told them still to be

Free from what's called entangling policy.

ALEX.—France won't.

P. M.—There isn't any country more

The fact is that, though it we may deplore,

In Britain lies the cash, which wrong or right,

Is borrowed by us nations when we fight,

She will not lend it now.

ALEX.—Not likely. Then

No matter what my force of fighting men,

I cannot use them. Can't we money get?

P. M.—I must confess I see no method yet.

ALEX.—The game is up. We've beaten, and we're beat.

Go tell them that in Congress we will treat,

An English rascal once, called SHAKESPEARE, said

By poverty, and not by will, we're led.

SARCASTIC.—Office devil (running into composing room):—"Give me the paste for the boss, he wants to write some editorial."



THE FARMER'S FRIEND.

HON. PETER M.—I.L.—“That notice is all well enough, but COULD A COW READ?!”

HON. ALEX.—“Let's take a horn, and say no more about it.”

The Modern Tar.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
About danger and fear and the like,
But a two feet of steel and teak backing give me
And on that let their cannon balls strike.

I've heard of some sailors in NELSON's old days
As wanted their foe for to see,
But splinter my plates, in our seafarin' ways
We don't never get wisdom of he.

Snug and tight and shipshape and all rivetted round,
And in under the deep water-mark,
That's the place where blue jackets are now-a-days found,
All closed hup like the beasts in the hark.

But shiver my girders, he musn't suppose,
As Britannia is taken aback.
With our big hundred tonner if we for him goes
Why we blows him sky high in a crack.

For the cap'en above at his winder, you know,
Like hold NOER when he went to sea,
Wires down "Hearts of steel in the coal hole below,
Fire a gun off, three pints N. N. E.

And smash my compartments, the compass we takes,
And we pulls at the galvanic line,
And bang—blow my pudding, but heverthing shakes,
But wot's hit is no business o' mine.

But if we has luck in the haction, and licks,
We don't cheer as we did long ago,
For the cap'en must tell us, or helse in *our* fix,
Snap my shaft, if we hever would know.

But crack all my screw-rods, what sort of a cheer
Could be heard through a three feet o' steel,
So *we* don't hepend breath; but the 'ed engineer,
Why, he *may* make the biler to squeal.

But I'm blest if the houtlook's all pleasin' and safe—
For torpeders may take us aback,
But the cap'en sits up in the turret aloft,
To keep watch *they* don't blow up poor JACK.

A Continued Conversation.

"But," said Mr. JONES, theatrically, taking a striking attitude in the middle of the floor, "what shall we do?"

"Is business *very* bad?" asked Mrs. JONES, winding up her gold watch.

"Not a customer for a week!" answered her lord, dolefully, "Yes," he added, with a brightening glance, "there was. A girl came for a row of pins."

"Did she buy 'em?" asked the lady.

"No," replied JONES, gloomily. "She said next door, bankrupt stock, she could get two rows for a cent."

"Well, well," said Mrs. J., "things must change. Next week there may be two, and next week more. Things must mend when they're at the worst."

"Bless me!" jerked in the aroused JONES, hitting his cane sharply on the top of a carved chair, "do you know that there are bills due next week?"

"There's the milk bill," placidly said Mrs. J., "And the butcher would like a settlement, as he told me when he asked what I'd like for to-day."

"Nonsense!" jerked out Mr. J. "Bills! I mean \$3,000 due on Friday."

"My poor papa," said the lady, "used always to renew such things."

"I wish I had him here; it is beyond me," said JONES, dropping flop on the cat, as it happened, which escaped with a screech which actually roused Mrs. JONES into animation.

"Goodness!" cried she, "if the thing is really of consequence—"

"Consequence! ma'am," screamed Mr. J., lifting his head suddenly, "Fact is; don't know if it is of consequence in your opinion or not, but if you haven't got the \$3,000 we'll be sold out, and you may take in washing, for I'm about played."

"Can't you speculate?" asked Mrs. J., earnestly, the possibilities suddenly developing themselves in alarmingly washtubbian form.

"On what?" asked J.

"Build houses and borrow money on them? folks do it," said the lady.

"Too many did it in Toronto," said JONES.

"Give lectures," said Mrs. JONES.

"Last three in Toronto had doorkeepers for audiences," said JONES. "Go as a clerk," said the lady, "You were one once."

"Three hundred applicants for the last situation advertised," said Jones. "Don't see anything; can't even saw wood; everyone uses coal."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. J. "Start a newspaper."

"Don't understand it," said JONES.

"If you did you'd fail," said the lady. "I know all about it; pa started three. The secret of success is never to write anything; steal all the good things out of other papers; spend all your time looking for advertisements. Sell out before you're found out, and begin again. Lots of folks do it."

"I'll think of it," said JONES.

Spring.**I.**

Come gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And then we needn't keep so much to hum.

II.

Waft all thy balmy zephyrs through the air,
And tempt us out to catch diptheria there.

III.

The ice dissolves at thy reviving ray
Before we've scarcely put a bit away.

IV.

How thy moist showers bedew the thirsty trees,
And if we're there we all begin to sneeze.

V.

See through their realm the finny tenants play,
And JOHNNY, fishing's nearly drowned to-day.

VI.

How gloriously the sunbeams all downpour,
Which makes the dunghills smell worse than before.

VII.

Now bud the plants in thousand gardens set,
And we shall garden stuffs and colics get.

VIII.

Now taste our youth of open air the joys,
Each street is horrid with the children's noise.

IX.

To pasture on the grass the cows can stray
And milk won't keep much more than half a day.

X.

All things of pleasure and displeasure bring,
These are the pleasures and the woes of spring.

Give us a Rest.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I am a persecuted mortal, delivered over to fiends. These fiends are diminutive. I believe they are sometimes called boys. Thirteen hundred and seventy-five live in my neighbourhood, and there is a family with seven moving in across the road. Sir, I cannot go down the street but I must risk a *feu d'enfer* of stones they are always throwing from things they call catapults. My servant girl has a pain in both ankles from coming perpetually to answer their runaway knocks. They chalk caricatures on my front wall, and break down my shade trees in the street. They swing on my post chains. They play continual peg top and marbles on the sidewalk; they creep under it, and at any moment if not careful, you may step on small boys which strew themselves about in all directions. They play bat and ball, and when your window is smashed the boy you catch always tells you *it* was the other one, whose residence he don't know. I want to know if they can not be abolished. In China when little, they throw them away. But probably a China boy would break up when thrown away, while ours would make more noise than ever. I do not know what to propose. Perhaps if a Reformatory were established at the North Pole or somewhere for all boys till full grown, or if no boy were allowed without a collar and tag, otherwise to be scooped up by the dog-carts. Something should be done.

Yours,

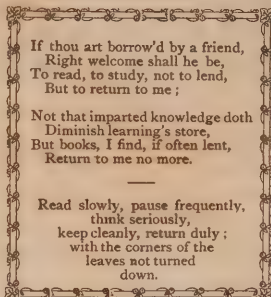
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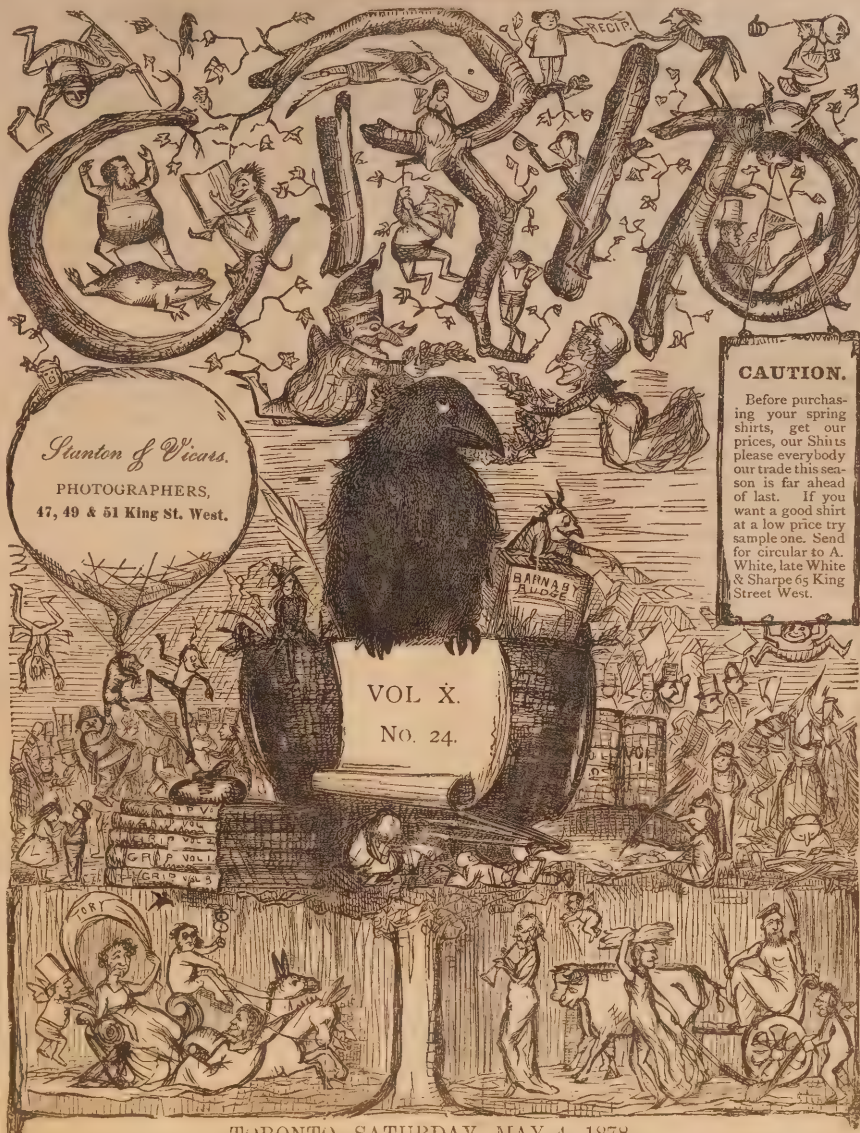
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No. 24.

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which cannot be excelled.

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Will be paid for a nice Detached or Semi-detached House, 8 or 9 Rooms.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Aſs ; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl ;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyſter ; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 4TH MAY, 1878.

The Female Righter.

I am a Female Righter, and
If you will liſt to me,
I ſoon ſhall make you underſtand,
What ſort of rights they be.

I want upon the lounge to ſleep,
Or read, or take my eaſe ;
And want the right my houſe to keep
As dirty as I pleaſe.

I want the right the meat to roaſt,
Quite the reverſe of well ;
And want the right to make the toaſt,
Full indigeſtible.

I want the right mid linen white,
To mix the ruſt-ſpots red ;
And want the right on every night
To find bugs in the bed.

I want the right to let each child
Do juſt as it ſhall pleaſe,
Till not a ſoul—they've got ſo wild—
Can get a minute's eaſe.

I want the right to make the man,
Who choſe to marry me,
Buy twice for me what buy he can,
Or live in miſery.

I want the right my walks to take,
In ſilk and ſatin gay,
And tell my huſband he can break,
If that he cannot pay.

I want the right to make a ſpeech,
Before a yelling crowd,
And high upon a platform ſcreech
And obſcure aloud.

I want the franchise of the land
Which now the men have got,
To vote on all I underſtand
And all that I do not.

These are the rights of woman, and
You'd beſt oppoſe them not,
Or when we get the upper hand,
We'll teach you what is what.

The Melancholy Citizen.

It happened to GRIP that he walked abroad, and ſaw a melancholy man, who walked with head bent down. And GRIP ſaw that his clothes were ragged. Now GRIP, whoſe heart ever is exceedingly tender towards the mournful, ſaid thus unto the man :—
“What aileth thee?”

Then the man ſaid “I am a citizen of Toronto, and for many years I ſaved up money, and acquired ten thouſand dollars, and built houſes with the ſame. And it has come to paſs that I rented the ſame, and lived on the rents, I and my wife, and my children. And I am now weak and unable to work, and have nothing but my rents to ſupport them. And it has been that evil Councils have taxed us very heavily. And alſo certain of my houſes be unrented, owing to hard times, and the reſt do barely pay the taxes now. So that I have nothing to eat, I and thoſe who be with me. Moreover, they are yearly borrowing more money, ſo that all my poſſeſſions will be ſold for to pay the ſame. And I know not what to do.”

“Now ſurely,” ſaid GRIP, “I will ſtraightway utterly deſtroy that wicked Council, and alſo make an end of the ſame.” And he picked up a paving ſtone weighing a ton.

But the man ſaid “Do not ſo, for there never has been a Council gone out of late years but a worſe has been elected.”
So the ſorrowful man went away.

Doctors verſus Undertakers.

To the Editor of GRIP,

SIR :—I am an undertaker's man. I think myſelf underpaid—that is, I think other people overpaid—that is, I think I ought to get more. Sir, take the caſe of doctors. Of courſe, it is well underſtood that in point of education and ſtanding there is no comparison ; but the public do not ſeem fully aware of it, and actually, I think, put us in a lower grade. But what are the facts? What could they do without us? Why, when a man dies by accident, and they hold a *poſt mortem*, what do they do? Why, return a ſtatement that his air-paſſages were wrong, when it was really the caſe that he had broken his back. Well, of courſe it is underſtood that we will ſee to the matter when we go to bury the body, find out at once what was the trouble, and tell the doctors if they are wrong. We do it, of courſe ; explain to the learned faculty that the man's back was broken, and they hold another *poſt mortem* or conſultation or diſcuſſion or whatever they like to call it, and ſend in the proper ſtatement. This is all correct, and under our ſuperviſion no doubt things get along very well, and the real cauſe of death is aſcertained, which is the deſideratum required. But what we wiſh is our proper *ſtatus*. It is very evident to any one who are the true men of learning. The faculty are good friends of ours ; in fact we ſhould not have near ſo much to do without them ; but there is an order of things, and it ſhould be underſtood, and we given precedence accordingly.

Yours,

Toronto, May 1st, 1878.

PETER PLANTER.

The Howly Gate.

Saint PETHER he ſat at the howly gate,
An the avenin was gittin remarkable late,
An himſelf was in amazement grate,
For niver a man kem in.

Niver a Rooſhian nor Turk at all
Nor a Britiſh ſubject grate nor ſhall.
Niver a wan on the Saint wud call,
Nor inthrance thry to win.

An' the Saint he wint an he ſat widin,
An' his pipe he ſmoked beyant the din ?
An priſtiny wan av the howly min
Kem up to have a chat.

An 'himſelf explained to the Saint the thing,
An' towld why time had ſayſed to bring
A ſowl to make the knocker ring
Or pull at the bell or that.

“On the half is tightin', ſurr, you know,
And dyin' ſo why av coorſe they go
To the gentleman who kapes below
His houſe to inthertain.

“An the half is fightin about their ſects,
Orange and Green, and none expects
That they their coorſe this way directs,
Till they from ſich refrain.

“And the reſt has got the full belafe
That works is dead, and faith is chafe,
Which is worſe than the impinent thaſe ;
So our doorway's left clane.”

The Attic Sage.

Removed from men beneath a denizen within an attic I
Whoſe roof upon, as night goes on, great cats continually cry,
Unmoved with ſtove coal by me thrown, which ſmaſhes windows far
below,
Or through the ſky that rapidly at them my worn out ſlippers go.

I ſit and think, as from the brink of window ſill I high ſurvey,
All thoſe below who come and go with rapid ruſh the livelong day,
While evermore doth ſkyward ſoar from Turkiſh pipe the odour ſtrong.
And evermore doth ſteady pour beneath the motley crowd along.

My years alſo they come and go, as do the crowd along the ſtreet.
The winter keen, the verdure green, they paſs as ſteady and as fleet.
And I a boy who once with joy obſerved from here the crowd go by,
Now old and grey, in different way regard their movement with a ſigh.

But eve has rolled his darkening fold acroſs the pageant, and I ſee
The perſon paſs who lights the gas, who noddeth on obſerving me,
Behind him ſhine, in brilliant line, the lamps his coming courſe which
tell,
Alas, each year of mine, I fear, glows not ſo brightly nor ſo well.

The Sanctum Unveiled.

AS IT SEEMS IT MUST BE.

(ENTER furious "Globe" manager gnashing his teeth. He roars for Editor, who approaches trembling.)

MANAGER.—Fellow, instantly write me an article saying that the Protectionists want to place a tariff on coal, and that the poor workman, who uses four tons yearly, will be charged three dollars therefor. Write, I say!

EDITOR (shivering).—But, Sir, the fact is they only want a tariff on the bituminous coal, such as Nova Scotia has. The workman uses hard coal. What is proposed to be placed under tariff is soft coal, which not the workman but the factories, use.

MANAGER.—Wretch, dare to argue, and I telegraph for a new editor! Write it, I say. What does the workman know? Write! Fiends! Furies! Brimstone! Sulphur! Destruction! Write!

(Editor rushes to write, and the above extraordinary statement appears in this week's GLOBE).

Letter From a Practitioner.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I understand that the vulgar object to the faculty returning statements to the effect that the cause of death was the air-passages when the back bone or spine of the moribund was fractured. Sir, this is a gross mistake of the unlettered. The true cause of all deaths—the *deprivatio vite*, or we may say in the Greek, the *factigumbus malabobus*—in all cases, is the absence of air, or in other words, the want, or lack, or absence, or non-presence, of breath. We die for want of breath—of air. Then there is something the matter with our air-passages. This is the case, even if, instead of an ordinary fracture of the spine, we are broken on a wheel, in which case all the bones are fractured. Nevertheless, the true cause of death is the air-passages—the want of breath.

I cannot, therefore, sufficiently deprecate the clamour roused against the faculty in this case. Why, people actually say that, if brought to us with a fractured bone and unable to speak, we might doctor them for their air passages, and kill them. Nonsense. I assure them and all such untaught persons that even if we did, we should not kill them a bit quicker than we generally do. Fudge!

Yours,

DIPLOMAS LICENTIUS.

Toronto, May 1, 1878.

Notice.

MANAGERS of the Conservative Party are hereby notified to conduct their correspondence hereafter by postal card, and thus save the postmasters the time and trouble of opening their letters.

The Politicians.

1ST POLITICIAN.—But you see I have my friends to attend to.

2ND POLITICIAN.—Who are they?

1ST P.—Why, our side is simply composed of free traders.

2ND P.—Well, why are you free traders? Is it to help importers?

1ST P.—No, not at all. We are as well aware that they are ruining the country as any one—even as the most pronounced protectionist.

2ND P.—Well, why do you back them up? There is not a day but your organ is yelling free trade.

1ST P.—My dear sir, we know what is wrong as well as you. But the fact is, we believe the majority of the farmers are fools enough to believe in free trade, and will keep us in office if we shout for it. Free trade is doing the country great harm; but then \$7,000 a year does us much good. (Exit with finger to nose).

The True Canadian Idea.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—Hearun as you manage Governmint buzziness, I wants to ax you whether this wunt work?

We be the Township of Toozle, and we don't zee why we shouldn't have a Parlymint. We could fix un up fine. There be here a lot of pine we could zell to speculators and zum Crown Lands as would keep a good Parlymint gown for five year or more. There be me and my six sons, and cousin ZEPHANIAH and his three boys, and JIM JONES and his seven brothers. We could get most of us elected, or for that matter we could all elect one another, for there is very few more here in the township. It would pay I very well, for they would make me Prime Minister sartin, and if the pine and land gin out I might raise a loan in Lunnnon.

Yours truly,

HIRAM HIAFDIST.

P.S.—Of course there is nothin' to do. But there would be salary to dror, and we cud always make a good debate on Orange Bills or summat. That is all they do in Toronto. Wy not give us one here?

Township of Toozle, May 1, 1878.

The Jolly Chieftains.

"Mon, mon," said MACKENZIE to Sir JOHN, on hearing of the Quebec election, "had ye no' better resign and try the kirk for the rest o' ye'er days? "Deuce take it; no," answered the knight, "It was my devotion to the kirk, as you call it, that lost my Quebec majority. Come and take something." And at a late hour last night two individuals came down past the Rideau canal, one singing:

"We wonsht go homsh till morningsh,

Till daylightsh dosh—

While the other would interrupt him with:

"We arensh fou, we'sh nosh thatsh fou,

Butsh justsh a drappiesh in our eesh,

The cocksh maysh dawsh; the daysh maysh crawsh

Butsh we—"

Here the sentry took them in charge. It is necessary for GRIP to mention, that it is morally uncertain that these last were the first, as they are getting an abominable habit of libel suits at Ottawa.

A Warning to Local Governments.

We wish to say to you, Sir,

Who were our Premier here,

You have been an abuser,

Of power it does appear.

Wished us, the folks who lived in

The Province of Quebec,

A bushel you to give in,

When you should have a peck

For railways asked such cash, too,

As you right well did know,

Would bring us quite a smash to,

If we should pay it so.

You thought that we would follow

Whate'er the church would do.

The church, sir, if we'd swallow,

You'd add the steeple too.

So just now understand, sir,

And other Locals may,

The lesson find to hand, sir,

At some not distant day.

The load of our taxation

Is getting quite too high;

And, by your last oration,

You'd pile it to the sky.

And told a startling tale, if

We trouble made or doubt,

We each must go as bailiff,

And sell each other out.

We paid you well as Locals,

But to you must be known,

We are not quite such yokels

As to give you all we own.

So you will please vacate, now,

Your seats of Government,

And listen while we state, now,

What is our plain intent,

If as Reform you go in,

Or in as Tory go,

You'll keep the taxes low in

The Province, or you know,

What we have spoke about, friends,

Will shortly you befall,

We'll try and do without, friends,

A Local House at all.

Advertisement--To Young Men of Education.

Wanted a young gentleman as clerk to a lawyer in good standing. The hours are from eight a.m. to seven p.m. No dinner hour, but allowed to eat a lunch while writing, if rapidity of work be still kept up. Is expected to be fairly educated, and not to object if frequently jawed. Salary exceptionally liberal—half a dollar a week. No extras, and must board himself, and must always appear well dressed, and *comme il faut* in all respects. Address, Sharp & Skinem, Toronto.

The Conservatives regard the Quebec elections as by no means a Joly affair. The Grits don't like it either, for the Cons were thrown out for wanting to grab, and what's the good of getting in if you mustn't do that, you know?

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,

OTTAWA, 18th April, 1878.

NO DISCOUNT ALLOWED ON
American Invoices until further notice.

J. JOHNSON,

Commissioner of Customs.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO LEARN TELEGRAPH operating for offices opening in the Dominion. Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Address **MANAGER**, Box 955, Toronto

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ONTARIO STREET north of Wellesley, two brick fronted houses, nine rooms, extra finish, bow windows, folding doors, grates, &c. Good cellar, hard and soft water. Lot 23 x 126. Price \$1,900 each.

NIAGARA STREET, two rough cast houses, seven rooms, hard and soft water. \$2,500 for both. Would exchange for farm.

DALHOUSIE STREET. Three houses, 6 rooms, hard and soft water. \$1,250 each.

RICHMOND ST. WEST. Two roughcast houses, 11 rooms, splendidly finished, bath room and every convenience. \$3,000.

WILLIAM HENRY STREET, rough cast house, seven rooms, grate, folding doors, &c. \$1,800.

BEACHELL STREET, store and dwelling, \$1,100.

Cottage, 5 rooms, hard and soft water, \$700.

HURON STREET, two story house, rough cast, eight rooms and summer kitchen, \$2,300.

D'ARCY STREET. New brick dwelling, extra finish, eight rooms, bath-room, vestibule and folding doors, bow window, grates, &c. Price \$2,700.

ADELAIDE ST. WEST. Brick fronted semi-detached house—eight rooms, hard and soft water. This is a new house and extra well finished. Price \$2,800.

CHURCH STREET. Roughcast house, twelve rooms, folding doors, grates, etc. Lot 21x130, to a lane 20 feet wide. Price, \$2,500, half cash.

SUFFOLK PLACE, rough cast, detached, nine or ten rooms. \$2,600.

PROPERTIES WANTED.

ST. ANDREWS WARD, house of about 8 rooms, near the market. Price \$1,000 to \$1,500

ST. THOMAS' WARD, a detached or semi-detached house of about nine rooms, good yard, with stable or room to build one. Price about \$2,500.

ORDE STREET, rough cast cottage, six rooms. \$1,000.

ESTHER STREET, two story dwelling, six rooms. Price \$900.

EAST OF YONGE STREET, two story house of six or seven rooms. Price \$1,400 to \$1000.

ST. JAMES WARD, Cottage of about five rooms.

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Exercises in Phonography,	5
Grammologies and Contractions,	10
Questions on Manual,	15
Selections in Reporting Style,	20
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Phrase Book,	30
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The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60

Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Next Post Office, Toronto.

Hints to Borrowers.

"The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again."

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me:

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

READ slowly, pause frequently, think seriously, keep cleanly, return duly, with the corners of the leaves not turned down.

"I'm not one of those selfish elves
Who keep their treasures to themselves:
I like to see them kept quite neat,
But not for moth or worm to eat.
Thus willingly to any friend
A book of mine I'll freely lend,
Hoping they'll mind this good old mean:
'Return it soon and keep it clean.'"

THE borrower of a book incurs two obligations; the first is to read immediately; the second is to return it as soon as read.—*Murphy*.

We should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—*Colton*.

"MICHAEL BRAV, my book,
If I it lose, and you it find,
I pray that you will be so kind
As to return it to me again,
And I'll respect you for the same."

"MICHAEL BRAV, his book,
Wherein he should delight to look,
And out of it to learn such skill,
That he may do his Maker's will."

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting."—*Washington Irving*.

A book may be as great a thing as a battle.—*Dieraeli*.

Books as spectacles to read nature.—*Dryden*.

A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transfiguration there, until the outward book is but a body, and its soul and spirit are flown to you and possess your memory like a spirit.—*H. W. Beecher*.

THE plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved *elagere* or side board.—*H. W. Beecher*.

Copies of above may be had at GRIP office, or sent free of postage, at 50 cents per dozen, or \$1.50 per hundred.

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Everything in the Printing line from a

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25 Cards, (one name, one style type),	30 cents.
50 " " " " "	50 "
100 " " " " "	75 "

The following are Samples of Type from which a choice may be made.

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Robert Taylor

2
William Richardson

3
Miss Maggie Thompson

4
George Augustus Williams

5
Mrs. Thomas Jones

6
William Arthur Crawford

7
Miss Susie Wade

8
Byron W. Scott

9
William Shakespeare

Chromo Cards:

(Five Beautiful Pictures)

100 Cards, (one name, one style type)	\$1 50.
50 " " " " "	1.00.
25 " " " " "	75.

Mourning Cards:

25 Cards, (one name one style type),	50 cents.
50 " " " " "	75 "
100 " " " " "	\$1.25 "

Memorial Cards

Beautiful Designs, \$ 1.00 per dozen.
Samples by mail, 5c. each.

Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Imperial Buildings, (Next Post Office), Toronto.

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of Pears, Plums, Cherry and Apple Trees, covering twelve acres, nine of which are only six years old, just commencing to bear. The soil is as good as can be found in the township, which is equivalent to saying there is none better in the province.

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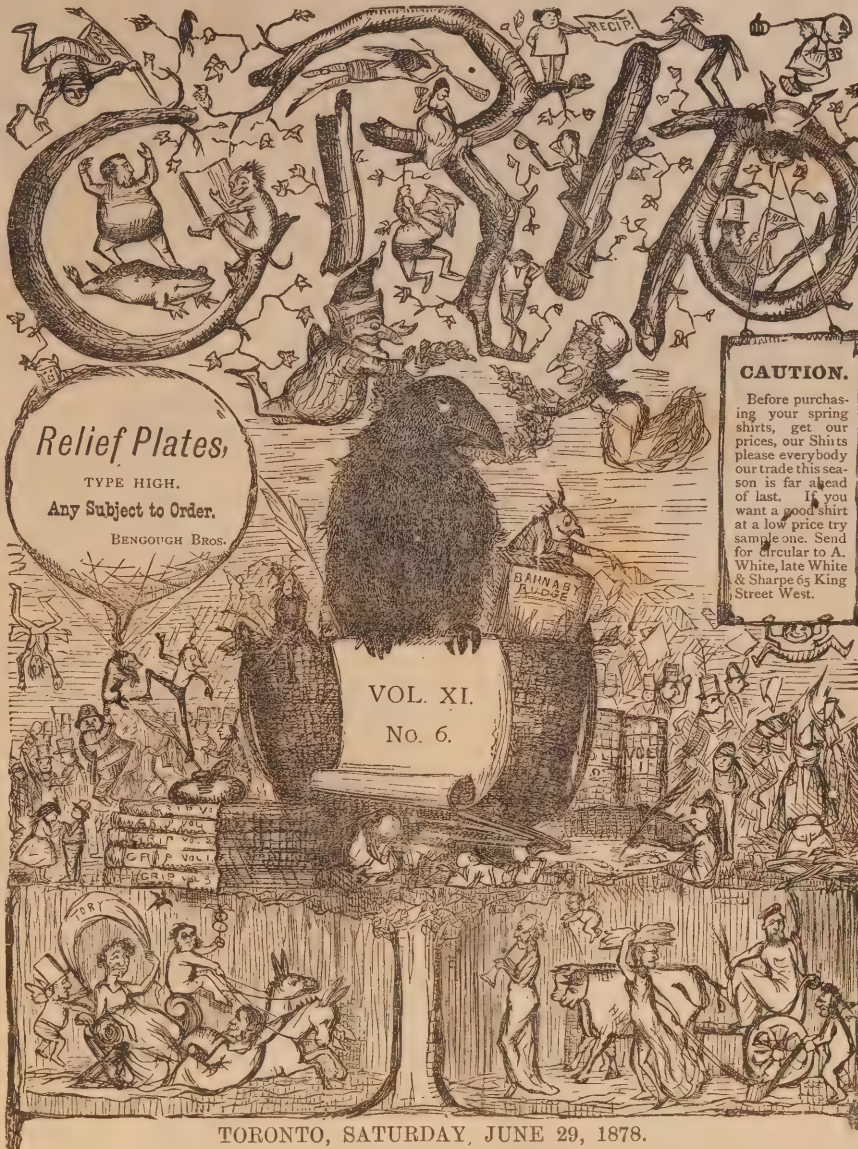
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TYPE HIGH.

Any Subject to Order.

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Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

VOL. XI.

No. 6.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1878.

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IMPERIAL BUILDING.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

{ 5 CTS. EACH.
{ \$2 PER ANNUM.

BROCKVILLE REGATTA.

The Excursion Steamer,

"EMPRESS OF INDIA,"

Has been engaged to attend this regatta.

Fare for Round Trip, { To Brockville and Return, Including Meals and Berth, } Only \$6.00.

For particulars apply at Office on Mowat's Wharf.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned

\$1.50

Will Wash and Rough Dry 100 Pieces, at the

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Encouraged by its past success and the increasing demand for room, the subscriber has added an extensive westerly wing, making the establishment one of the largest in the country and now having accommodation for

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As the house will be conducted this year *entirely without the sale of Spirituous Liquors*, it will be found more suitable than ever for families as a quiet country home.

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BEST STAND IN THE CITY,

and facilities for

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which cannot be excelled.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 29TH JUNE, 1878.

Letter from John Bull.

Dear Mr. GRIP:

After all my trampin round like DIOGENES, as per your cartoon of last week, I av failed to find a man as is worthy to be the successor of Lord DUFFERIN, and shall request a hextension of time to resume my search. I want to rest my weary soles and get a fresh candle in the old lantern. In the meantime my dutiful DUFFERIN has kindly consented to remain with you some months longer, which I'm sure will delight your 'eart and that of hevery hother loyal subject in the Dominion.

Yours paternally,
JOHN BULL.

HO-in-Lambton.

At Lambton when the pay was low,
And politics were dreadful slow,
Of offices there was no show
For Tor— I mean, Conservatives.

But Lambton saw another sight,
At Sarnia's town they gathered right
And left, resolved at last to fight
ALEX. MACKENZIE, Premier.

"Now how can this be done" quoth they;
"Our champion leaders he can slay,
Indeed he could defeat JOHN A.
If he should come to Sarnia."

MACKENZIE's here a powerful name,
In Kingston stout JOHN A's the same,
Let's join the two and their joint fame
Will carry Lambton splendidly.

Then shook the halls with thunder riven
For thunders of applause were given,
Blessing the thoughts and thanking heaven
Away went the Conservatives.

And thus it is that now we see,
Conservatives in utmost glee,
JOHN A. MACKENZIE head of Re-
Form and of Conservatism.

The American Youth.

(Continued from last week.)

The story left the elopers hanging on the bank of uncertainty and a precipice, uncalculable depths below, the grim American youth smoking like GRANT himself above. The illustrious Duke is dashed into illustrious fragments far beneath. The Youth then extends his stick to ADELINA, she gains the level ground, and they fall into one another's arms, and vow undying love. They proceed homewards and on arriving at the castle find the duchess has died suddenly, and that the will of the fragmented Duke leaves all to ADELINA. She and BENNY rejoice at their good fortune, and prepare to spend their lives happily together, vowing again mutual fidelity, to extend far into the eternal cycles. That evening BENNY, with the usual fine feeling of the American youth in such histories, considers he might as well "rake in the pile alone," and drops ADELINA into the castle oubliette, first carefully cutting off her head with his bowie knife. He then shuts the trap door, and calculates he will marry and go to Congress. He executes the first with great dispatch by forming an alliance with the daughter of a distinguished Senator and whiskey ring operator, and gets himself elected without the slightest difficulty by bribing the unpurchasable American citizens who rule the ballot box. His speech to the mob before the elections is truly pathetic and intensely moving. He says "Fellow citizens, the inwards of my buzzum air thrilled with thrills too thrilling for utterance, and from the bottom of my heart I give yew the thanks which air your dew. It air not, I calculate, often such a scene as I see before me by the slaves of distant Europe, or the motley and howling mass of Britons, Irish, Chartists and Jews, shrieking in abject and grinding slavery under the crushing sceptre of Queen VICTORIA, on her great throne surrounded by lions, bars, and beef-eaters of various and domestick kinds. It air

not witnessed in her adjoining dependency of Canada, whar the miserable Kanucks has to go on their knees kerwallop in the mud along the streets whenever the Lord Lieutenant chooses to come out of his vast fortifications at Ottawa, and surrounded by his sanguinary dragoons makes the cirket of his trembling people. Fellow citizens, a great and gellorious day of liberation for all mankind from their chains bound round them in centerries past approaching (Voice from crowd.—Down with the capitalists!) Yes, gentlemen, we shall hev no more capitalists hyar. (Second voice.—Universal division). Yes, gentlemen, we will make arrangements for all that. (Third voice.—Only four hour's labour to be a day's work). Yes, gentlemen, we will hev it arranged. (Fourth voice.—We must hev Canady). Yes, gentlemen, plans for her kapture air made out, and will be proceeded with when I git in. (Fifth voice.—We want revinge on the bloody Saxin for the wrongs ov bleedin and injured Arin!) Yes, Sir, the wrongs of our Irish fellow citizens are what hev kept me awake at nights for years past. There is no peace for America till Britain, Kenedy, and the other dependents be prostrate at our feet, (great cheering) and I may say that "No pent up Utker contracts our powers, for the hull boundless universe hez a right ter be ours!" (Immense cheering). Universal prosperity, cheap food, high wages, short hours, air what I mean to go for. (Cheers). We shall make this hyar a great country, we shell. (Voice.—We want non-liability ter the law extended ter every free citizen). Yew shell hev it, gentlemen; the pressure ov the heavy weight ov legal fictions squeezes the glorious American eagle inter a flat-tailed buzzard; but let her rise superior tew the galling fetters of legality, and she shell take her persition on the topmost pinnacle ov the Rocky Mountains, wave her wings of pearl and alabaster in the light ov coming reason, and scream her defiance over European laws, and their base implanters hyar. (Tremendous cheering). BENNY shortly afterwards takes his seat in Congress, and makes a furious speech against paying the fishery claims. He is engaged presently in tremendous speculations relative to securing the right to cheat the Indians out of the appropriations promised by the U. S., is mixed up with all the gambling halls of the capital, busy in acquiring a secretaryship with a view to a large defalcation, obtains the opportunity of selling his vote on railway matters several times to great advantage is the admired of all classes in Washington, has the finest house, horses, carriages, and dinners of the capital, has three private chaplains, and goes regularly to church three times on Sunday. He is spoken of for President, but it is not yet apparent that he will attain that honour. No one can foretell what pinnacle of greatness may yet sustain the towering figure of the American Youth. He is the hope and will be the destruction of his country.

(Concluded.)

The Policeman's Ghost.

A story related by Constable SHEEHAN to his comrades in the station house on Wednesday morning.

Luckin pale, d'ye say? Well, gud reason I have,
An a moighty quare story I'm goin to relate,
For meself and GREGORY here—yez may laugh!—
Have jist seen a live ghost a walkin the shreet!

It was down on the corner av Church shreet an Queen
I was standin alone whin it shtruck twilve o'clock,
An I thought I hard somethin widin me say "SHEEHAN,
The witchin hour 12, whin spirits do walk!"

Jist thin I lucked up an I got such a fright!
For by all the saints there kem a rale ghost!
It was shaped like a girl, an dressed all in white.
An stud up as straight an as dead as a post.

The eyes they wor shut, an the hair shtramin down,
An wan arm shtuck out loike HAMLET's av old;
An it moved on so shlow in its shroud av a gown.
That me hair stud on ind an me blood it ran cowl!

I clutched for me pistol an baton so shloud,
Intendin to urther the goblin to shlop,
But fwhin it kem up, me wits they gev out,
An as it wint bye I thought I wud drop!

Jist thin I seen GREGORY (a man that's no child)
Follyin the spirit along on the shreet,
Wid limbs on a trimble an eyes starin wild,
An face, ye'll belave me, as fwhite as a sheet.

Party soon there kem others an jined wid us two,
An after the ghost round the block we did shin,
Till we kem to a door that the figure passed through,
Fwhin GREGORY an me marched up and walked in.

The ghost turned around and shud in the hall,
An to judge av me falins I lave yez to troy,
Fwhin we axed fwhat she mint by such conduct at all?
And she opened her eyes an sez "Fwhat do ye soy?"



THE PHILISTINE COMES FORTH!

Grip's Political Digest.

MACKENZIE'S a leal canny Scot, so they say,
But like all has made some mistakes in his day.
When Tories are cornered, one charge never fails,
Their spirits revive at the sound of "Steel Rails."
With gusto refreshing they glory to tell
How this job exceeds e'en the "Neebing Hotel."

To Kamanistiquia next they resort,
Where sensitive Tories make very good sport,
In vain try the Grits to explain it away,—
The others of course don't believe what they say,
Tho' FLEMING located! 'Twas they paid the price,
And here's just the point where they smell a "big mice."

Conservative virtue recoils at the shock
Of "Goderich Harbour" and "St. Francis Lock;"
Things truly sometimes strange directions will take,
And here all the fault falls on innocent BLAKE,
MACKENZIE discovers, alas, in the end,
What trouble sometimes is attached to a "Friend."

MACKENZIE no doubt looks well after the dimes,
But how can he 'scape from the charge of "hard times?"
And as for "Potatoe Bugs" who doesn't know
Turn the Grits out of office, and off they will go,—
The Farmers all know the crops didn't begin
To improve in the least till "reaction set in."

Sir JOHN and his party believe they are sound,
Go in for increasing the duties all round.
Dub that man an ass who expresses his doubts
He can raise himself up by a tug at his boots,
The plan is so simple, the blindest may see,
Their fortunes are made if they can but agree.

Pray why should the Yankees send over their goods,
Made out of the product of Canada's woods,
And ruin our men with the wood at their doors
Who are at their wits ends, and idle by scores?
'Tis enough I'm persuaded to make HAY declare,
I'll cross o'er the border and set up shop there.

And then I will show you what Yankees *can* do,
With a seventeen per cent. and the railway freights too.
I'll soon make my fortune, and undersell all
You stay at home Canucks. Your profit 's too small!
And thus Sir JOHN A. using means to his ends,
Says, Let us win HAY while the sun shines. my friends.

Our Coal needs Protection. But friends in the west
Say, "Let it alone, that will suit us the best,"
'Twould tax manufactures. What next will you do?
Sir JOHN gives his answer, We'll tax the bread too,
When lo! from the east comes a wail of despair,
And TUPPER unconsciously feels for his hair.

Astonished! confounded! He feels ill at ease
To find their attempts have as yet failed to please,
And so he gets wrath at the Quebec affair,
Blames Mr. MACKENZIE for more than his share,
And wonders what now is the best to be done,
Since Grits down at Kingston have mounted their GUNN.

His dreams are of Ottawa, power and place.
With Grits at his feet, with a woe-be-gone face,
And he and Sir JOHN with a whip in each hand,
Driving Hard Times and Poverty out of the land,
With smoke-stacks all round them, belts, pulleys, and wheels,
And prosperity trotting along at their heels.

Does anyone think that these men cannot cope
With the evils around us? They're wrong let us hope,
A wise legislation relating to Trade,
And proper adjustments of duties once made,
Will make the great centre of industry feel,
They have what they needed the "Fly" off the wheel.

Those Purists MACKENZIE, BLAKE, CARTWRIGHT and BROWN
Will see the grand fabric they builded pulled down.
Our Trade disincumbered from impotent thrall,
Will rise with a bound that will overtop all,
And those little "Boys" who have suffered such pain
In the washing of hands, will be happy again.

Prospects of Toronto.

Several parties address the citizens:

THE MAYOR.—Ah, when, ah, yes. . . Allow me to mention—that is to say, gentlemen, I congratulate you, yes, on the prosperity—progress—
—and—anything else—I see around me (*aside*)—I get four thousand—very prosperous for me.

THE TREASURER.—Yes, gentlemen, we are progressing, and when I have funded the debt, and induced your creditors to take five per cent. instead of six, which no doubt they will, as they have good security for six. I think we may say we are prosperous—very, (*aside*) I get four thousand; never was so prosperous in my life.

THE ALDERMEN.—Prosperity, tremendous, grand; why, we want \$400,000 spent for sewers. \$400,000 for railways, \$75,000 for carrying the exhibition out of the city and putting it where we can speculate in the country round; lots of money wanted at once, rate of taxes must be six per cent. next year. Aint we doing well?—guess we are. Prosperity, grand, tremendous. Hooray!

THE CONTRACTORS.—Hooray! Never was such times. . . Nothing to do but let some aldermen go snacks, and you get contracts such as no one ever heard of. Work cheap, twenty men standing idle where you want one, materials for a song. Prosperity! Borrow some more! Hooray!

THE PROPERTY OWNER.—If this is prosperity, let us have a little poverty. Half my tenants are gone to the States; the rest can't pay the rent; no use selling them out; their furniture wouldn't fetch the auctioneer's fees. Well, I must go borrow some cash from the Loan Company to pay my taxes. If better times don't come I had better pull down my houses.

THE TENANT.—Prosperity! Bless us! Where is it? I have had no work for six months; my family are half starved; three families of us in one house to pay its rent, and can't pay it at that. I must go to the States.

THE MERCHANT.—Well, if the banks won't carry me through, there's no chance, I must smash. No customers; no money; bankrupt stocks everywhere.

THE BANKER.—Well, what's to be done I don't know. Here we are carrying the whole business of the country, and running in debt more and more every year.

THE MANUFACTURER.—Gentlemen, I could make this all square. Take care that I get plenty of work; I can give your people constant work at good wages, and you will see a change very quick. But you don't expect I am coming to a city with taxation like yours. No. If I had protection to-morrow, I could give lots of work, of course, but it wouldn't be in Toronto. No, gentlemen. You choose to think you can make money by running in debt; I wish you joy of it; but you can't expect me with you. (*Scene closes with general howl*).



MISSKEETOES rarely miss.

L. L. D.—Long Live DUFFERIN.

GRIP moves that the "Glorious 12th" be changed to the "Goryous 12th."

BUSINESS is beginning to move in the west. They have a bakeshop on wheels in Ingersoll.

THE tariff on pills and medicine properly belongs to the department of the minister of the interior.

HAS ANN ARBOUR MILLS anything to do with the Ann Arbour grave robbery business. This is a grave matter.

HALF a loaf is better than no bread but those ill-bred tramps and loafers think a whole loaf is better than bread.

THEY have had a brass band competition in Montreal, and now the bands are mad because they didn't all get the first prize.

THE GOLDWIN-SMITHIAN dream of uniting the two political parties of this country is about to be realized. The Conservatives of Lambton Co., have brought out JOHN A. MACKENZIE as their Candidate. Elect him, and then make him Prime Minister and the thing is done.

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Cottage, 5 rooms, hard and soft water, \$700.

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ST. ANDREWS WARD, house of about 8 rooms, near the market. Price \$1,000 to \$1,500

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Hints to Borrowers.

"THE wicked borroweth, and payeth not again."

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me:

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

READ slowly, pause frequently, think seriously, keep cleanly, return duly, with the corners of the leaves not turned down.

"I'm not one of those selfish elves
Who keep their treasures to themselves:
I like to see them kept quite neat,
But not for moth or worm to eat.
Thus willingly to any friend
A book of mine I'll freely lend,
Hoping they'll mind this good old mean:
'Return it soon and keep it clean.'"

THE borrower of a book incurs two obligations; the first is to read immediately; the second is to return it as soon as read.—*Murphy*.

We should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—*Colton*.

"MICHAEL BRAV, my book,
If I it lose, and you it find,
I pray that you will be so kind
As to return it to me again,
And I'll respect you for the same."

"MICHAEL BRAV, his book,
Wherein he should delight to look,
And out of it to learn such skill,
That he may do his Maker's will."

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting."—*Washington Irving*.

A book may be as great a thing as a battle.—*Dierraelt*.

Books as spectacles to read nature.—*Dryden*.

A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transfiguration there, until the outward book is but a body, and its soul and spirit are flown to you and possess your memory like a spirit.—*H. W. Beecher*.

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Teacher,	- - - - -	20
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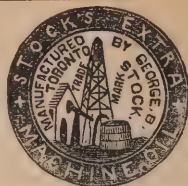
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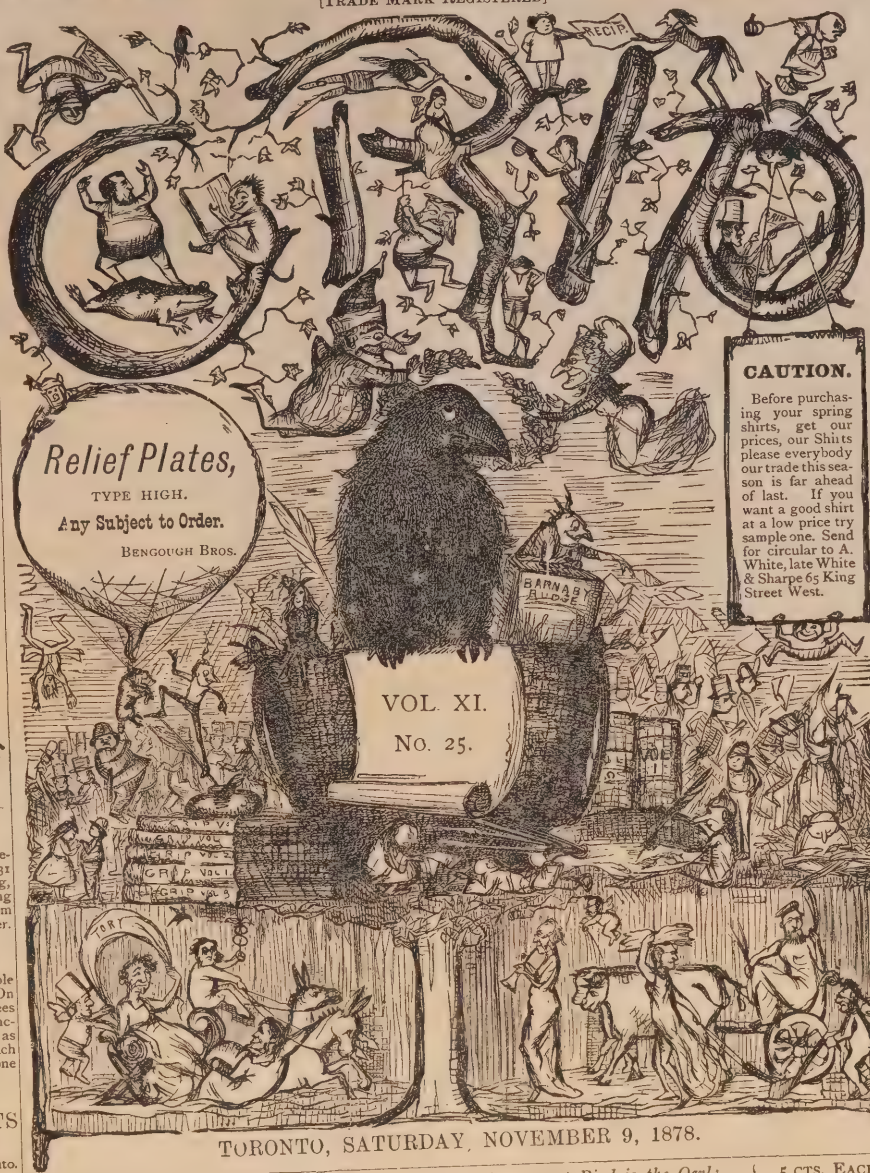
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VOL. XI.

No. 25.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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HANLAN.—"Please sir, I couldn't help it; it's a habit I've got into."

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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 9TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

TO NEWSDEALERS.—The Toronto News Co. are our wholesale agents; any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

"Richard's Himself Again!"

What ho! my comrades in the chilly shades,
Pluck up your hearts, our cause is not yet lost,
Your RICHARD is himself again and springs
Into the forefront of your shattered ranks!
I fell upon the field when raged the fight,
And with me fell the hopes of all the Grits;
The standard which I held in pride aloft
Was trailed low in the dust and badly torn;
Our foes, triumphant, yelled with frantic joy,—
For neither in defeat nor victory
Are they aught else than rude and savage men—
They thought that I was wounded unto death,
And when I strove to rise, their ruthless hands
In desp'rate malice sought to hold me down,
But all in vain!
Financiers, like the Truth must still prevail,
And this their policy so false and vain
Must through my crucible at length be put;
And these base men, who tremble at my look,
Must hear plain talk as they have heard before!
My country needs me, and with glowing heart
I rush to do her service once again;
I seek no low ambition to appease,
I have no hope of office in my heart,
But if, perchance, we beat our Tory foes
And cross the floor again to take the loaves,
I'll try and bear it as a hero should!
But hark! I hear the trumpet, hence, away;
"My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray!"

The Chopper's Song.

GRIP was in the country lately—in the far North. He girt him with a belt, put on a red shirt, and took an axe in his hand, (taking care not to let it fall on his toes). As he saw the great trees tumble to the deadly weapons of the backwoods men, he sung:—

You may talk of the joys of the sea, my boys,
Of your ships, and calms, and squalls,
But nothing to me's like the swash of the trees,
When a ninety-footer falls.

With its rushing roar on the winter day,
Like thunder in the air,
And if you think you're in the way
Oh, won't you get a scare!

O, the chopper smites and the good steel bites,
Through the bark to the centre deep,
And it's his delights in good appetites,
For his food and for his sleep.

What a white cascade his chips you see,
From the gaping tree side fly,
But you may forget their poetry
If they hit you in the eye.

Oh, what joy to stay till one was gray,
In the bush a woodman bold,
In the forests free I should love to be,
Be the weather hot or cold.

Then GRIP he took up his axe so bright
And he laid it gently down;
And he took a ticket by rail that night
And he travelled him back to town.

The Boarding House.

"THE very primest steak we could find in the market (except the nine pounds we let go to Colonel JONES's)," said the boarder in brown who sat next to the landlady.

"Thin I pity the teeth av Taranty this day, for the bist in the market is the toughest I iver kem across," said the Irish boarder, a lady arrived the week before.

"Well," said the landlady—who was well off and kept boarders on a "take it or leave it" principle—"where I was brought up we never observed that Irish people knew good beef from bad—in fact we didn't know they ever got any, poor things."

"Faith, thin, av ye only seen a piece of good Irish bafe ye'd niver look at a pace av Canayjin mate agin," said the Hibernian lady wrathfully.

"Then I never want to see any," remarked Captain JONES, "for as I've got to stay here I'd starve."

"I wadna care sae muckle aboot the meat," said the boarder from Edinburgh, "if it werena that the milk is aye compoondit frae chalk and water, and is converted intil a solid substance in twa hoors, and the butter is fu' o' hairs, and vara inferior itherwise. But I dinna jalouse but the Mistress here buys us the best ganging, for a' that."

"Butter!—when did you see any in Scotland?" asked the hostess, laughing.

"In Scotland! Whan did I see it? Weel! weel! Isna Scotland kent the world ower as the vara land o' cakes? What wad we mak them oot o' had we nae butter?"

"Oatmeal and water," said the landlady. "But come now isn't that a fine bit of mutton?"

"Very good for this place; but we wouldn't look at hit in Hingland," said a fat Cockney at the end of the table. "Oh, hif you honly saw hour Southdowns!" (N.B.—He never had). "Hand the cheese is 'orrid."

"Is there anything you like in this country?" asked the landlady.

"Why, one comes 'ere to get a livin'," said the Cockney. "But though one can live 'ere there's no life in the place. That's my hobjection—habsence of life."

"Oh, it's no that bad," said the Scotch boarder, "an' I wull say this is the best boardin' hoose i' the place."

"But zen," remarked the French boarder, who had not yet spoken, "le peoples of Canada is destitute—*absolument* destitute—of ze life—*de esprit*—ze *legerete* zat is someveres else."

"Och, it's a poor place," sighed the Irish lady.

"Why don't you all go back?" asked the landlady. But nobody answered.

The Marriage Question

BY A HOPEFUL LOVER.

In the city of Weissnichtwo there lived a maiden fair;
Oh, beauteous shone her eye of blue, and golden gleamed her hair;
She'd every charm of soul and mind in right proportions blent,
And perfect was her skill in each extant accomplishment.

Most proper too, the views she held on all things in creation,
Such as womanly submission, joined with higher education;
Words fail me, I will merely state that she was just perfection,
And so thought PETER PATERSON when he made her his selection.

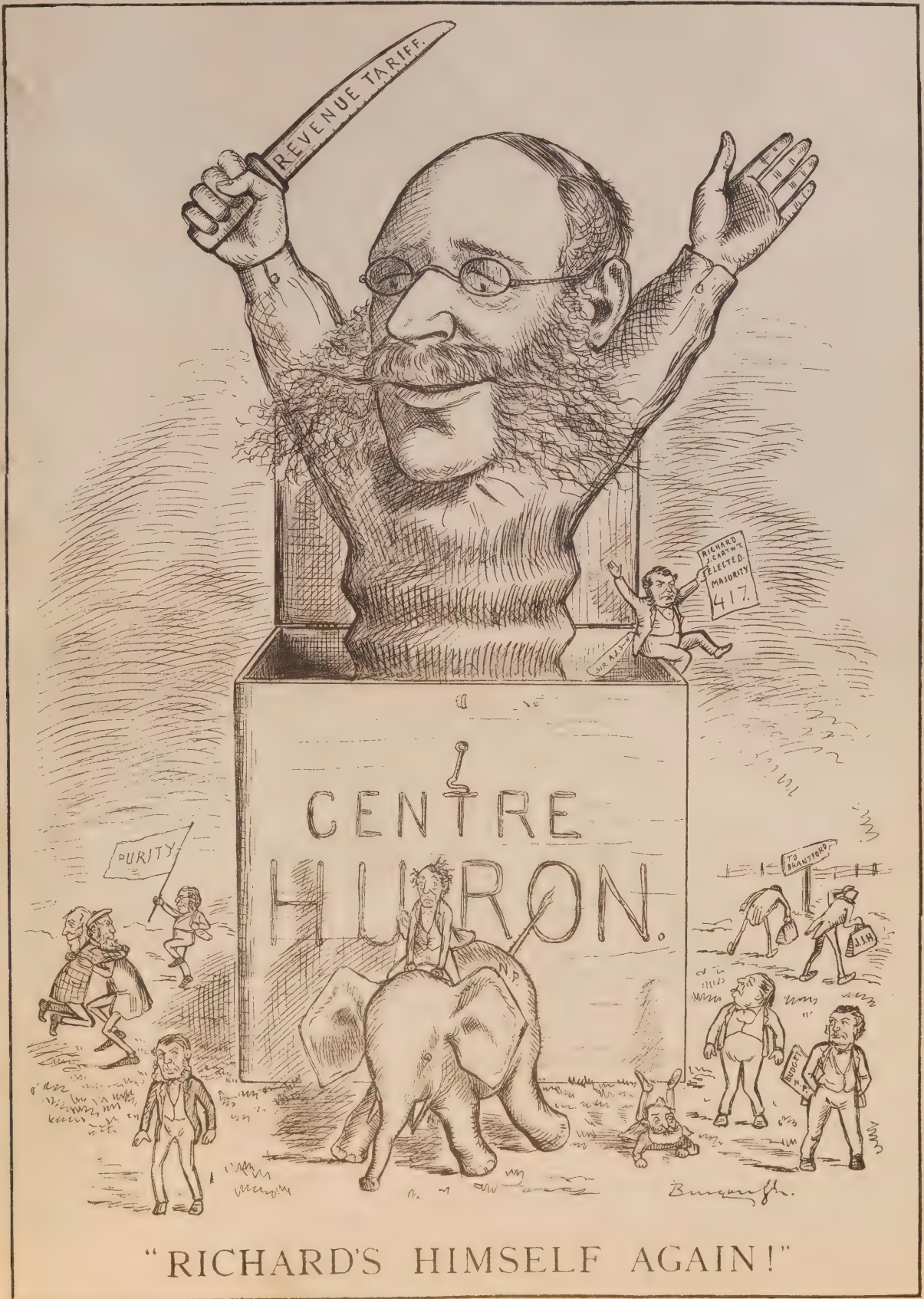
They married on an income of just four hundred dollars;
But ELLEN made the pies and cakes and starched the shirts and collars,
And in that model cottage was ne'er a sight so shocking
As a hole that lacked darning in the heel of PETER's stocking.

She boiled all bones for soups—in short, she was so wondrous thrifty.
That of dollars every year she saved three hundred, also fifty;
She tatted, crotcheted, worked in wools, she painted, played, and sang
Till praise of PETER's blissful lot all o'er the country rang.

Professors, doctors, men of note in army, law, and church,
And every one distinguished for learning or research
Their cottage filled; they entertained at dinner, luncheon, tea,
A nobleman; ay, better still, the Royal Family.

And ELLEN now and PETER are blessed with monstrous wealth,
And all their offspring are endowed with beauty, brains, and health.
The moral is that all young men should very early wed,
And a perfect hurricane of bliss will be upon them shed.

* Will the reader kindly excuse the *apparent* contradiction in words in the last line. The author searched the vocabulary in vain for more appropriate terms.



"RICHARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN!"



"I know a bank."—SHAKESPEARE

I'd like to know who is this swell, that signs himself a Bank Clerk,
And thinks himself in poverty, although he's safely anchored.
Behind his counter telling out, or taking in our dollars,
Of which one thousand every year he by permission collars.

The one I mean is that bright youth who sneers at early marriages,
And actually turns up his nose at ladies in their carriages!
Because forsooth *he* can't afford to keep up the same style on
His thousand dollars—why should they such airs and graces pile on.

Ye gods! what we are coming to, that with two hundred sterling,
Each year unto him duly paid this chap can't keep from hurling
His wrath upon society? because it can't provide him
With club, cigars and carriage with a wife to sit beside him!

Does he forget when the "old man" out on the tenth concession
Was whacking at the maple trees to get him a profession?
And when his head was found too thick to scan a line of CÆSAR,
His father put him in a Bank to give the girls "a breeze" sir.

Let him abandon his desire to gaze on swells bewitchin',
And cast his 'ristocratic eye on SALLY in the kitchen.
The chances are his earlier years were spent in its vicinity
Before he thought of U. C. C. or "mortar board" of Trinity.

Let him reflect that many a man, and just as good as he is,
On half such pay can keep a wife and children on his knee as
Happy as a king, but then perhaps it's his blue blood, sir—
Or dilettante tastes that makes him pine so for his club, sir.

Ingenuous youth, go home and rest, and think while in your attic
How comfortable you could be though less aristocratic,
If you'd only give up aping swells and wait till some more tin come,
Give up cigars and buy a pipe and live within your income.

MATILDA.

To the Editor of "Grip,"

SIR:—This letter, I am aware, should be addressed to the *Mail*, that enterprising journal having started the subject which heads it, and which is now agitating the minds of the youth of both sexes throughout the Province; but as this is a question affecting Grit and Tory alike, I think it only right that the controversy should be removed from the columns of a purely partisan sheet, such as the *Mail*, and transferred to one that is read and enjoyed by all classes, Tory as well as Grit—the great advocate of "Protection" (for the oppressed), and of "Free Trade" (in Charity, Humor and all that makes life pleasant). I need not say I mean GRIP.

My case, Sir, differs somewhat—in fact I may say considerably from any of those which have appeared in the columns of the *Mail*, from "BANK CLERK" downwards. It is briefly this:—I am gradually approaching my twenty-fifth year—if I linger till August next will have lived a quarter of a century. My friends all tell me that I should call myself blessed among young men, yet what is life to me? Poverty? you ask. No. Listen. I hold a Government situation worth \$1200 a year. This is also supplemented by £80 stg. which my dear mother in Ireland allows me, to say nothing of the £20 my spinster aunt (from whom I have great expectations) sends me at Christmas, or the £5 note which she encloses whenever she writes—say twice every three months. In addition to this (bless her old heart) she has promised to settle £200 a year on me the day I am married, this over and above what I am to receive at her death. So much for my financial situation. I enjoy the best of health, keep my horse, and am to be seen any fine afternoon, mounted on my barb, and clad in unexceptionable attire, carolaging through the streets of the metropolis, the envy of many a poor Government employée, and I flatter myself, the cynosure of every eye.

Modesty forbids my dwelling for any length on my personal appearance, but I have it on my mother's own authority that I was a *remarkably* lovely baby, and I believe I have not much changed since my infancy—however I send my photograph.*

There, Sir, you have me as I stand—yet with all these advantages I am a miserable wretch. The cause is briefly: I yearn, yet dread to marry. The summit of my ambition, the acme of my fondest desire is to have a wife. I know I could have one for the asking and yet I dare not ask! Bear with me then, dear GRIP, and advise me. I know seven young ladies, young, pretty, accomplished, well connected—*everything*—any one of whom would gladly become Mrs. Ego to-morrow, yet I hesitate to ask—to put the fateful question, so sure am I that the answer, whatever it might be, would be destructive to my peace of mind. Should it be "yes," I know I would never forgive myself for not having asked one of the others—and were it "no!"—but my heart sinks, my brain reels at the bare conjecture.

I say nothing of the bitter animosity that would be engendered in the hearts of the six less fortunate maidens, and those of their male and female relatives †—that I know would be awful. I only ask you to take pity on a not altogether "poor young man" and aid me with your counsel.

Your constant reader

EGO.

The Metropolis, Nov., '78.

GRIP's advice to EGO is that of the immortal HORACE—"GREELY," not "FLACCUS"—"GO WEST YOUNG MAN!"

* He sent us seventeen, taken in different attitudes. No, EGO, you do not appear to have changed much since you were a baby. Wait a few years for your whiskers and moustache though. (ED. GRIP)

† Don't let that alarm you, Peacock! (ED. GRIP)

The Conservative Leader to His Followers.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For the years that we've spouted at picnics away,
To see once more round me my old Tory friends
All once more looking forward to glad quarter day?

And remember we need not on that day alone
Rest our hopes of progression in booty and pelt,
For each day and each week to the calendar known
Will give each one new chances of helping himself.

Oh, what joys the Pacific hath for us in store,
Which no wonder our TUPPER is anxious to push,
You remember how nearly we grabbed them before,
But our golden bird 'scaped from us into the bush.

He shall not 'scape again; by yon orb of day,
By this goblet which to our success now I drain,
That bright bird Paradisaic shall here with us stay
Till no feather unplucked does upon him remain.

Then Protection—I know that it troubles you sore,
How the work that we've pledged we'll contrive to get through,
Well, what then?—sure experience has taught you before
If you don't wish to pay, why 'tis best to renew.

Its apostle—who got us the places we hold,
How severely and quickly we dished him you know,
We have used him, and then left him out in the cold,
For we won't tread the path where he wished us to go.

You're aware of the reason, your leader has showed
You before,—but keep mum—it is strict *entre nous*,
But remember it shortly: We don't know the road,
And we won't share our pay with the fellows who do.

So we'll go to the House, and we'll promises make
Of Protection and all of the good things to be,
But remark "Mustn't hurry; some time it will take,
In a session or two *such* results you shall see."

And we'll committees strike, and we'll evidence bring,
And we'll seem to be doing a deuce of a lot,
And when four or five sessions have flown on Time's wing
Why, quite up in the subject perhaps we'll have got.

Then we'll say "We're all ready Protection to give,
You won't turn us out now we've worked at it so long,
Give us but five years more and as sure as you live,
We'll go in for the National Policy strong.

Then meantime about pickings; but mind you I don't
Counsel you; but if people approaching you see
Who would bribe you for tariffs; I hope that you won't
Listen to them—at least, mind, don't implicate me.

We've good salaries got, boys; so give me a cheer,
And don't think for a moment, nor venture to say
That our big thumping majorities are coming here,
Just to vote for good measures. They'll vote for JOHN A.

ADVICE TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY—Write to the *Mail*.

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And it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations. Several illustrated articles descriptive of Canadian Sports and Scenery have recently appeared in its pages, and the magazine during the coming year will devote much space to matters of special interest to the Canadian public.

"**HAWORTH'S**" by Mrs Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

"**FALCONBERG**," by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Gunnar," "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement. Some of the incidents will be found of very curious interest, this being a study of a phase of life in the New World with which few Americans, even, are familiar. "Falconberg" began in the August number of 1878.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable. This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1809-45, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John P. Muir, the California naturalist. These are the most graphic and picturesque, and at the same time exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Meadows, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition,—the cities, the rivers and general resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the raciest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyesen, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.),—and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, their methods of teaching, &c.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on **How Shall We Spell** (two papers by Prof. Lounsbury), **The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places** (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Flushing), **Canada of To-day, American Art and Artists, American Archaeology, Modern Inventors**; also **Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems**; "Topics of the Time" by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements; Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.; Book Reviews; fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.

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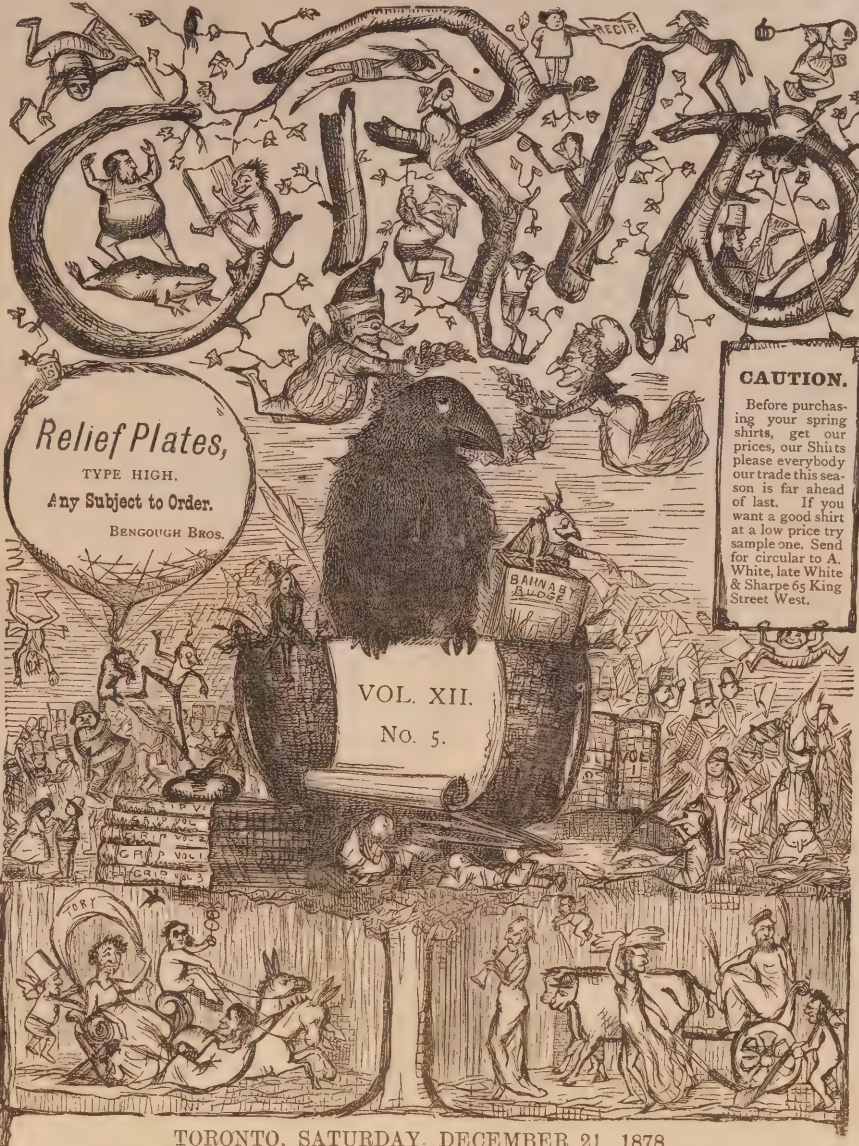
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VOL. XII.

No. 5.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 21ST DECEMBER, 1878.

TO NEWSDEALERS.—The Toronto News Co. are our wholesale agents; any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

To Correspondents.

J.M.S., Montreal.—Cannot at present lay our hand on the MS.

The Ballad of Ta Phairson.

TA PHAIRSON is a chieftain bold and fearfully contentious,
Wi' pamphlets on finance affairs—but far frae conscientious;
He oft himsel' has mixed in jobs o' questionable nature,
An' seems to doot there's only good in only ither creature.

He says he fights on neither side, but only for the nation,
An' always strives to tell the truth in every calculation,
But when the field o' battle's clear o' smoke an' a' its glories
Somehow TA PHAIRSON's always found amongst the chiefest Tories.

'Twas in the sacred cause o' Truth he fought against MACKENZIE,
An' scattered pamphlets through the land an' lectured in a frenzy;
An' cooked the public figures up to suit his party purpose,
To show that MAC. had run in debt while JOHN A. had a surplus.

'Twas in the sacred cause o' Truth that on the next occasion
He changed his mode o' reckoning for purpose o' evasion,
An' wi' a show o' bein' fair an' canny an' explicit,
He cooked up MOWAT's surplus an' made it a deficit.

When measured wi' a tailor's tape around this sauncy person,
There's few in a' the kintra side so great as is TA PHAIRSON;
But if ye measure manhood by fairness, truth, an' candour,
Ye'll scarce find any smaller man however far ye wander.

Prophetical Calendar for 1879.

JANUARY.—WENNOR issues a notification that the winter will be severe beyond all previous experience.

FEBRUARY.—Thermometer 120° in shade. Farmers busy ploughing and sowing. WENNOR in second edition of "Peoples Weather Chart" says he foresaw the intense heat when he was a baby, but had somehow forgotten the fact till now. Ontario House on account of trying temperature, postpones Session till 1880. Nobody misses it.

MARCH.—Hon. GEO. BROWN opens ice-cream kitchen for baked-out deserving-poor, in basement chamber of *Globe* office. Heat wondrous. Harvest commenced.

APRIL.—Editors of *Globe* and *Mail* issue joint card addressed "to the unregenerate public," certifying that having become unexpectedly converted by preaching of Mr. RINE, their respective journals will henceforth be run on strictly gospel and inner inwardness principles, and amalgamated under the title of "*The Daily and Weekly Consolidated Christian*," the only religious Toronto newspaper.

MAY.—WENNOR swaggers about in a white calico suit, and says he did it all, and can do it again whenever he likes. He guarantees that the great heat will last till Xmas. Mr. PATRICK BOYLE "swaps," with Archbishop LYNCH and becomes Archbishop of Toronto. Mr. LYNCH at request of the Pope taking the proprietorship and editorship of *Irish Canadian*.

JUNE.—Thermometer drops to 84° below zero. An ox roasted whole on Toronto Bay. WENNOR announces that 2nd edition of *Peoples Weather Chart* will appear immediately.

JULY.—Volume 5 of Census Papers—"in the printers' hands" eighteen months ago—makes its appearance. Lake Ontario frozen solid to the bottom. WENNOR in 3rd. edition says, "I told you so"—and certifies that he is the only original O.K. weather man. He wants a public subscription for a new hairy prophetic mantle, and note book, his present one being nearly worn out. He foresees a remarkable absence of storms for the rest of the year.

AUGUST.—Terrific hurricane from Gulf to Pacific. WENNOR telegraphs from British Columbia to Archbishop BOYLE that by a base hound printer's error; remarkable absence of storms" was substituted for "prevalence of hurricanes." He desires that the printers and publishers be forthwith excommunicated. He has, he says, more weather wis-

dom in his little finger than there are herrings in the ocean. The Exemption Abolition Bill having passed, the Council spend \$100,000 in a grand public display of fireworks, and resolve "That the following pressing items of outlay imperatively requisite, render it impracticable and inexpedient to reduce present low rate of 26 mills in the dollar:—Mace, gold chain and robes for Mayor; Indemnity on Parliamentary basis for Councillors; "Something" for various "Boys;" New City Hall, with tower 380 feet high; Ten new Fire Halls; Silver Cradle for future Mayoresses, who may want it; \$500,000 bonus for new railway; Winter garden and rink; Filling up the gap with dressed Ohio stones; Main off-take sewer; Dry dock; Wet dock; Swimming baths for the million; Three additional reservoirs; Permanent pavements in 120 streets; Reclamation of the Marsh; Reclamation of the Island; Something more for some more Boys.

SEPTEMBER.—WENNOR in 4th edition, suggests public statue to himself, as only infallible weather guide and philosopher for the nation. His note-book indicates, as before, continuance of present low temperature. Court presentation female attire at Rideau Hall ordered to be severely on fig-leaf fashion, Anno Mundi 1. No medical certificates entertained to the contrary.

OCTOBER.—Repetition of excessive heat. Not a sea-serpent seen in any ocean or newspaper. WENNOR, in a "stop-press" to his Weather Guide, says that "the old man is right again," and that nothing in the weather prediction is genuine without the signature of the aforesaid L.W.

NOVEMBER.—Proprietors of *Consolidated Christian* intimate that as the April arrangement has not proved a paying affair, they feel constrained unwillingly to renounce Christianity, and that the "Only Religious" has been resolved into its former dual carnal elements, with all the name implies. Great disgust of *Telegram*, which having stuck to heathen principles was doing a tremendous business.

DECEMBER.—In a moment of temporary sanity all the Provincial Legislatures, Councils, Lient. Governors, and Executives vote themselves out of existence. A Federal Cabinet and Parliament at Ottawa and the respective County Councils transact respectively all the national and local business amid general public rejoicing. Everybody wonders why the thing was not thought of before. L.W. directs the public to look out for Weather Almanac for 1880—A "sure thing."

OTTAWA, DEC. 16, 1878.

My Dear Mr. GWIP:

Pawdon the liberty I take in addressing you without a personal introduction, but weally you are positively the only one in the Provincial Journal line—beg pawdon again for the twade-like expwession—who seems to have a pwopah idea of the cowect welations based upon the social scale you know, existing between us—when I say us of cawth I mean the Mowhaw Countwy and yourselves the—aw—the Canadians. A military man myself—though on leave at present, I of cawth take moaw interest in matters connected with the awmy, than those in welayon to meah civilians. Now, my deah GWIP—pawdon again the familiawity—what weally is youah opinion as wegawds the new corps heah wearing the uniform of the gawds? I am not pwejudiced, you know; the mens' physyque is vewy good and cweditable for colonial troops; but is it not wather awfully jolly widiculous for them to assume owah uniforms? I weally don't like it. I am witing home by next steamah, and would like your opinion on this and kindred mattaws at once.

I am, Sir, yours and the country's servant,

CARNABY JENKS,

Lieut. 2 Troop Squadron, H. M. 14th Regt.
Sky Blue Guards.

Mr. GRIP presents his compliments to Sir CARNABY JENKS, and begs to say that he is quite in accord with that gallant officer on the subject of colonial military uniform. He is of opinion that the Ottawa guards ought to be clad in such a way as to clearly distinguish them from similar regiments on service at Coldstream, Grenadier, and other places. To this end the men ought to be prohibited from wearing eye-glasses, except when on duty. The uniform should be immediately changed. Let the Canadian troops be clad in a fashion becoming the country. Then helmets, pelisses, tunics, sabretaches, and haversacks should be trimmed with muskrat fur, which would not only be typical, but also useful, as the sentinel could then distinguish the relief from the enemy by his olfactory nerves and might be permitted an occasional nap while on guard. This would also serve to keep the regiment in good odour. Mr. GRIP is further of opinion that our Ottawa guards ought to be furnished with other weapons besides the short and comparatively harmless canes which they at present carry. Although with these ornaments alone our gallant defenders have made many brilliant conquests on Sparks street, they might be found scarcely adequate in a bloody engagement with Gen. BEN BUTLER'S Soft-Money Dragoons, who threaten to invade our Dominion. GRIP will be most happy to furnish Sir CARNABY with a letter of introduction to the Minister of Militia (who knows nearly as much about military affairs as GRIP does), and who will no doubt be happy to have a friendly chat with our gallant correspondent provided our gallant correspondent will order in the champagne.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE POLITICIANS.





The Campaign of John A.

'Twas what was left of old JOHN A., on his last legs who stood. Turned out for some financial tricks quite the reverse of good, When gaunt and thin in suit of grey he wandered through the town And talked to T. C. PATTESON (where's he?) with visage down.

"Alas," he groaned, as quite forlorn he wandered down each street, "Who would have thought Canadians *could* see through the ALLAN cheat?

Oh, had it but succeeded what a future were for me, I'm done and blighted—not a leaf is left on any tree.

"Oh, then I had a palace built, not down in Kingston though, For quite too much of me they did down there begin to know. But I'd have had a gorgeous one with dining rooms of state And such a cellar down below as we would excavate.

"But now I'm done; I'm smashed; I'm broke; MACKENZIE'S floored me quite.

Oh, why was I brought up to do the things that weren't right?" Just then he passed where men of thought did congregated be And saw where one did write about a National Policy.

"A big word that; a jolly cry," remarked the sapient JOHN, And made the man explain to him what he was writing on. "I'll never understand it quite, my friend," he said, "I doubt," But I'll be bound I'll learn enough of it to talk about."

He wended straight unto the rooms belonging to the Mail, "Ho! Shout Protection: that's the thing; it must and shall prevail. Hurrah for Nash'nal Policy; mind henceforth that's your biz, And by the way, get some one who can tell us what it is."

They shouted all around the town, and through the country wide, Protection! Policy! The thing! Hooray! it shall be tried. They sought the men who planned it, and they got them to indite Their papers, and the Policy they got them out to write.

And all the crew Conservative who wanted place to get Yelled "Back the Policy; it is, by Jove, the best thing yet, Who cares, boys, what the deuce it means; it means, you'll find out, this.

Worked right, to get our salaries again it will not miss.

And all the honest fellows who the country wished to serve Worked for them, and to get them in again strained every nerve, While all the clique officials who officials were no more Cared, was to use them, when they meant to show them straight the door.

JOHN A. got in, and all his friends he gathered soon around, They drank, they swore, they shouted till the U.E. did resound, By all the ancient Compact's bones; we're in, now take your ease; As for you other chaps, be off; we need no Policies.

The feast is spread at Ottawa, for plunder now prepare, The Nationalists we've turned adrift; there's none with us shall share. There's lots of cash to borrow; there's the Fishery Award; What man of us don't now grow fat is worthy of a cord.

Split.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

Dramatis Personæ:—CLUB SWELL, WORKINGMAN, CLUB FOOTMAN.

ACT I, SCENE I.—*Club Chambers*—Swell at Table C. sitting reading *Phipps on Phallacies*.

SWELL.—I wonder what those wooden headed caitiffs mean by kicking up such an infernal row about their "rights" as they call them, and at this time of all others, just on the eve of an election! But 'twas ever thus—the old tale of Sops to Cerebus; they don't know when they've got enough. Because they have thought fit to help us and themselves they want to run the whole—

Enter FOOTMAN, Door R.

FOOT.—A gentleman wishes to see you, Sir.

SWELL.—A gentleman? Has he any indications of having any "papers" about him? Has he been here before? (*Uneasily*) It's not that—

FOOT.—No, Sir it's not him (*aside*) TED the bailiff.

SWELL.—Show him in.

Enter WORKINGMAN—Walks with hostile expression straight to C. SWELL.

W.M.—Sir, I represent the noble workmen of the Noble Ward, and I want to know at once the course you intend to take as regards me and my feller workmen. Now, I wish to hinform you, Sir, that if the bloated arist—

SWELL.—My good fellow—I should say my dear Sir, kindly be seated, and might I suggest that you remove your hat, the weather outside is severe and you might take cold.

W.M.—All right, Guv'nor (*takes off hat and sits opposite C. SWELL*)

SWELL.—Sir, you are a workingman and I am rejoiced to see you—JOHN, bring a bottle of port (*wine brought*). The object of my existence has been since I first conceived the idea of entering into public life to benefit the workingman. Sir, I admire and respect the horny handed worker. I could, Sir, look for hours with pleasure on the workingman toiling at his honest task. I venerate him—take a glass of wine, Sir, do.

W.M.—Thankee, 'ere's towards us. (*drinks*)

SWELL.—Now, my good fel—dear Sir, may I enquire what your particular work is—your trade in fact, I am deeply interested in the cause I assure you, now, what do you work at?

W.M.—Well, Sir, ye see, I'm appointed President of the Young Men's Working Association, and I 'ave so much to do with Committee affairs—

SWELL.—Now tell me, when did you work last?

W.M.—Well, Sir, you see the times have been so 'ard in concivence of them infernal Grits 'olding the reins of power, that I 'ave not worked for a hawful long time; but if you will hact with us and—

SWELL.—Why, confound you for an egotistical tool of a blatant gathering of ignorami! you're no more a working man than I am. Look you here, Sir! when *we* have arranged a plan to better your condition, don't you presume to hinder its working by any of your shallow treacheries, or by the great JUPITER TONANS, we'll have you up for conspiring, and act with you as did the ruthless tyrant BROWN, who if ye heed not will remain in a position to trample ye again under the iron heel of his juggernaut—I mean his boot! JOHN, show this fellow out. (*Exit workingman I.L.E. on the double*)

Tableau—Curtain.

The New Adaptation.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD as "*Falstaff*."

MACFALSTAFF—(*To Canada*).—I am called to offices of state. Miss CANADA, say what thing thou wouldst most in the world, it is thine. Hark thee, lend me \$7,000; it shall be quintiply repaid. Come to see me at Court. What, shall we not be brave? Marry, we shall.

TUPPER—(*As Pistol*).—A fico for the worldlings base I of Protection speak, and golded joys. Prithee, Miss CANADA, lend me also \$7,000. I will repay thee. Gogswounds! I will! Death and basket-blades! I will most unutterably strike off the head of the base cottle who squeaks I will not! Why, I am about to do thee such favours (what they are I know not, but I read them in a pamphlet) as that mighty Afric and great Ind should be poured into thy lap. Knowst not me! What reach me of thy pecuniaries—thou shalt have interest, coz, I am PISTOL, I! Wilt have the plnnder of the Celestials? Shall I take ATROPOS by the ear; shall he not disgorge for thee? (*Roars*) I will-l-l hau-l-l him-m-m from the depths of his-s-s infernal-l-l pit-t-t. (*Softly*) Lend me the \$7,000, chuck.

SCENE II.

PISTOL-TUPPER in front of casement. ENTER gang of Speculators.

FIRST SPECULATOR—(*Exhibits Manufacturers' Policy leaf*).—Good master PISTOL, I do peg you will eat this leaf.

PISTOL-TUPPER—(*Jumps up*).—Fire, Fiends, Death! Fury! What ho! Help! Sir JOHN! Sir JOHN. (*Knocks at casement*).

SIR JOHN—(*Within*).—Can't attend at present! Most important session—matters of State; be off! (*Heavy fall heard on bed*).

PISTOL-TUPPER.—The Great Sir JOHN

Lies ill of present and contagious hurt,

Leave this, besognios, vanish, scuttlet, tramp,

Or I with ra-a-age unquench-h-h-able shall-l-l-l—

2ND SPECULATOR—(*Beats him*).—I pray you eat this.—(*Gives leaf*).

PISTOL-TUPPER—(*Eats*).—All hell-l-l shall-l-l smoke for this!

3RD SPECULATOR.—Eat well, I pray you; it is good for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

PISTOL-TUPPER.—But I did swear

To put the National Policy in force,

Nor eat such stuff as—

1ST SPECULATOR—(*Beats him*).—Eat.

PISTOL-TUPPER.—Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

CANADA—(*Enters with her Parliamentary servants*).—These be two coggig impudent knaves who imposed themselves on me. Turn them out, and others who were with them likewise, I must have capable men.

Tough on William.

GRIP is prepared to read almost anything about his friend the Hon. WILLIE MACDOUGALL in the Grit papers, but he confesses to his astonishment at finding the following words of truth and soborness in the editorial column of the *Conservative Free Press* of London:

"It is a pity that Mr. Macdougall will not consent to go where he is so much needed, and where he could effect so much through that moral courage so deficient in the Grit ranks. But surely he will not stay long in Ottawa, where he has been so shabbily treated by Sir John and all the rest of the Conservative magnates. He has not only met with the cold shoulder, he has been absolutely ignored in official circles. Cold comfort this for Wandering Willie, and a poor return for such services as he rendered to the patriotic cause during the late campaign. But then it is just like Sir John. He is always alienating his friends, embittering his foes, and snubbing those who have served him and the country at the very moment when service tells.

Municipal Elections.

1879. MAYORALTY. 1879.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE
CITY OF TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—

Having been presented with a requisition signed by a very large number of the most influential Ratepayers of the City, asking me to allow myself to be put in nomination for the Mayoralty for 1879, I take this means of placing myself in your hands as a candidate for that position, being assured, by the signatures to the Requisition (which I shall publish at an early day through the press) that I shall receive your hearty support. I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

P. G. CLOSE.

xii-3-4t.

1879. MAYOR. 1879.

To the Electors of the City of
Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—In response to a numerous signed requisition, and the general demand of citizens interested in economy and improved administration of civic affairs, I place myself before the public as a candidate for the Mayoralty. As I hope to meet my fellow-citizens in public meetings and otherwise, I will hereafter more fully explain my views on the financial and general interests of the city.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES BEATY, Jr.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

ALEX. MANNING,

AS

MAYOR FOR 1879.

ST. ANDREW'S WARD.

Your vote and Influence are Respectfully
solicited forWM. DIXON,
AS ALDERMAN FOR 1879.

The Election takes place on Monday, January 6th, 1879.

EAST TORONTO ELECTION

VOTE FOR

JOHN LEYS,

THE RESIDENT CANDIDATE

Who was one of the first citizens to advocate and help to construct our

NARROW GAUGE RAILWAYS,

Which have been the means of reducing the price of your fuel nearly ONE HALF, and which have done so much to build up East Toronto, and

NOT FOR AN OUTSIDER

Who has no stake in the City, and who has never lost a day or expended a dollar in promoting your interests.



Central Prison of Ontario

Tenders for Prison Labour.

Offers addressed to the undersigned will be received up to noon of

Friday, 20th December,

for leasing, for a term of five years, the labour of 50 or more of the prisoners committed to the Central Prison at Toronto, together with shops and the machinery and fixtures therein contained.

Specifications and terms under which the contract will be carried on, together with description of the shops, plant, and machinery proposed to be leased with the labour, can be seen at the office of the Manager of the Prison Industries on the Prison premises, or upon application to the undersigned, at his office in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto. The highest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted. Bonds for the proper fulfilment of the contract will be required.

J. W. LANGMUIR,

Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities.

Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Dec. 10, 1878.

xii-4-2t

ELECTORS OF
EAST TORONTO

VOTE FOR

JOHN LEYS,

THE RESIDENT CANDIDATE!

Whose interests are the same as your own, and

NOT FOR AN OUTSIDER

Who has no Stake whatever in the City.

EAST TORONTO ELECTION

ELECTORS,

VOTE FOR

Hon. Alexander Morris,

A tried and able administrator, and turn out an incapable and extravagant Government.

Vote for HON. ALEXANDER MORRIS, and speed the National Policy and the revival of manufactures in our midst.

Keep out the nominee of George Brown and the Starvationists.

The workmen of East Toronto must have fair play. MR. MORRIS will get it for them. Mr. Leys will not be allowed to help them.

TO PHONOGRAPHERS!

Just to hand a full Stock of ISAAC PITMAN'S
Text Books.

Compend of Phonography	5 cts.
Exercises in Phonography	5
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Reporter	75
Reporting Exercises	20
Phrase Book	30
Covers for holding Note Book	20
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60
Self-culture, corresponding style	60
The Book of Psalms, corresponding style	35
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Harmony of the Gospels (2 vols.)	\$1.00
Types and Emblems, Spurgeon.	60c.
The Domestic World, by the Author of "Enquire Within."	75c.
Sermons by Talmage, (cloth).	\$1.00
Sermons by Cochrane, (morocco).	\$1.50
Studies for the Pulpit, 300 Sermons.	\$2.00
Lectures & Sermons by Punshon, (morocco).	\$2.50
Toronto of old by H. Scadding, D.D., (morocco).	\$3.00
Songs of our Youth, with music, by Author of "John Halifax Gentleman."	\$2.50
Views and Interviews on journalism.	\$1.00
Workshop Appliances by Shelly, (cloth).	\$1.00
Elements of Mechanism, (cloth)	\$1.00
Stones Crying Out, (cloth).	\$1.00
Business by a Merchant, (cloth).	\$1.00
A Legend of the Grand Gordons, Illustrated.	\$3.00
Gill's Stair Builder,	\$4.00
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100 Proverbs of Solomon.	15c
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100 Sayings of St. Paul.	15c.
Sent to any address, postage paid on receipt of price.	

U can make money faster at work for us than at any thing else. Capital not required: we will start you \$12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

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100 ACRES**
In the Township of Uxbridge.
Would exchange for entire horse, weighing 1,700 or 1,800 pounds, and not more than 8 years old.
BENGOUGH BROS.

Received Jan. 8, 1879,
PITMAN'S
Teacher, Exercises and Dictionary.

If those customers who favoured us with orders during the past two weeks will kindly repeat, they will be filled without delay.
BENGOUGH BROS.

FARM FOR SALE.
A very desirable farm for a gentleman's residence, consisting of 31 acres, in the Township of Pickering, County of Ontario, overlooking Frenchman's Bay. A small stream runs through the north west corner. There is

A Capital Orchard
of Pears, Plums, Cherry and Apple Trees, covering twelve acres. On nine acres of this Orchard the trees are only six years old, just commencing to bear. The soil is as good as can be found in the township, which is equivalent to saying there is none better in the province.

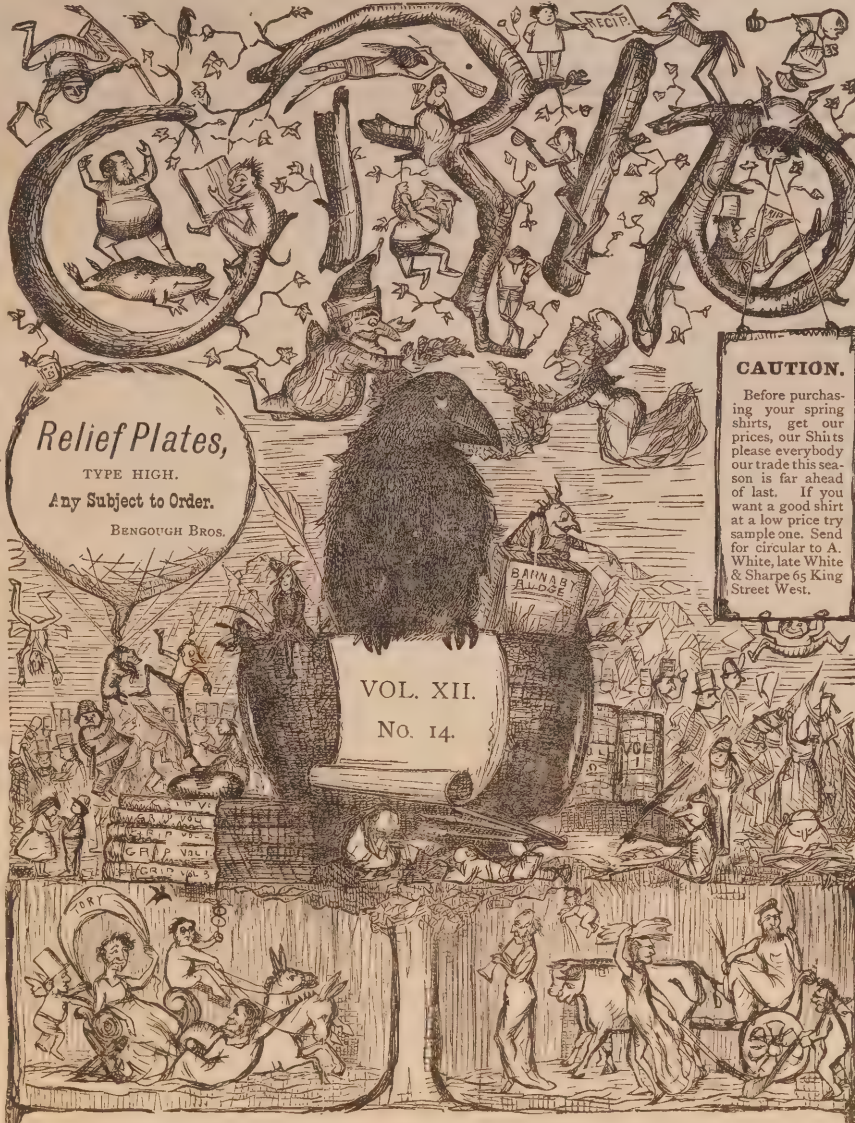
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Manufacturing Stationers, TORONTO.**

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Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

GRIP OFFICE, { The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.
IMPERIAL BUILDING. { The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.

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**MOURNING CARDS, DRAWING BOOKS, PAPER CLIPS,
PEN RACKS, &c.,
AT WHOLESALE PRICES.**
BENGOUGH BROS., Toronto.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

\$1.50

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Dry 100 Pieces, at the
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TER-AT-LAW, etc. Offices
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ier suitable for setting up list. Apply
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Apply to
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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Beast is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 22ND FEBRUARY, 1879.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers will please observe that the date marked on the address-slip, opposite the name, indicates the time up to which the subscription has been paid.

A Typical Photograph.

GRIP extends his congratulations to Messrs. NOTMAN and FRASER on the admirable photographs they have taken of His Excellency and Princess LOUISE; as a Canadian he shares the pride the firm properly feels in the fact that the royal sitters consider the pictures the best they have ever had executed. There is one defect about the photo. of the Marquis, however, that every lover of Canada must regret, namely, an absence of chilliness. True, his lordship is standing almost knee deep in snow, and has snow carefully and artistically distributed in the wrinkles of his coat and cap, and there are several snow banks in the background. But that will not give the folks at home an adequate idea of the climate he is at present so bravely enduring. There should have been an iceberg or two thrown in, and a thermometer indicating forty degrees below zero, and a lady in the distance in a low-necked dress on her way to be presented. It might have heightened the realistic effect still more if the artist could have photographed the Vice-regal nose of a blueish shade, but perhaps that couldn't be done. Our Old Country relatives are beginning to believe that Canada has a pretty decent climate after all, and it is too bad that this erroneous impression should be encouraged in Vice-regal photographs for want of an abundance of cold scenery.

Economy.

"It is beyond doubt, Mrs. JONES," said JONES *pater*, elevating his head, and looking stern, "that in these hard times we might save a great deal of money by doing things for ourselves, which we now hire people to do."

"That's just like you, Mr. JONES," said JONES *mater*, "you talk of such things, but you never do them. Why, now there's Mr. BROWN—" and Mrs. JONES tossed her head, to signify that compared to Mr. BROWN, Mr. JONES was in general, nowhere.

"BROWN!" roared JONES, with such explosive effect that the cat, which had been sitting on an elevated piece of furniture by his side, leaped right over his head into the hall, and rushed spitting down-stairs.

But Mrs. JONES merely said, pretending to look across the street, "Were you calling him? I don't see him."

"Pray, what were you saying about him?" asked the subsiding JONES.

"I said he could do something in the economizing line," calmly answered Mrs. JONES, smoothing down the stuff she was sewing.

"What has he done ma'am?" asked JONES, "I never see him do anything."

"Just built himself a lovely new verandah; got the boards and nails, and saved the whole carpenter's bill," answered Mrs. JONES. "And you often promised to build one, when you could afford to pay SHAVINGS' bill. Now, if you could economize, why not do it yourself? you've time enough, and I'll help you. But you can't!"

"By Jingo, I can!" exclaimed JONES, "I will commence to-morrow."

And to-morrow, sure enough, a cart came up to the door, with a great heap of boards, and a box of new tools. Mr. JONES, with great dignity bringing up the rear, and instructing the carter in a very audible voice.

"Put the clear lumber here, the scantling there, and the siding above it!" said Mr. JONES, looking proudly at his wife. "Carry the tool chest into the shed!" All right. The carter left, and Mrs. JONES asked when they would begin.

"Now!" said JONES. His look of Roman decision would have brought down any theatre. It even slightly affected Mrs. JONES. He evidently *did* know the names of things. But then no doubt the lumbermen had told him.

"Now," said Mr. JONES, with an air of determination, dignity, and resource altogether indescribable, "we will commence. These boards have to be planed, and sawn in two. We will plane them first. Put it on this old table, so, and hold it."

Mrs. JONES did so. Mr. J. took the jack-plane in hand with the look of REGULUS saving his country, and planed. No, he did not plane. It would not plane. It jumped and scratched, and tore up knots and made slivers, and flew right and left, and left the board worse than it found it. Mr. JONES, in a profuse perspiration, took his coat off.

"I think," said Mrs. JONES, looking at the edge of the tool, "it needs sharpening."

"Nonsense," said Mr. JONES, "it is quite new; new tools never need sharpening, for it's just as easy to make them with an edge as not. Apply Logic to the rules of common life, Mrs. JONES, and we never err. What we need is first to saw the board in two."

By their continued they now placed the obstinate board on two chairs. Mr. JONES seized a saw, took good aim, and went for the board as if he were a Chinaman condemned to sleeplessness until he had cut ten cords of firewood. Alas for the intentions of JONES, he had taken the ripping saw instead of the cross-cut, and it hung and caught, and splintered; and bent, and twisted, and at length, half way across the board, would not saw.

"Such tools!" said Mrs. JONES.

This reflection on his purchasing ability maddened JONES. He made a desperate effort. When we make a desperate effort, we either make a great success or a great failure. Mr. JONES did not make a great success: His hand, holding the board on the opposite side, slipped with the fury of his onward rush, and he fell forward, executing a very neat summersault over the saw, receiving its pointed handle in his stomach *en passant*, while the astounded Mrs. JONES viewed him standing inverted on his best silk hat, which unable to bear the pressure, expanded till his head went completely into it, while with one overbalancing roll his form lay on the floor, his foot went through the window. Mrs. JONES recovers sufficient presence of mind to utter an ear-piercing squall, and the saw vibrating angrily in the wood, buzzed like a reptile which had stung some one. *Tableau.*

Mr. JONES arose. He could not see, that being, with a hat enclosing one's face, out of the question. In fact, Mrs. JONES had to unhelm him with her scissors, while Mr. J. vigorously rubbed his saw-handle punched stomach. In these emergencies we have always two courses—one to get very angry, the other to laugh the matter off, the latter being invariably adopted when reflection allows. Mr. JONES' process of liberation gave time for reflection, and he laughed, laughed uproariously, and Mrs. JONES, of course, as she had not been hurt, and in fact had had a sort of free ticket to a very amusing entertainment, laughed also. The work then proceeded. "Try the other saw," said Mrs. JONES. It is a remarkable fact known only to philosophers that female advice often contains actual inspiration. They are the medium—the connecting link—not DARWIN's desideratum, but that between us and some superior sphere. This explains the attraction their society possesses, especially for the youthful and enthusiastic, and throw light on a vast variety of endless complications. GRIP begs to remark that this explanation is patent and secured to his heirs, and goes on. The other saw worked like magic, absolutely flying through the board—going through it so fast, in fact, that Mrs. JONES, who was sitting on one end of it, was dropped with remarkable sharpness to the ground. Now this would have been of no consequence, if it had not happened that Mr. JONES, who meant to have all things ready, had had sent to him a pot of liquid glue, which reposed prepared on a window-seat by Mrs. JONES, and that lady rejoicing in a wealth of hair, this glory of woman caught the pot-handle and poured the whole adhesive deluge on her luxuriant tresses, which being at the same moment plunged by her fall into the heap of shavings, converted her instantly into a frightful object, which rose, shrieking and clawing frantically at a huge mass of shavings which seemed determined to involve her head for all future time, and rushed furiously towards the house, where BIDDY, brought to open the door by the turmoil, and seeing some altogether unexplainable and apparently terrible creature rushing towards the entrance, incontinently made loud application in choice Hibernian for the assistance of various highly respectable saints, banged and bolted the door, fled to the kitchen, seized the poker, dropped it, rushed into her bedroom, and stuck her head in the pillows, while the JONES's had to find entrance at the back door.

Over what processes of the toilet restored them to their usual respectable appearance GRIP draws a veil, which he finds it the more convenient to do, as he is ignorant of the particular methods employed. But he knows that next day Mr. JONES employed a powerful African to split the lumber into kindling wood, and sent the tools to a second-hand store, while the topic of glue, shavings, or carpentering operations in general, is rigidly interdicted in the JONES family.

A Fable.—The Fox and the Goat.

ONCE a Fox and a Goat found themselves at the bottom of a deep Depression called Hard Times. The Goat lamented loudly because of its inability to get out. "If this had been properly Protected," said the Goat, "I would not now be here." "True," said the Fox "but I know a plan that will immediately get you out of here. Place your front feet against the side of the Pit; I will climb out over your back and as you can perceive may easily pull you out by the horns." The Goat was much struck with this brilliant proposal and did as requested. On the 17th of September the Fox leaped out of the pit by the aid of the Goat and walked leisurely around. "My dear Goat," said the Fox on being asked to perform his part of the contract, "I will give you your case the most complete consideration. In February I will call together my brethren and we will deliberate on the best method of getting you out." The Goat of Trade is still in the pit.

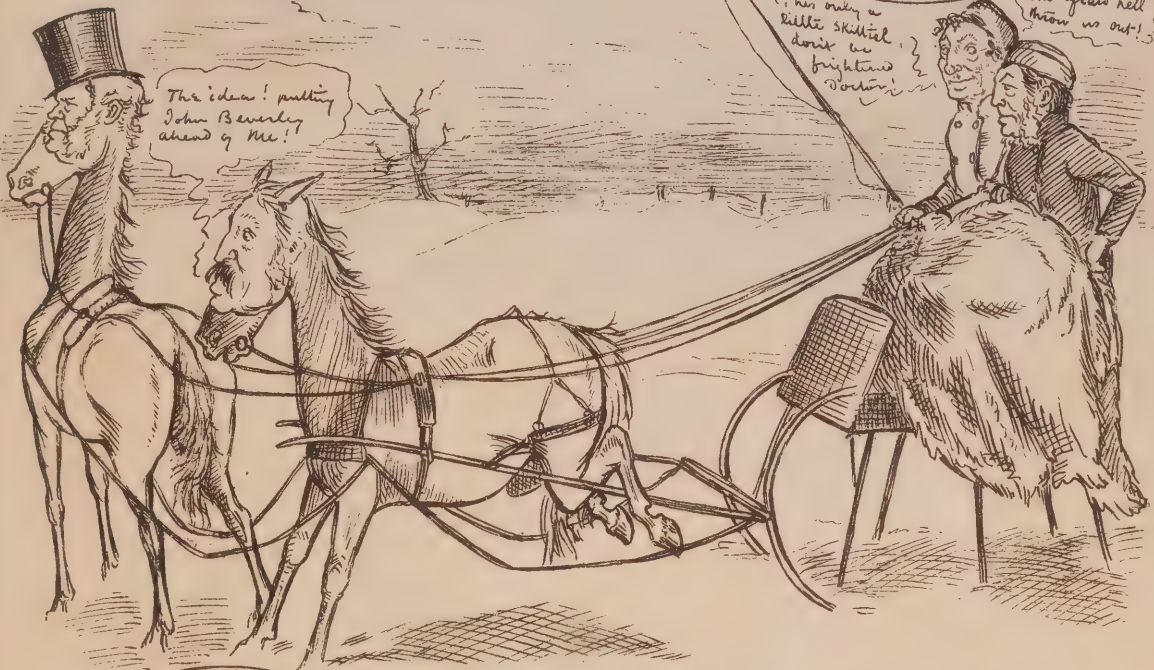
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some of you under the
right rib every
morning."



The Question of the House.



Oh, he's only a
little skittish,
don't be
frightened
Doctor!

I'm afraid he'll
throw us out!



The Depressed Manufacturer
at Ottawa.

Kicking over the
Traces.



Benjamin.

The Depressed Manufacturer's wife
at Ottawa.

CURRENT TOPICS.



Soliloquy of the Hon. Wm. MacHamlet. (Shakespeare.)

While such powerful legislators as Mr. Rufus Stephenson, Mr. Rochester, Mr. Haggart and Mr. T. White sit cheek-by-jowl with the Cabinet Ministers, Mr. Macdougall is kept at arms' length.—*Hamilton Times*.

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
Is it not monstrous that this Mr. PHIPPS,
But in a fiction, in a dream of office,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That at his letters all the Cabinet paled,
Globe in his hand, distraction in's aspect,
A caustic pen, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his chagrin ? And all for nothing !
For Policy !

What's Policy to him, or he to Policy
That he should weep for it ? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have ? He would upset the Government,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the burkers of the great N.P.,
Confound the Cabinet and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears !

Yet I,
A dull and wandering politician peak,
Like JOHN A's slave, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no, not for myself
Upon whose services and most dear hopes
A dam'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
Who calls me villain ? gives me a back seat,
Shoves me aside and snickers in my face ?
Tweaks me by the nose ? gives ROBINSON and WHITE
And STEPHENSON my place ? Who does me this ?
Ha !

Why, I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter ; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the vulture Grits
With JOHN A's scandals ; shiftless, tricky villain,
Remorseless, treacherous, heartless, scheming villain !
O, vengeance !

Why, what an ass am I. This is most brave,
That I, a statesman known as *practical*,
Prompted to my revenge by everything,
Must take this slight, and swallow down my wrath,
And 'fore the gathered wisdom of the land
Be sat upon !

Fie upon it ! foh ! about, my brain. I have heard
That guilty creatures, who have done sly tricks,
Have by a pamphlet setting forth their sins
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They've done the handsome to the writer on't ;
I'll write a pamphlet ! That's the very way
I'll catch again the conscience of JOHN A !

Parliament Boiled down.

Thursday Feb. 13.—Her Majesty's faithful Commons of Canada assembled in the Senate Chamber, and were informed that as soon as they had elected a Speaker they would hear of something to their advantage from the Governor General. The members bowed and repaired to the Commons Chamber.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD moved, seconded by the Hon. Lieut. TUPPER, that Dr. JOSEPH BODERIC BLANCHET take the chair and the salary.

Hon. WM. MACDOUGALL merely winced.

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE said he had expected that Mr. ANGLIN would have been reappointed, as Sir JOHN had on a recent occasion blarneyed that gentleman's abilities, and declared his admiration for the British system of making the Speakership an office dependent on health or good behaviour. He was not surprised, however, at the summersault of the Premier.

Dr. BLANCHET was then assisted to the chair, being overcome with the weight of unexpected honour thus thrust upon him.

Hon. Mr. MACDOUGALL winced again, and the House adjourned.

Friday, Feb. 14.—The Commons assembled in the Senate Chamber (those who could get through the crowd of native aristocrats and small boys) and listened to an eloquent speech by the Marquis, specially written for him by Mr. TILLEY. Mr. W. H. FRASER occupied a position behind the Throne. After reciting a few paragraphs about the Fishery Award and other things, copied from back numbers of the *Mail*, the eloquent Governor said it was the intention of the Government to aid in removing the commercial depression by a readjustment of the tariff with a view to developing and encouraging the various industries of Canada. He also remarked that the Government proposed to resolve itself into a Life Insurance Company.

After returning to their own chamber the Premier moved that the fun do commence on Monday. Carried, and the House adjourned.

Monday, Feb. 17.—Mr. BREKEN moved that the Speech from the Throne be considered satisfactory in every respect. The motion was seconded by Mr. TASSE. Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE with singular originality said the bill of fare was very meagre. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD said it was no such thing, and if the Grits would hold on a little they would find that the Government would carry out everything they proposed. The motion was carried and the House adjourned.

Tuesday, Feb. 18. Mr. ANGLIN moved for returns to show why certain clerks appointed by him as Speaker, had been dismissed by the Government. He declared this to be an outrage on his own dignity and that of the House.

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD advised Mr. ANGLIN to keep cool, as the Speaker of a defunct Parliament had no right to make such appointments, and the Government had done the correct thing in kicking the clerks out again. Mr. COCKBURN said Sir JOHN was sound in his ideas. Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE said he was doubtful, but he would say more about it when the returns were brought down. Hon. Mr. MACDOUGALL said he knew something about the powers of a Speaker as he had almost been one himself, and he was inclined to think JOHN A. was acting crookedly.

Wednesday, Feb. 19.—JOHN A. said he hadn't any idea of pardoning RIEL at present. The day was spent in propounding conundrums to the Ministry.

THERE is going to be a fancy dress carnival at the Temperance Street Roller Skating Rink on Thursday, 27th. Members of the Manufacturers Association may appear as log-rollers.

The New College.

THE new Protestant Episcopal School of Divinity, about to be erected on Yonge street avenue, will be a handsome edifice. It is to be in the strictly Evangelical of style architecture—neither High nor Broad. It will be constructed of regular bricks, and will be very unlike Trinity College, which resembles Knox a Little too much. The acoustic properties will be carefully attended to, so that the lecturers on Reformation Principles will give forth no uncertain sound. The seats will be very comfortable, but rather Low for certain sorts of Anglicans. The doors will be so contrived that they will slam shut unceremoniously in the faces of Ritualists and Puseyites, but will open politely before Protestants. Provost WHITIKER will probably not be appointed the first Principal.



THE Government is sweet on the sugar interests.

SALLIE HOLMAN looked nice in the new *Pinafore*.

NOTICES OF MOTION.—The calling off of the dances.

THE inhabitants of Quebec are plowing already,—with a snow plow.

THE KNOX-LITTLE controversy Knox-Little controversies all to one side.

THE National Policy when once in force will change the customs of the country.

DID you ever know a country to be duped by N. P. promises ? Never. What, never ? Well—hardly ever.

THE *Globe* admits the Pacific Scandal is dead. Then why not bury it ? What's the use of trying to adopt the mummy business in Canada.

A "PROFESSOR" of Etiquette is teaching ladies how to back with a train, for two dollars a head, which is just one dollar a foot. On the R.R. they back trains by reversing the engine.

PATTESON, PATTESON, my little man,
Stamp all the letters as fast as you can,
Fix 'em and sort 'em and mark them with T. (Toronto)
And try and be useful as Less-e-lie-E.

As a practical joke some young men locked teachers and pupils in St. Mary's School, London, the other day. Now, as a joke of course, these young men should be locked in either of London's institutions, the Jail or the Lunatic Asylum.

JOHN A. appointed Mr. PATTESON Postmaster because he has had experience in managing the *Mail*. GRIP hopes the new P.M. will not adopt "stabbing under the fifth rib" as one of the principles upon which he will conduct his new business.



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Good Things for 1878-79.

The arrangements for literary and art contributions for the new volume—the sixth—are complete, drawing from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys,

"A Jolly Fellowship."

Will run through the twelve monthly parts,—beginning with the number for November, 1878, the first of the volume,—and will be illustrated by James E. Kelly. The scene of this story, like that of the very successful one, "What Might Have Been Expected," published in ST. NICHOLAS, is laid in the South. For the girls a continued tale,

"Half a Dozen Housekeepers,"

By Katherine D. Smith, with illustrations by Frederik Deilman, begins in the same number; and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "Eyebright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairytale called

"Rumpty Dudget's Tower,"

Written by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of ST. NICHOLAS, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content, perhaps to let her five volumes already issued, prophesy concerning the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketches, and the lure and lore of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Very Little Folks" department, and the "letter-box" and "Riddle Box."

The November Number.

Attention is especially invited to the November number, which in many respects approaches nearer to our ideal than any number we have issued. It contains 72 pages, and its illustrations throughout are fine and varied. It begins two splendid serials. Its shorter papers represent a wide range of subject,—History, Travel, Fun, Poetry, Adventure, Science, Natural History, Home-life, Sport, and lively narrative,—the whole crowned by an appropriate Thanksgiving story.

Throughout are seen evidences and fruit of the editor's recent travel across the continent, and Mrs. Dodge's inimitable touches everywhere show the heartiness and zeal with which she resumes active editorial management. One long article and two poems in this number bear the signature, and in the Letter-Box she talks pleasantly with the young folks about her delightful journey to California.

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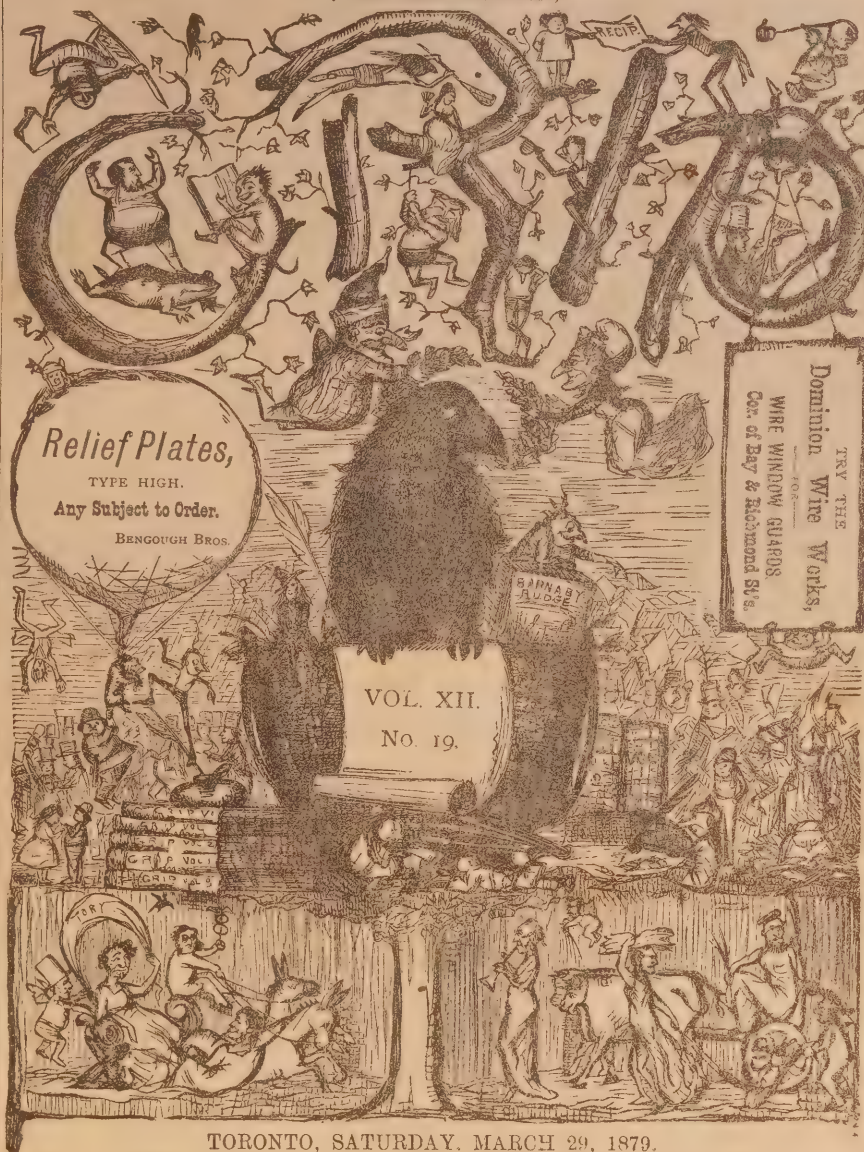
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Stage Whispers.

Mr. STEPHEN FISKE is dramatic critic of the *Spirit of the Times*.

It is said that GARIBALDI's daughter-in-law is playing in the pantomime in the Surrey Theatre, London.

Mr. CHARLES FECHTER, it is said, is devoting his energies to the completion of a new dramatic drama, the hero of which is "the son of destiny."

WALLACK's, "A Scrap of Paper" (Les Mouches) is being played, according to regular Wallackian tradition, with the natural highly artistic result.

The *Dramatic Mirror* predicts that "Pinafore" will be killed by the wretched travelling troupes. If some of the wretched travelling troupes are not also killed, they'll be lucky.

The Montreal City Council extinguished Madame FACHON and her follies. The indignant crowd will have to go elsewhere with their announcement, "Played to crowded houses in Toronto."

It seems that Mr. J. L. TOOLE actually won a prize in the Paris Lottery, and strange to say, it was a winnowing machine. Introduced into his next comedy, he will, with its aid, be able to evolve more "chaff" than ever!

Mr. ROSS RAYMOND, a well-known Philadelphia journalist, has had a comedy accepted by Manager GOODWIN of the Walnut. It is soon to be produced under the title of "News, in Three Editions and a Supplement."

GILBERT and SULLIVAN have a new piece, which is expected to be as good as "Pinafore," says *London World*. Six burglars break into a house, and fall in love with the six nieces of the proprietor before six policemen arrive.

Mr. E. A. SOTHERN arrived in London Feb. 28, where he will remain until April 14, when he will begin a short tour of the British Provinces, preparatory to leaving for America. He will spend the summer in Canada salmon fishing.

Mr. GLADSTONE lately went to see IRVING as Hamlet. But as no one could possibly take it that he was meant, he need not have put on a look of extra solemnity when the Danish Prince remarked that somebody "was a feller of infinite jest."

Mr. JAMES GREEN, son of Gov. GREEN of Toronto Gaol, made his debut at the Royal Opera House here last Thursday night in the character of *Henry V*. He acquitted himself very well, and now it is in order for all the young ladies to go wild about him.

Miss MARY ANDERS is about to produce "The Daughter of ROLAND," an adaptation of "La Fille de ROLAND," which has been made for her by Mr. JULIAN MAGNUS, whose name is an assurance that the young lady has got a thoroughly good piece of work.

Some of the foremost actors now on the stage are Irish or Irish-Americans. Among the former are JOHN MCCULLOUGH, BARRY SULLIVAN, DION BOUCAULT and JOHN BROUGHAM, all of Irish birth. LAWRENCE BARRETT is of Irish parentage on both sides. So is WILLIAM J. FLORENCE, whose family name is CONLIN, though FLORENCE is now his own legal name. JAMES O'NEILL, recently of the Union Square Company, and an actor of very superior talent, is of the same stock as his name implies. Signor FOLI, of the MAPLESON Opera Company, is an Irishman by birth.

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Notes of Music.

CAPOUL has signed an engagement for America to sing in operatta. He will receive 210,000 francs for six months.

Music has charms to soothe the savage. This is why we occasionally see a cross dog with a brass band around his neck.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*

M. VARNEY, the musician who composed the celebrated chant, "Mourir pour le Patrie," for ALEXANDER DUMAS' historical drama, "Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge," has just died in Paris.

ADELINA PATTI is singing in Geneva, and has in reserve \$76,000 which she has made since last October. Nature has been prodigal in bestowing both voice and flesh upon the musical PATTI.

Mlle. NILSSON, the great singer (songstress if you like) is passing the winter in Paris. She is in perfect bodily health, and she is dying of—ennui. Her husband, M. ROUZEAUD will not let her sing.

SIMS REEVES has a second son who is said to be a *tenore drammatico* of great promise. JOACHIM and STERNDAL BENNETT were his godfathers, and his full name is HERBERT STERNDAL JOACHIM SIMS REEVES. A grave responsibility rests on a youth who starts in life with such a name.

The famous tenor, Father GIOVANNI, whose magnificent vocal powers have given so much pleasure to both foreign and native church-goers in Rome during the last two or three years, has, after a serious illness, resumed his singing in the churches, and draws larger crowds than ever. He refuses to listen to any propositions to go on the stage, though he is said to be the finest tenor Italy has produced in twenty years.

MADAME LEMMENS-SHERINGTON, most finished of concert singers, is about to take up her residence in Belgium, with her husband; but London will have the pleasure of hearing her sweet voice for a few months every year. M. LEMMENS is founding a school at Malines for the study of Gregorian music, to which he has been composing harmonising accompaniments. The scheme has been approved in Rome, and large numbers of the young clergy are to be instructed in the newly arranged chant.

Mme. GERSTER is credited by a correspondent of *The Theatre* as saying: "My father was a carpenter in Kaschau. I used to go to school and work at home. I was always happy and always singing. I sang about my daily work as a bird sings, because my heart was full of joy and music. Sometimes poorer people stood in front of the window. I thought that was a great compliment, and I would sing just as well as I could. Well, one day when father was out to work and mother was away at the market I felt very happy. I was just twelve years old then, was ironing, and singing with all my might. When I stopped, a man at the window clapped his hands and said, 'Ah, little girl, you sing like a bird.' 'And who are you?' I asked. 'Well, I'm HELMSBERGER. I'm the musical director from Vienna. I'm going to give some concerts here in the village, and when I get through in Kaschau I'm going back to Vienna; and if you want to go with me, I'll take you,' he added. Then," said Madame GERSTER, laughing, "I remember how they fixed me up. Father was to pay for my tuition, and mother was to keep me in clothes. I remember how I cried and laughed and sang all the way to Vienna."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Our New Form.



GRIP has thought it well to assume his new and elegant form without any preliminary intimation to his friends. He has preferred to take them by surprise, as the young people do their clergy men—to enter their houses all unannounced, and plump down a basket of good things on the dining room table, thereby creating both astonishment and delight.

It will be observed that in the present shape, GRIP not only retains the former space occupied by original contributions, but also has facilities for brightening up his countenance with the freshest wit and humour of other journalists (who will always get credit for their work,—while his original writers get cash). In addition to this, he has reserved a regular place for Musical and Dramatic notes, which are always interesting to the intelligent reader; and lastly, he has given his artist room to supplement the leading cartoon with minor sketches on general topics.

He has reason to believe this expansion will be eminently satisfactory to all his old friends and patrons, whose generous support has enabled him to effect it; and he also indulges the hope that the more general character of the paper will secure it a host of new friends, whose names will be accompanied with the cash.

In the present arrangement GRIP has not overlooked the claims of his advertisers, whose announcements receive a fair distribution, and are sure to be read, as they deserve to be, to the mutual profit of him who reads and him who advertises.

An Unreported Episode.

GRIP was in the Gallery of the House at Ottawa filling his sketch book with raw material for future cartoons, and listening to the roar of the legislative machinery in operation beneath him. The vote had just been taken on the LETELLIER affair. Suddenly all the noise ceased. A great and solemn silence fell upon the House, and every member sat with his eyes fixed upon the First Minister. Nobody seemed to compre-

hend the cause of the instantaneous change from deafening clamour to absolute stillness. The silence became oppressive, and great drops of perspiration, begotten of inward apprehension, began to break out on the foreheads of honorable gentlemen on both sides. This period of suspense was at length ended by the Premier, who arose in his place in a manner so calm and dignified that it added tenfold to the strangeness of the whole affair. The honorable gentleman's face was serious; the accustomed twinkle was absent from his eye, and an expression of high moral resolve marked the expression of his features. Gazing steadfastly at the Speaker, he said:

"Sir, I rise to ask you to receive my resignation, and that of my colleagues in the Government. Gentlemen possessed, as we are, of the instincts of honor, and the susceptibilities of true statesmen, can no longer occupy the Treasury Benches after the vote which has just been carried by so large a majority of this Chamber. The Governor of Quebec is an official who is responsible to this Government; this Government is responsible to this House. If that Governor does wrong it is the duty of this Government to censure him, and if this Government fails to do that duty, then it becomes the province of this House to censure this Government for that remissness. If this Government is censured by this House, it becomes the duty of the Government to resign. Sir, I call your attention to these well understood rules of our Constitution, because it is in accordance with these rules that I now tender my resignation. The Governor of Quebec did wrong; this Government did not censure him; this House did censure him, thus plainly censuring this Government for neglect of duty. Mr. Speaker, (*here the honorable gentleman shed tears*) it has been said by the enemies of this Government that its members have a greater regard for office than for honor. The injustice of that cruel taunt is made apparent at the present moment, by my present action in handing in my resignation rather than clinging to my place after the virtual vote of no confidence which this House has just passed."

The honorable gentlemen resumed his seat amid the cheers of all persons of high moral character in the House. The cheer was so loud that it awoke GRIP, who found himself sitting in his office chair with a copy of the *Mail* in his hand. He had fallen asleep after reading the report of the LETELLIER debate and the vote with which it ended. He found on enquiry that Sir John hadn't been sensitive enough to resign.

A What-is-It?

A contemporary records the return of BARNUM's manager, who has been abroad purchasing monkeys and elephants, and says that "besides all these he has purchased a most extraordinary unknown animal. The creature is said to be eight feet long, four feet high and weighs nearly a ton. His front quarters resemble the front of a rhinoceros, and his hindquarters are like those of the lion. The head resembles the head of a hippopotamus. A mane eighteen inches in length parts in the middle and falls upon each side of the neck. The animal is said to have four ears, one pair in the proper place and the other about four inches lower down. Two strong, sharp tusks, capable of doing much damage, run from the lower jaw like those of the elephant."

We are astonished at the editor's ignorance in not knowing what this animal is. Why, anybody should know that it is a—excuse us a moment, there's a man in the front office wanting to pay his subscription.

"Nobody Pleased."

DEAR MR. GRIP:

The enclosed letter to the Editor of the *Globe* has been kept out of that tyrannical sheet, and I mechanically turn to you for justice, just as a magnet turns to a loadstone.

Yours in extremis,

C. H. H.

ROBERTCAGEON, March 20, '79.

To the Editor of the *Globe*:

SIR,—As I have seen remarked somewhere in your valuable paper, "The subject who is truly *loil* to the Chief Magistrate will not submit to arbitrary measures." Now sir, I am a truly *loil* man, and I quite agree with you, especially as to the arbitrary measures of

Oats.—Whereon, in accordance with the new Tariff, we are taxed 10c. per bushel. You, sir, are no doubt aware, sir, that that cereal in its various forms and conditions has lately become a very important factor in our daily provender. Even in the highest circles of society it is now considered *en regle* to have porridge for breakfast, oatmeal cake and sherry for lunch, and gruel and "sowans" in the evening instead of the hitherto fashionable bohea. So, in fact, we now have neither a free breakfast, dinner, or even supper table, on account of this infamous clause in the tariff.

And now, sir, with your permission I will say a word as to the clause affecting

Spirits.—It is seldom indeed (except for medicinal or mechanical purposes) that I use alcoholic liquors, and, except while suffering with spasms, never as a beverage. Yet I feel that I would be unworthy the name of a British subject if I am obliged to submit to a YKES' Hydrometer test in making a mixed drink—(I allude to my spasm remedy).—Who the deuce is SYKES anyway? Perhaps a descendant of the veritable BILL of that ilk?

The framers of this obnoxious Tariff while endeavoring to delude the people into the idea that they are protecting the industries of Canada, while taxing all manner of unknown products, such as Melado, Can juice, Beet root juice, and concrete dragon's blood, Damar, Tragacanth, etc., etc., seem to have entirely forgotten

Sassafras.—In our neighborhood some years ago this article was used almost entirely as a substitute for tea. In fact we called it tea—"Sassafras tea." I yet use it my family. It is healthful and economical. As I say almost daily to them, "Give us plenty of porridge or mush, and sassafras tea, and what more do we require?" My eldest son says he would just as soon have a beefsteak, but then he has been to Toronto for a term at the Normal School, and has consequently grown unduly aristocratic in his tastes.

These, my dear sir, are a few of the most notable examples of the false measures in the so called National Policy, and I feel satisfied that had the hon. member from Clarksburg* carried out his own ideas of the same in detail, there would be many fewer complaining voices in the land.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

CYRUS H. HEYCEEDE.

* Can the writer mean Mr. PHIPPS?—ED. GRIP.

If Mr. TILLEY feels at a loss to reply to the *Globe's* objection that the Tariff fails to protect the consumer, might we suggest to him the reply that the manufacturer is himself the consumer, that well protected gourmand being about to consume not only the revenue of the country, but also the substance of all the other classes—possibly the country itself, for aught we can tell.

Song of the Canadian "First Lord."

In the House, the other day, one of the members enquired for certain papers to be brought down from the Marine Department. Hon. J. C. POPE, said the required papers were not in that department, adding that "probably the Grits had hooked them from the pigeon holes before leaving

office." The papers were subsequently produced.—*Despatch.*

When I was a lad I used to be
A dweller down by the deep blue sea,
And before I got into Parliament
I most of my time 'mong the fishwives spent;
I picked up the fishwives' manners so keen,
That now I'm the Minister of Ma-rine.

I proved so keen that I soon was known
As the rudest fellow in all Charlottetown,
And at public meetings in the Market Hall
In interrupting speakers I surpassed 'em all,
I interrupted Grits in a way so mean
That now I'm the Minister of Ma-rine.

As "Free Trade champion" I made my mark,
And denounced Protection and its ways so dark,

But I wanted office and I thought 'twould pay
To turn my coat and wear it 't'other way;
So I talked N. P., and 'twas all serene,
For now I'm the Minister of Ma-rine.

As a Minister of State I'm a big success,
For I draw my salary (more or less),
And my fishwife manners I still retain
As my casual remarks to the Grits make plain,
I can belch more gentlemanly spite and spleen

Than any other Minister of Ma-rine.

Another Open Letter.

MISTER TELLY, Dear Sir, Minister of Finess, Ottawa:

SIR,—With refrense to the letter wich I writ you previously before, and I see they printed it into the pages of GRIP, I beg leave, deer sir, for to give you my hartfelt thanks for your grate kindness in bein so good as to oblige me in so gentlemanly a manner, wich it has been the makin of a pile of money for me. I see by the papers that that misirible man CARTWRIGHT had the cheek for to tell you to your face that you was wrong in givin us bisness men the facilities of gittin our goods threw the Customs by makin arrangements with the banks for us. He had the Adasity to tell you, deer sir, that you was like a merchant a robin of his own till, because the money we saved by the transackshun goes into our own pockits instid of into the Public Treasury. Deer sir, Mr. TELLY, don't mind that misible man CARTWRIGHT. He is a mean feller anyhow and never had any hart to feel for the merchantile community, and give em a hint with refrense to the customs. I write this hopin it will help to sooth the wound CARTWRIGHT made in your feelins, and to show you thet I fer one do not look upon you with abhorrents for givin' me a hint and a friendly hand to make a few dimes. I may also state thet

a few of us merchants in this vicinity has been gettin up a little testymonel in the shape of a purse of munny to present to you by way of expressin our esteem at what you have done. I truss you will receive this purse with pleasure. It contains a very Large sum, but please deer sir don't mind that, we kin afford it. It is only a small mite compared to what we have made outen your kind arrangement with the banks for us, and also bare in mind that as CARTWRIGHT says it is only public funs anyhow. I will be down in Ottawa I expect soon to have the pleasure of presentin it to you and so I remane deer sir and Honble Mr. TELLY the honor to be, etc.,

SIMON VERDENT.

P. S.—The Grits here dosen't laf so much jes now with refrense to the N. P.

P. S., No. 2.—JIM SNATCHEM, the Fishell Assignee don't hang round my door enny more. I observe he is now keepin his eye onto my Grit naber, SMITH, who wasn't fortunate enough to get bank arrangements made for him and I guess is bound to bust soon.



Kind Gent.—BEEN "STEALING THE BRAINS OF THE OPPOSITION," HAS HE? PSRAW! LET HIM GO—ITS ONLY PETTY LARCENY!

The Hon. Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constitutencies of Dominion, etc., etc.

FROM A TO E.

MR. ASTORHIEMER, M.P., East Dumfries.—Fine specimen of early Dutch settler. Says that he comes from "Pennsylvania Dutch stock." Thought Pennsylvania was in the United States. *Mem.*—Must look into this;—can the old man be romancing? Find no traces of German accent in speech. Test him with OLLENDORF, "Vollen zie haben ein kleiney glass schapps mit meer?" Said he couldn't speak Injun. Is satisfied with country. Thinks it the finest in the world. Has never been away, except to Rochester, N.Y. Made his money in saw mill business. Don't care about Parliamentary honors, but wife and family do. Says he used to be a Reformer on account of airs of Major GORE, Captain SYMONS and other local people. Since he made money has joined with the Conservatives, and is now "as good as any of 'em." Can't see exactly what he means. Peculiar person.

MR. BUSTER, M.P., Vandoozer Island.—Extolled wealth and beauty of Pacific Slope. Finest country in the world. Insists upon having C. P. R. completed in short time—(forget how many weeks), otherwise a dissolution of Confederation. Objects to Chinamen, Indians, Yankees and all heathens.

Showed specimens of gold, silver, copper, coal, Amethysts and diamonds from Island Slope. *Mem.*—Gold very quartzizy; gems not up to those of Golconda, but good for Dollar Store jewellery. Ordered a barrel of each by first through C. P. R. train. *Mem.*—After dilating further on Slope, slopes himself.

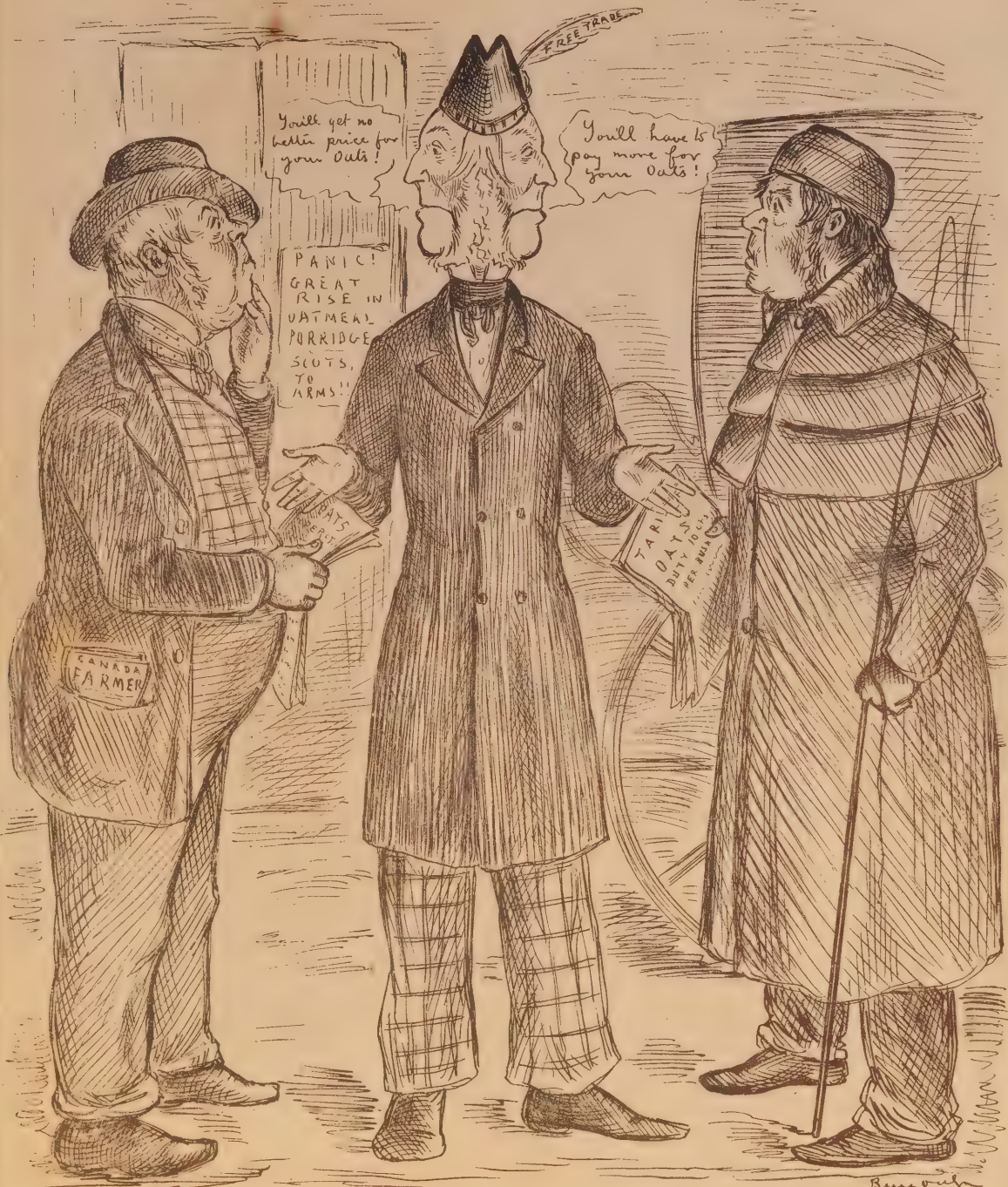
MR. COSTIC, M.P., West Bingen.—Of old U. E. L. family. Rather prolix, would think coloric; very demonstrative in manner; would not judge him to be high in any of the Temperance orders. Said, "No, siree!" to Excellency. Averred that his father "fit in 1812." Would think it not unlikely, judging from present representative of family. Was "through the rebellion, and helped to send CAROLINE over the falls." *Mem.*—What rebellion, who was CAROLINE, and what falls? Must look this up. Is Tory in politics; objects to term 'Conservative.' Can't abide a Grit; just the same as a rebel. "Wouldn't mind hanging some of them himself." Asks Excellency and myself to have something. Excellency bewildered, and somewhat nervous. Respectfully decline "anything." Hon. mem. appears much surprised, bows and exit. *Mem.*—Think he would make a good officer for Zulu campaign.

MR. DONOVAN, M. P. Stiffintown.—Descendant of patriots. Is a patriot himself. Although of kingly race, talks democratic. Thinks the country is ruled altogether by Scotch. Believes that he and his fellow countrymen have not had fair play. Almost a "toss up" between JNO. A. and MACKENZIE. Denounces "repeccious" office-seekers, and Government hirelings. Yet would not object to "something good" himself—let us say Sheriff, Crown Attorney, or Registrar. Is not a lawyer. Thinks lawyers should confine themselves to their profession, and avoid Parliament. *Mem.* Hon. member's ideas somewhat incongruous;—logic queer. Don't tell him so, on account of hostile expression. Would think him from "Sister Isle."

M. EUSTACHEVILLE, M. P., Rimour-ashi.—Descendant of old French family. Had been Courtiers in reign of Louis XIV. Chefs of Battalion at Cressy, Agincourt, Calais, and Poitiers. Served under GODFREY DEBOUILLON in Burgundian wars; defeated Yankees at Chattaquay; rebels at St. Eustasche, and Fenians at Vermont border. Great military family. Old Noblesse. Would not go to Montreal Ball; people there of low degree. Scotch dancing outre, and ne pas le fromage. Would be happy to have the great honor to meet us at Seignory.



THE POSTMASTER GENERAL TO "PUCK."
—Young man, we cannot tolerate you in Canada unless you wear more clothes.



"MR. FACING-BOTH-WAYS."

But there is no scarcity of land fitted to grow oats, and if the price should rise at all, the market will be promptly broken down by the increase of the local supply.—*Globe*, 22nd March.

A cabman, with four horses, says that he uses about 600 bushels of oats yearly. Ten cents a bushel just takes sixty square dollars out of that man's pocket.—*Globe*, 22nd March.



THE JOKER CLUB

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Motto from an auction—Be contented with your lot.—*Judy*.

Burlington says: "Iowa half a million," and Cleveland exclaims: "Ohio several millions."

White wash artists are studying up new designs for the coming campaign.—*London Herald*.

Gamblers are winsome creatures.—GRIP. Pawnbrokers are loansome creatures.—*London Tiser*.

A civilized subject of King CETYWAYO is looked upon by ethnologists as a *Zulusus naturæ*.—*Funny Folks*.

"Does top dressing pay?" innocently inquires the *Utica Herald*. We think it does, just at this season, particularly if you are bald-headed.

The women are walking away from the wash-tub. —*New York Commercial Advertiser*. Let us soap they will sud-denly return to it. —*Albany Argus*.

A young married lady who could not make pancakes informed her husband that she objected, on principle, to fritter away her time.—*London Tiser*.

Said the sailor: "We had a pet monkey on board, and when we struck the first bad weather you ought to have seen that monkey-wrench!" —*New York News*.

The *American Agriculturist* inquires "where does the dew come from?" Well, our collector finds that the heft of it comes from not exacting payment in advance.

MR. HAYES, of New Milford, claims to have walked four miles in thirty five minutes. Unfortunately the name leads to a suspicion of the count.—*Dan News*.

An Ohio man had his neck broken while trying to break a colt. The safest way to break a colt is to hire one of your creditors to do it.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

Very kind gent—"Do you know, my dear, that we have to-day the shortest day of the year?" Lady—"Very true! But your presence makes me forget it."—*Funny Folks*.

Suggestions for an artist—Cupid asking his mother not to tie the handkerchief over his eyes so tightly this year—he made so many mistakes last season.—*Funny Folks*.

It has been decided in the Iowa courts that a cookstove is a wife's personal property.—*Ex.*

Will Iowa wives stand on their legal rights next time the cook-stove has to be moved?

One of the greatest problems for foreigners to solve is which represented or represents the average American the most—GEORGE WASHINGTON or ELI PERKINS?—*Paul Dean*.

"There are too many women in the world; 60,000 more women than men in Massachusetts," growled the husband. "That is the 'survival of the fittest,' my dear," replied the wife.—*Ex.*

A down town man says he has the best auction ear in his family. It belongs to his wife, and it hears of every auction in the city, much to the lightness of his purse.—*New Haven Register*.

The dryest place in this country is Greeley, Col. The region around it is to be irrigated for crops, and the men in town have no saloon to call on when their crops feel parched. —*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Young men sending spring poetry to this office will please enclose their names and addresses, not for publication, but as evidence of their insanity in case they are ever arrested for murder.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

Mary had a little lamp,
Filled full of kerosene,
She took it once to light a fire,
And has not since benzine.
—*London Tiser*.

"La Surprise" is the name of a new hat with three quarters of a yard of feathers hanging from the right side. It is so called from the surprised manner in which the husband says "La!" when presented with the bill.—*Norristown Herald*.

"BLEU" is anxious to learn whether MR. TILLEY'S Budget speech was written on "foolscap" or "Elephant post?" We should say neither; but rather on blotting paper, judging by its absorbing tendencies, and the efficient manner in which it has dried up the anti-protectionists.—*Jester*.

A poet named WELLS thus exuberates in the *New York Mail*:

I am glad, I am glad—
I am glad that the summer is coming again,
With its sunshiny days and its showers of rain!

Of course, Wells have now a chance to get tul.—*Boston Traveller*.

Remark of severe parent to blooming daughter upon discovering that one of the legs of the big chair in the parlour had been broken the Sunday evening previous: "I wish you to understand, SUSAN, that this chair was constructed with a view to the accommodation of one person at a time, and has not the strength and scarcely the capacity for two."—*Newark Call*.

MR. OLIVER, of Iowa, wants to amend the calendar so as to make the lengths of the months correspond more closely with the variations of the seasons. If he gets the contract, we trust he will not neglect a long-needed reformation in the number of days that go to make up a week. If he can arrange them in bunches of six days, he will deserve the sincere gratitude of a large and influential class whose faces require tonsorial attention only on alternate days, and to whom each recurring Sunday looms up as an extravagant bugbear.—*Puck*.

Nothing can reach out further than a cough in church. It may come from the remotest corner in the rear, but its echo tickles the throats of those in front, and then creeps down the aisle, and touches the ushers, and floats from the choir to the minister, and never releases its hold until it has wrung a sympathetic explosion from every victim. Perhaps you've noticed it.—*Fulton Times*. Yes, we have Brother Williams, but can not say exactly when without looking over our file.—*Dan News*.

Two men doing business on Griswold street met on a corner Saturday, and indulged in hard words over a transaction which neither seemed to understand very well. At length to bring matters to a climax, one of the men called out:

"I denounce you, sir, as a malicious liar!"
"That's all right," coolly replied the other;
"I have made it a life rule never to pay any attention to anonymous communications, and you are perfectly safe!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

The child was evidently lost!—cried bitterly—could not tell us where its parents lived, or whether she was an orphan, or what her father was—or where she went to school.—*Enter Intelligent Policeman*.

Policeman (in a friendly whisper). "Where does your mother get her gin, my dear?"
And the mystery was solved!—*Punch*.

This is the week when the languid lady who finds the Sunday morning promenade to church, two blocks away, excessively fatiguing, takes in on an average ten "Spring Openings" every day, ascends and descends probably three miles of stair-case, and walks around several thousand counters and show-cases, without exhausting herself in the least.—*Puck*.

"Come here, you little myth," said JOHN, Then quick she seized the poker, And shrieked, as val'rously she strode Towards the heartless joker, "Why must you of our littleness Continually taunt us? Am I JOHN'S myth?" No! no! said he, "You're only Poker-haunt-us!"
—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The Poor Fox Hunters.

Many Americans will read with a pang of regret that the fox hunting season in England has been almost an entire failure. This deplorable state of affairs has been caused by the severe frosts. Not only has there been little chance for hunting, but the perils of the chase have been greatly increased. Those noble men—most of them are noblemen—who are willing to risk their lives in this hazardous business, have our deepest sympathy. How little we appreciate, as we sit here in America, the dangers these brave men encounter, and all for the public good. So patriotic are these fox hunters in the pursuit of this terrible animal that it is said, although the statement looks doubtful, they keep up thousands of dollars' worth of horses and dogs for the chase of the fox, and yet don't charge the government a cent for killing the ferocious beasts. An American went over there lately with a patent that he could prove would kill all the foxes on the island in two weeks, and yet they would not listen to him, although he showed them that for every \$10 they spent they only killed the one-third hundred and eighty-fifth part of a fox, while his plan would slaughter them at the rate of five cents a dozen. The people over there seem to be very brave, but they are undoubtedly behind the age on modern improvements.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Lord Dufferin in Russia.

When along Neva's frozen banks
My sledge-bells cleave the air,
It may be I shall turn with thanks
To him who sent me there.
Yet deem not that the arts of BEN
Have bonds of Party cleft,
Mine be the measures of the men
Who dined me ere I left—
And still,—my light through snow and storm,—
Shall shine that Spread at the Reform!

It may be in a month or two,
When I'm thought "well in hand,"
Lord B. may think, "By Jove, he'll do!
There's nothing he won't stand."
But if some Jingo point to score
They have a sudden mind
And wire to me, then all the more
I'll think of where I dined.
And, - like a beacon through the storm,—
Shall shine that Spread at the Reform!
—*Punch*.

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Our confidence that the Canadian Public would extend a hearty support to a humorous journal conducted upon principles of honesty and decency has been amply justified in the established success of GRIP, which, during the six years of its existence, has enjoyed the patronage and respect of a large constituency of our best people. In dealing with the public men and affairs of the country it has been the aim of the controllers of GRIP to avoid the coarseness and unfairness which too often characterize satirical publications. The political Cartoons, although sometimes severe, have never been unjust and never vindictive. The attitude of absolute independence which the paper has maintained from the first is attested by the appreciative notices which the Cartoons constantly receive in the press of both Parties.

GRIP has offended somebody, who is anxious to vent his spleen through our columns. Want of space, as well as want of inclination, prevents us from going into the matter. We intend to rival GRIP all we know how, but we prefer to do it in a square way. Canada has not so many clever journals that their editors can afford to be continually snarling at each other. Long life to you, BENGOUGH, "we look towards you."—*The Jester*.

Well it has come at last. GRIP's "elephant" has been trotted out, and he has been patched up pretty neatly in the manner indicated by the sapient cartoonist.—*Cor. Lindsay Post*.

Ode to Spring.

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY THE EDITOR.

First MS.

Salubrious season of the year,
(What sloppy stuff they always send)
How diff'rent from bleak autumn sear.
(There in the basket find an end!)

Second MS.

Spring, spring, beautiful spring!
(I think I've seen that line before)
Of thy sweetness I cheerfully sing.
(Plagiarist, by gosh, as well as bore!)

Third MS.

How dreamy, soft and balmy is the air.
(Not softer than his head!)

As if a spirit blest did linger there;
(There; numbered with the dead.)

Fourth MS.

Athwart yon mountain cap of snow
Doth shoot the genial ray;
(That sounds like "shoot the hat;")
His frosty front is all aglow
Upon this beautiful day,
(That's all we want of that.)

Fifth MS.

I'll never more thy radiance see,
(What never? Hardly ever?)
Yet I do welcome thee with glee;
(It's gone up Saline River).

NOTICE.—There will be no more demand for Spring poetry at this office until the good times come.—Ed.

Epigram by a Stock Broker.

If this scandalous bill against us becomes law,
'Twill ruin our chances for wealth at a stroke;
Let us haste to the lobby at cruel Ottawa,
If we don't we are settled—the Broker is broke!

THE *meos* is deserting me, as the poet said when the cats fighting under his window decamped.

How hot is the sun? asks one of our exchanges. If the editor got up at a decently early hour he would see that it is red hot.

Self-"Protection" is Europe's First Law!

We may be a nation of shopkeepers, but according to the *France* we shall very soon have either to be content with buying goods of each other or to put up our shutters altogether. Our contemporary distinctly states that M. WADDINGTON considers that the latter fate will ere long be ours.

Our colonies, on the maintenance of which, as a world-wide market for our goods, the Imperial politician so proudly insists, laugh at us. Look at Victoria, for instance, with its thirty-five per cent, *ad valorem* import duty!

The other colonies, as well as Victoria, are, it seems to us, going in to be our competitors rather than our customers; and as the markets of America and Europe are closed against us, France is now, as her Premier rightly states, the only nation we have to any extent upon our books. And France, it is now said, intends henceforth to "protect" herself. Altogether a bright look out for us.

What has practically happened is that, whilst our Imperial statesman have been protecting our national honor, our colonies, our foreign interests, and other things which, like our prestige, might have been safely left to protect themselves, and dependencies and neighbours on the continent have been "protecting" their native manufactures and products to such purpose that, as the *France* confidently asserts, ere long we shall have no trade nor commerce left to "protect."

Let those who doubt this study the weekly exports. Paradoxical as it may sound, they are just now of exceptional import.—*London Funny Folks*.

A SCOTTISH Minstrel writes in the *Hamilton Times*:

"But Scotia, the land of the mountain and misty cloud,
By the dear ties of friendship, my heart clings to thee—
Land of the streamlet, the fountain and torrent cloud,
Hail me, invite me again o'er the sea."

If this bard is a shareholder in the Glasgow Bank, he may consider that he has a standing invitation "again o'er the sea."

Reciprocity!

The *Globe* says that the St. Thomas *Journal* says that SAM DAY, (coming M. P. for East Elgin) says that he "don't care a — for England!" JOHN BRIGHT says that BEACONSFIELD says that England don't care a — for SAM DAY; so that makes it even.

THE novel for verbose letter-writers, *Say and Seal*.

THAT'S *tooth in*, as the dog said to the other, who was trying to steal his dinner.

MR. BRITTIE, who presented the newly married Prince with a large picture entitled "A Slave," deserves a seat in the "Joker Club."

ALTHOUGH no one has any faith in Heathen Mythology, a great many would-be wits try very hard to be JOVIAL. JUNO how it is yoursself?

THE Port Hope *Guide* records the marriage of Miss BULLIED. The young lady must have been unhappy at home, as she had evidently made up her mind not to be bullied any lo ger.

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"There are comforts in the Opposition."—G. W. Ross, M.P.

O, the Opposition benches
Are after all the best;
No office-seekers spoiling
A fellow's needed rest;
No fighting over contracts,
No making up blue-books,
No weight of Cabinet duty
To spoil one's pleasant looks.

No business to look after,
No Policy to push,
No questions to reply to—
We needn't care a rush!
We holler "butter fingers,"
And laugh a loud haw-haw!
We have no care, no trouble—
No salary to draw.

From all quarters there comes evidence of satisfaction with the tariff as a whole.—*London Herald.* This item appears in a column that often contains jokes.

The Port Hope *Guide* says the Grits are grinding their teeth over the Tariff. Wonder what the millers are grinding, now that flour is cheaper than wheat?

A movement is on foot amongst the ladies in England, to restore the costume of ancient Greece. If the ladies would spend more of their time in the larder they would soon restore it.

It would be hypocritical for us to pretend that we would have welcomed the announcement of any fiscal policy of the present Government with other than hostile criticism.—*New Glasgow Chronicle.*

This is not put here as a joke, but as a rare gem of political honesty.

Forney's Progress is down on female pedestrianism. The Col. says it is a senseless business, affords no excitement and proves nothing. This is merely WESTON invective, as the women continue to go into the business with their whole sole. Let the *Progress* be quiet or a ROWELL be the result. We WARREN him.

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xii-22-47

Stage Whispers.

It is reported that SANTLEY will come with Col. MAPLESON to this country next fall.

A recent benefit for the family of the murdered actor, PORTER, in Philadelphia, netted \$1,500.

Miss BLANCHE THORNE, niece of CHARLES R. THORNE, Jr., will soon make her debut in San Francisco.

It is said that Mr. JAMES O'NEIL, now of San Francisco, has had GEORGE ELIOT's *Daniel Deronda* dramatized for him.

Mr. STANLEY, the distinguished English tenor once so much admired by American audiences, will never, it is said, return to the stage.

Mme. GERSTER gave a grand concert at Steinway Hall, New York, on the 10th inst., in aid of the German Hospital and Dispensary, assisted by other eminent artists.

The play next in order at the Union Square, "Lost Children," is an adaptation by Mr. CARAURAN of an old French melodrama. It will follow the "Fanker's Daughter."

AMEE begins to get wild about singing operatic music. She has studied "Carmen" and some other roles belonging to the repertoire of the Opera Comique, expressly for her American season.

The play that failed ludicrously at NIBLO's last winter under the title of "New York and London," has just met with a second disaster in London, where it was called "The New Babylon."

Miss LILIAN NORTON, an American singer, had a chance to sing once in Milan, and she calls herself GIGLIO NORDICA. She expects to ride to popular favour on the GIGLIO.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Miss HAUKE has definitely decided not to return to America next season. She has been offered and probably will accept an engagement for a season in Madrid next fall, and for the following season she has already had an offer in Milan.

"Romeo and Juliet" has been translated into Bengali. In this translation Romeo becomes Ajaysintha, and Juliet becomes Valosvati, and it is very effective to hear Valosvati exclaim: "Ajaysintha! Ajaysintha! Wherefore art thou Ajaysintha?"

CAMILLA URSO is almost the only woman who has ever attained eminence as a violinist, and yet the art of drawing a beau is innate with the sex.—*Cincinnati Commercial.* They all do it; only they don't make the same noise about it.—*Richmond (Va.) Baton.*

COGGSWELL and MACK who pretend to fight every night on the stage as Col. Elevator and Prof. Gillipod, in GROVER'S "Our Boarding House" company, fought in dead earnest across a breakfast table in a Pittston hotel. They threw crockery and chairs at each other and inflicted many disfiguring wounds.

GEORGE, the Count Joannes, has appeared in New York as Lord Dundreary. In a card he says: "I should degrade my intellect if I studied such an idiotic, stammering, sneering, hopping, though humorous character. It is an insult to God's creation. My point is the *lex talionis*, the 'law of retaliation,' in my endeavour to imitate E. A. SOTHERN as Lord Dundreary, and to do that I descend to his level, as it would be impossible to raise him to my own."

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Literature and Art.

GLADSTONE's magazine articles have been translated into Greek, and have been published in a Greek paper. They read very smoothly in Greece.

Mr. BRET HARTE and Mr. HENRY JAMES have been elected members of the new Rabelais Club in London, formed to promote earnestness, erudition and manly strength in literature. Lord HOUGHTON is one of the members.

Miss ELLA DIETZ, whose poem, "The Triumph of Love," met with such a flattering reception from the critics, is contemplating a volume of her shorter poems, some of which have been set to music—music, by the way, of her own composition.

EMERSON, on his 70th birthday, was on shipboard. One of his fellow-passengers congratulated Mr. EMERSON on his birthday, health and vigour. "Yes! yes!" said the Concord sage, in his most reflective tones, "but I consider it the end of my youth!"

It is no secret in literary circles that the life of Mr. CARLYLE (whenever that interesting but melancholy task comes to be undertaken) will be written by Mr. FROUDE, the historian. Mr. FROUDE has for years been collecting materials for that purpose with the sanction and aid of Mr. CARLYLE himself.

Mr GEO. STEWART Jr. delivered his lecture on Emerson here this week. The essay was brimful of information about that sage, and all his illustrious contemporaries, given from the standpoint of personal acquaintanceship. Mr. STEWART's platform style is easy and quiet. This was his first appearance as a lecturer in this Province.

The new tax on cheap imported literature has brought forth some new publishers of "Libraries," and J. ROSS ROBERTSON'S 15 ct bonanza gradually slips through his fingers. The tax is strongly objected to by the general reading public, but the American authors are overjoyed, as they are now certain of having their books stolen as fast as written.

ROBERT BROWNING has accepted the Presidency of the new Shakespearian Society, which was left vacant at the time the society was founded and was not to be filled "till one of our greatest living poets sees that it is his duty to take it." "The Dramatic Idyls" Mr. BROWNING will shortly publish will be six in number, "Martin Relph," "Pheidippides," "Halbert and Hob," "Ivan Ivano vitch," "Tray" and "Ned Bralts."

KINGLAKE, the historian of the Crimean war, casts his eyes down when his photograph is taken, and this gives him a mild and retiring appearance. People will hardly believe that he is 68 years old. The effect that his sarcastic, studied and circumlocutory rhetoric had upon the court of NAPOLEON II. probably retarded his work, if it did not through the influence of the English Government, wholly discourage him.

HERE is a recent pen sketch of TENNYSON:

"He looked tall, somewhat stout, round-shouldered, and he walked with a stick, as though the gout was hanging about his legs or feet. He had a long beard which almost buried his face, and wore a pair of large, round, Chinese-looking spectacles. He had on a very broad-brimmed, weather-worn felt hat, dark trousers, gaiters, several undercoats or jackets, covered over all by a thin, shabby-looking red tweed dust coat, buttoned very tightly, as though it were much too small for him. Dangling outside, from what should have been a clean white shirt-front, was a pair of large gold-rimmed nose spectacles."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

A Baby Elephant.

The celebrated White Elephant attached to Messrs. TILLEY & Co's Dominion Circus has brought forth a dear little calf. This interesting event took place at St. Catharines, a few weeks ago. The offspring, which has been christened the "Rag baby," is doing as well as could be expected, and promises to be as large and white and clever an animal as the N. P. itself. It is of course somewhat feeble as yet, but under the tender and even affectionate care of ISAAC BUCHANAN, Captain WYNNE and Master WALLACE, who have undertaken to rear it, it will soon be strong and hearty. Its principal food is hair-brains stewed with clap trap, and fortunately this country affords an unlimited supply.

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EMBRACING NOTICES OF GREAT EVENTS
AND CELEBRATED MEN.

II.—THE SIGNING OF MAGNA CHARTA.

On the death of RICHARD I. (him who cured de lion), the crown of England was laid upon a sideboard until little Prince ARTHUR should have been measured for a suit of clothes to go through the coronation ceremony with, but in the meantime, a mean man, named JOHN, meanly seized the bauble and put it on his own head. He subsequently requested a party named HUBERT to sear ARTHUR's eye out, but HUBERT couldn't sear it. JOHN then proceeded with his reign under the name, style and firm of King JOHN. Some historians give him the surname of LACKLAND, because he didn't own much real estate, notwithstanding that he had plenty of opportunities of robbing the public till. He really was a poor man (comparatively) and it's greatly to his credit, under the circumstances. We opine, however, that if JOHN had any surname at all it was probably AMICDONALD, or should have been. It is not our intention in the present brief paper to enlarge upon the character and career of this King JOHN; we intend to confine our remarks to the circumstances attending his memorable and most gracious act—the signing of *Magna Charta*.

The reader may perhaps be aware that, previous to the signing of this grand document, the people of England didn't enjoy much more civil and religious liberty than

the people of the United States do to-day, who have emigrated from China. The prerogatives of the Crown were not clearly defined, which was a constant source of trouble to the French members, and often sent the party papers into fits. Former kings had shamefully abused their constitutional privileges, and ground the people under the iron heel of tyranny. King JOHN, however, was "England's greatest statesman," as well as a truly good man, and he was determined that the Barons and the rest of the folks should suffer wrong no longer. He determined to give them *Magna Charta*—which should be a guaranty of liberty for all time. To accomplish this desirable end, JOHN set himself in opposition to the popular will, and endeavoured to surpass all his predecessors as a tyrant and a task-master. He was ten times more high-handed than LETELLIER; and as defiantly regardless of constitutional usage as MOUSSEAU. Of course the good King only did this to impress upon the Barons the necessity of the *Magna Charta*; and at length they became impressed. They called a caucus, Nov. 20, 1214, and drew up a round robin which they determined to present to his Majesty. They shook hands all round and swore that they would see the matter through. Some time after this they laid their demands before the King by a deputation, which was politely introduced by Lord-in-Waiting FRAZER. King JOHN replied in the form of words which is still in use in all our government departments, "I'll take your business into consideration." He didn't believe the Barons were really ripe for *Magna Charta* yet. He said he would see them later, say about the middle of April of the next year; and in the meantime, in order to stir them up to a sense of their true interests, he raised an army of foreign troops to fight them a little. At the appointed time the Barons waited upon King JOHN again, professing to feel exceedingly ready for *Magna Charta*, even if they had to pay for it with a few thousands of lives. The King longed to bestow the Great Charter upon them, but still he thought they were not yet prepared for it, and he felt obliged to decline their pressing invitation. At this point open war ensued, the conduct of the truly good statesman King being entirely misunderstood by the Barons. The overwhelming forces of the latter soon subdued the royal troops, and with unkind rudeness King JOHN was requested to be on hand at Runnymede, on Monday, June 15, to wind up this Charter business. Of course the King was on hand, and gladly signed *Magna Charta*, remarking as he threw down the pen, "With all my heart, gentlemen; why didn't you say so before?" Some historians seek to rob King JOHN of the glory of this noble act. What would not such historians do? They would even deny to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD the credit of passing Confederation and several other measures which he opposed until further opposition meant a loss of place. Out upon such!

Shakespearean Readings.

SIR HUGH ALLAN:—Want no money, Sir JOHN, you shall want none.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii., Sc. ii.

ALECK PIRIE:—The devil take one Party and his dam the other.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv., Sc. v.

HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE: Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

Than that of painted pomp?

—*As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. i.

MOUSSEAU (to LETELLIER): You shall
• be soon despatched.

—*Henry V.*, Act ii. Sc. iv.

GILMOLR (to DOMVILLE): Ha! o' my life,
If I were young again the sword should end it.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. i.

HON. DR. TUPPER: Shall I tell a lie?
I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. i.

THOMPSON OF CARIBOO (rising in the House):
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

—*Julius Caesar*, Act iii. Sc. ii.

CHORUS OF ALL TORY EDITORS, LED BY
TOM WHITE AND CHARLEY MACKINTOSH:
Bind the offender, and take him from
our presence.

—*Cym.* Act v. Sc. v.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD (to OUMET): This
speech of yours has moved me.

—*King Lear*, Act v. Sc. iii.

JOSIAH BURR PLUMB: Ay, much is the
favor of heaven-bred poesy.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii., Sc. ii.

LORD CHELMSFORD: O God of battles! steel
my soldiers' hearts!

Possess them not with fear! Take from them

now
The sense of reckoning of the opposed
numbers!

—*Henry V.*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH: Approved warriors,
and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome.

Titus Andronicus, Act v., Sc. i.

BUNSTER: I am too blunt and saucy.

—*Cym.* Act v., Sc. v.

HON. L. H. HOLTON: Peace, peace, and
give experience tongue.

Pericles, Act i., Sc. ii.

RAG MONEY WALLACE: Pray, do not mock
me:

I am a very foolish, fond old man.

King Lear, Act iv., Sc. vii.

HON. MR. MOWAT (at Globe office): Is CÆSAR
yet gone to the Capitol?

—*Julius Caesar*, Act iii., Sc. i.

GRIP: Let me have men about me that are
fat,

Sleek-headed, and such as sleep o' nights.

—*Julius Caesar*, Act i., Sc. ii.

THEY are beginning to tell HANLAN that
the other chap is a HAWDON to beat.

WHEN you offer a tramp bread, and he
makes a rye face, you can conclude he pre-
fers whiskey.

JEFF DAVIS is of a forgiving nature.—
N.Y. Herald. Yes, he was for giving the
North fits in the late war.

MR. TILLEY is supposed to be an orderly
and well behaved citizen, but by his tax
on sugar he undoubtedly encourages the people
of this country to raise cane.

Was the late overwhelming defeat of the
Grit Government of Prince Edward Island
due mainly to the moral force of the Rev.
STEPHEN G. LAWSON's saintly editorials in
the *Presbyterian*?

Is it true that MR. AMOR DE COSMOS in-
tends applying to Parliament to have his
name amended again, with a view of limit-
ing his "love of the universe" to that portion
of it outside the Chinese wall?



The Dartmouth Sugar Refinery.

The accompanying little sketch, which comes to Mr. GRIP from Nova Scotia, is humble in an artistic point of view, but looked at through patriotic and moral spectacles, it is worth more than any of the best works of PRANG. To a Canadian it is simply priceless, for it attests at once the material prosperity of the country, and the rectitude of her leading men. It illustrates the development of home industry under the new Tariff, which development was prophesied and promised by our statesmen. To come down to particulars, it may be stated that during the late political campaign, Dr. TUPPER and his friends told the people of Nova Scotia that if they voted for the National Policy they would have a Sugar Refinery at Dartmouth. The grateful Blue-nose artist in the above form records the joyous fact that this promise has been realized. The sketch is a faithful representation of the Dartmouth Sugar Refinery, which has just got into operation. Our countrymen, heretofore unfamiliar with great industrial establishments, must not mistake it for a picture of a Mic-Mac brave extracting the sweets of office from Nova Scotia sap-heads; it is, we repeat, a correct representation of the only Sugar Refinery at Dartmouth—the full fruition of Dr. TUPPER's promise!

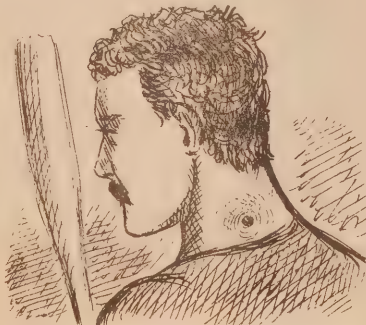
New Edition of an Old Ballad.

AS SUNG BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

I'm far from my dear native shore,
'Neath a chilly and desolate sky,
Where violent partizans roar,
And politics run very high;
And they've got me just now in a fix,
And against me the editors foam—
Through one of my Minister's tricks
Referring a question to Home;

Chorus.

I feel very weary and sad,
I wish my "instructions" were come;
I'm surrounded with men who are bad,
O, write me a letter from Home.



AN INTERNATIONAL POINT RAISED.
(OUR BOY'S CARBUNCLE.)

The Hon. Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary, taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc.

FROM M TO O.

MR. McHAGGIS M. P., Glencabor.—Highland chieftain. Forefathers came over with WOLFE, and were at the capture of Quebec. Once Jacobites; now reconciled to circumstances, and think calmly about the "wee German lairdie;" also CARTWRIGHT. Ultra loyal; grandfather commanded company of fencibles at Queenston Heights; commands company of Volunteers himself. Biggest company in Canada anyway; no man under six feet, flank men seven feet high more or less; all of them sledge throwers; will undertake to "clean out" with self and men any battalion in the force. Apologises to Excellency for not appearing in Highland costume. Don't mind the cold weather, but small boys throw snowballs at him when in kilts and it is undignified to chase them. Has one hundred pipers in a' among his constituents, who will gie His Excellency a "blaw" should he ever do them the honour to visit his neighborhood. His people have plenty of everything and always have had. Don't care about merits of the Tariff or for anything or anybody—says "G a ma ta thu" and departs.

Mem.—Fine specimen of Thane, this member, and doubtless hospitable. Would like to visit him when he is in good humour, otherwise not. Perceptible odour of eau de Cologne—or something spirituelle—after departure.

MR. NASBY M. P., West Bingen. Smart young member. Says his constituency is not excelled in Ontario. Like the Scotch. Has plenty of Scotch supporters. Can "spoke" the Gaelic himself, used to read it up in evenings while at the University. Thinks it double discounts Greek; Latin nowhere alongside of it. Knows Irish too, had to study that for Hibernian supporters. Same thing as to German. Mixed constituency, his. Takes interest in railways and drainage of swamps, anxious as to efficiency of Civil Servants. Has plenty of money. Keeps family carriage, and all that; constituents well off, or if not, their own fault. Would be glad to entertain Governor should he come his way. Graceful bow, and exit.

Mem.—Very accomplished gentleman this; would like to pay him a visit myself. See future "Honourable" in him, if he don't fall into evil associations.

MR. ORSON M. P., Cat Portage.—Western member, constituency sparsely settled, and people of romantic habits. Takes great interest in Lo, the poor Indian. Thinks they have not fair treatment. Don't see why that Injun who perhaps goes to England and receives good education, should be restricted in his liberties. Likes Injuns; has lived amongst them, and knows all about them. Is a strong Protectionist; and wonders why duty is not put on bead-work and moccasins in the new Tariff. Everything and everybody is protected except the poor Indian!—Excellency yawns; Hon. member takes it for exit cue. Exit.

Mem.—Fine man, but think he has got Injun on the brain.

If our esteemed Governor-General never does another distinguished action during his term, his name will ever bloom in our annals. He has shewn a respect for the opinion of his mother-in-law, which is as brave a thing as any man dare do.



The Rag Baby at Ottawa.

It is altogether likely that Mr. WALLACE, the rag-baby representative of Capt. WYNN in the House of Commons, will object to our pinning a placard to his coat-tail inscribed "This is a noodle." He will say that it is a want of common sense which leads us to imagine that he is a noodle, when everybody knows he is, on the contrary, a decent member of Parliament. And yet this same Mr. WALLACE advocates the irredeemable money fraud, and thinks it sensible to take pieces of paper and convert them into currency by merely writing "This is money" upon them, having no basis of gold. If by a fiat of the Government certain scraps of paper may be transformed into money, than by a fiat of GRIP certain paper members may be taken for donkeys.

"I am prepared to swallow it whole."—Speech of Mr. DOMVILLE M. P., on the Tariff.

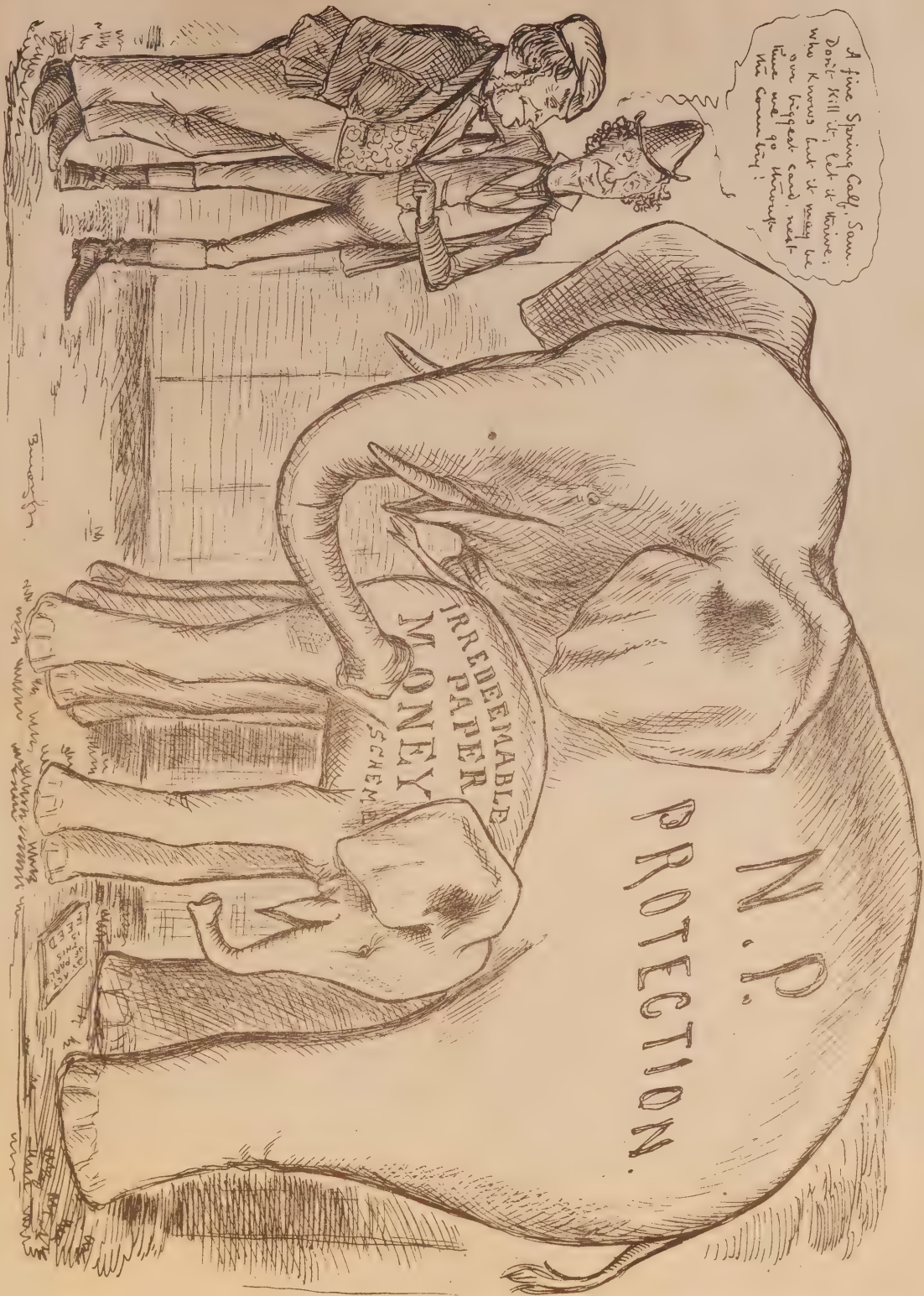
A conjurer seemingly rash

May swallow big jack-knives or swords,
Some swallow gin cocktails and smash,
Some swallow their vows and their words;
These to DOMVILLE are but a small sup,
His feat quite surprises the town;
As with one most Tariffic gulp,
He swallows the Elephant down.

The Edgar Medal.

One evening this week the room of the Reform Association, on King street, was the scene of a very interesting ceremony. Mr. GEO. W. FIELD, a clever young member of the Pairty, was presented with a handsome gold medal, offered by Mr. J. D. EDGAR to the writer of the best essay. For the benefit of those who have not seen this medal, GRIP (who is similarly situated) has much pleasure in presenting an engraving of it below. If the picture does not faithfully represent the medal, it is the fault of our artist's head and not of his hand, and no doubt the genial EDGAR will overlook it.





THE (RAG) BABY ELEPHANT.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

This is the walking year; the next will be leap year.—*Camden Post*.

Of what sort of metal is a political ring made?—*Rome Sentinel*. Steal.

HADLAD, the Cadadiad rower, has a bad code id 'is 'ead.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Female compositors are continually setting their CAPS for the editor.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

Texas papers speak of summary executions. Kind of noose summary, as it were.—*N. Y. Herald*.

The gardener who is training "scarlet runners," cannot be getting up a walking match.—*London Tiser*.

Pinafore hats for ladies are out. They have been pinned altogether too far behind heretofore.—*Norristown Herald*.

It is about time for venerable hens to come forward and be hung up in the market for spring chickens.—*Utica Observer*.

When a woman promenades the streets leading a dog it looks as if she couldn't get anything else to her string.—*Phila. Chronicle*.

The Pope has sent 5000 liras to the relief of the Hungarian sufferers. The lire is a coin, not a sewing-machine agent.—*Danbury News*.

A Pinafore Reform Club, with a pledge binding the members "hardly ever" to drink, would be a popular institution.—*Boston Traveller*.

The *Herald P. I.* man speaks of the toothache as the grinder-pest. Has he forgotten the hand organ manipulators?—*Marathon Independent*.

It is a good suggestion that a negro minstrel blacks his face in order to hide his blushes when he makes his usual stale jokes.—*New York Herald*.

The most economical man is reported as living in the second ward. He took a bung-hole to the cooper to have a barrel made around it.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Poor and hard worked horses must eat their meals whenever and wherever they can, but the aristocratic nag always dines at a table d'oat.—*N. Y. Mail*.

A correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* suggests the following change in a familiar line:

"For men must work, and women must walk."

Benjamin West says the kiss of his mother made him a painter. If Benjamin, however, had lacked genius, the kiss might have made him a whitewasher.—*N. O. Picayune*.

The result of protection in Canada has been immediate. Two prize fighters went over from the United States and got up a big mill there last week.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

"Dot 'Pinafore' expression was a noosance," remarked a Teutonic gentleman to a genial coaljutor. "Auf you tole a veller somedings he speaks noting but blaine English ober he say: 'Vot, hardly sometimes nefer?' Vot kind of language is dose?"—*N. Y. Tribune*.

MAN can do many things, but there is one thing he can't do—he can't button on a new collar, just after cutting his thumb nails, without looking up in the air.—*Boston Globe*.

THE wisest men have generally built up their reputation by keeping their mouths shut. Let men who buy rags and sell fish regard this as a personal item.—*Detroit F. P.*

"JANE," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire we might have some heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years, either.—*Boston Journal*.

The exercise of whipping carpets is recommended for the development of muscle. Don't let your wife do it, or she may get the start of you in development.—*Chicago Journal*.

They are cutting down the trees so fast in some of the Western States that in the event of another war there will be no place for a drafted man to stand behind.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser*.

TALMAGE may be guilty of heresy, burglary, arson and murder, but the one great fact that no one can go to sleep under his preaching should weigh tons in his favor.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Men who make a pleasure of work are not often found, but there is always a look of enjoyment on the face of the man who pounds the bass drum in a brass band.—*Newark Call*.

A harness maker in Syracuse who ran away with another man's wife, and was pursued and chastised by the wronged husband, returned home a saddler if not a wiser man.—*Rome Sentinel*.

LOVE rules the court, the camp, the grove, and earth below and heaven above, but it never sewed a gray patch in the seat of your husband's black trousers. That isn't love. That's revenge.—*Andrew's Bazar*.

The *Danbury News* man is going to try to eat ten soda crackers in ten consecutive minutes.—*New York Herald*. So he's in for a square meal, is he?—*Rome Sentinel*. Yes, but he will find it as dry work as comic lecturing.

In a street car. Lady in shabby dress to animated tailor's model standing in front of her. "Will you please ring the bell sir?" "Pawdon, madam, I'm not the conductaw—ah." "Indeed? What are you?" He gives it up.—*Puck*.

E. C. STEADMAN, in one of his poems in *Scribner*, asks, "Why should I fear to sip the sweets of each red lip?" Don't know, CLARRY, unless it is because the new style of coloring now used is poisonous.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

When the mild spring days come, if they ever should, look out for the showy thirty-five dollar baby carriage pushed along the sidewalk by a bedraggled looking mother who hasn't had a square meal all winter.—*New Haven Register*.

A quiet young man at a party being asked what instrument he preferred, modestly denominated the whistle. Being further pressed to explain what kind of a whistle, he blushing murmured the "Six o'clock whistle."—*Danbury News*.

The following scrap of conversation was heard on the street early last evening: First young man—"MARY ANDERSON appears at Newark to night." Second young man—"Is that so? How many miles is she going to walk?"—*Newark Sunday Call*.

There once was a fellow named KNOT, Who pined as the weather grew hot; As a general rule He couldn't keep cool. And he sweat and he swat and he swot.

—*St. Louis Journal*.

Agricultural hints to ladies.—Now is the time to do your spring sewing; but first prepare a rich top-dressing of straw, ribbon and feathers, in which it is not too early to set out flowers and vines. This dressing is imperative, as it will make even the cabbage-heads look well.—*Boston Transcript*.

A WITNESS at the TALMAGE trial in Brooklyn, being told that he talked so fast the stenographer would not get half he said, replied that half would be quite enough. And so it is with the country; if it should hear from but half of TALMAGE in the future, it would hear quite enough.—*Detroit F. P.*

With strawberries selling at a dollar a quart, and other luxuries equally high, it is some comfort to know that the necessities of life are still within reach of the poor man. Ten dollars will buy a season ticket to the Utica base ball ground for 1879. And still people are not entirely happy.—*Rome Sentinel*.

MRS. BROOKS, we believe, would find cheese sculpture to pay better than butter. We could then place before our guests a cheese bust of perhaps a favorite deity. How aesthetic to exclaim, "Mr. Smith, let me assist you to a small chunk of Minerva's left ear." There's millions in it.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Miss DODS' cooking lecture, the other evening. Lady soliloquizing: "Now that she's got it cooked, I wish she'd tell us how to use up cold mutton." Next lady over-ears and remarks: "I have some infallible recipes." First lady, alert with pencil and note book: "Will you please favor me?" Second lady—"Six boys!"—*Phila. Bulletin*.

The farmer scythe as he rakes his field

From morning until night,

The tater-bug chews the budding corn,

Hoe! such a harrowing sight!

The plow stands by and does its share—

Weed rather say no more—

But such a thrashing the reaper got

Was never seen before!

—*London Advertiser*.

The reason that gentlemen do not often attend millinery openings is plain enough. When they go to the theatre they have such an admirable opportunity for the study of feminine head-gear, that they not only don't care to visit the "openings," but sometimes the wretches don't properly appreciate the advantages the ladies so unselfishly bestow on them.—*Boston Transcript*.

Full soon on the flowerful meadow,

The lambkin will gambol and play;

Full soon in the aisles of the orchard,

The blossoms will fall in a spray.

Full soon in the domiciles scrubbing,

The girl will wax angry and faint;

Full soon we shall see on a placard,

Look out for the paint.

—*N. Y. Star*.

A COBBOURG (Canada) woman has been sentenced to one week's imprisonment for having two husbands. There is something unjust about this sentence. A man convicted of bigamy would have been imprisoned for two years, and there seems to be no valid reason why woman should not in this case be accorded equal rights. There may, of course, have been extenuating circumstances. The first husband may have worn a wig.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

Lament of J. A. M.*"Jam satis superque."*

How sorry I am
I have been such an ass,
As to bring myself down
To so lowly a pass;
I have trifled with friends,
And coquetted with foes,
That I now can scarce tell
Which way the wind blows!
It is now very clear
That I'm losing my power,
And shall soon have to seek
For another "right bower,"
As unless I can hit on
Some new "thimble-rig,"
I shall soon have to "foot it,"
And give up my gig;
For the game's nearly up,
And a "gone coon I'll be,"
Unless I find out
How to "bark a new tree."
Now this trip o'er the water,
I don't like at all,
As it surely will lead to
Our well deserved fall:—
Our ambassador also
I very much fear
Will be "posted" right back
With a flea in his ear,
For thirty-two thousands
Will not be enough,
To save us from getting
A Royal rebuff;
But worse still—LETELLIER
The noble St. Just,
Will rise up a knight
To retain his high trust.
Thus, we who have treated
The Marquis with scorn,
Will find that, like SAMPSON'S,
Our locks have been shorn.

DARIUS.

Quebec, 10 April, 1879.

Grip's Guide to the Cities of Canada.

TORONTO—(Continued).

The tourist on viewing the Parliament House, cannot but be struck with its severely chaste and simple architectural design. Built at a period when luxurious "canoe couches damask" were unknown, the architect caused it to be constructed in harmony with the primitive tastes of the early inhabitants of the country, whose highest notions of the sublime in architecture were derived from a contemplation of their meeting houses with steeples either of the pepper-box or

EXTINGUISHER

order of design. Little did the architect dream of the great change that would, before many years, take place in the ideas of the ambitious descendants of the plain-going citizens with whose tastes he endeavoured to coincide. If he had known that in after years some of the resident Ministers would have their apartments so palatially furnished and adorned with such voluptuous belongings, that weeks would be expended in legislation touching the enormous sums spent thereon, he would have modelled it after the

PALACE OF VERSAILLES

or the Stadt Haus of the Grand Duchess of Lagersweipen. We have searched the archives of the Canadian Institute in order to find the date of the laying of the foundation stone (or rather brick) of the House, but after deep research we remain still uncertain. In its varied career it has been a Lunatic Asylum, and a barrack room, and in years past the private sentinel did "sentry go" at every corner. Some say it was designed by

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

PASSENGERS

FOR

Manitoba, the North West Territories,

OR ANY POINT IN

WESTERN CANADA OR THE UNITED STATES,

Should remember that this is the most comfortable and direct route; and the only line in Canada running the

CELEBRATED DINING CARS,
in connection with the Michigan Central R. Rd., between Suspension Bridge and Chicago. Wagner's Sleeping Cars attached to all Night Trains, Parlor Cars to Day Trains.

THROUGH TICKETS by this Popular Route can be obtained at Lowest Rates at All Principal Stations, and from Agents representing the Line throughout Canada.

xii-22-12t.

F. BROUGHTON,
Gen. Manager.**THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, TORONTO.****THE LEADING HOTEL IN ONTARIO.**

Thoroughly heated with steam throughout.
Elegant passenger elevator.
Prices graduated according to rooms.

McGAW & WINNETT.

Proprietors.

xii-22-3t

W. G. BALLS,**TAILOR,**

40 VICTORIA ST., Near General Post Office.

Clothes cleaned and repaired on the shortest notice, with regard to the strictest economy.

xii-20-4t

WESTERN ICE COMPANY,

Office: 147 Richmond Street West.

We have on hand the

Largest and Best Stock of Beautiful Clear Ice

For office and family use in the city.

WM. BURNS & Co., Proprietors.

xii-20-5t



MAIL CONTRACT.

TENDERS.

Addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on

FRIDAY, 2ND MAY, 1879,

For the conveyance of Letters, Papers, &c., between the several Street Letter Boxes in the City of Toronto, and the Toronto Post Office, on a proposed Contract for Four Years from the 1st July next.

Conveyance to be made in suitable Vehicles, to be approved of by the Department, drawn by one horse or two horses, at the option of the Contractor.

A full description of the Service required, and further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Toronto Post Office, and at the office of the undersigned.

MATTHEW SWEETNAM,

Post Office Inspector.

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE,
Toronto, 8th April, 1879.

xii-21-3t.

Good Words from the Great Weekly.

Canada has been a sort of a grave for comic papers. They have started up in Montreal, Toronto, and elsewhere, but invariably flickered and went out. This was not caused by a lack of a sense of humour in the Canadian people, as the FREE PRESS has a large circulation in the Dominion, which is evidence that the Kanucks know a good thing when they see it. What was lacking in their comic journals was humour. They had everything else. About six years ago, Grip was started in Toronto, and it possessed not only humour, but in its cartoons great genius, and it has become a power in the land. Last week it doubled its size and quadrupled its cartoons. So cutting are its hits on public men and journals that the Globe a few days ago saw the necessity of devoting an editorial to one of its cartoons, while the Premier, not long since, alluded to Grip on the floor of the House, and its admirable cartoon caused considerable discussion among the M. P's. Mr. J. W. Bengough is the Nast of Canada.—*Detroit Free Press.*

INDIGO JONES,

others that it was built in the days of the early GEORGES. In these opinions, however, we are not inclined to agree, for although the building has a decidedly

HANOVERIAN LOOK

about it, being composed almost entirely of brick, once red, but now, after the lapse of so many ages, divested of that cardinal virtue; and, from the evident antiquity of the crumbling walls, which threaten at any moment to collapse and bury the collective wisdom of Ontario in their ruins, we would pronounce the building of much more

ANCIENT DATE.

However, we leave that question for the antiquary to decide. The Building is beautifully situated, fronting the Bay, whereof a splendid view is obtained by merely ascending to the roof; and the G.T.R. sheds in its closer proximity afford quite a source of languid amusement to the permanent clerks, as they watch from the departmental windows the labourers at work in the

"SWEET SUMMER TIME,"

and await with pardonable impatience the hour of Four P.M. The House has two wings, East and West, respectively flanking the main or centre building. These wings are devoted to departmental "work." In the centre building is the Legislative Chamber, which may with propriety be called the *Alma Mater* of all the celebrated politicians of the country. Here MACKENZIE (WM. LYON, not SANDY of that ilk,) used to make his famous speeches and get pelted with paper balls and other light articles by the playful Tory members. Here it was that "Big Thunder" uttered his famous oration, when the mutilated *memo.* from the great BLAKE told him—"you had better speak now." It is a gorgeously appointed apartment; its windows hung with costly crimson damask of the same pattern as the celebrated canoe couch. The Throne or Speaker's Chair has a very awe-inspiring effect on the visitor as he enters. Scoffers of grovelling tastes have likened it to an overgrown cottage piano, but the fact remains, that the Speaker in his gown and cocked hat, the Clerk in his official robes, the Mace on the table, not to mention the Sergeant-at-arms with his

DEADLY RAPIER

at his side, give the scene a sort of demi-semi-air of Royalty, which is very useful in awakening the newly arrived country member to a proper sense of his own importance in being a member of the

AUGUST ASSEMBLY

to which he has been introduced.

It has been darkly hinted that the place is to be pulled down, and another and more pretentious building erected. We would be sorry to see this ruthless act of Vandalism, especially as, from all appearance, if left alone for a very few years, a mound of brick like ancient Babylon will be all that remains of the Old Parliament House.

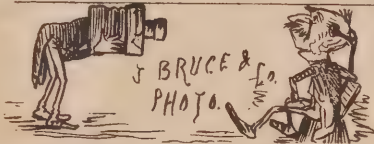
A Pinafore your thoughts!

THE new pavilion in the Gardens will be a better place for vocalists than the old one, though not half so airy.

AND now our City Council want the Government to hand the rifle butts over to them. They say the butts are of no use to the volunteers, when at rifle practice, as they are situated immediately behind the targets. GRIP hopes the Minister will drum out the petition of the Council.



THE CHARGE OF THE RATHER LIGHT BRIGADE, IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."
While we admit that Shakespeare is right, up to a certain point, we cannot agree with him altogether. We do not think that persons can tell truly what they are, until they have had their portraits taken at

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xi-20-17

The Charge.

I
Four o'clock, four o'clock
The tower clock thundered,
Into the division list
Rushed the half hundred—
N. P.'s to right of them—
N. P.'s to left of them—
N. P.'s in front of them—
Threefold outnumbered.

II
Take the vote, JOHN A. said—
Was there a Grit dismayed?
Not though MACKENZIE knew
The country had blundered:
Stormed at with N. P. yells,
Boldly they rose and well,
Boldly their vote to tell,
Noble half hundred.

III
Rose all at once in air—
Rose with their scalplocks bare,
Voting the tariff down,
While the world wondered;
Each hero unappalled
Stood till his name was called—
Then they sat down again,
Just half a hundred.

IV
Then, when the vote was o'er,
Came a derisive roar,
Volling and thundering
From N. P.'s to right of them—
N. P.'s to left of them—
N. P.'s behind them—
Threefold outnumbering.

V
Ne'er shall the glory fade
Of the wild vote they made,
'Gainst the N. P. arrayed—
Not to be plundered!
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the light brigade,
(Rather too light we'er 'fraid
E'en to bring back Free Trade),
Noble half hundred!

MAY the Postmaster General's visit to
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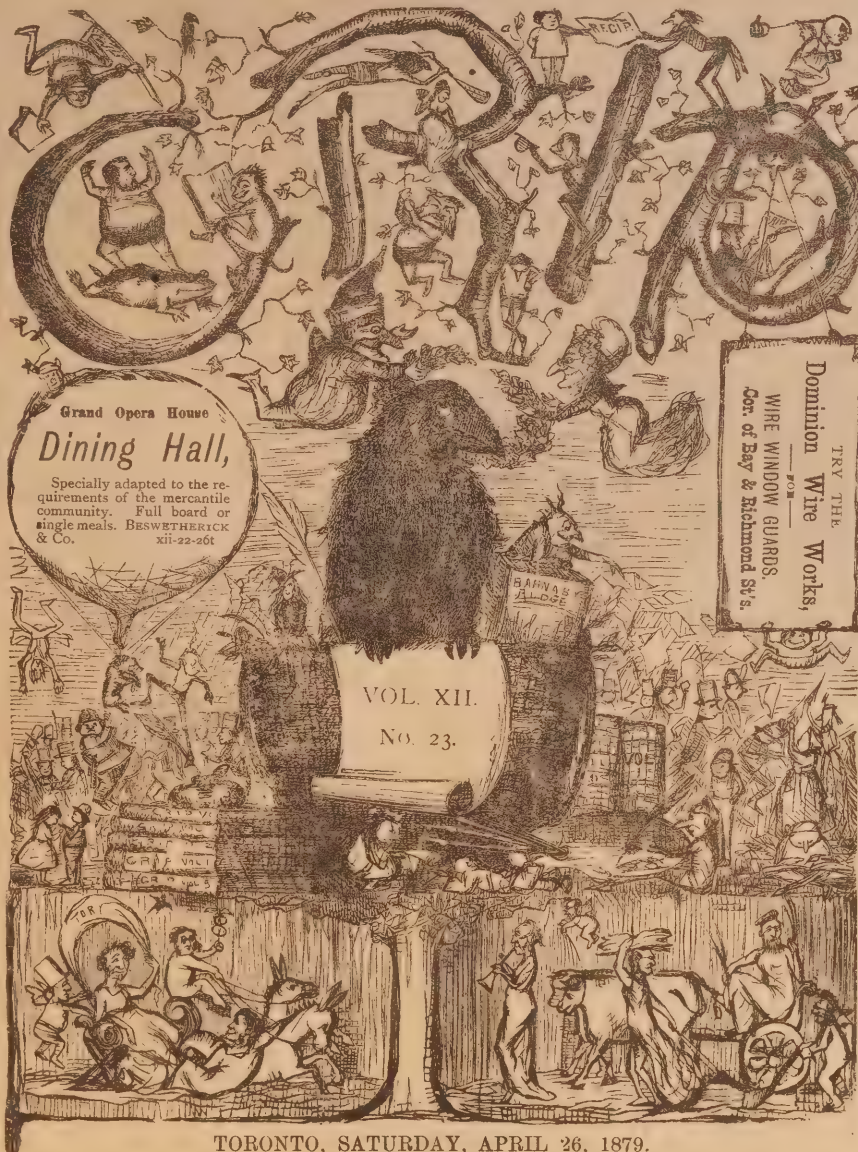
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xii-22-4t

Stage Whispers.

The burlesque on "Pinafore," by the San Francisco Minstrels, has become one of the hits of the season. The music as rendered by the company is admirable.

JOE JEFFERSON says the acoustics of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, are very bad, while the Walnut Street Theatre is one of the best places to speak in in the country.

The vivacious ROSE EYTINGE is being sued by LEWIS MORRISON for calling him "a nigger, a liar and a thief." ROSE will find great difficulty in proving Mr. MORRISON a nigger.

JENNIE BLITZ (Mme. Van Zandt and Signora Ranzini) has been engaged for the Teatro Veggio, Turin, Italy, and was to have begun there as *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni."

Mr. RUDOLPH ARONSON states that all of the money necessary for the erection of the Musical Pavillion which he intends to build in New York has been subscribed, and that he will proceed with the work at an early day.

WILLIAM J. FLORENCE has been investing some of his mighty dollars in mining stocks. We need not follow the painful story. "I shall never go outside of my profession again," says Mr. FLORENCE with the utmost solemnity.

From Naples:—The five performances given by ADELINA PATTI at the San Carlo have not been so successful as the gifted lady's engagements generally are. The receipts of more than one tell below the 10,000 francs claimed by PATTI and NICOLINI every night. During the representation of "Rigoletto" there was even some hissing in consequence of certain cuts which had been made. Considering the prices of admission the audience thought they were entitled to hear the work in its entirety. The curtain had to be dropped in the third act, and the money taken was returned.

SARDOU's "Andre Fortier," written for the Boston Theatre, has now been played three weeks, but appears to fall short of the great success expected. The ingenious and beautiful scenery is said to be its chief attraction. Although the play is placed in California at the time of the gold fever, all the characters are French and Spanish, not one being American. The tone is melodramatic, and the construction is only in parts equal to SARDOU's usual works. There are dreary dialogues, and the translation of the author's French is not of the best. The conflagration, in which a powder flask is fired under an old aqueduct, thus releasing water that extinguishes the flames, is a marvel of stage mechanism, and invariably excites the audience to a remarkable pitch.

A dramatic correspondent thus speaks of the play of *Our Boys*, which is in the fourth year of its run: "It has evidently been too much for the actors. It might be imagined, and that by persons accustomed to the artistic conscientiousness of French acting, that such noted performers as Mr. WILLIAM FARREN and Mr. DAVID JAMES (the Sir Geoffrey Champneys and the Perkin Middlewick of the caste) would strive to maintain their respective impersonations to the level of their original merit. On the contrary, they hurry through their parts as though running a race against time. The dialogue, half the time, is converted on their lips into a meaningless gabble, guiltless of point, and unintelligible to at least one-half of the audience.



PUBLIC ATTENTION is directed to the following provisions of the Fishery Laws in the Province of Ontario:

PICKEREL [*Dore*] cannot be caught from 15th April to 15th May.

MASKINONGE, cannot be caught from 15th April to 15th May.

BASS cannot be caught from 15th April to 15th May.

SPECKLED TROUT, BROOK or RIVER TROUT cannot be caught from 15th Sept. to 1st May.

SALMON TROUT and LAKE TROUT cannot be caught from 1st November to 10th November.

WHITEFISH cannot be caught from 1st November to 10th November.

Net or Seine fishing without licenses is prohibited.

Nets must be raised from Saturday night until Monday morning of each week.

Nets cannot be set or Seines used, so as to bar channels or bays.

Indians are forbidden to fish illegally the same as whitemen.

Each person guilty of violating these regulations is liable to fine and costs, or in default of payment is subject to imprisonment.

No person shall, during such prohibited times, fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell, or have in possession any of the kinds of Fish mentioned above.

By order, W. F. WHITCHER,
Commissioner of Fisheries.
FISHERIES DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA, 2nd April, 1879. xii-23-3t

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Our confidence that the Canadian Public would extend a hearty support to a humorous journal conducted upon principles of honesty and decency has been amply justified in the established success of GRIP, which, during the six years of its existence, has enjoyed the patronage and respect of a large constituency of our best people. In dealing with the public men and affairs of the country it has been the aim of the controllers of GRIP to avoid the coarseness and unfairness which too often characterize satirical public cations. The political Cartoons, although sometimes severe, have never been unjust and never vindictive. The attitude of *absolute independence* which the paper has maintained from the first is attested by the appreciative notices which the Cartoons constantly receive in the press of both Parties.

Press Notices of Recent Numbers.

"Grip" is becoming to be the representative humorous publication in the Dominion. It is published by Bengough Bros., at Toronto. The TIMES is glad to make it one of its associates.—*Fulton (N. Y.) Times*.

Twice as much *Grip*, and no increase in the price, is about the only good thing we have yet got under the N. P.—*St. Thomas Journal*.

The pictures illustrating *Grip* this week are of a kind that will tickle those having a predilection for comic political titbits.—*Kingston Whig*.

Toronto has a comic paper called "Grip," that is full of fun. The people of Toronto should see that they don't lose their "Grip."—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

"Grip" comes to us this week in an enlarged and improved form. Besides the usual full-page cartoon it contains a number of smaller illustrations interspersed throughout the text. Both the reading matter and the illustrations in the number now before us are very clever, and fairly entitle it to be called the *Punch* of Canada. It is embellished with a portrait of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries which is accompanied by some very appropriate verses. *Grip* will now compare very favorably with its old established contemporaries on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is certainly ahead of any of the professed humorous journals in the United States unless it may be the New York *Fuck*. Canada has certainly good reason to be proud of having such a clever cartoonist as Mr. J. W. Bengough.—*Patriot, Charlotte, P. E. I.*

Literature and Art.

"The Memoirs of Mme. BONAPARTE, Written by Herself," will doubtless soon astonish a world that will consider GREVILLE's Memoirs tame by the side of them.

Mr. SWINBURNE is to be a contributor to the new dramatic dictionary or encyclopedia, to be edited by Mr. THEODORE WATTS. Mr. SWINBURNE has made a special study of the Elizabethan dramatists.

The remainder of the books belonging to the library of CHARLES DICKENS have been secured by SCRIBNER and WELSH ORD. They consist principally of presentation copies from the authors to Mr. DICKENS.

FRANK MCGRAW, a colored boy, seventeen years old, living in Milwaukee, has shown unusual talent in painting, and has been taken in charge by the artists, who intend to give him every opportunity.

Arrangements have been made with D. APPLETON & Co. by HOUGHTON, Osgood & Co., whereby the latter firm will publish the complete edition of BRYANT's poems, uniform with their household edition of the poets.

The rejection of the picture of Mr. THOMAS MORAN by the Society of American Artists is the theme of gossip throughout the art and social world in New York, and Mr. MORAN is in a fair way to arrive at great popularity through the ill will of the society to which he has belonged.

There is to be seen at TIFFANY'S, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, a life-size statue in marble, by ROSETTI, of Rome, which is most beautiful and cannot fail to be exceedingly popular. It is entitled "Hidden Love," and represents a Cupid, partially enfolded in a veil, which covers the face and part of the body. The marble is tinted, and the rosy lips and roguish eyes are seen through its folds, while the rounded and dimpled limbs are so natural that one almost feels as if the touch of a finger would leave an imprint in the flesh. Two replicas of the statue have already been sold, although it has been on exhibition but a week.

A rather singularly written story is *Thos*, by GEORGE GRAHAM, published by the LOVELL Publishing Company, Montreal; price not given. The author calls it "a simple Canadian story," and he is not far out of the way. Its simplicity, we think, its chief charm. It is not written to promulgate a theory, or demonstrate a fact; and is utterly devoid of plot or dramatic interest. It is a story, however, that interests a reader from its very homeliness, and was undoubtedly written by a newspaper man or woman. We suspect this last from the faithfulness to detail which characterizes it throughout. It is a wholesome story, and will be a welcome dish in a general bill of fare.

The *Saturday Review* which reluctantly gives Americans credit for superiority in anything, has testified in favor of the superior merit of American wood-engraving. It says: "Wood-cutting has been brought to a point of perfection it has never attained before. Some of the American engravers are far ahead of any on this side the Atlantic, and only want artists worthy of them to make a revival of the art of Bewick possible. We have not, at the present time in England, a single wood-engraver of the first rank, except for landscapes; but one or two of the French cutters are able to imitate steel engraving on blocks worthy of a better art.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

The Parliamentary Alphabet.

- A is for ANGLIN, who lately was Speaker,
B is for BURPEE, a milder and meeker.
C is for CARTWRIGHT, a fly off the wheel,
And D is the warrior, bold Major DOMVILLE.
E is for ELLIOTT, whom nobody knows,
And F is for FARRER, who caws like the crows.
G is for GILLMOR, who kicked up the touse,
And H is for HOLTOM, grandma of the House.
I is for INNES, who was lately elected,
And J is for JACKSON, whom South Grey selected.
K is for KILLAM, whose name suggests fight,
And L is for LANGEVIN, who may soon be a knight.
M's for MACDONALD, MACKENZIE, McKAY,
And O is for ORTON, a maker of hay.
P is for POPE, of Compton, of Queens,
And Q is the QUERRIST who doesn't know beans.
R is for ROBERTSON, friend of pool sellers,
And S is for SNOWBALL, most cheeky of fellers.
T is for TILLEY, the chief of Finances,
And V is for VALLER, who shouts, howls and prances.
W for WALLACE the Rag Baby's nurse,
And Y is for YEO, who endeth my verse.

Grip's Historical Readings.

EMBRACING NOTICES OF GREAT EVENTS
AND CELEBRATED MEN.

III.—THE SOUTH SEA SCHEME.

In the year 1720, when GEORGE THE FIRST was King, there was a Grit ministry in power. This was, of course, a sad thing for the country; but, in addition to this, there was a great financial depression,—although we suppose that is only effect following cause, in accordance with the cast-iron laws of nature. It was just at this juncture of affairs that the great South Sea Scheme made its *debut* in history. This scheme achieved undisputed preeminence as the greatest fraud ever perpetrated on a civilized community, and maintained that reputation down to the date of the Steel Rail Purchase (according to the *Mail* historian) or the introduction of the N. P. (according to the *Globe*). In the present paper we purpose setting forth very briefly the facts, etc., of this S. S. S.

About 1710 a mercantile association had been incorporated for the purpose of doing business along the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Whether this business was selling claims, carrying excursion parties, or starting newspapers, we are not aware, though it was probably the latter, as we are told that during the first ten years of its labors the

Company didn't make a cent. In the year first mentioned, Sir JOHN BLOUNT, a leading director of the Co., began to see a bonanza ahead. Sir BLOUNT was a man of wonderful financial ability—combining in himself the recklessness of a MACPHERSON, the profundity of a WYNNE, the hopefulness of a WALLACE, the unbounded credulity of a BUCHANAN, and the politeness of a HUGH ALLAN. This combined individual waited upon the Government of the day, and told the Finance Minister that he had a plan for clearing off all the national incumbrances. The Finance Minister asked him if his name was PHIPPS; to which he replied in the negative. He was then invited to sit down and explain himself. He did so. His scheme was, that the Government should grant certain commercial privileges to the Company, which would have the effect of raising the value of its stock, in return for which the Company would give the Government a *quid pro quo*. The Government, in the words of JOE RYMAL, M. P., a distinguished statesman of that day, "swallowed the bait, hook and line, bob and sinker." When the terms of the bargain leaked out, the Opposition raised a fearful row. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, a leading Grit, though now in Opposition, made furious speeches in the House, and was ably supported by MACKENZIE and others, who denounced the Scheme as a Pacific Scandal. Nevertheless, as old BLOUNT predicted, it was a big success. The Company's stock went away up out of sight, and the good times came back with such a sudden rush that most of the people went crazy. Nothing ever equalled the S. S. Scheme for bringing back good times instantaneously, excepting the Canadian National Policy of a later date. Speculation became rife—very rife, indeed. Everybody went into it, from boot-blacks down to professional politicians. The Company's stock bore a 1,000 per cent. premium and JOHN T. RAYMOND drew splendid houses with his great play of "Millions In It." Around this Scheme hundreds of others sprang up, and shares were sold faster than the clerks could hand them out. At one time the nominal value of the schemes afloat was more than twice the worth of all the land in the Kingdom, and five times as much as the current cash of all Europe. Capt. WYNNE, Mr. WALLACE and Mr. B. CHANAN, the great inflationists, were almost wild with joy at this marvellous triumph of the rag-baby philosophy, and went swelling around the Royal Exchange with badges on their bosoms, inscribed "A Paper Currency is the Bulwark of Humanity." But before long the bubble burst. People began to hand in their paper checks and ask for specie payment, but the polite clerks informed them that they didn't want the paper currency, as they had a press in the back room and could manufacture all they needed. Then the people began to see where the joke came in, but several of them refrained from laughing. Messrs. WALLACE, WYNNE and BUCHANAN were torn limb from limb by the enraged masses, and thus became martyrs to the glorious cause of Greenbackism. Notwithstanding all which, it is said that the modern representatives of these three distinguished financiers, are following in the footsteps of their misguided ancestors, and courting the terrible doom that overtook them.

A WESTERN man is writing up fire places. He must be a grate author—*Ex.* Up fire places must be a very uncomfortable place to write. It wouldn't suit us as we'd be afraid of catching the in-flu-en-za.

Dominion Theatre, Ottawa.

GRAND GIFT ENTERTAINMENT.

The Management have unlimited pleasure in announcing the continued success of the popular and successful performances now being given at this place of amusement, and respectfully apprise their patrons that the standard programme will be presented every

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PROF. JOHN A., the accomplished juggler, in his new and startling LETELLIER Trick.

ALECK MACKENZIE, in his imitatively droll impersonation, entitled "The man out of Possession."

DAVY MACPHERSON, with his wonderful troupe of Educated Statistics, which will, at the word of command, assume any shape their master may wish, and prove anything he may desire.

DICK CARTWRIGHT, in his lugubrious performances on the Tariff.

TOM WHITE, in his great black face speciality, entitled "Jump Jim Crow."

SAMMY TILLEY, in his side splitting burlesque oration, "How I fooled BOYD wid de telegrams, and still dey wonder at Crime." This noted performer will also have the honor of introducing his trick pantomime entitled, "Humpty Dumpty's Drawback."

LUSH HUNTINGTON, in his new sketch, "The Copper Pirate, or Injured Innocence."

JIM DOMVILLE and WILL GILLMOR, in their great exposition of the manly art of Parliamentary Self-Defence. These famous bruisers will use hard gloves and language. The whole to conclude with the laughable performances of MACDONALD & MACKENZIE'S Combined Troupe of Puppets.

The Management have further to announce that, in connection with this *recherche* programme, they have introduced the popular feature of

VALUABLE GIFTS!

to be distributed indiscriminately to their patrons. Amongst the beautiful and costly articles to be given away may be mentioned:

1. *A National Policy*; bran new, with all the modern improvements. This gift, though valuable to any possessor, is especially attractive to the working classes.

2. *A National Insurance Co.*, a most complete apparatus with which the fortunate recipient may be enabled to make any amount of money, and set at defiance the bloated bond-holding stock companies.

3. *A Rag Baby*, a most ingenious toy, well calculated to amuse the infantile mind.

4. *A Sugar Plum*, worth \$5,261,160. This gift is restricted to the occupant of the private box, and will be presented to that lucky individual in the shape of a tax on Sugar. N. B.—Mr. REDPATH, of Montreal, has secured the private box.

Besides many other attractions too numerous to mention.

In active preparation the Great Constitutional Tragedy,

"THE MURDER OF ST. JUST,"

which will be produced with stage directions, scenery and effects from England. Our agent, M. LANGEVIN is at present abroad securing the accessories for the presentation of this thrilling piece.

MEN of the Time: Watchmakers.

SOLDIERS of the Line: Fishermen.

ALMS givers are hand-some people.

THE boot-black is a bright and shining light.

**Brave "Puck."**

The above little sketch is a tribute to the wonderful nerve and heroism of the New York *Puck*, who, with true Democratic and Republican fearlessness, boldly throws mud at the Marquis of LORNE, notwithstanding the high rank of that nobleman, and the fact that only a few hundred miles of railway, an imaginary boundary line separate the daring journal from his very presence. The recklessness of *Puck* is still more wonderful when we remember that the Marquis cannot answer back, and that if he did attempt to show fight he would have to destroy the entire American army before he could reach the offender. *Puck's* pluck is incomprehensible to Canadian editors!

Worthy of a Poem.

Tweed, March 3rd, 1879.

To Charles Clairmont, *Marmora*.

Can get Sisters of Charity from Kingston as nurses, provided authorities secure temporary hospital.

THOMAS DAVIS.

GRIP is sorry that he cannot have this brief telegram printed in gold, as it deserves to be. It is from a Catholic priest in an eastern Ontario county, to a citizen of a village in another part of his parish, in which it had been reported that small-pox had broken out in several Protestant families. No Catholic was known to be afflicted, but the reverend father, with a true Christian heart, in the presence of trouble became a pastor to all alike. It need scarcely be said that the Sisters of Charity gladly consented to go on this mission as soon as word was sent them, but happily it was found that there was no ground for serious apprehension as to the disease spreading. This manifestation of brotherly love must be grateful to all who have a regard for the well being of our country, as well as to the Protestant people of *Marmora*. GRIP lays aside his jester's garb to grasp the hand of good Father DAVIS and say, "God bless your reverence, would we had more like you in all the churches!"

ACCORDING to the *Bothwell Times* the Rev. Mr. BEE, of Toronto, preached three sermons in that town on Sunday last. This circumstance adds prophetic beauty to the lines of Dr. WATTS:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

The Hon. Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary, taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc.

FROM P TO Q.

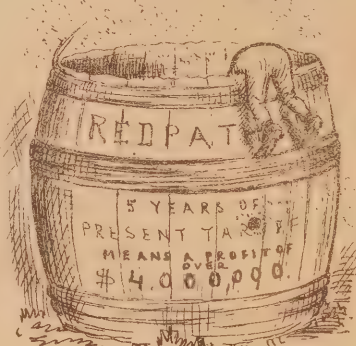
MR. PRUNE, M. P., *Cataractus*.—Highly polished manner and great command of language, of the blank verse order. Has evidently æsthetic tastes, and mind romantic. Seems imbued with lofty thoughts, arising through long contemplation of grandeur of local scenery. Is heavy on poetical quota-

tions, seemed desirous of delighting Excellency with original sonnet of his own composition. Couldn't go it. Stand him off by looking at watches for time. Hon. member much interested in *Kaministiquia River*; delighted with river; as a river, compares its "delta" to that of the Rhine, Danube, Nile and other historical streams; but unfortunately it has a habit of filling up with mud every spring; is therefore in favor of P. A. Landing for terminus of Railway. Is a strong Conservative, and has lately been the victim of Grit turpitude. Has triumphed and is now "all serene." His constituency is the oldest, finest and most respectable in Ontario. He furthermore adds that its Capital has within its corporation the best pasture for cattle and ranges for artillery practice in the Dominion.

Mem.—Think there was a great lyrical poet lost when hon. gentleman unfortunately took to politics.

MR. QUIMAL, M. P., *Ramcastor*. This gentleman is apparently possessed of a vast fund of anecdotes which he seems desirous of recounting, though entirely irrelevant to the subject of conversation in hand. He likewise has the peculiar property of asking the most extraordinary questions. When asked as to the requirements of his constituents he said that one of them desired to be a Notary Public, when he (Mr. Q.) replied that he was glad of it, as he was no tory himself and did not care how public the acknowledgement was made. Here hon. gentleman laughs, and looks enquiringly at Excellency, who seems puzzled. Asks me why does the Capital of Canada resemble *JOSHUA* of Holy Writ? Inform him I see not the slightest resemblance. Says the latter made the sun stand still, and "Ottawa's tide the trembling moon." Objects to Sir JOHN politically, but admires him as a domestic man. "He is so fond of TILLEY and the Baby." What on earth does he mean? Hope he's not crazy. Asked if he will kindly explain. Hon. gent. says it's only his joke (!) Perhaps it is, but can't see where it lies. Governor looks grave. H. G. "smiles all over" and exits.

Mem.—Have learned since that this is the "funny member" of the House, *par excellence*. Must enquire why.



"THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT!"

It is said that a party of twelve caught 144 suckers one night lately at the Don. "LARRY" says this baits the police, who consider a dozen of the species a large haul. Perhaps they are not always a-fishin'(). But doesn't this strike the reader as rather a gross transaction.

**A Czar-tain Remedy.**

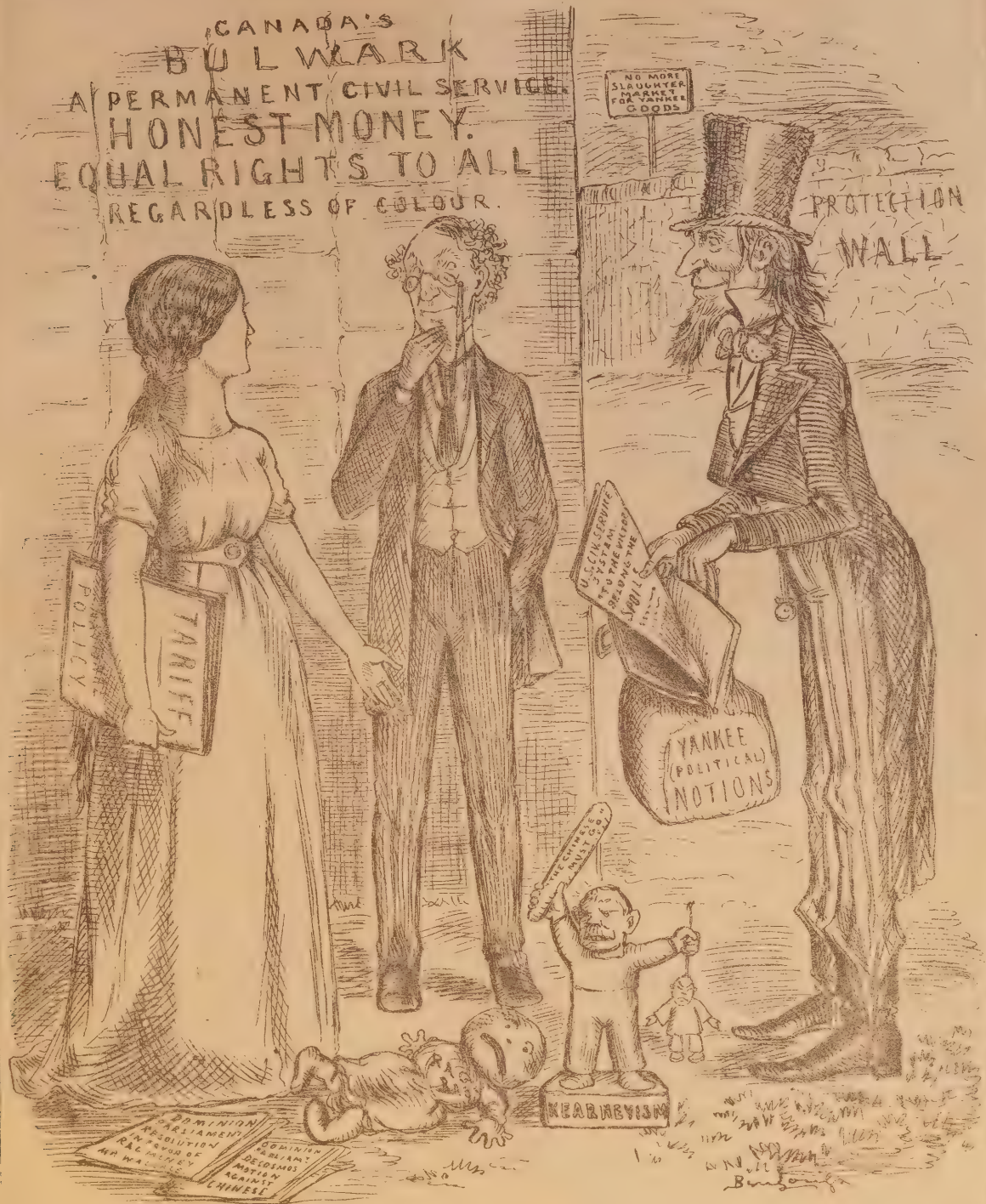
MR. GRIP feels for Russia in her present distracted condition. He sympathises with the poor Nihilists, whom "leagued oppression" has driven to the desperate extremity of insurrection, and he sympathises with the despotic, though feeble Czar, whose crowned head must lie very uneasily indeed, just now, if, in fact, he ever goes to bed at all. This feeling of compassion for all concerned has caused Mr. GRIP to give a few of his busy moments to profound consideration of the whole Russian question, and it is needless to state that the result of that consideration has been the conception of a sure and czar-tain method of settling the whole unpleasantness—a method which GORTSCHAKOFF could never have hit upon, with all his experience in statescraft. GRIP's plan, like all the inspirations of true genius, is very simple; it is nothing more nor less than this—Reconcile All the Antagonistic Elements. If the Diplomatic world here strikes an admiring and incredulous attitude, and anxiously asks, *But how?* GRIP, in reply, leads his old friend DUFFERIN into the presence of the troubled Czar, and addresses his Imperial Majesty to this effect: "Here, Mr. CZAR, is a gentleman who can do the job. You abdicate the throne in his favor, and let his genius for tickling the popular heart have full play, and if he don't pour oil on the Rushin' waters and have them all nice and calm within a fortnight, you may send me to Siberia. We had him out in Canada, and after five years he left our shores with the tender regard of both Grit and Tory; and Mr. CZAR, any man who can mollify the Canadian Grits and Tories will think it only child's play to tame the hearts of Nihilists. This is my specific. As the doctors say, give it a fair trial."

The Earl of Dunmore brought out a wedding march at the Opera in London on the 13th inst., which he was requested to compose in honour of the marriage of the Duke of Connaught. He led the orchestra himself, and the march was pronounced a success.

It appears an English earl
Can do something more than twirl
A mere ornamental stick, for note the fact;
In the operatic field
DUNMORE did the baton wield,
And has pleased the British public in the act.

To compose and lead a Royal
Wedding march was truly loyal;
And though MENDELSSOHN might not approve the score;
Yet let foreigners confess
That, instead of doing less,
Britain now can say with truth she has Dunmore.

A DETROIT baker wants to know what is the greatest knead of the hour? Our greatest need is to get bread cheap.



GOODS PROHIBITED, BUT EVILS ADMITTED.

MISS CANADA.—NOW MR. PREMIER, I DON'T PROPOSE TO ALLOW THIS COUNTRY TO BE MADE A SLAUGHTER-MARKET FOR AMERICAN IDEAS, ANY MORE THAN FOR AMERICAN GOODS.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Gun is mightier than the Sword."

The shad is the Bonypart of the finny tribe.—*Boston Transcript*.

Come gentle Spring; ethereal mildness, c—at-choo!—*N. Y. Express*.

Circus clowns this year will appear in fool dress.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

A good name is rather to be chosen than an Indian agency.—*Rockland Courier*.

Toast by our Irish friend—Massachusetts, may she iver Cape Cod.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is dangerous to ask a woman idle questions when she is adding up a grocery bill.—*N. Y. Star*.

It is no longer wicked to go the theatre. We predict a great falling off in attendance.—*Rochester Express*.

Walking against time—colliding with a hall clock when getting upstairs in the small hours.—*N. Y. Mail*.

"I study two pleas," remarked the judge when the case was left to his decision.—*Oswego Record*.

Be Sirius and tell us how Saturn got into the Ring? Why Venus sat-a-lite for him.—*Phil. Transcript*.

A Rochester mule kicked a tub of butter, but it was too strong, and broke the mule's leg.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

The Pope talks English fluently to American visitors. And quite a number of them understand it.—*Danbury News*.

A young goat may never have a propensity for stealing, yet when he's asleep he's a kid napping.—*Hackensack Republican*.

How ridiculous it is to see a tramp "out in the cold world" with fire in his eye and benzine on his breath.—*N. Y. News*.

There's maww a man whose highest ambition is to successfully contest a seat on a nail keg in a corner grocery.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

Nature is drunk; the very buds are on the "bust."—*Waterloo Observer*. She is simply having her "Spring opening."—*Ottawa (Kan) Republican*.

"MAY MYRTLE." Somebody has been stocking you with falsehoods. BARNUM's fat woman doesn't wear a magna garter.—*Widett Gray*.

As the base ball season apprahs there is a lamentable falling off in the attendance upon the average Sunday school.—*St. Louis Times-Journal*.

The lady who orders the clerk to send home that spool of thread can generally carry a scuttle of coal up three flights of stairs.—*Meriden Recorder*.

The attraction between the small boy and the mud puddle is daily augmented. The mud puddle is something to add mire.—*Marathon Independent*.

A Whitehall dog tried to drink ten quarts of milk in ten consecutive hours, on Thursday. He made 347 laps and tipped over the dish.—*Whitehall Times*.

It is understood that a distinguished bigamist in Illinois proposes to get married one thousand times in one thousand quarter hours.—*Buffalo Express*.

They have discovered a tree in South America that gives milk. A Yankee would make pumps out of the wood and get a patent.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

Tramps would be more numerous than ever, were it not for the self-sacrificing women of the land who marry and support so many men.—*Waterloo Observer*.

The admiration we have for ourselves is only equalled by the commiseration we feel for those who are too short-sighted to perceive our virtues.—*Eccentric Enquirer*.

A domestic named ANGELICA JORDAN has passed over her last name and become a part of her first name. She attempted to kindle a fire with coal oil.—*Norristown Herald*.

When your wife falls asleep by the fire, take the tongs and poker.—*Exchange*. Perhaps a shovel wake her.—*Boston Post*.—But that might fender grately.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Young man know thyself. A \$12 silk hat looks well on some persons, but we can't say it becomes a fellow whose salary is too weak to stand up to \$1 a day.—*Owego Record*.

"It may be," says HEFFELSPEIN, "it may be that a man and his wife are one, but I notice that when I come to pay the weekly board bill the landlord doesn't think so."—*Horne Sentinel*.

It is printed as something remarkable that "glass clothing is now manufactured in Germany," whereas in this country glass has long been used for sashes!—*Catskill Recorder*.

From the fact that NERO fiddled while Rome was burning, we may infer that business had been pretty dull and he had insured the old place for all it was worth.—*N. Y. World*.

JONES said, looking into the glass the other morning, "I am a man with three heads on my shoulders—the one I see, the one I feel, and the one BROWN put on me."—*Herald P. I.*

The old, old story.—Rev. Mr. BEARDSLEY, of New Milford, was offered \$100 for his cow. He refused it, and shortly after the cow died. When will the populace learn wisdom?—*Danbury News*.

A few years back when times were hard, the collectors were among the greatest pedestrians, but they never made any uproar about it. Then a collector would walk 2,700 miles and go 2,700 times for 2.70 cents.—*Quincey Modern Argo*.

A story is going the rounds to the effect that GAMBETTA's father once sold oranges. Well and what of it? If his son fell so low as to become a statesman, must his honorable father who sold oranges bear the blame?—*N. Y. Express*.

Paragraphers may yet have cause to combine against the Chinese. Ah Sin, a Sixth street laundryman, winked his almond eye the other day and remarked that he wasn't the biggest Ah Sin the world after all.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

It is asserted that sleep first begins at the feet and thence extends to the rest of the body.—*Exchange*. This foot rule won't work. If it was true a Chicago man could not get asleep until the middle of the next day.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

A Wisconsin editor has just died of apoplexy superinduced by over-eating, and all the other journalists in that section are dying of envy.—*San Francisco Post*.

PAUL BOYTON is now on his way down the Mississippi river, but the States bordering on that stream haven't as yet offered a reward for the steamboat that runs him down.—*Phila. Chronicle Herald*.

"Illustrious potentate," says the King of Siam to his guest, General GRANT, "are you to be the next emperor of America?" Then smoked ULYSSES mused a little while in silence, and made answer very gravely, "Yes, Siam."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Miss JULIA E. SMITH of the famous Glas-tonbury sisters, aged 87 years, is married. Miss SMITH fought hopelessly all her life for representation at the polls, and now she is married. This shows to what extremes a woman will go to win her purpose.—*Danbury News*.

It has been proved that the strength, care and thought expended by the average housewife in coaxing a weak-chested, hollow-backed, consumptive geranium up two inches, would lift a ton weight three-quarters of a mile and raise a thousand dollar mortgage out of sight.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

A diamond weighing 400 karats—the largest in the world—was recently found in India. During the past few weeks the owner has received twenty-seven letters from young Americans who will act as clerks at seaside hotels the coming season. It is easy to imagine the object of the missives.—*Norristown Herald*.

By securing a divorce, Mrs. BRIGNOLI allows her husband to keep on the even tenor of his way.—*Lowell Courier*. But she alleged that his ways were base.—*Boston Traveller*. And she was alto-gether too sharp for such a flat.—*Danbury News*. The fact is old BRIG. put on too many airs. But, give him a rest; he is over the C.

It is going to cost England \$10,000,000 to kill ten or a dozen Zulus. It costs more to kill a Zulu than it does an Indian. Our government never pays more than \$200,000 for killing an Indian; and a white man—well in this country you can kill a white man for almost anything you are able to pay a lawyer.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Emotional plays affect men and women differently. A woman will sit through a five act tragedy and use five or six handkerchiefs in weeping over the woes of the heroine. A man rushes out between the acts, bares his fevered brow to the night air and lets the dew fall on him. The dew gathers mostly on the mustache.—*Binghampton Republican*.

The politicians of Lower Canada are crying "havoc" and may at any moment let slip the dogs of war if LETELLIER is not at once removed. The Montreal *Witness* publishes an interview with Alderman THIBAUT of that city, who had just returned from Ottawa, and the way the Alderman of that city talks is enough to make England tremble in its shoes. He talked about striking for liberty and a grand rally for independence. We gather from his remarks that Canadians will no longer be slaves. They will never, never put up with British tyranny. At least, "hardly ever." "You will see striking events before long," said the blood-thirsty Alderman to the quaking reporter, "just a very little will lose this province to England." When BEACONSFIELD hears this he will, very likely, want to sell England for what it will bring.—*Detroit F. P.*

An Episode in the Life of a Statesman.

BILL SMITH made his pile in the mines,
And sighed for love and fame;
But alas! how could he hope for them
With his plebeian name?

"Why have immortal longings high
This bosom often stirred?
BILL SMITH," he sighed, "must never be
One of the common herd."

And then he struck a paying lead—
That is, got an idea,—
And away into the Capitol
Right smartly he did steer.

"O change my name!" he loudly cried,
To the legislators there.
"Down with the dust and we'll change it or bust!"
The members all did swear.

"AMOR DE COSOMS! What a name!
Three languages you've panned:
But you pays your money and takes your choice—
Ten ounces you must stand.

The gold was paid, the bill went through
Till near its latest stage,
When a member an amendment moved
That filled BILL SMITH with rage.

"I move," said he, "to amend the bill,"
And broadly he did grin,
"By striking out all after *De*,
And putting MUGGINS in."

"AMOR DE MUGGINS!" yelled the House,
And laughed and roared with glee,
At the frightened face of poor BILL SMITH,
Which peered from the galleries.

But lobbyists worked, and WILLIAM coaxed,
Champagne did freely run.
And the motion was lost and the bill was passed—
The majority only one.

Grip's Guide to the Cities of Canada.**TORONTO—(Continued).**

Probably the most pleasing characteristic of Toronto, and one for which it is justly celebrated from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, is the great number and splendor of its different

PARKS,

the chief of which, beyond doubt, is "The Queens Park." Let us enter at the Queen street avenue leading thereto, and proceed northerly on its magnificent concrete pavement. On either side is a line of stately trees, the prolific horse-chestnut, so deceiving to the juvenile eye and taste; and the towering poplar, which sheds in its season its umbrageous favors on the "Sunday-go-to-meeting" suits of the visitors, and which, strange to say, is actually maligned by some of them as a nuisance! But of course there are people who will grumble at any favor unasked for by them (except, perhaps, a donation of "filthy lucre"), and would doubtless growl if all the scented rose blossoms of

THE VALE OF CASHMERE

were showered upon them. But let us proceed. On arriving at the southern limit of the Park proper, you may behold on every side aristocratic mansions, each with its "paddock" and closely shaven lawn, presenting a very pleasing and strikingly handsome appearance; indeed they are considered of so much value to the common people from an æsthetic point of view, that the city authorities subject them to a merely nominal tax, much to the disgust of the chronic grumbler before mentioned, who can't by any means "see it in that light." Looking to the north, you will behold a brace of

BIG GUNS,

pointing in line with the top of your head. Be not alarmed; they have not been loaded since their capture by "our troops" at the fall of Sebastopol. We are not just now quite sure what corps distinguished itself in

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

PASSENGERS

FOR

Manitoba, the North West Territories,

OR ANY POINT IN

WESTERN CANADA OR THE UNITED STATES,

Should remember that this is the most comfortable and direct route; and the only line in Canada running the CELEBRATED DINING CARS, in connection with the Michigan Central R. Rd., between Suspension Bridge and Chicago. Wagner's Sleeping Cars attached to all Night Trains, Parlor Cars to Day Trains.

THROUGH TICKETS by this Popular Route can be obtained at Lowest Rates at All Principal Stations, and from Agents representing the Line throughout Canada.

F. BROUGHTON,
Gen. Manager.

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THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, TORONTO.**THE LEADING HOTEL IN ONTARIO.**

Thoroughly heated with steam throughout.
Elegant passenger elevator.
Prices graduated according to rooms.

McGAW & WINNETT.

Proprietors.

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W. G. BALLS,**TAILOR.**

40 VICTORIA ST., Near General Post Office.

Clothes cleaned and repaired on the shortest notice, with regard to the strictest economy.

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WESTERN ICE COMPANY,

Office: 147 Richmond Street West.

We have on hand the

Largest and Best Stock of Beautiful Clear Ice

For office and family use in the city.

Wm. BURNS & Co., Proprietors.

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MAIL CONTRACT.

TENDERS.

Addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on

FRIDAY, 2ND MAY, 1879.

For the conveyance of Letters, Papers, &c., between the several Street Letter Boxes in the City of Toronto, and the Toronto Post Office, on a proposed Contract for Four Years from the 1st July next.

Conveyance to be made in suitable Vehicles, to be approved of by the Department, drawn by one horse or two horses, at the option of the Contractor.

A full description of the Service required and further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Toronto Post Office, and at the office of the undersigned.

MATTHEW SWEETNAM,

Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
Toronto, 8th April, 1879.

xii-21-1t.

A Pity.

"I remember the late Sir Henry Bulwer telling me that if I wished to be the most popular man in England I had only to get some one to kick me down Regent Street every consecutive morning for a month."—*London Truth*.

It is a pity that this most snobbish of modern egotists, LABOUCHERE, hadn't taken the advice of Sir HENRY, who, of course, was his personal friend—(the paragraph is probably only written to convey that idea)—because if he had secured a popularity in that way everybody would have rejoiced. The man who did the kicking, however, would hold the warmest place in the popular heart.

this act of gallantry, but we believe both the Queen's Own and

THE TORONTO FIELD BATTERY,

lay claim to that honor, and both have volunteered to the home authorities to "do it again," should the exigencies of war demand their martial services. The Park is ornamented by magnificent oaks, spared at its laying out from the primeval forest, and its appearance from the banks of the tumultuous stream dividing it from the University grounds is unsurpassed and most enchanting to the beholder.

On Sundays it presents quite a sacerdotal appearance, from the number of amateur theologians who air their peculiar views before a rather nomadic and everchanging congregation, who, however, appear to enjoy the somewhat startling addresses of the *al fresco* divines. Here we may remark that our friend the "growler" comes in again, and says he objects to all this unorthodox rant, and would greatly prefer the Park in normal quietness. However, there is no doubt it is a favorite place of resort; so much so that the "peelers" are at times obliged to turn out the too strongly fascinated frequenters who remain beyond the prescribed time. We will not dwell on the beauties of Victoria Park, reached by boat east of the city; nor LORNE Park, also reached by boat on the west, nor

HIGH PARK.

reached, (we forget how, but would suggest a walk)—which, though as yet almost in embryo, have, as a set off, a rustic simplicity quite charming, where the admirer of nature can at his leisure watch the gambols of the sprightly chipmunk, while he listens with delighted ears to the tuneful bullfrog chanting his plaintive lays in the waters of the adjacent streams.

New Novels.

An enterprising publisher has sent us the following:—"The Unlucky Pedestrian" by the author of "The Last of his Race;" "Going thro' the Whiskey" by the author of "Coming thro' the Rye." "The Unscrupulous Office Seeker" by the author of "Put Yourself in his Place;" "Scabbard and Nightcap" by the author of "Sword and Gown;" "Unlimited Loo" by the author of "Little Loo;" "Chased by a Bull" by the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson;" "The Itinerant Preacher" by the author of "The Perpetual Curate;" "Uncle Jim" by the author of "Anteros;" "Five Hundred Miles on Foot" by the author of "Round the World on Cheek;" "The Lady Killer" by the author of "The Dear Slayer."

Flambeau Flashes.

CAKES that are always frosted—cakes of ice.

CAN back teeth be considered merely inside-dentals?

THE pensioner is mightier than the sword.—*N. Y. Herald*.

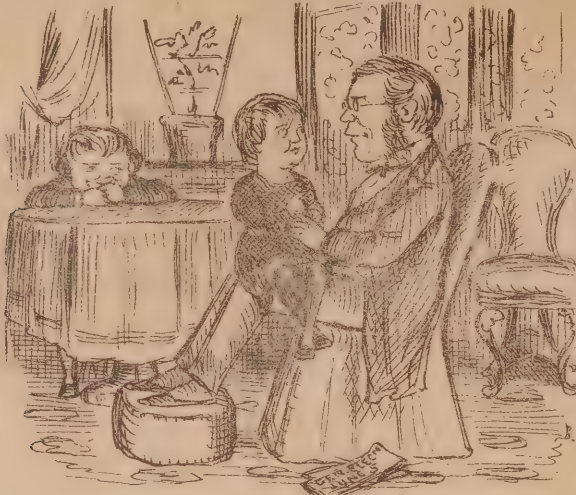
CAN a book on the "language of flowers" be called a book, ah?

If your shoe's tore go to a shoe store and get it repaired.

WHY is an impudent boy like a certain carpenter tool? Because he's saw, see?

THE eyes through which country magistrates generally look—Assize.

WHERE did VICTOR HUGO? Does BISMARCK time correctly?

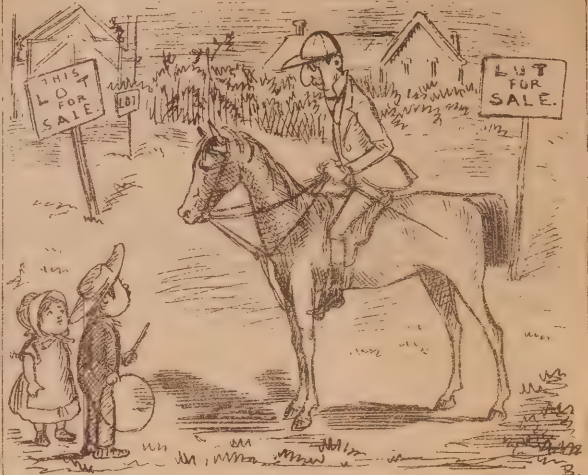


A "HOME"—THRUST.

Juvenile.—SAY, UNCLE OLIVER, ARE YOU GOING TO A WALKING MATCH?

Uncle Oliver.—WHY, NO, MY DEAR; WHY DO YOU ASK?

Juvenile.—CAUSE MY BROTHER JIMMY SAYS YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOUR WALKING TICKET IN JUNE!



TORONTO HUNT CLUB SKETCHES.—No. I.

Scene.—PARKDALE.

De Muggins—(who has lost the other fellows)—SAY, SONNY, DID YOU SEE A LOT OF HUNTERS PASS THIS WAY?

Small Boy.—LOT HUNTERS? YESSIR, THE'S CROWDS OF 'EM HERE EVERY DAY.



"There is no art
To find the mind's construction in the face."

This was quite true in Shakespeare's time but Art is like everything else in this fast age, progressive; so that by the aid of Photography, the powers of mind combined with visible expressions of character, and all the cardinal virtues are clearly delineated in the portraits taken at the Photo Art Studio of **J. BRUCE & Co.**, 118 King Street West, Toronto.

xii-22-17

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THE COMIC PAPER OF THE DOMINION.

Enlarged and Improved.

Growing in favour every day.

A RARE CHANCE FOR YOU TO MAKE MONEY NOW

Send for sample copy and terms.

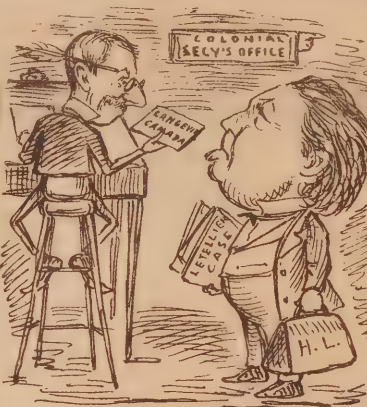
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General Agent, Toronto.

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\$10 TO 1000 Invested in Wall St. Stock;
makes fortunes every month.
Book sent free explaining
everything.
Address **BAXTER & Co.**, Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.
xi-20-17



THOSE DOWNING ST. CLERKS.

MR. LANGEVIN arrives in London and presents his card in the Colonial Secretary's ante-room.

THE CLERK.—From Canada, hey? Business with 'Er Majesty's Government? Anythink with reference to this Canadian sculler, 'Anlan?

OUR Funny Contributor thinks that the practice of marking down the placards in the dollar stores to ninety-nine cents is a cents less proceeding. It was probably done to meet the views of people who look a long while at a dollar.

'ARRY has been reading the contents of our waste basket and thinks writers of spring poetry ought to be arrested as lunatics at large, and puts to us the following legal point: "If spring poets should go (winter the dock oughtn't to be tried summery by the Denison of the police court, or fall under the Jury's diction of a higher court?"

VERNON,
MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,

159 YONGE STREET.

Watches and Clocks repaired.



Pipes Mounted.
xii-19-8t

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a Salary of \$100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address,

SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

xii-16-3m

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's, or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cornyn, 61 King-street East, (late 139 Church-street), as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-17

TO PHONOGRAPHERS!

PRICE-LIST REVISED APRIL 1, 1879.

Compend of Phonography	5 cts.
Exercises in Phonography,	5
Grammatical and Contractions,	10
Questions on Manual,	15
Selections in Reporting Style,	20
Teacher,	20
Key to Teacher,	20
Reader,	20
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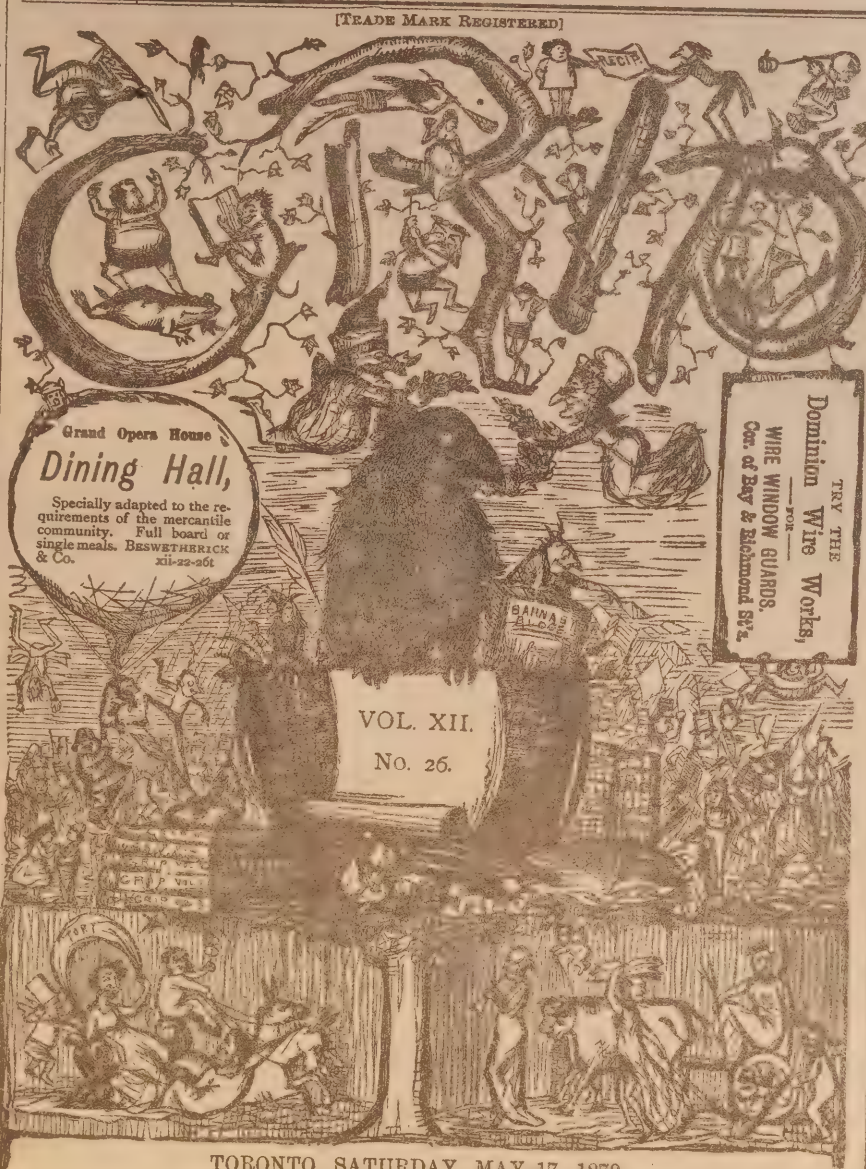
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

Judgment was given on Monday in the case of GEO. STEWART, JR., vs. ROSE-BELFORD Publishing Co., in which the plaintiff claimed a royalty on the sale of a book he had written for that firm. The decision went against Mr. STEWART, on the ground that he had made no specific arrangement about remuneration, and that the work had been done in his capacity as editor of *Belford's Magazine*. This may be good law, but it is poor consolation to Mr. S., after all his hard work. GRIP trusts that ROSE-BELFORD & Co., will have enough feeling to do the fair thing, notwithstanding their legal victory.

Mr. GLADSTONE has received the following message sent by the President of the Bulgarian Assembly: "In the darkest moments of our national life, in the moments of sufferings and neglect, all the Bulgarian nation with joy and enthusiasm heard from you a word of compassion, protection, and consolation. Not heeding the difficulties and the prejudices around, you defended bravely the just cause of an unfortunate nationality, the liberty of humanity now liberated. The Bulgarian nation, in the person of its full National Assembly, performs a great and very sacred duty in tendering its deepest and most heartfelt thanks to you and your noble colleagues for the sympathy you manifested and still manifest towards the Bulgarian nation in the work of its liberation."

The literary and biographical essays included in Mr. GLADSTONE's recently published "Gleanings" are of great interest, especially those on TENNYSON and MACAULAY. The former, published more than twenty years ago, is thoroughly appreciative and just; the latter is by far the best criticism of the great writer that has been written. Whilst eulogizing all MACAULAY's fineness of character and his enthusiasm and industry in political and literary matters, Mr. GLADSTONE does not forget to censure his reprehensible obstinacy in refusing to correct the numerous and elaborate misstatements and misrepresentations with which his "Essays" and "History" abound, notably in the cases of WILLIAM PENN and SIR ELIJAH IMPEY. The Essay on Bishop PATTERSON was evidently a labour of love, and the reader of that on LEOPARDI will find that Mr. GLADSTONE's acquaintance with DANTE is hardly less profound than with HOMER.

ALMA TADEMA's pictures for the Royal Academy number among them one which is, perhaps, as strong as anything he has painted. It is called "Down to the River," and the scene is, of course, in ancient Rome. A Roman matron with her child and maid, about to take a boat across the Tiber, are descending the stairs with its balustrade of Sienna marble, to where two boatmen—one a handsome Roman, the other a rich-colored blackamoor—are bidding eagerly for her custom. A splendid bridge crosses the picture full in the sunlight, and casting its yellow reflections into the dull, greenish-toned stream, above a strip of intense blue sky, gains yet greater value from the precious fleck of vermillion which belongs to a figure in a chariot crossing the bridge. Mr. TADEMA's other pictures are the "Feast of Pomona," a wild dance round an apple-tree white with blossoms, and "A Hearty Welcome," where matron and little maiden greet each other in a garden full of sunflowers and bright with crimson pillars.

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Stage Whispers.

Mlle. EME ROSEAU, the "Baby Mine" singer, is Mrs. EMELINE REED, when she is at home.

HENRY IRVING is playing "Claude Melnotte," in London. The "Pauline" is Miss ELLEN TERRY.

It is said that JAMES O'NEIL, now of San Francisco, has had GEORGE ELIOT's *Daniel Deronda* dramatized for him.—*Buffalo Every Saturday*. Ah, yes! Our literary staff is busily engaged in dramatizing the New York City Directory.—*Puck*.

Mrs. GEORGE MACDONALD, wife of the Scotch poet novelist, in 1877 arranged the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress*, and it was performed at a private entertainment in Lord DUNCIE's dining hall, London, each part being taken by members of Mr. MACDONALD's family. Rev. EDWARD EGLESTON says the performance was charmingly simple and wondrously affecting and effective.

A French correspondent writes as follows concerning Miss EMMA C. THURSBY: "A young American cantatrice of the highest promise has just appeared, to delight the concert-going public by her brilliant qualities. Miss EMMA THURSBY possesses a beautiful voice and she is evidently an accomplished musician. Her performance at M. PASDELOUP's concert last Sunday electrified the audience, the perfection of her method and her marvellous execution of the most florid passages revealing an artist for whom a very bright future is in store."

It is not correct as asserted by the *Gaulois*, that MARIO has gone mad. The fact is that under the protracted influence of disappointment and pecuniary difficulties the poor great artist has been lately laboring under softening of the brain. The disease having assumed a disquieting character, it has been found necessary by his friends to put him under medical supervision. There is nothing akin to madness in his case; he is always sober in temper and gentle in manners. But there is reason to fear lest he should linger long in a hopeless condition.

The two gentlemen that visited Toronto last week speak in the highest terms of praise of the attention showed them by the officers of the Philharmonic Society of Toronto. They were at the depot to meet them with a carriage; bespoke the best treatment for them at their hotel; wanted to pay their bills, gave them the best seats at hall for the oratorio of "Elijah," and introduced them to some of the best people. The next day the President, Mr. S. NORDHEIMER, placed his elegant carriage, horses and driver, at their disposal, and lunched them at the Toronto Club, and could not do enough for them.—*Buffalo Every Saturday*.

The dramatic critic of the *Buffalo Every Saturday*, thus speaks of the two principal actresses in *Evangeline*: "Miss VENIE CLANCY has greatly improved since last here, both in manner and in voice, and is certainly one of the brightest and prettiest young ladies on the stage. She received very gracefully an elegant basket of flowers on each night during the "Prison Scene," and was also encored in her song. Miss LIZZIE WEBSTER, who I hope will never leave the opera bouffe boards, as her future husband, Mr. NUNNEMACHER, assures me she intends doing this season, while not in such usual good voice, was very entertaining, and her wonderfully perfect little person was gotten up as gorgeously in outward apparel as the first butterfly of the summer."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

To Correspondents.

Quip, Windsor, N. S.—Not considered suitable.

THE Session at Ottawa is ended, and the grand allegorical tableau of the Triumph of Virtue, as represented in our cartoon, occupies the centre of the stage amid a blaze of colored lights, as the curtain goes down. The Opposition are crushed; the Ministry are jubilant. The outside public, too, cannot but rejoice that the trouble is over, for every day of the inconsequential squabbling means a pile of hard cash out of the people's pockets. And what have we got for our money? Heaps of first-rate, practical measures. In the first place, there is the National Policy, which has already inspired new life and vigor into several shingle mills, and brought the blessings of high wages to many a horny-handed son of toil; next we have a splendid assortment of Official Assignees, a boon for which the country cannot be too thankful; then we have been favored with the appointment of a new Postmaster in Toronto, and several new officers in many other parts of the country, in all cases, of course, effecting a great saving of money; again, we have received the head of LUC LETELLIER, a measure which must give universal satisfaction; and further, we may mention the Act repealing the Insolvency law, a most meritorious measure. These are but a few of the Acts passed by the present active and energetic Administration. Much more has been accomplished since Sir JOHN returned to his old seat. HANLAN has beaten HAWDON; the Long Island prize-fight has passed off amid great *clat*; ROWELL has carried away the pedestrian belt, *Parole* has won the thousand guinea stakes at the races, and several circuses are announced to make their entrance into our disentrained and glorious country! Long live good Government!

THE Prince of Wales introduced a Bill into the House of Lords the other day to legalize marriage with deceased wife's sister, but it was defeated. From this we gather that not many changes of sentiment on this matter Heir Apparent as yet amongst the noble Lords.

The Hon Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary, taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc.

FINALE.

Terrible *contre temps* this morning, DWYER and ELLIOTT argument. Members forget they are not in the House. Forbear giving names—call them respectively X Y Z. Last interview of the season.

THE SCENE—Members heard arguing outside. Enter unannounced altogether.

Mr. X.—Your excellency I have to lay be fore you—

Mr. Y.—(interrupting)—Don't lay anything before him, he'd walk off with it. He's a pyrite your Excellency.

His EXCEL.—(aghast)—What? a pirate?

Mr. Z.—I beg to reiterate the statement made by my honourable colleague, he's a pyrite, and a copper pyrite, that's why he's got brass enough to buck in here ahead of us.

Mr. X.—Your Excellency will perceive that the buffoon who has had the audacity to address you last, has been emitting some wretched attempts at punning on the words pyrites, brass and buccaneers to cast a slur upon an industry that I have been engaged in.

Mr. Z.—I may be a buffoon, but I have never yet been accused of being a "chicken lifter."

His EXCEL.—(in despair)—What is a chicken lifter?

Mr. Z.—A hen thief. I've enquired at the honourable gentleman's hotel, and find that he is very liberally supplied with spring chicken—and the landlord don't pay for them.

Mr. X.—For your foul language the presence of the Governor only restrains me from quickly "cooking your goose."

Mr. Y.—Say that ore again, although my Hon. friend don't mind you much, I'll rise to a point of order and—

Mr. Z.—Never mind. I don't care a copper for him, he's an undermining bore. (all rise and grapple)—Pretorian Guards called—members secured—Tableau—Quick Curtain.

* * * * *

Distribution of Characters at Close.

To the Editor of GRIP,

SIR:—As you apparently approve of my proposal with reference to the "Canadian School of Poetry," I will give you my idea of the manner in which it should be conducted. In the first place, I think it should be called the "Chaucerian Academy," or "Chaucerian Poetical Institute;" it would be a delicate compliment to the "Father of English Poetry."

Secondly—Oh dear! I feel as if I were writing a sermon. I am sure I never can put my opinions under different heads, in fact, I find it impossible to keep them arranged in my own. Papa says that I am very unsystematic. I am sure that he thinks that our brains are full of pigeon-holes and that we should do up our thoughts in parcels and stow them away as he does the papers in his office. But I wander from the subject, I had got as far as secondly. 2ndly, we will suppose that the school is established and Professor and pupils assembled. The first thing to be done is to choose a subject; I should think it well to begin with a Love Poem, for there are many people who are not much affected by the beauties of nature, there are many in whom Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's "soulful of involuntary unbelief;" or Mr.

MORRIS' "Mythological Story;" or "vials of tribulation and wrath" poured out by other poets, would awake no responsive chord: but most young people can be brought into a sentimental frame by pondering on the materials for a Love Poem, and though original sentiment is not necessary, it will lighten the work of the professor if the pupils possess it. There is an excellent recipe for a Love Poem in "The Inspired Singer Recipe Book." We are told to take two large and tender human hearts, which match one another perfectly. Arrange these close together but preserve them from contact by placing between them some cruel barrier. Wound them both in several places and insert through the openings a fine stuffing of wild yearnings, hopeless tenderness, and general admiration for stars, etc. There are many other useful recipes in the book. It would also be necessary to have several volumes of poetry, from which ideas could be gathered. Some people call the use of other peoples ideas plagiarism. I do not. When I buy anything, I consider that it is my own property, and if a man chooses to cut his sentiments into given lengths and sell them as poetry, my opinion is that those who buy may make use of them as they please. As you may have observed many of our modern poets agree with me in practice, though not in theory.

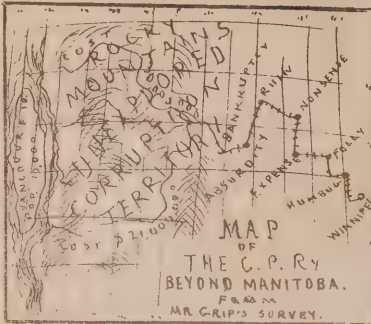
Having selected subject and sentiments, the professor should hang printed lists of words that rhyme with each other where all the class could see them. Many words, for instance, rhyme with light, as blight, flight, midnight; then there are such words as cling and wring which are suggestive of dependence and heart breaking. The professor should throw out a few remarks suggesting such ideas; then the class should begin the poem; it might be limited to six verses, the first and third lines of the first verse to end with light and sight, the second and fourth with shine and twine and so through the remaining verses. The pupil must be dull indeed, who would not soon become proficient under such favouring influences. I think no one need despair. I have known girls at school who could hardly distinguish one tune from another, but by practising a great deal they became brilliant musicians, with a surprising amount of execution. Poetic execution could, I am sure, be acquired in the same way. JACK (my brother), says that murder would be the more correct term, but poor JACK is quite destitute of the finer feelings. However he has promised to help me with the sample poems for next week's paper as I have really been too busy to prepare them. As this is a subject in which the public should be interested, if any of your correspondents can propose a better mode of conducting the Poetical Institution, I shall be delighted to listen to their suggestions.

Yours faithfully,

SU SCEPTIBLE.

Candour.

MR. ALEX. WRIGHT may be a very tricky politician, but he is at all events candid on the subject of Federal Interference. He got up boldly the other evening at a public meeting and moved a resolution affirming the proposition that the Local and Dominion Governments ought to work together, and in fact ought to be of one Party. After that we are prepared to hear ALEXANDER declare that bribery funds for the Provincial elections ought to be voted regularly in the Committee of Supply at Ottawa. But, by the way, Mr. WRIGHT is one of the humorist; so perhaps his resolution was intended for a joke.



A MORE stupendous piece of folly than the attempted construction of the Canada Pacific Railway beyond our North West settlements was never, in GRIP's opinion, entertained by any intelligent nation. The absurdity of the thing is only equalled by its expensiveness, and were it not that the crazy undertaking is likely to land us in bankruptcy, we would laugh at it as a huge joke. Of course railway communication with Manitoba is a necessity, and has been achieved. There is no call whatever for doing any more just now. It has always appeared to us that none of our public men ever really believed in the "Policy," but both parties have allowed themselves to be committed to it. The above map gives our own private view of the project—both Grits and Tories to the contrary notwithstanding.

Grip's Historical Readings.

EMBRACING NOTICES OF GREAT EVENTS AND CELEBRATED MEN.

NO. VI.—THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

The intelligent reader who has scanned the picture of King WILLIAM on horseback, which always accompanies the advertisement of L. O. L., No. 7986, must be aware that the Battle of the Boyne was fought in the year 1690, for that date is written in bold figures just under the off hind foot of the prancing charger. He is also probably aware that the parties engaged in that memorable fight were King WILLIE of Orange, and King JIMMY of Scotland, and that they were fighting for—but of course the reader has heard all about it from the dusty and perspiring orators up in the Queen's Park on many a 12th of July. It was a glorious, pious and also immortal affair, and so is its annual celebration, barring, perhaps, the piety. It is believed that on the occasion King WILLIAM crossed the Boyne, though none of the banner-painters appear to have seen him go further than a couple of yards from the shore. His army consisted of a strong force of lodges, embracing thousands of deputy district grand masters in flowing red robes and white factory-cotton trousers. MR. MACKENZIE BOWELL and ex-Mayor MITCHELL were unavoidably absent, but notwithstanding this the display was most imposing. The noble defenders of civil and religious liberty marched into battle to the inspiring strains of "Teeter-tawter," and "Boyne Water," played simultaneously by twenty-five live-and-drum bands belonging to the 'Prentice Boys and O. Y. Britons. We needn't describe the fight, further than to state that it was a success. It was more general in its character, and more respectable than some of the fight which occur on modern Twelfths. And, by the way, it didn't take place on the Twelfth at all, but on the First of July. There must have been some misunderstanding about this; and it is strange that such a mistake could have been

made. Perhaps King WILLIAM had no almanac at hand, and merely guessed at the date; or very likely he was knocked a little out of time on the occasion. Subsequent conventions of grand lodges have, however, left the matter alone, and we think very prudently, for it would be a most calamitous thing to crowd the Orange demonstration into the First of July, which is already full of firecrackers and general combustibles. The battle of the Boyne is worthy of being commemorated, for it secured the blessings of liberty to Irishmen of all creeds. Its indirect fruits are also notable. It has secured to the horny-handed son of toil (who is a native of the Emerald Isle), an annual holiday on which he may indulge his appetite for ribbons and rosettes without sacrificing his reputation for sanity. It is the only day in the year on which he can do this. Again, certain candidates have to thank King WILLIAM for a solid vote which in many ridings is simply irresistible. To secure this vote a man must be liberal and enlightened in his views, a friend of progress and good government, and in favor of equal rights to all. So that the country and Parliament are benefitted at the same time.

Crowings.

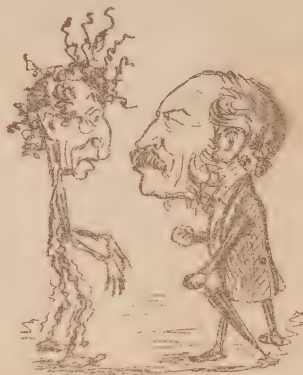
CANADA's way of HAN'LIN' the oars surprises JOHN BULL.

A POPULAR BEVERAGE.—Fresh from the press.—Tyne-sider.

THERE is danger of Toronto becoming known as Golgotha—a place of skulls.

THE DIFFERENCE.—HANLAN won as he liked. HAWDON would have liked as he'd won.

'ANLAN and 'AWDON.—The Englishman's feelings—ex asperation. Ditto's pronunciation—in-aspiration.



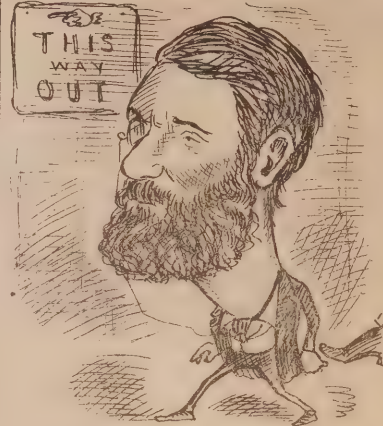
Mr. Phipps' Terrible Revenge.

R. W. P. (log).—Now, sir, in retaliation for your treachery and cruelty to me, I am going to return the Mowat Government to power, and see how you'll like it! Tr-r-remble, thou wretch!!

"LIERS IN WAIT."—Bakers, whose 4 lb. loaves contain but 3½ lbs of bread.

MISS-PRONUNCIATION.—Ladies of Toronto will persist in speaking of the new Lord Bishop of Toronto as a Sweet-man.

CLOCKED stockings should never be allowed to run down.—*Boston Transcript*. This is a ticklish subject to discuss.—*Boston Post*. They should certainly be up—to time.

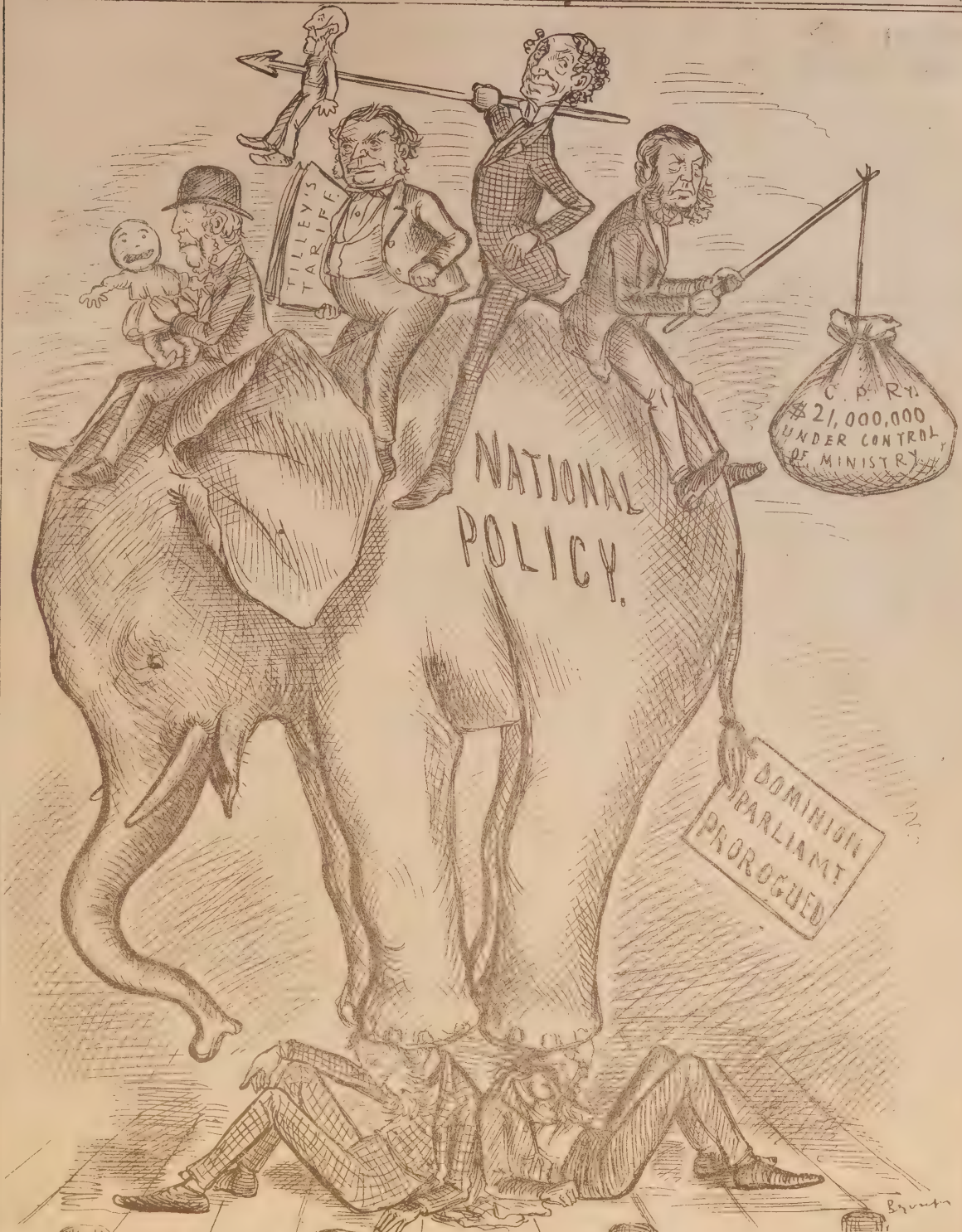


Gwossely Insulted.

I am angwy, dweadfully angwy. Of cawth it isn't good fawm to be angwy, because a fellow cawn't manage his eyeglaus unless he contwols his feelings, you know, but I am angwy nevertheless. And I think I have vewy good cause, too. I have been gwossely insulted in the pwesence of the whole country, and ewvy fellow in the Club knows about it. I suppose you wead about it, dear boy, didn't you?—the wow in the House the othaw day. That beathly *Globe* fellow pwinted a lot about it. But I am not so angwy at the *Globe* fellow, who is a wretched Gwit, and doesn't know any bettaw, as I am at the Speakaw, who belongs to the Liberal-Conservative Pawty, and ought to have good mannaws. The Speakaw actually had the pwesumption and the asshawance to awdaw me out of the chambaw! And what for? Why—aw—simply because I took the oppawtunity of expwessing my sentiments on the flaw of the House like a twue Bwiton; simply because I uttered a few sentences about that vulgaw fellow HUNTINGTON, to the effect that he was a wogue and a liaw, or something of that sawt, I don't wewollect pwecisely. Yes,—aw, my boy, the Speakaw awsked me to wetire! And I did wetire; though I came back once or twice maw, just to shew them I wasn't to be gwossed out in that mannaw. And then the covespondent of the *Mail*, too,—the fellow who dwinks bwandy and soda with me, and is like a bwothaw—he adds insult to injuwry by wewfering to me simply as "a person"—doesn't even mention my name! But the wuffest pawt of the whole dweadful mess is that the Wight Hon. Sir JOHN has had me bwrought to the baw of the House. I thought I could take anything fwom Sir JOHN in the way of a joke, but down't you know, this is weally going too faw with it. Of cawth, I'm not a membaw of the House, and strictly speaking it was a piece of impudence on my pawt to do what I did,—but isn't the Pwemier a fwien'd of mine? But no mattaw; I will weak a terwible wevenge for this!

Grip's illustration of the Hanlan-Hawdon race is capital. Canada's comic journal is a creditable sheet. Let it keep independent in politics and it must succeed—in fact it is the only way it can succeed.—*Kingston Daily News*.

Thanks; don't be alarmed about our independence, brother. Whenever you find us hitting anybody who don't deserve it, just let us know, and we will take back the blow and apologise. And if you observe any rascalities which have escaped our lash, don't be too bashful to mention them.



CLOSE OF THE PLAY AT OTTAWA.

GRAND TABLEAU.—THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A monarch of the seize—the sheriff—*New Haven Register*.

To make a fine eye water—Stick an onion to it.—*Glasgow Times*.

A wife in the house is worth two in the street.—*McGregor News*.

Grass gets its dew—about the only thing in the world that does.—*Ex*.

It is better to be the Czar, when he is shot at, than the crowd.—*Old City Derrick*.

If an old sheep can only jump a fence they call it a spring lamb.—*New York Herald*.

Advice to the dressmakers—Be sure you are right, then go ahead.—*Whitehall Times*.

As the sleepy spring fever comes on get out your awnings and yawnings.—*New York Herald*.

Nervous, ejaculatory women belong to the order of migratious animals—*Steubenville Herald*.

Prof. PLAZZI SMITH tells a "glowingly-hot" summer. Can't get above '79 anyhow.—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.

Mr. and Miss KEETER are preparing for business and the presenting of their little bills.—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.

Trust not the circus athlete as he bowlingly enters the arena. He is a man of revolutionary intentions.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Our First Baby," is the title of a new book. It is bound in muslin, of course, and has a weak back.—*Spring City Sun*.

The Americans had to pay ROWELL here, but the Englishman have had to Parole well over there.—*N. Y. Commercial Adv.*

When an obnoxious lecturer is frescoed with chickened eggs, can it be called a spawn-taneous ovation?—*Chicago Com. Adv.*

A Nevada tramp applied to a doctor for some work and the doctor asked him what he could do. "Well," said he, "I could dig graves."—*Ex*.

A enthusiastic Utica communist hates kings and aristocrats so heartily that he proposes to put an end to the royalty on patents.—*Utica Observer*.

Time is money, and leisure is five cents to the man who reads the morning paper on a newsdealer's counter without paying for it.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Visitor—"Mrs BOBITOL at home?"
New Footman—"Mrs. BOBITOL is not at home, sir. But I don't rightly know if she won't see you!"—*Punch*.

"Columbia, the gem of the"—Dominion of Canada threatens to secede. Great Britain says, "Do minion, and I'll fetch you back again."—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Since the war everything has gone down, except the price of postage stamps. Where are the newspapers that do the national fault finding?—*St. Louis Spirit*.

We have met many people who never knew enough to attend to their own business, but they always knew how to run a newspaper.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

And now the young man whose steps totter as he goes to the wood-pile to saw a stick, steps off in a walking match with the vigor and elasticity of a Jersey bull.—*Editor Green-slett*.

Would'st know what lesson hums the bee,
With dapper wings unfurled?

Translated means that sweet bees hum
"Bees-hum-thing in the world."

—*Yonkers Gazette*.

DEXTER SMITH has written a Decoration Day song entitled "They died for you and me." Probably refers to the old fellows that we hired to color their hair and whiskers and go out as substitutes.—*Boston Bulletin*.

A gentleman from Leadville, Col., is in the city exhibiting specimens of gold and silver ore from the mines out there. He did not bring a specimen of Leadville bread. It was too scarce and costly.—*Milwaukee Sun*.

Anxious mothers are not in so much fear as they used to be about their children getting drowned while in swimming, but they have to keep a bright look-out to prevent their doing themselves to death in walking matches.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

There is an innocent abroad here in Toledo. He asked a friend what was the best bait for fish. "Try angle worms," said the friend, and may we be hornsogled if that man hasn't had every boy in the city trying to find him triangle worms.—*Toledo Commercial*.

"What is love?" inquires a poet whose verses appear in the Philadelphia *North American*. The idea of a poet not knowing what love is. It's so long ago that we almost forget, but so far as we can remember, it was a sort of heart toothache.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser*.

How doth the little housewife now improve each shining hour? She trots around with broom and mop and mind intent to scour. O, mortal man—unhappy soul, so hopelessly demeaned! O, happy man, if man there be, whose house need not be cleaned.—*St. Louis Journal*.

Nothing is so painful at this season of the year, as the disheartening spectacle of a nine-year-old hen, looking through the fence at a man digging a garden, while she exercises her rugged legs and incisive claws on the plank walk, just keeping in practice until the garden is ready.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A man and a wife can never agree upon what constitutes a tidy-looking room. A woman will grow irritable when she finds half a dozen cigar stumps sticking to the scorched mantle-piece, and he can't be expected to keep calm when he finds a bunch of long "combing" in his shaving mug.—*Puck*.

Times have been so hard in the West this year that a great many people have been obliged to discount their crystal and china weddings from three to seven years, in order to raise the wind at that particular time when a financial atmospheric disturbance would most happily and forcibly strike them right where they lived.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A party of artists and art critics came to the following conclusion regarding their dinner: That the hash was low in tone and defective in composition; the beer well-drawn but flat; the anatomy of the turkey strong; the bread too freely handled; the veal raw and cold, and hurried in execution; the butter strong, the coffee weak, except in the foreground; and altogether too much impaste in the bill.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

The picnic season is approaching, and the wise man, when he goes out in the morning and meets a decorated job waggon jammed full of happy sweltering children, who are trying to sing in the intervals of having their livers jolted up against their palates, the wise man returns home and arms himself with umbrella and overshoes, for he knows it will rain that afternoon.—*Boston Bulletin*.

Indignant father to his son, whose picture has not even been skied at the Academy:

"You're a nice artist. Here you are 45 years old Christmas week, and yet no picture of yours has ever been received."

"But, sir"—

"Silence, sir! Don't you presume to 'but,' sir," me. Sir, at your age RAPHAEL had been dead for ten years."—*Ex*.

When a student at the bar is called up for examination he is asked the question, "What is law?" Whereupon he replies, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling: "Law, in its most general and comprehensive sense, signifies a rule of action. In this sense it is applied indiscriminately to all kinds of actions, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational." Three years after he has begun practice, if he is asked what law is, he answers disgustedly, "Law is a deuced uncertain way of making a precarious living."—*Newark Call*.

A very amusing scene transpired in the justice court yesterday. A constable was preferring a charge against a party whom he had arrested for drunkenness, or rather was giving in his testimony relative to the case. "The prisoner," he said, "was lying upon the steps of May's drug store; he was abusive in his language to passers by, besides which he called me a fool." The prisoner conducted his own defense, and at this point he said, "You mean to say that I called you a fool, do you?" "I do," was the reply. Then turning to the court the prisoner said, "I would ask the court if the fact of my calling that man a fool is an evidence that I was drunk?"—*Waterbury American*.

It is evident that Pinafore has about had its day with us. We have been Pinafored to death. We look with indifference upon Sir JOSEPH PORTER with his inevitable "sisters and his cousins and his aunts." In fact we have come to dislike any allusion to them. Dear little BUTTERCUPS have ceased to be dear, and are remarkably cheap now—hardly worth five cents a cup. JOSEPHINE, the handsome captain's daughter, or the handsome daughter of the captain, for the captain isn't generally selected for his good looks, has ceased to charm, or DICK DEADEYE to appal. RALPH RACKSTRAW may be an able seaman, but he isn't able to interest us any further in his love affairs. Swapped for some one else when he was a baby, he may be traded off again without creating the least excitement. We have been raked Pinafore—and aft repeatedly, and can't stand any more of it never. What, never? Well, h-a-r-d-l-y ev—bang!!! [Note by the publisher—Dear Suffering Readers: It is not often that we resort to the Texas code and take the law into our own hands, nor do we approve as a general thing of shooting a newspaper writer while working at his desk, but in this case we feel perfectly justified. A placard has been hung up in our office for some time proclaiming that the penalty for getting off a Pinafore "gag" by any writer for the SATURDAY NIGHT was death, yet the writer of the above has seen fit to disregard it and has met the doom he merited. His body awaits the coroner.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Grip's Guide to the Cities of Canada.

TORONTO—(Continued).

THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

Gentle spring has come, and has remained with us some weeks. Ethereal mildness, hitherto looked upon as its unflinching companion, has not yet arrived; but will probably with the next steamer. What pleasant memories are associated with spring!—the period of the year when youthful swains and tender maidens open their souls, surcharged with poesy, and send their effusions to the different local papers, or purchase *The Evening Telegram*, in which such contributions are "welcome." In this connection we boldly say that if there is a place more calculated than another for the purpose of courting the divine muse, that place is the Horticultural Gardens.

This charming spot is the delight of our citizens, old and young—of all tendencies and tastes. Some visit it to court the muse, others to court the nursery maids, who, with their tender charges, religiously come every fine afternoon to the "Hulchy Culchy" Gardens (as their aforesaid infant care pronounces it), and pretend to read ten cent novels under the shade of the umbrageous oaks.

We will not attempt to describe, or botanically designate, the component parts of the floricultural display that makes up the flower beds, gorgeous in all the colors of the rainbow, and emitting a fragrance delightful as that which is popularly attributed to

ARABY THE BLEST,

nor the marble fountain throwing aloft its mass of crystal water, pure and bright from the filtering basin on the Island, which, descending in glittering mist like miniature diamonds, distributes itself around, rendering brightly green, and awakening to new life the fuchias, regalias and gymgamthimus, smiling in their beds in its vicinity—(oh my!)—And then

THE PAVILLION,

the pleasantest place to hear summer concerts or theatricals in the city, where, instead of being jammed in the stuffy parquette seat of a theatre, or perspiring in a melancholy lecture room, you can sit *al fresco* in the balmy breeze (barrin' its raining) along side of your adored one, and listen to the tuneful SALLIE HOLMAN in her role of *Josephine*, or weep sympathetic tears with some heavy tragedian while you perfume the air with your choice partaga. The pavilion, like unto the "course of Empire," or a Manitoba emigrant, has taken its way westward from its former site in the centre of the Gardens. It is an airy and fairy like structure, built of light material in order that if it should happen to "come down by the run" (as some envious and ill-natured people say it may) it will not endanger the heads of the fashionable audience underneath. We would advise all our country friends by all means to patronize the Gardens. Everything is free—only a small contribution of 25 cts. at the gate.

The Philadelphia *Record* estimates that already \$238,000 has been paid in that city to witness performances of *Pinafore*.

A "Life of Admiral FARRAGUT," by his son, LYL FARRAGUT, will be published in the fall by D. APPLETON & Co. The book will contain the letters and diary of the late Admiral, from his entrance into the Navy at the age of ten years to his death, and promises to be as interesting as it is important.

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Press Notices of Recent Numbers.

The happy talent of *Grip's* artist for presenting the situation at a glance was never more conspicuous than in the recent cartoon, wherein the well-known N.P. Elephant was fondling its new-born irredeemable-currency offspring, while Sir John adjured Mr. Tilley not to kill the calf, as they might want to ride it in the next political campaign.—*The Globe*, April 26th.

Canada, following in our footsteps, already has its protective tariff and its growing Chinese question, and is being further Americanized by the development of the germs of a Greenback party. Its "rag baby" was successfully ushered into the world at a meeting recently held at St. Catharines, Ontario, where resolutions in favour of a Canadian paper currency were adopted. Grip, the Canadian Punch, in a recent number, hits off the situation capably; the new issue being represented as the offspring of the Protection elephant. Sir John Macdonald, who rode into power on the parent animal, gazes on the calf with an expression of sly satisfaction, and says to a supporter, "Don't kill it, let it thrive; who knows but it may be our biggest card next time we go through the country." Well more unlikely things have happened.—Boston (U.S.) *Traveller*.

The Assignee.

I.

Said he, "Of late I used to be a blooming official assignee; I overhauled the papers and I scrutinized the books, And searched well for errors in crannies and in nooks; At meetings of the creditors my eye was ever peeled, And I kept a bright look out for everything revealed; I could white-wash a creditor and make him pure as snow, Till joyfully he would through Insolvency go. But now, alack-a-day! my occupation's gone, I walk around all night till the breaking of the dawn; I'm almost a maniac, as you can plainly see, Since BECHAND passed the Bill to repeal Insolvency!"

II.

Then I took out a paper, and showed him how the Senate Objected to the measure, and in fact were dead "agin' it," I advised him to go home and take a ten grain pill, For the Senate snubbed the Commons and quashed the little Bill; Then the stranger jumped and doffed his hat, and gave cheers three times three, Saying, "Bully for the Senate, I'm again an Assignee!"

Legal Delights.

We wonder if the young gentlemen who compiled the programme of toasts for the forthcoming banquet of a certain legal literary society ever read OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES' harrowing account of the fate which once befel an individual who allowed himself to be very funny? We fear not; otherwise they would never have dared to cram so much dangerous wit into so small a compass. We shall not be surprised—though of course we shall be exceedingly pained—to hear that, in the midst of the after-dinner performances, on the coming occasion, a sudden explosion occurs which will rob the profession of several scores of promising barristers and attorneys. If this dire calamity *does* happen, the person or persons responsible for the authorship of the toasts and sentiments—(especially the sentiments)—will assuredly have reason to resolve, with the hero of HOLMES' poem, that never again will he "be as funny as he can." But perhaps the reader, who cannot hope to get a smell of the dinner, is anxious to get a little taste of the programme, and by way of gratifying this reasonable desire, and at the same time giving the unknown legal humorist the benefit of our columns, we transcribe a few of the toasts:

CANADA:

"For we ourselves have said it,
And it's greatly to our credit,
That we are Canadian;
And in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
We remain Canadian."

—H. M. S. Pinafore.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT, ETC.:

"And the lean and hungry raven,
As he picks our bones will start,
To see "N.P.," "LETELIER," graven
Neatly on our blighted hearts."

—Old Song.

ARMY, NAVY AND VOLUNTEERS:

"Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they took me into their partnership,
And that junior partnership I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
But that kind of ship so suited me
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee."

—H. M. S. Pinafore.

THE LADIES:

"Our sisters, and our cousins and our aunts."
—H. M. S. Pinafore.

GRIP hopes the merry young students of the grave old profession will enjoy themselves at their feast of reason and flow of soul, and have no cause to deem themselves sadder next morning. Also, he hopes that the wit in the programme may, after all, prove harmless.



DWYER-ELLIOTT AT OTTAWA.

AND STILL WE WONDER THAT AMERICAN ROUGHS MAKE CANADA THE SCENE OF THEIR DISCREDITABLE FIGHTS.



"Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer."

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The Recent Fight.

Not for the purpose of making the paper sell, nor for the gratification of a depraved taste, but from the lofty motive which actuated the *Globe* and *Mail*—namely, the salutary disgusting of the public—GRIP proceeds to give an account of the recent DWYER-ELLIOTT fight:

First Round.—From the reputation of the men, it was expected that some gentlemanly science would be displayed; but it turned out to be far otherwise. After a little preliminary dancing around, DWYER, with hands well up, let out a feeler, and HUNTINGTON said Sir JOHN A. was a miserable charter-seller. Both men claimed first blood.

Second Round.—This was a horrible bout. ELLIOTT got in a hard one on DWYER's face, and DWYER bruised ELLIOTT's eyes. TOM WHITE gave HUNTINGTON a fearful pummeling, and both men went down at the ropes, bleeding profusely.

Third Round.—DWYER came up quickly. ELLIOTT responded, and received a crushing blow on the forehead. HUNTINGTON got a few heavy blows in on the countenance of WHITE, to which WHITE replied by calling HUNTINGTON a robber, and reading out charges from a newspaper. The men clinched and fell heavily.

Fourth Round.—ELLIOTT already appeared groggy, and his eyes presented a horrible appearance. DWYER danced around and hit his opponent a terrible blow on the head, knocking him down. Sir JOHN MACDONALD delivered one from the shoulder, giving HUNTINGTON the lie direct in the teeth.

Fifth Round.—Both hit out with terrible force and viciousness. ELLIOTT fetched DWYER a severe blow on the cheek, and DWYER got in a crashing knock on ELLIOTT's swollen eye. HUNTINGTON responded that if JOHN A. was outside of the House he would call him a blackguard—Cries of foul arose at this point, but JOE GOSS wouldn't admit it.

Sixth Round.—ELLIOTT held DWYER, and got in a few terrible blows, but DWYER got free and pummeled ELLIOTT's face out of all shape. CHARLEY RYKERT said COCKBURN was a coward and a sneak. MACKENZIE responded with a sharp blow on RYKERT's eye. [The rest of this report is held over, out of respect for our country.]

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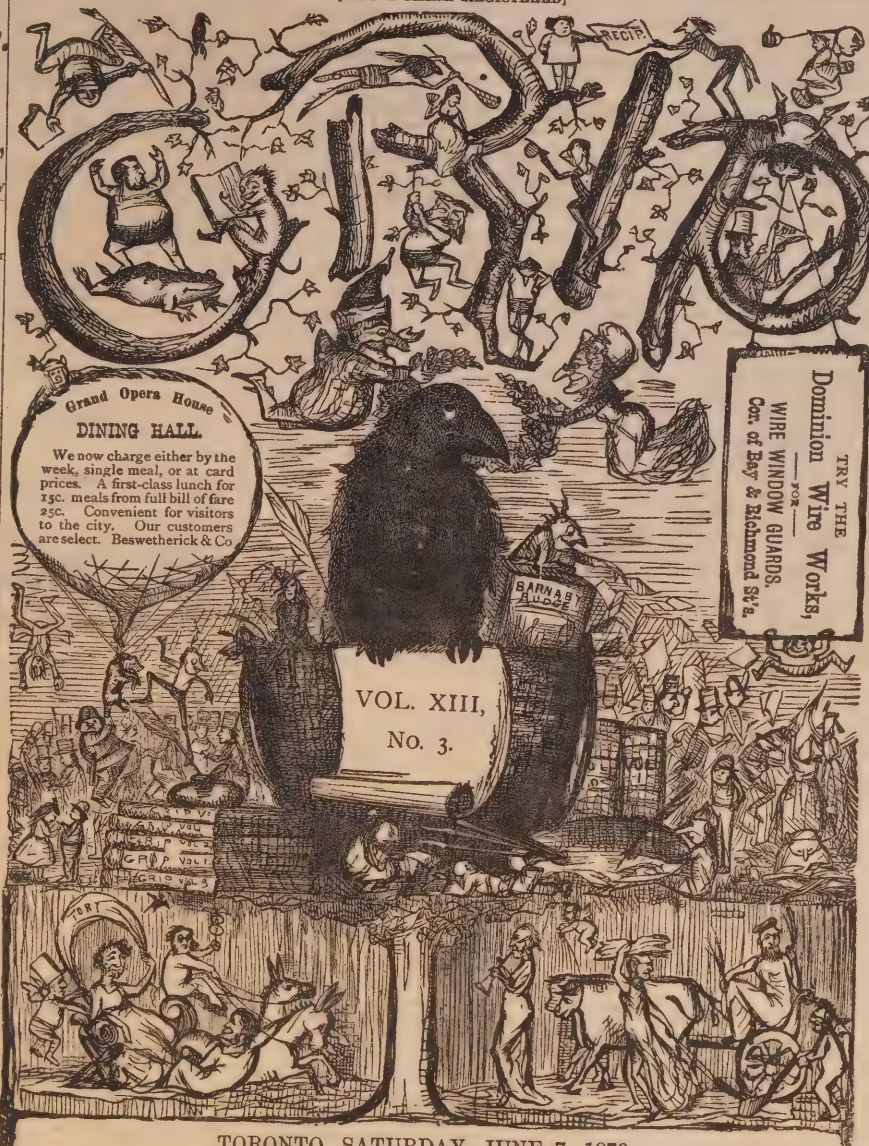
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

A large picture, believed to be a genuine work of TURNER, has just been brought to light in Scotland under peculiar circumstances. It was procured, the story goes, directly from the artist by the late H. F. MYLIUS, and was bequeathed by him to a relative. This man has been ignorant of its great worth, but on showing it to a connoisseur was informed that it was a genuine TURNER. The picture will be put up by auction, and the representatives of several public galleries are expected to be present.

JINGLE ON THE CARNIVAL.—The Carnival! Author's Carnival, so called. No authority for it. Merely a masquerade. And such a mix. But it is very pretty. Bright costumes. Lovely girls. Noble object. Charity. Bad cigars. No smoking. Sensible rule. Man bought a cigar. Attempted to light it. Police put him out. Persevered in the effort. Succeeded. Took three whiffs. Tried to pick the pocket of a wooden Indian. Deliberately took out a life insurance policy. Knew he would outlive the company. Or be sliced up like a pine apple. According to the latest approved methods. He recovered. Life insurance company dead. Total loss. Moral. Let the other man smoke. To return to our mutton. The carnival is gay. It is bright. It is kaleidoscopic. Occasionally it is hot. But there is lots of lemonade. And stomach ache. Such fun. Romantic young man. Gaily clad. Noble courtier. Knee breeches. Slim shanks. Much tinsel. Built like a lead pencil. Equally romantic young lady. Gorgeously equipped. But stout. And hearty. They promenade. He suggests lemonade. And ice cream. Not to mention cake. This pleases her. Strawberries! Of course. They flirt. He would be were a glove. I look upon him as a muff. Time to settle. Young man in a pickle. Money in his other clothes. Humiliating confession. Romance all gone. He now wants money. And pain killer. The gallant knight is meek. Red as a rose is the girl. The reckless youth retires. He smiles a sickly smile. His dream of love is o'er. Next. I like carnivals. They are generally so solemn. You don't expect fun at a funeral. It would be out of place. This carnival is quite merry. It is light and cheerful. It would tickle some authors. Others would roll over in their graves and groan. Everybody is represented. From JOSEPHINE to Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. The Dime Novel is also represented. Nobody reads COOPER. The New York *Ledger* is more popular. Historical characters are ably represented. By young people who never read history. They are not prejudiced. They can sell gum gums just as well. "Please buy this." "Do take a chance." Only ten cents, and so utterly useless. Copied from a church sociable. With a flavor of Niagara Fall. Just like a religious circus.

Or a theological caravan. It brings out human nature. Shows our liking for gay colors. Proves this conclusively. We are all actors. Or think we are. Much the same thing. Supplies a public want. Times are hard. We want cheap amusements. Cheap funerals. Cheap cigars. Don't fail to go. Buy a coupon ticket. It will pay—the other party. Encourage the authors. This is what they wrote for. Really it is worth more than one visit. The booths are attractive. The girls are as lovely as strawberry ice. There is a perfect avalanche of them. But the funniest part of the show is this: The passing crowd.—ALFRED JINGLE, in *Buffalo Every Saturday*.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

Conducted by J. G. HOLLAND.

The Handsomest Illustrated Magazine in the World.

The American edition of this periodical is

More than 70,000 Monthly,

And it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations. Several illustrated articles descriptive of Canadian Sports and Scenery have recently appeared in its pages, and the magazine during the coming year will devote much space to matters of special interest to the Canadian public.

"HAWORTH'S" by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young immigrant life in a Western settlement. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

FALCONBERG, by H. H. Boyeson, author of "Gunnar," "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement. Some of the incidents will be found of very curious interest, this being a study of a phase of life in the New World with which few Americans, even, are familiar. "Falconberg" began in the August number of 1878.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable. This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1802-4-5, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John P. Muir, the California naturalist. These are the most graphic and picturesque, and at the same time exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Meadows, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil. Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition,—the cities, the rivers and general resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the raciest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyeson, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.), and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, their methods of teaching, &c.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on *How Shall We Spell* (two papers by Prof. LOUNSBURY), *The New South*, *Law-Planting for Small Places* (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Flushing, Canada), *To-day*, *American Art and Artists*, *American Archaeology*, *Modern Inventors*; also *Papers of Travel*, *History*, *Physical Science*, *Studies in Literature*, *Political and Social Science*, *Stories*, *Poems*; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of *New Inventions* and *Mechanical Improvements*; *Papers on Education*, *Decoration*, &c.; *Book Reviews*; fresh bits of *Wit and Humor*, &c., &c., &c.

Terms, 4.00 a year in advance; 35 cents a number.

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 & 745 Broadway, New-York.

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Stage Whispers.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—TONY PASTOR'S double company is announced to appear to-night and to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon and evening. Those who had the pleasure of hearing his company on a previous visit will be glad of another opportunity, and any who enjoy a high class variety entertainment we would say hear the toniest of the tony.

FRANK MAYO is going to Europe to play *Davy Crockett*.

Next season JOE JEFFERSON will have a company of his own.

CHANFRAU has got a new play written by a member of the New York Bar.

M'LE MORLACCHI and her husband TEXAS JACK, are to retire from the stage.

ABBEY & SCHOEFFEL paid LOTTA \$5100 a week and all her expenses during her recent tour.

MR. HENRY S. LEIGH'S new piece for the London Gaiety is to be called *The Great Casimir*.

MR. and MRS. GEORGE H. KNIGHT go to England, under the management of H. J. SARGENT.

MR. and MRS. CHARLES WOLCOT are considering an offer for a professional tour in Australia.

BYRON is writing an extravaganza called *Dundreary's Private Theatricals* for SOTHERN, who will produce it first in America.

The spot chosen by Mr. J. L. TOOLE for his new theatre in London is at the corner of the Strand and King William street.

VICTORIEN SARDOU'S *Martha* has been translated for Miss MAGGIE MITCHELL by MR. BARTON HILL with the approval of the author.

It is said that Mr. CHARLES FECHTER has been solicited to play in Mr. CHARLES READE'S version of *L'Assommoir* at the Princess's Theatre, London.

The opera which ARTHUR SULLIVAN and Mr. GILBERT are preparing for this country is said to treat military affairs in the same spirit as naval affairs are treated in *Pinafore*.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, the well-known English tenor singer, recently appeared at the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, and caused a sensation by his resemblance to the familiar busts of his great namesake.

Miss ALICE CHANDOS has sailed for Europe. She goes to London under two months engagement to create a Yankee dialect part in a new play called *Foreign Relations*. She will return to New York by the middle of August.

Theatrical realism has gone a long way in a recent performance of *Pinafore* by a Boston company at Halifax, N. S. The boatswain's mate of H. M. S. Griffon volunteered and "piped the side" when SIR JOSEPH came aboard. A real sailor from the same ship ran up the signals, and the yard furnished the bell, binnacle and masthead light six brass guns, piles of shot and belaying pins, with a bugler, marines and gunners. Then when the piece had been played and the curtain had fallen the Yankee vocalists were entertained on board the Griffon by the officers and were afforded every opportunity of inspecting the ship and of becoming familiar with the regulations of the "Queen's navee." If the Boston *Pinafore* Company do not give the thing with absolute nicety hereafter they must be land-lubbers, indeed.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Our Competent Critic.

Mr. GRIP has not, up to the present number, attempted to give anything like a critical notice of the works now on view in the Art Exhibition of the Ontario Society. He has merely called attention to the show, and amused himself with a few thumb-nail sketches from the principal works. This apparent indifference to the interest of art needs a word of explanation, in justice to Mr. GRIP's established reputation as a warm patron of all things artistic; and the explanation is, that we have been waiting for the arrival of our specially engaged Competent Critic from Europe. That distinguished personage landed early this week, and immediately went to work. He should have been here a fortnight ago, but states that he was unexpectedly detained in London to advise the Royal Academy upon a delicate hanging matter. Our Competent Critic, like all critics of that kind, works very slowly, as he necessarily must, since he deliberately stakes his reputation on every word, and therefore it need not surprise the reader to learn that the following brief article represents all he has done as yet, notwithstanding the very liberal remuneration he is to receive.

REVIEW.

No. 1. *Study of a Female Head.* H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE. Right royally painted, though cannot be described as finished picture. Complexion well put on and hair done up in good style. Would suggest as companion picture, *Study of a Female Head.*

No. 3. *Sunset, Muskoka.* T. M. MARTIN. Very fine, indeed. Stately trees, mellow light, first-class arable land. MARTIN's sun is undoubtedly setting, but his star is in the ascendant. We give this Muskoka a free grant of our commendation.

No. 5. *Sheep.* By the same. So catalogue says. Does it mean the visitor, or the animals in the picture? Very poor sheep, though apparently fat. Should have put them into his *Muskoka* landscape. Why didn't he? Anti-emigration fellow suggests that would have been cruelty to animals. Hard on *Muskoka*.

No. 6. *Quinces.* F. A. VERNER. Ver'n'r perfection. That patient study should produce such fruit is a natural consequence.

No. 9. *"I'd be a Gipsy, merry and free."* MRS. SCHREIBER. Study of a young woman who doesn't like housework. Apparently willing her mother should do it all. Loafing in a ten-acre field, without a hat. Why don't she go off and become a pedestrian,

or something useful like that? Must ask MRS. SCHREIBER.

No. 10. *Canadian Lynx.* RICHARD BAIGENT. Typical picture of British connection. Looks shanky about the shanks. Would like to see GOLDWIN SMITH snap this Canadian Lynx.

No. 17. *The Patient.* H. PERRE. "The gentlemen that pays the rint" has been taken ill and the crisis has arrived—as well as PADDY. The pig has been well rendered and might have been better if it had been interlarded with more bright color, and a more liberal application of the palette knife bestowed.

No. 19. *Canadian Fruit.* F. A. VERNER. This picture is interesting to our agricultural friends, as showing the mighty effect the N. P. has had on the fruits of the earth. The portrait of a bronze plate, grown here, shows the prolific nature of the soil.

No. 32. *A Widgeon.* T. M. MARTIN. An excellent example of painting and graining. The composition of this picture is quite o-widgeon-al, although this is not the artist's first appearance on the boards. It is a really fine and clever work, with the exception of the bird, which would stand a more careful study of de-tail.

No. 52. *Preparing for a Smoke.* W. RAPHAEL. Hard to find a match for this, though certainly not up to Mr. RAPHAEL's previous production called "The Transfiguration."

No. 67. *Study of a Child.* O. R. JACOB. This picture is not for sale. For which we are thankful. But what could this child have done to the artist that he should have taken such a merciless revenge upon it?

(To be Continued.)

NOTE.—On receiving the above MS. from Our Competent, we gave him something on account, whereupon his eye was seen to sparkle. We hope he is a teetotaler. We will know in the course of the week.

Gentlemen.

Before I saw that article in the *Mail* informing me that we Canucks are all gentlemen, either descendants of the Grande Seigneurs of France, or greater still, noble scions of old country officers of the "retired list," I hardly knew what was the matter with me. "What's the reason I don't want to work on this doggoned old farm?" was a question I often asked myself, while splitting rails or manipulating the graceful log-chain at a "bee." I always had an inward consciousness that I was born for greater things than feeding cattle and doing chores "to hum." That article of the *Mail* has settled it, and I have finally concluded on cutting the farm, and becoming a professional man of some sort. Law would suit me, I know. I tell you I'm immense in argument at our debating society at the school house on the Town line. In the first place I would be an undisputed gentleman (by act of Parliament), and perhaps become a great special pleader like JIMMY BETHUNE, ED. BLAKE or some of those chaps, who carry a red bag chock full of briefs, and have my name appear in legal documents, as Mr. UNDERBRUSH, Q.C., counsel for so and so. That would be immense. Perhaps after a time I would be UNDERBRUSH, J., and be "beloved" by Her Majesty. I think I'll try it. The only thing required is money, and that I lack. If I only knew enough law to raise money on my "individual interest in the south-west portion of the north-east half of the south half of Lot No. 21, in the concession lying south, south-west of the Corduroy road," I would be solid.

Unfortunately, lawyers as a rule don't pay their hired men much. A feller by the name of NEWMAN NOGGS, who wore brass paper fasteners by way of shirt-studs, told me he kept books and wrote all day for a swell law firm, "for and in consideration in hand to him well and truly paid by the said S. L. F., of the sum of four dollars of lawful money of Canada per week, with the proviso everything herein or hereout, to the contrary notwithstanding, that his the said N. N.'s stipend should be reduced to a greater or less extent during the long vacation, when he the said N. N. could take advantage of the warm weather and bivouac in High Park, or other local rustic situation not in this agreement mentioned, thereby saving a weekly outlay for lodgings, amounting to the sum deducted from his wages during the said vacation as aforesaid, as is hereby specially agreed." My friend Mr. NOGGS added that he made it a rule never to ask more than four dollars, because the only time he was offered and engaged for a larger sum than this there was default made in payment, and as he very truly remarked, "\$5.00 a week is too much to be beat out of." Mr. N. strongly advised me to give up the notion of law; suggested a position on the geological staff of city, or a quarter-mastership on one of the tenders to the dredge at the Esplanade. I would not hear of the like; told him I must be a gentleman; whereupon he flashed up and expressed himself after the manner following, that is to say: "Why, all those miserable shysters call themselves gentlemen. Most of them belong to the 'Club.' If you want to go into law, find out some respectable firm, but look out for the 'shysters.' They are mean enough to cheat a poor widow out of her hard earnings; bilk their poor clients out of their dues when recovered at law; or beat their half-starved employees out of the wages due them. There are not meaner petty larceny thieves in the Central Prison than a good number I know among the 'Act of Parliament gentlemen.'" And Mr. NOGGS, producing a five-cent sandwich in an official envelope, said he would go down to the Esplanade for a "lunch."

AND so it is to be Sir LEONARD instead of Sir SAMUEL, in the case of TILLEY, Kt. This is the doing of the Premier; and what it somebody should cut the RICHARD off in the case of CARTWRIGHT, Kt., and make him Sir JOHN? It is appalling to think what the consequence might be of having two Sir JOHNS in the same House with such a violent affection for one another as these two gallant knights have.

The *Rose-Belford Monthly* for June is on our table—a good, solid number. Amongst the contents we note a sonnet by GOWAN LEA, of Montreal. Subject, Love, of course. Sweet and refined enough to do credit to REDPATH himself. FRED. A. DIXON, of Ottawa, tells what he knows about Dinners and Dinners. Exhibits a profound knowledge of gourmand literature, and an amazing appetite for one so young. "FIDELIS" expatiates upon the New Ideal of Womanhood, and gives notice that the gals are going to carry their own trains, literally and figuratively. T. C. B. FRASER writes on the Growth of the Post Office. No reference to the superabundance of employees in the Toronto branch. Miss BELLE CAMPBELL makes her debut as an authoress with "Margaret's Sorrow," a touching little story, all about a nice young lady who—but perhaps you had better read it for yourself, as well as the other articles which we haven't space to particularize.

**A Great Souller.**

Mr. GRIP has much pleasure in presenting the public with a copy of the portrait of Mr. ANGUS MORRISON which was unveiled at the entertainment of the Toronto Rowing Club last Saturday. That is, a copy of the original with a few alterations and improvements suggested by the Club fellows, whose President the genial ANGUS is. A brief account of this celebrated oarsman will, no doubt, be interesting to our citizens. He made his first appearance on the water in 1840, when eighteen years of age, and carried off the championship of the Toronto Bay, being the first man in the world to achieve that honor. His next effort was as one of the Law Student crew, in a match rowed for admission to the Bar. This was the hardest pull of his life, but fortunately it did not prove fatal. ANGUS was now on the high rowed to success. He determined to win his way to fame and fortune by the use of his scull, so he took the first opportunity to make a match for the Parliamentary cup, which he was lucky enough to win. He subsequently carried off the Mayor's chair several times. On the appearance of HANLAN, Mr. MORRISON retired from active practice, not wishing to stand in the way of a promising young oarsman. He now devotes himself mainly to the after-dinner aspect of athletics, and takes pleasure in telling the rising generation about the famous victories he has won by the use of his scull, backed by his good nature.

**JOHN BULL'S LATEST THEORY.**

"Oh, 'ANLAN, its hall up now! We've discovered your secret! Its hall in the twist hof the wrist, my boy!"

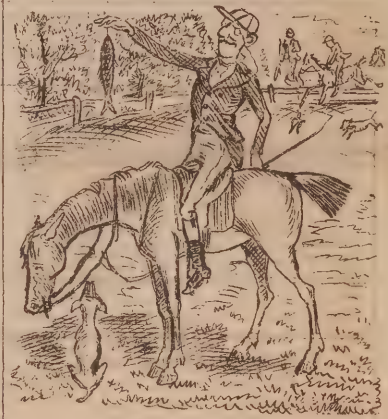
Brudder Gardner in Toronto.

One day last week this city was honored with a visit from Brother GARDNER, President of the Detroit Lime-Kiln Club. The distinguished gentleman came upon the invitation of his colored brethren of St. John's Ward, and by kind permission of M. QUAD, of the *Free Press*. He was met at the station by a select deputation of gentlemen, representing the Ethiopian population of the city. An address of welcome was read, after which the illustrious Brother held a Reception in the general waiting room, at which formal introductions were given to many prominent colored citizens. These exercises being over, Brother GARDNER was escorted to an elegant vehicle belonging to Mr. PEABLOSSOM CHROMO, the whitewash artist of York street, and driven to the residence of GEORGE WASHINGTON BRINDLEBLOOM, Esq., the recognized leader of the colored society of Toronto. In the evening the meeting which the famous visitor had come to attend was held in Zulu Hall, Chestnut street, that handsome edifice being crowded to the door by a most intelligent and interested assembly. Promptly at eight o'clock, Brother GARDNER ascended the platform, accompanied by Mr. G. W. BRINDLEBLOOM, who, in a few choice words, introduced him to the audience. On stepping forward the great philosopher was received with enthusiastic applause. Silence at length being restored, he spoke as follows:

"Respeck'd Frens and feller pussons ob colour: I feel de greatest ob consternation an' demonstration in standin' for the fust time on de sile ob de British Empiah, and to feel de salubrious influence ob de presence ob de monarkal fawm ob gov'ment. I am glad to hab de opporchunity of coming to dis city of Toronto, whar I observe de culled people enjies all de blessings of eddication and open peanut stands equally de same as what dey do in Detroit. But dar's one dey don't enjie, and de reason I have ben sent fo' for to come heah, is because dey don't enjie it. I refer to political influence. De culled people of Canady, I am infomed, don't get a fair shake in electin' of members to de Parlymint, and de objec of dis visit is fo' de puppos of establishin' an' lyin' de foundation of a branch of dat grand instiitooction, de Lime-Kiln Club, in dis city. Dat Club, as you mus be 'war, has done moah fo' de culled folks ob de States dan any instiitooction sence de days of HAM, an' it can do de same fo' you. Whar ever de citizen ob color am crushed undah de brazen huf ob anarchy, and de nihilism ob humanity busts in a storm upon de fenceless widow and chillen, dar you find de Lime-Kiln Club standin' up fo' de rights ob man an' so much a squar yard fo' white-washin! (cheers). De Branch Club I propose settin' up heah, will take in de literary, de morail, an' de domestic interests ob de people, an' encurrige a love fo' art an' chickens; it will do all dat, but de chief objec' of it am to secure to de culled citizen de right ob havin' culled members in de House. We heah de Irish shoutin' 'bout justice to de Catholics, an' de Scotch, dey won't stand no nonsinse, but must have a finger in de porridge, and why shud de Ethiopean git de bounce? We're detarmined dat we won't stand it, gemmen. We've sot down our foot, an' demand culled members. De gin'ral election is too fur gone to do anything jis now, but we kin git our Club into shape, an' agitate, agitate, agitate! Let us begin de good work, an' when de nex' lection comes round, if we use de genius what we got, de party managers will find dat besides de Irish Catholics havin' dar candidates on both sides, dar will also be a nigger on de

fence! (Loud and prolonged cheers, amid which the distinguished gentleman resumed his seat).

Particulars of the future proceedings of the evening will be given in our next.



TORONTO HUNT CLUB SKETCHES.—No. 2.
DE MUGGINS is in at the death and secures the brush!

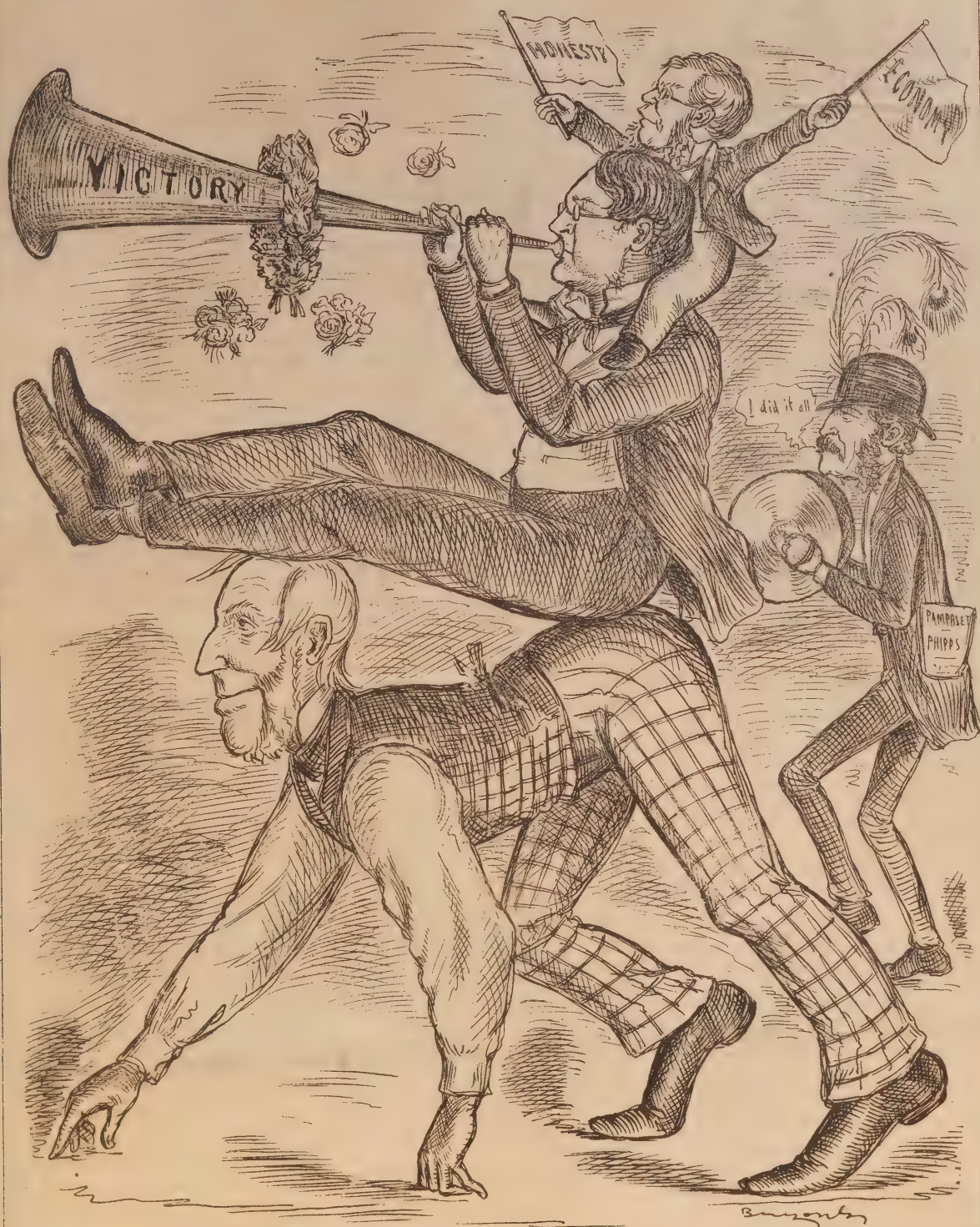
A Gentle Hint.

A correspondent, whom the editor describes as a "well educated and accomplished young lady," writes to the *Berlin News* giving her impressions of that town, where she is at present staying on a visit. She is highly pleased with the place, and closes her letter by saying: "I wouldn't object very much myself to leave my city home and make my abode here, were suitable circumstances to arise." If this happened to be leap year, we should feel disposed to compliment the fair correspondent on the neatness of her hint to the young fellows of Berlin. Calling an eligible party a "suitable circumstance" is good, and we hope something of the sort will arise, and pop the question before the young lady's visit is over.

We call the attention of the author of "Natural Selection" to the interesting fact that nine paragraphs out of ten in the American funny papers have the mule for their subject.



WAITING FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE
DUKE OF ARGYLE.



“SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!!”



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

Love knots should be tied with a single beau.—*Hartford Journal*.

"When taken to be well shaken:" The boy that upset your ash-barrel.—*N. Y. News*.

Toronto is a loud city. Her rower surpasses that of the British lion.—*Stamford Advocate*.

Spelling matches are about to be revived. Words that make trouble will be put out.—*Fon du Lac Reporter*.

A great many young men measure their affections by the length of their girls' silk dress trains.—*Lambton*.

It doesn't follow that a person with a false set of teeth should have a falsetto voice.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

The last new book is entitled, "What Shall My son Be?" Why, he'll be a boy, of course.—*Rockland Courier*.

It is the young man that asks for the young lady's hand and receives it that carries off the palm.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It is perfectly surprising how much some men know about things they know nothing about.—*St. Iliac Lumberman*.

There is nothing so deceiving as the orange peel and nothing so real as the sidewalk under it.—*Marathon Independent*.

The contemplative doctor strolls through the cemetery and sees his patients on a monument.—*Chicago Commercial Advertiser*.

Stick to the farm, young fellow, particularly if you flounder in a quagmire, and no one is near to help you from sticking.—*N. Y. News*.

JOHNNY laughed when his grandmother fell down stairs, and his mother got away with him six slaps to the smile.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Nothing will more remind a man of the value of little things than a plate of strawberries at a church festival.—*Middletown Transcript*.

Extremes—A lady clutching her dress to save it from the mud meeting a gentleman grabbing his hat by the crown in order to bow.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

"Oh, solitude, where are the charms that sages have seen in thy face?" ALEX., why didn't you ask at the shops where the don't advertise.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

Trying at the same time to drink in the beauties of the bonnets of two ladies who are walking in opposite directions has made many females crosseyed for life.—*Uncle Sam*.

Scene: Cambridge High School, class in mythology. Teacher—Who was Hebe? First girl—Wife of Hercules, and first cousin of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.—*Harvard Crimson*.

Now goeth the small boy to swim 'Gainst the wishes of Ma. The pretence That he makes for his shirt being turned, He "did it in climbing the fence."

—*Bradford Era*.

New York proposes to call back its Pinafore companies before the next census is taken. If it don't there is no knowing where the balance of power will light.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

The most interesting part of a circus performance is when the big, fat clown mops the perspiration from his brow and gently murmurs, "Kiss me mother, kiss your darling."—*Waterloo Observer*.

Did you ever notice how carefully a woman fills the bottom of the clock with trash, and with what good taste the key is hung upon the wall fully two yards out of a fellow's reach?—*N. Y. Express*.

Most of us pass our lives regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future, when it would be vastly better to cut a pole, dig some bait and go fishing.—*Oil City Derrick*.

Monkeys that emigrate to this country generally obtain good positions. Some few become connected with the circus, but the majority manage to secure situations as collectors for organ grinders.—*Chila Chronicle*.

An ethereal maiden called Maud, Was suspected of being a fraud.

Scarce a crumb was she able

To eat at the table—

But in the back pantry * * * O lawd!

Said cynical SIMONDS, "I tell you they are all alike, all alike. Every man has his price. There's no gainsaying it." "Very true," replied JONES, mildly; "there is no gain saying it, even if it were true."—*Boston Transcript*.

It doesn't take long for a rural neighborhood to find out what kind of carpets and furniture a newly-arrived family possesses, after the usual round of formal calls have been made by observing women.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

It is said of a suburban lass of forty-five summers that trading in Danbury, and having five cents her due, and being offered a five cent cake of soap to settle with, she refused, naively saying: "I have no use for it."—*Danbury News*.

Spring is a very pleasant season, with its cool mornings, its balmy days, its wealth of buds and blossoms, its early, fresh vegetables, and all that, but one never can tell when a man with the odour of spring onions on his breath is going to tackle him and tell a long story.—*Ex*.

There is one thing which seems unaccountable to the average city fisherman, and that is, that an overgrown, awkward, saucy boy with a bean pole for a fishing rod and cotton twine for a line, will catch more fish than he with his fancy jointed rod and fine silken line.—*Ex*.

"Papa," said a bright little girl at the breakfast table the other morning, "Do you know why our kitten is called a Maltese?" "On account of its colour," was the reply. "Oh, no, that's not the reason," persisted she. "What then, my child?" "It's because I mauled him and MAY teases him."—*Geneva Gazette*.

The gay and festive soda fount
Now sizzles in the land,
And Deacon and good Mrs. Jones
Around the counter stand.

The lady's gentle nectarine
Within the glass is fizzin';
The deacon slyly winks and says
He'll take the same in his'n.

—*Rochester Express*.

An Irishman who had listened very attentively to a sermon on Sunday was asked by the priest the next day how he liked the discourse. "Oh, very much, your riverance," said MIKE. "Then it suited you, did it?" said the good father. "Faith, it did that," said MIKE; "it was the best I ever heard. I should loike to see it in print, for I never understud a word of it."—*Rome Sentinel*.

The Winnipeg papers have got it bad. Look at this:—"HANLAN has such winning ways."—*Free Press*. Oh, give oar, please give oar.—*Times*. We shall not; we're hanlan this thing racefully ourselves.—*Free Press*. That last effort is, we are certain, the production of a single scull.—*Times*. Not a numb scull as you rowin' is.—*Free Press*. These Winnipeg papers seem to feather high, and put in long, sweeping strokes, as it were.—*Thunder Bay Sentinel*.

Blowing into the muzzle of a shot gun is a standard method of producing newspaper items. It remains for a young lad down town to introduce a variation. The street hose wouldn't work; the water was turned on at the spigot all right, but there seemed to be an obstruction. He placed his mouth completely over the end of the nozzle and blowed just once. The pressure of the whole reservoir suddenly broke loose, concentrated into that one nozzle. The lad let go with his mouth and sat down about fifty feet away, down the street, and he has not yet been relieved of the impression that his brain is watersoaked.—*New Haven Register*.

The natural world is full of illusions. The apparent rising and setting of the sun, the gorgeous clouds that prove to be only a dreary mist when you get caught in them, the mirage that reveals things below the horizon and shows us ships sailing keel up in the air, the coming together to a point of two right lines when seen in perspective, the mistake of supposing the train in which we are seated to be in motion when another train at our side begins to start, the deceptive ideas that we have of distance, as in the instance of a lofty mountain, which may seem to be close at hand, when, in fact, it is scores of miles away; these are all considered illusions, as the world goes, but a man never fully realizes what constitutes a full-blooded illusion until he attempts to eat a rare done egg with a fork.—*Oil City Derrick*.

By the way, I met Mr. NELSON, of the American Express Company, when I went up the river. He is a capital traveling companion, and a brother-in-law of Captain MCKELL, of Burlington. On one of his trips up the river there were a lot of raftmen among his fellow-passengers. One of these useful, but unostentatious, men sat next to NELSON at the supper table. The lumber navigator took a large baked potato, broke it in two, gouged a hole in one half with his knife, filled the hole with butter, and then he thrust the seething, blistering mass in his mouth. He didn't hold it there very long, however. He just shut his mouth down on it once, and then with a wild, startling expression on his countenance, he turned his head over his shoulder and fiercely spat the offending potato out on the floor. Then he looked defiantly up and down the cabin and listened for comment, but hearing none, he turned to NELSON, and in firm, self-approving tones, with the air of a man who had met the emergency and was equal to it, remarked, "Many a blamed fool would have swallowed that ar!"—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

K. M. G.

BY HER LADYSHIP.

When I was young I used to go
With pail in hand to the fields below,
For to milk the cows in the dewy grass,
And cultivate the lettuce and the graden sass;
I'd root up the sassafras to make our tea,
And dance "French fours" at a paring bee;
It was then that HANK came a courting me,
And now he is Sir HENRY and a K. M. G.

I married HANK, and in good time
We cut the old farm for the dry-goods line;
We sold our calicoes, pantaloons and coats,
And traded for butter, and barley and oats;
The barley and butter we would sell for cash,
So we made plenty money and could cut a dash;
We spent our money so skilfullee
That now I'm the wife of a K. M. G.

In township Councils HANK got such a name
That in a short time an M.P. he became,
He palavered with the Premier, with the
French "parley vou'd,"
Till he soon on the floor at a front desk stood.
He didn't say much, but he voted all right,
And he brought in his colleagues when they
were very tight,
And for thus "supporting" them so earnest-
lee,

He now is a swell and a K. M. G.

I've often sighed for a carriage and pair,
Or a brougham or a barouche just to take
the air,
I long for a coachman with a gold hat-band,
And footman behind in uniform to stand,
As befitting a lady of high degree
Whose husband is a Knight and a K. M. G.

L'Envoi.

I sometimes think in a reverse
Could I ever have danced at a paring bee?

Our Own Dick Deadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

"I have heard it stated," says the Marquis of LORNE, "that one of the many causes of the gross ignorance which prevails abroad with reference to our beautiful climate is owing to the persistence with which our photographers love to represent chiefly our winter scenes." Quite true, me lud, only it is the sitters, and not the photographers, who love to make our country ridiculous in this way; and those sitters are usually old country people of more or less noble blood, who get themselves "took" knee deep in snow for the express purpose of enlightening the friends at home.

EDWARD BLAKE addressed immense and enthusiastic audiences in several places during the past week. Why can't we induce this gifted orator to go on the lecture platform occasionally, with a subject aside from politics?

The leading statesmen of all other countries make more or less figure in art and literature; is it possible that our party Chiefs have no knowledge of anything beyond the little strategies of our pigmy politics? Surely it would be a grateful change for all concerned if they would once in a while devote their talents to other things.

I don't think I ever heard so much bosh talked in the course of my long political life as I have heard within the past few weeks in connection with the Local contest, which is now happily over.

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Historical.

"The Chicago Tribune says: "Napoleon's war-cry was: 'Up Guards, and at 'em!'" This is evidence of the rapid advance of historic knowledge in the West. It was Wellington who cried at Waterloo: "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" When a man undertakes to write for a newspaper he should not make his pen talk nonsense."
—New York Mercury.

Dear friend, neither Napoleon nor Wellington used the words, so that historic knowledge may still be regarded as evenly balanced between the east and the west. The words were first put into Wellington's mouth by an enthusiastic penny-a-liner, who was hundreds of miles from Waterloo on the day of the battle.—London Herald.

Well now, are you sure it wasn't your contemporary the Advertiser who first used the words. "Up guards and at 'em!" on Thursday last, addressing the emigrants so basely maligning by Mr. TAYLOR. You remember that Mr. T. stigmatized them as—guards.

Many of our fashionable churches have tony pastors.

I have a notion to establish a lecture bureau, and provide a popular course next season. How would this list do: "Irish Oratory," Mr. EDWARD BLAKE; "Poesy," Mr. BURR PLUMB; "Macchiavellei," Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD; "The Temperance Reform," Sir SAM. L. TILLEY; "Journalism," Mr. GEO. BROWN, etc., etc. I believe these lectures would be liberally patronized and do an immense amount of good. This is not a joke.

* * *

A correspondent of the *Canada Presbyterian* comes up to time this week and gives the *Globe* a 'solid hit between the eyes for its hypocrisy in condemning prize-fighting, and at the same time giving a detailed account of the DWYER-ELLIOTT brutality. Quite right; 'twas a most arrant piece of 'Uriah Heapism, done for the sake of a few bawbees. But why not include the *Mail* sinner, Mr. Correspondent? They were both in the same miserable boat.

* * *

GEORGE BROWN may be the Dictator that Conservatives paint him, but he certainly occupies more space in the editorial columns of the *Telegram* than he does in the ranks of the Party.

* * *

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH made a clumsy blunder when he called Gritism "Calvinism in Politics." He intended it as a sneer, when in point of fact it was a high and, unfortunately, undeserved compliment. This would be a happy country if all its people acted on the principles of Calvinism.

* * *

Let this knighting business go on a little longer and we will be obliged to distinguish gentlemen of mark by calling them Mistfers.

* * *

The preliminary sparring on the copper- pyrites charges between HUNTINGTON and WHITE during the session, has culminated in a match for \$50,000 damages, to be fought out on the floor of a court house at an early day. I'm glad to hear it, and I devoutly hope that the one who has been telling the lies may get a worse mauling than the wretched ELLIOTT received at Long Point.

* * *

It is stated in the cable despatches that probably Lord CHELMSFORD will ask for a leave of absence from his post in Zululand when Gen. WOLSELEY arrives. This is a neat way of putting it, and recalls forcibly the incident of our late Postmaster asking to be superannuated.

* * *

On behalf of the distinguished Secretary of the U. E. Club, I rise to ask the Dignity of the House of Commons what it proposes to do about that little insult affair.

* * *

I clip this from Monday's *Mail*:

"The sources whence the *Globe* derives all its wonderful stock of fresh and accurate information have always been a deep and impenetrable mystery; but after all there was not much in the mystery—there seldom is much in any mystery. A paragraph in a recent issue telegraphed from Ottawa affords a clue to the source of the stream of information which flows forever *Globe*-wards. It was as follows:—

The workmen and servants at Rideau Hall speak without exception in the warmest manner of the affability displayed by the Princess LOUISE towards them on all occasions."

Over this rather far fetched thrust stood the heading, "Fons et origo mail," which looks as if it might mean—"Such also is the fountain and origin of *Mail* intelligence."



BRIGADIER GEN. SIR GRIP REVIEWING THE TROOPS AFTER THE TERRIFIC SHAM FIGHT OF THURSDAY, JUNE 5TH.



"Children seem spirits from above descended,
To whom still cleaves heaven's atmosphere serene;
Their very wildnesses with truth are blended;
Fresh from their skiey mould, they cannot be amended."

While we do not profess to improve on nature, all the world in general, and mothers in particular, know that for taking children's pictures in their happiest moods, there are none like J. BRUCE & CO., 118 King St. West.

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Send for circulars.

xii-12-17

The Ontario General Sham Fight.

Official address of Brig. Gen. Sir GRIP, Commander-in-Chief, after the engagement.

BATTERED AND GLORIOUS VETERANS:

I have it in command to convey to you the entire approbation of the Public in General for your admirable soldier-like appearance and general efficiency.

In the terrific combat of June 5th you all did nobly. Those of you who abstained from whiskey, displayed great steadiness.

Where you all did your utmost to secure good government for this Province, I shall make no distinction; I shall name neither PHIPPS nor MACPHERSON. The polling booths were as usual in the most creditable order, and the voters who came, some of them from great distance, during the night, fell into line looking as smart and soldier-like as though just turned out of a guard-house.

It affords me pleasure to state officially, that the cheering at the announcement of the result was simply immense.

The manner in which you marched past the bounds of decorum during the campaign reflected the highest credit upon you.

The field day and sham fight which followed, tried the steadiness of the young troops engaged. The ground was cramped, and the operations were impeded by the crowding in of issues which had no business to be introduced.

The various orders of the leading organs were, however, promptly and efficiently obeyed, and the will of the people has in general been carried out.

HON. G. B., to Globe office "devil"—Boy, did you carry yon proofs to the foremen?
Boy—Yes!

HON. G. B.—Hoot! ha'e ye no manners, speakin' yon way, ye urchin! Why canna ye say Sir, when ye speak to me?

Boy—What would I say "Sir" for? you ain't no knight, are you?

A news item says Michigan has gone into peanut culture. And has it come to this, that Detroit cannot import enough peanuts from the markets of the world to satisfy the rapacious appetite of M. QUAD?

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

Princess LOUISE has accepted the dedication of a narrative poem, entitled "From the Cradle to the Grave," written by Mrs. A. M. BURGESS.

Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON recently gave what it is feared will be his farewell lecture before the students of the Harvard Divinity School.

Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, the author of "Haworth's" and "That Lass o' Lowrie's," has written a tragic story of artist life in Quartier Latin, Paris.

A life of the late Dr. LIVINGSTONE is in progress, under the supervision of his family, bearing especially on his personal and domestic character, and his work as a missionary. The preparation of the book has been entrusted to Prof. BLAICKIE, of Edinburgh.

The Marquis de LORNE is at work upon his book, which is to be called "Travels in the Dominion." It will consist of both poetry and prose, and will be charmingly illustrated by the Princess LOUISE, who is one of the most indefatigable and accomplished of amateur artists.

Mr. RASSAM, who is carrying on the work begun by the late Mr. GEORGE SMITH, has just discovered at Babylon an octagonal cylinder, on the sides of which are engraved a history of the campaign of SENNACHERIB against King HEZEKIAH. This important find is to be sent to London for safe keeping in the British Museum.

The immediate publication is announced of the early poem by ALFRED TENNYSON entitled "The Lover's Tale," which has not hitherto been included among his works. Two only of the three parts have been privately circulated, but the third is quite unknown. Seeing, however, that these first two parts have of late years been printed without his sanction, the author has determined to suffer the whole poem at last to come to light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel—a work of his mature life—"The Golden Supper."

Some of the literary magnates here are angry with the remarks of Mr. JAMES A. FROUDE, at the literary dinner in London, in which he spoke of BRET HARTE as the "greatest living American writer," and one of the literary authorities thinks such praise is misapplied to a mere "consul at an obscure German port." BRET has never been popular in Boston since he spoke disrespectfully of the Harvard crew in reporting a boat race for the *New York Tribune*, and generally failed to be as impressed as a Western barbarian should be with the greatness of the University. Mr. HOWELLS is the divinity of this section, though he, too, is a Westerner, for he never fails to glorify the city of culture and constructs novels with plots of the most thrilling description, which hinge upon the important events of caste in society. Hence it is that while HARTE writes for and of humanity, HOWELLS confines himself to the every way superior kind of humanity which is found only in the neighborhood of Boston and Cambridge. But English and other outside barbarians don't know much about this latter kind, and all Mr. HOWELLS' finest situations are lost upon people who don't realize what a thrilling catastrophe impends where the lowly Cincinnati pork dealer's son is almost about to ensnare the heart of a highborn Cambridge lady, whose family have never dealt in anything baser than codfish.—*Boston Letter to Detroit Free Press*.

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And it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations. Several illustrated articles descriptive of Canadian Sports and Scenery have recently appeared in its pages, and the magazine during the coming year will devote much space to matters of special interest to the Canadian public.

"HAWORTH'S" by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

FALCONBERG, by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Gulnar," "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement. Some of the incidents will be found of very curious interest, this being a study of a phase of life in the New World with which few Americans, even, are familiar. "Falconberg" began in the August number of 1878.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable. This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1802-4-5, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John P. Muir, the California naturalist. These are the most graphic and picturesque, and at the same time exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Meadows, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hart, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition—the cities, the rivers and general resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the rarest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyesen, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.), and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, their methods of teaching, &c.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on *How Shall We Spell* (two papers by Prof. LOUNSBURY). *The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places* (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Flushing), *Canada of To-day, American Art and Artists, American Archaeology, Modern Inventors*; also *Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems*; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of *New Inventions*; and *Mechanical Improvements*; *Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.*; *Book Reviews*; fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.

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Stage Whispers.

Her London physicians told Miss NEILSON she must choose between leaving the stage and death.

ALBANI and JENNY LIND live in houses nearly opposite in the district known as the Beltons, South Kensington.

Pinafore—new version by the Boston Advertiser: "I hope you treat your crew well, Capt. CORCORAN—and often."

BOUCICAULT plays *The Shaughraun* in California as an equestrian drama, and CLAIRE rides on the stage on the back of a horse.

The Banker's Daughter brought \$125,000 into the treasury of the Union Square, N. Y., of which Mr. HOWARD got \$5000 as royalty, and Mr. PALMER \$45,000 as profit.

VICTOR HUGO's *Ruy Blas*, recently reproduced in Paris, was rehearsed seventy-two times before the critics assembled for the first night were allowed to pronounce their opinion.

JAMES GREEN, who a short time ago made his debut as *Henry V.* in this city, has been engaged by the HELEN BLYE Combination to play leading business; the Company is at present traveling through Ohio.

Mr. EDWIN BOOTH will divide his time this summer between Newport, Saratoga, Long Branch and other watering places. We hope he won't be popped at with anything more dangerous than a champagne cork.

Miss FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER lives now in Queen ANNE'S Mansion in London. Mr. HENRY IRVING has taken her up very sharply in the *Theatre* for her depreciatory allusions to the stage in her "Recollections."

Father GIOVANNI, the wonderful Roman tenor, is reported to be growing wealthy through his voice. He gets a very large salary for his musical services, and sings also in society. He is getting enormously fat, and his voice appears to grow in proportion.

A San Francisco clothing-dealer is said to have, in good faith, offered LAWRENCE BARRETT \$100 a night when playing *Hamlet* in that city, if he would, after uttering the words, "customary suits of solemn black," add, "The kind they sell at—for \$24."—*Boston Herald*.

Mr. EDWIN BOOTH is quoted as saying of his recent assailant that he is "a dangerous lunatic—nothing more;" but the nervous shock of the occurrence, he says, "has been so severe to both Mrs. Booth and myself that we have been unable to do much more than play nurse to each other since the event."

In a letter to the *Baltimore American* "JENNIE JUNE" says: "If *Fatinita* runs all next year, as is considered probable, Mr. DAN HARKINS contemplates 'taking the road,' and is desirous of securing Miss ANNA DICKINSON's new play of *Aurelian* as his *piece de resistance*. It is already promised, however, to Mr. BARTON HILL for production at the California Theatre next autumn, Miss DICKINSON to play the part of "Zenobia." This lady is now engaged in writing a play with a strong human motive, in which a woman of the people is the principal character. If it is possible for her to accomplish the difficult task of fitting herself with the part, we may still see in ANNA DICKINSON the great American actress of the future."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

The Fifth of June.

Great Speech of Professor Calcimine.

WHAR'S ALL DE ENTHUSIASAM!

What old and classic memories does the word Amphitheatre bring up! Visions of Olympic games, with fierce set-to's between the "fancy" of the period, TOM MILTIADES, of Sparta, and JIM THEMISTOCLES, of Athens, for one hundred talents a side, and the championship of Greece. Not to mention the javelin throwers and all those fellers, who must have been a bad crowd to handle. These reflections arose to my mind as I gazed on a large poster (it was the fifth of June) informing me that for the small consideration of ten cents, I would be able to get the latest intelligence as to the result of the Ontario elections from the different constituencies; furthermore, that the place wherein I could be so enlightened was "The Amphitheatre." Never having been in a regular out-and-out Amphitheatre, I determined to go. So proceeding to the chaste and classic region of James street, I chipped in my dime and entered the sacred enclosure. The place hardly represented the ideal I had conjured up, it having on the whole a snide and, as it were, lumber yardish look in its appointments. The atmosphere alternated between that of a saw mill and a guard house, being at times strongly suggestive of each. I arrived just in time to get a fair opportunity to hear the celebrated Professor CALCIMINE, a powerful orator, and one of the political lights of the Ward. The eloquent gentleman being loudly called for, came forward to the front of the rostrum. His appearance was darkly grand. He was clothed in a customersy suit of solemn black, but it was "not alone his inky cloak" but the commanding and almost Cetewayish presence that caused the outburst of applause as he commenced this

SPEECH.

Mistah Speakah, and Gemblem all.—I come befo' you dis evening to delucidate de reasons why I am and always hab been Conservative. I will not enthusamize to much of an extent on de N. P., case brudder TILLEY form St. Bruns, New Johnswick, de odder evening spoke most delapidatedly on dat question. Tell you what it is, my belubbed hearers, dat we don't want no moah shoo fly on de wheel policy for dis kentry. Massa CARTWRIGHT went to England to try to raise money on a shield. Tried to make de people ober dar tink it was silvah; but old BULL couldn't be fooled—no, sah—he turned de

shield ober and he found it was brass! and de consecue is, dat now in de old kentry Toronto benches ain't woth a cent—and de benches hab been sent back to Mr. HAY, who made 'em; and dey was mighty good bass-wood benches, too! (cheers). Dat shield business is good enough for a Zulu to fight with, but we don't want no moah of it yar, I tell you (loud applause). Now, gemblem, I'll just 'splain to you de reason why de Grits stayed too long in powah. Why, its because we habn't got enuff of enthusiam, dat's what's de mattah. I see, my hearers, dat de reports coming in is not quite so favoble to de cause as I did expectorate; but, gemblem, if we had shown a little moah enthusiam in de hulchycultural districts dar would hab been a clean sweep; yes, gemblem, in de language ob de Telegram poet,

If we enthuse on the fifth of June,
We'll sweep the country with a bran new broom,

Enthusamism will gain the day
From Ottawa City to Thunder Bay.

(Tumultuous applause.)

(Here the eloquent gentleman after wiping his mouth with a tumbler, proceeded to read several messages just received)

Feller citizens—I hab jest recebed intelligence dat Mistah MOWAT and Mistah CROOKS hab been elected by a majorthy ob two each, and dat Mistah GEORGE BADGEROW WASHINGTON is in fo' East Yawk—(Receives another message)—Feller sufferers (to dissolving crowd) don't go. I want to tell you dat HARDY and de rest ob de Ministars am in, and dat we's all gone coons! oh, my belubbed hearers, whar oh, whar's all de enthusamism?

I, not being able to answer the question, and finding myself alone, stepped down and out the "Amphitheatre."

Our Competent Critic.

We know now. He is not a teetotaler. We are sorry we went to the expense of bringing him out from Europe. He has been quite incapable of doing the art exhibition ever since he got that slight advance on account, and before we can get him sobered up the doors will be closed and the pictures all sold. For the sake of the artists we hope their works won't be sold so badly as we have been with this competent critic. The following fragment of criticism is sent to us by the mistress of the boarding house where the gifted but unsteady individual is staying. It shows what a dilapidated state his mental faculties had got into, and we print it here more as a warning to the young than anything else.

REVIEW, CONTINUED.

78. *The Signal*. F. A. VERNER. Glad and astonished to find an Indian subject from this artist's brush. The painting 'is full of point, and a noble red-man standing on it, waving a flambeau to apprise his friends that the Toronto's are beaten in three straight games. Would advise Mr. VERNER to make a specialty of Indian subjects; he seems to have great ab-originality.

140. *The Glory of the Fall*. JOHN A. FRASER. Should have been JOHN A. MACDONALD, who glories in the fall. See? 17th September.

49. *Cupid on a bed of Roses*. MRS. SCHREIBER. A love of a picture, though not the Cupid our fancy painted. Thought the little deity had ambrosial locks, etc.? Seems not; or else Mrs. S. has made a model of some mundane youngster rolling on the floor preparatory to entering the Saturday night wash tub.

55. *Waterfall*. F. M. BELL-SMITH. Very disappointing; poor rendering of human hair. Let us shin on to the next.

62. *Newsboy*. R. HARRIS. The artist is very happy in this; much happier than the newsboy, apparently. He has a stock of Telegrams on hand. That accounts for the depressed look. Let him invest in GRIPS if he wants to prosper.

To the Editor of GRIP:

SIR—I must apologise for failing to keep my promise to send you the poems for the Poetic Academy. I hope that the establishment of that institution has not been delayed in consequence. I began to write one day when the thermometer stood 90° in the shade, but found that though heat may make most things expand, it had not that effect upon my brains. Though, as you doubtless perceive, I am usually gifted with great fluency of expression. Upon that occasion I ransacked my head in vain for an idea. The following week, I was assisting in theatricals which were gotten up to help defray the debt on our new church. Of course, everything must give way to a religious object. I have not yet recovered from the fatigue consequent upon my exertions, so JACK has written a few verses for me. He wishes me to say that he possesses an abundant supply of language and ideas which object to being cramped by rhymes and metre; that upon the few occasions when he has endeavored to express his sentiments in verse, he has experienced a sensation somewhat similar to that which HANLAN would feel, if he had to row in a mill pond and found himself obstructed on all sides by floating timber. He therefore considers it 'bootless labor to attempt to make his feet fit, so you must excuse incorrect metre.

JACK'S POEM.

Musings on the Moon.

This eve while the moon gleamed over the lake,
These solemn reflections mv brain pan did shake:
I considered how bored she must surely be feeling,
But like many a dame her boredom concealing.

Though she constantly looks upon mortal emotion,
Smiles, tears, broken vows or endless devotion.
She gleamingly gazes, as calm in the face
As if little she heeded the whole human race.

For aught we can tell, she's as good as when new,
Nor passe has grown since she made her debut,
Though she's passed over ages still calm she's proceeding,
With that air of repose which stamps dames of good breeding.

MORAL.

Now ladies attend, while I kindly advise,
If the foot prints of Time you'd erase from your eyes,
Have your foreheads unwrinkled, expressio' ne'er acid,
In future, just like the fair Luna, Be Placid.

Jack desires me to say that he is not ungallant enough to think that ladies ever have a vinegary aspect, but acid was the only word he could find to rhyme with placid,

Very sincerely yours,
SU SCEPTIBLE.

In a tavern in Calcutta there is a notice hung on the walls. "Guests are requested not to beat the waiters and servants."—*Ex.* Of course they are at liberty to beat the landlord.

LAST Thursday's vote had nothing to do with the N. P. The great question decided at the polls was whether Mr. MOWAT was in a better condition to govern this Province than the late Mr. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD. And the people decided that he was.



Mr. GRIP would fain be a tender as well as a faithful father to the little political boys of his household, but he must be faithful at all events, and if any of the boys deserve punishment, he will assuredly not "spare the rod." Just at present he is under the painful necessity of taking CHARLEY TUPPER over his knee, for the disgracefully mean way in which that youth is acting as head of the Railway Department of the Dominion. Reports come from the Lower Provinces, authenticated by journals on both sides, which go to show that CHARLEY TUPPER is a practical believer in that most abominable of Yankee doctrines, "to the victors belong the spoils." He has been ejecting worthy persons from the situations upon which their livelihood depended, purely from political motives, and to make way for his own friends. Even poor, helpless cripples have not been spared at the hands of this pigmy tyrant, and so flagrant have some of his acts of cruel injustice been that they have called forth a protest in formal petition even from such thorough partisans as Mr. DOMVILLE. This demoralization of the Canadian Civil Service, by the dismissal of worthy persons on purely partizan grounds, is in our opinion the most atrocious outrage a Cabinet Minister can commit against the country, whose servant he is, whether he be Grit or Tory; and the Party that will deliberately endorse and applaud such action on the part of its leaders, is unworthy to be entrusted for a day with the control of affairs.



The Duke's Visit.

DONALD.—I'm chust ashamed o' America, altogether. Here is MacCALLUM MORE himself i' the country, an' the folk goin' on wi' their wark as usual!

We learn by Cabul that the Afghan war is over. YAKOOB KHAN now retire.

Politics.

A FARCE IN ONE SCENE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Club Swell; JOHN, the waiter.

SCENE—U. E. Club. 11:30 p. m. June 5th.—Swell discovered at table, sitting, looking over returns.

SWELL—"Confound their politics!" as the National Anthem hath it! I hate the very idea of politics, and the names of the politicians. The election's over; we're beaten, and I wish to hear no more of it—at least to-night. However, there's no use in repining, I'll order a solace in the shape of a glass of wine—(pulls bell—enter JOHN)

JOHN—Ring, sir?

SWELL—Yes; bring me some wine.

JOHN—Claret, sir? I can bring some excellent claret; very fine—out of the wood.

SWELL—No; confound your claret, and your wood, too!—(bitterly)—we'll have enough of Wood for the next four years.

JOHN—Perhaps, sir, you will try our Native wine from Cookville. It's getting to be a quite fashionable drink, now (smilingly). Foster native industries, you know, sir!

SWELL—(aside)—Politics again! (haughtily)—My good fellow, I'll give you a small piece of advice, which you can foster at your leisure: Be good enough to keep your suggestions to yourself; and see here, bring me a bottle of champagne. Hurry up, will you.

JOHN—(aside)—Hallo! what's the matter now? He used to be fond enough of the subject himself—(aloud)—Yes, sir,—[Exit JOHN]

SWELL—(solus)—Well, I am sorry for having spoken so harshly to the man, but politics seems to loom up in the simplest question, and the result of this infernal election is enough to put a Conservative saint out of sorts. (Enter JOHN.)

JOHN—Here's the wine, sir.

SWELL—What wine is it?

JOHN—Champagne, sir.

SWELL—(irritably)—Champagne of course, but what brand?

JOHN—MOET and—

SWELL—MOWAT! why, you infernal villain, there you go again with your politics! (Seizes JOHN by the throat and chokes him—finally JOHN gets away.)

JOHN—(gasping)—Beg pardon, sir, but—SWELL—What the deuce do you mean by talking to me of MOWAT at a time like this? I've a good mind—

JOHN—Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure, but I was only going to say MOET and SHANDON! (Tableau and curtain.)

A young lady the other evening, kissed, in the dark, a young man whom she mistook for her lover. Discovering the mistake she said, "it's not he but it's nice."

"The Premier's N. P. Galop," is the title of the latest musical composition by Prof. KOEBER, of this city. We heard the Prof. play it the other day, and deem it our duty to pronounce it a tariff-ic success. If JOHN A.'s trade policy only works as harmoniously as this galop it will be highly satisfactory to the country.

THE Montreal Spectator, in a biographical sketch of Sir Dr. TUPPER, informs us that that gentleman has represented Halifax ever since he entered public life, whereas we know that he has never represented that city at all. This would be an unpardonable blunder in any ordinary journal, but it must be recollected that the Spectator is a "high class newspaper"—so high that humble little facts quite escape its notice.



MAGISTRATE.—Have you ever been here before?

PRISONER.—No, never.

MAGISTRATE.—What, never?

PRISONER.—Come now, hold up. Name the fine, but don't go for to get off that Pinafore business with me. It's played out.

Not in the Side Show.

The circus is abroad in the land, and pretty soon we shall gaze upon the man with the plug hat and the stentorian voice, as he stands on a packing box at the door of the side-show and tells lies till the veins of his neck are ready to burst. He will claim to have on the inside a collection of the "greatest curiosities on the top of earth," when the fact is he hasn't a single one of the following objects:

A man who does not say "It's a fine day."

A man who has not "just commenced smoking" when asked for "a few whiffs."

A man who can take up his note without renewing, and borrowing the balance from his friends.

A bashful commercial traveler.

A policeman or an umbrella that is on hand when wanted.

An old maid who has not refused several good offers.

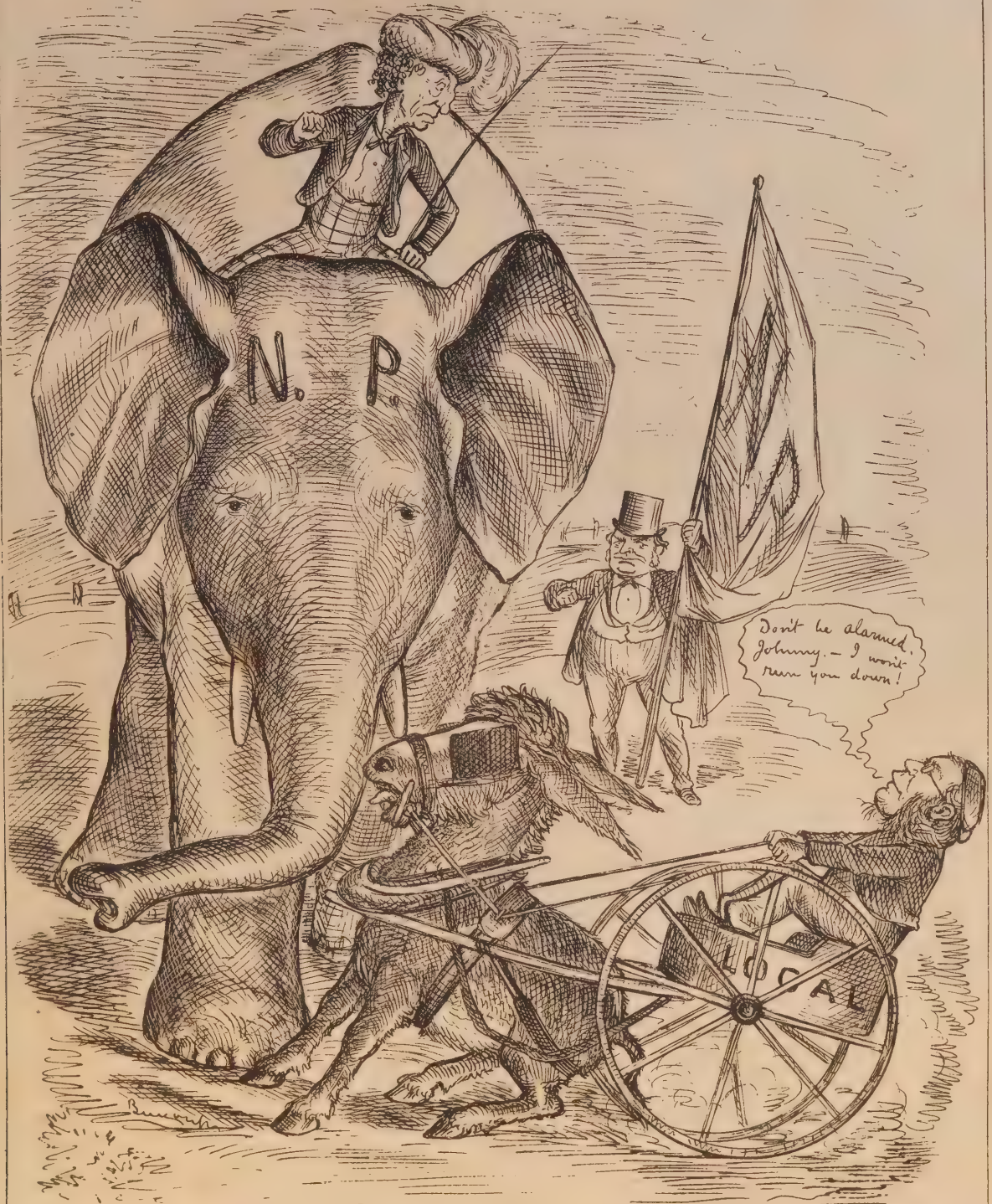
A lady belonging to a sewing-circle who has never—or hardly ever—talked scandal.

A politician who redeems all the pledges he makes on "nomination day."

A man who when called upon to make a few remarks—with a written speech in his pocket—does not apologize for the sud denness, etc., with which he has been called up.



IN THE WORLD'S EYE.



THE N. P. IN DANGER!!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The first coat of paint is always a prime job.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Hope is the sugar coating on the pill of life.—*Whitehall Times.*

The country is tired of hanging-matches. Now bring on Sunday school pic-nics.—*N. Y. Express-ions.*

Early to bed and early to rise enables a fellow to keep the chickens out of the garden.—*Rochester Express.*

The college boat races have begun, and we shall now see the result of the winter's hard study.—*Boston Transcript.*

A grave-digger—A small boy in a hurry to go fishing, digging for worms when he can't find any.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Now that the ice cream season has set in it will be well to announce a grand opening in spring pocket-books.—*Bradford Era.*

Did you never notice that the largest profits seem to be monopolized by the houses that are "selling out at cost?"—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

"Yes, Agnes, I'm going to have a cream-colored summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation ma has passed."—*Waterloo Observer.*

Beware of people who make a great deal of you, for you may depend upon it that they mean to make a great deal out of you.—*Hartford Sunday Telegram.*

Beware of little things! A coat collar with a single little hair on its surface will cause more trouble than a ten dollar switch any where else.—*Elmira Gazette.*

The man who advertises in a newspaper don't waste any flour pasting up bills or wear out any shoe leather traveling around the country.—*Oswego Times.*

Out in West Philadelphia yesterday a man knocked a three-story house down with a single blow of a hammer.—He was an auctioneer.—*Philadelphia Item.*

No one has ever been able to find out why a boy slams the door when he goes out mad, but good guessers imagine that it is because he daren't slam the family.—*Detroit F. P.*

Little boys now go down to the river, stick their toes in the water and exclaim, "Its getting bully." What in the mischief do they mean?—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Tell us not with painted pictures,
Circuses are what they seem,
For the soul sees through such mixtures,
And circus bills are but a dream.
—*Steubenville Herald.*

You can go to England and buy a horse and bring him here and own him, but you can't do that with a ship. Congress is not a fool on the subject of horses.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Michigan girl coaxed her lover to take her carriage riding, and the horse ran away and killed her. Showing this paragraph to the girls will be thousands of dollars in the pockets of our young men.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

Scene in a narrow lane. Footpad—"Say, farmer, your ox won't let me pass." Rustic—"Well, 'spose you let him pass." Footpad—"There isn't room." Rustic—"Well, perhaps he'll toss you for it."—*Punch.*

Scientists say the sun will cease to shine seventeen millions of years hence, but by that time Edison's electric light will be in complete working order, and we shall not mourn the loss of old Sol. Stick a pin here.—*Norristown Herald.*

The wheelbarrow is the most useful and elegant appendage of a well-regulated back yard. Any one coming in contact with one on a very dark night can not fail to be struck forcibly with the truth of this remark. He'll tumble to it at once.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A legal gentleman met a brother lawyer on Court street one day last week, and the following conversation took place; "Well, Judge, how is business?" "Dull, dull; I am living on faith and hope." "Very good, but I have got past you, for I'm living on charity."—*Boston Courier.*

The society of the REV. PHILANDER DORSEY, of this city, tendered him a donation party last week. By practicing the strictest economy during the remainder of the year, and by his wife turning her winter's dress and doing without a bonnet, the good man hopes to survive the donation, though he is exceedingly puzzled to know what to do with the four flower-pots, the bird-cage and a bound volume of "Harper's," which are the only tangible results of the devastating visit.—*Rockland (Me.) Courier.*

An attempt is being made in Paris to found a paper modeled after the American style of journalism. When a physician whose sands of life have nearly run out, offers the editor of the French journal seventy-five boxes of pills in exchange for two hundred dollars' worth of advertising, and the sheriff soon after kindly volunteers to dispose of his paper and material to the highest bidder, the Frenchman will not entertain such an altitudinous opinion of the American style of journalism.—*Norristown Herald.*

Abou Tamerlik and Rhumul em Uhp.

It was during the reign of the good Caliph, when ABOU TAMERLIK came to the City of Bagdad, threw his grip-sack on the counter, and, as he registered, spake cheerfully unto the clerk, saying:

"A sample-room on the first floor, and send my kyster up right away, and call me for the 6:28 train east in the morning."

And BASLER EL JAB, the clerk, looked at him, but went away to the mirror and gazed at his new diamond.

And ABOU TAMERLIK hied him forth and went into the booths and bazaars, and laid hold upon the merchants and enticed them into his room and spread out his samples and besought them to buy. And when night was come he slept. Because, he said, it is a dead town and there is no place to go.

And before the second watch of the night, RHUMUL EM UHP, the porter, smote on the panels of his door and cried aloud:

"Oh, ABOU TAMERLIK, arise and dress, for it is train time!"

And ABOU arose and got his raiment about him, and hastened down stairs and crept into the 'bus.

And he marveled that he was so sleepy, because he knew he went to bed exceedingly early, and marvelously sober.

And when they got to the depot, lo! it was the mail west, and it was 10:25 p.m.

And ABOU TAMERLIK swore and reached for the porter, that he might smite him, and he said unto him:

"Carry me back to my own room, and see that thou call me at 6:28 a.m. or thou diest."

And ere he had been asleep even until the midnight watch, RHUMUL EM UHP smote again upon the panels of his door, and cried aloud:

"Awake, ABOU TAMERLIK, for the time waneth and the train stayeth for no man. Awake, and haste, for slumber overtook thy servant, and the way is long and 'bus gone."

And ABOU TAMERLIK arose and girded up his loins, and set forth with great speed, for his heart was anxious. Nevertheless he gave RHUMUL EM UHP a quarter and made him carry his grip, and he cursed him for a driveling laggard.

And when they were come to the train it was 11:45 p.m., and it was a freight going south.

And ABOU TAMERLIK fell upon RHUMUL EM UHP and smote him and entreated him roughly, and said:

"Oh! pale gray ass of all asses, the Prophet pity thee if thou callest me once more before the 6:28 a. m. east."

And he got him into his bed.

Now, when sleep fell heavily upon ABOU TAMERLIK, for he was sore discouraged, RHUMUL EM UHP kicked fiercely against the panels of his door, and said:

"Oh! ABOU TAMERLIK, the drummuh, awake and dress with all speed. It is night in the valleys, but the day star shines on the mountains. Truly thy train is even now due at the depot, but the 'bus is indeed gone."

And ABOU TAMERLIK, the drummuh, swore himself awake and put on his robes, and hastened to the depot, while RHUMUL EM UHP, the porter, went before with a lantern.

For it was pitch dark and raining like a house on fire.

And when they reached the depot it was a gravel train going west, and the clock in the steeple tolled 2 a.m.

And ABOU TAMERLIK fell upon RHUMUL EM UHP, the porter, and beat him all the way home, and pelted him with mud and broke his lantern and cursed him, and he got him to bed and slept.

Now, when ABOU TAMERLIK awoke, the sun was high, and the noise of the street car rattled in the street. And his heart smote him, and he went down stairs, and the clerk said to him:

"Oh, ABOU TAMERLIK, live in peace. It is too late for breakfast and too early for dinner, nevertheless it won't make any difference in thy bill."

And ABOU TAMERLIK, the drummuh, sought RHUMUL EM UHP, the porter, and caught him by the beard, and said unto him:

"Oh, chuck el edded pup (which is, 'Thou that sleepest at train time')! why hast thou forgotten me?"

And RHUMUL EM UHP was angry, and said:

"Oh, ABOU TAMERLIK, the drummuh, hasty in speech and slow to think; wherefore shouldst thou get up at daybreak, when there is another train goes the same way to-morrow morning?"

But ABOU TAMERLIK would not harken unto him, but paid his bill and hired a team and a man to take him to the next town. And he hired the team at the livery stable, and he cursed the house that he had put up at.

Now, the livery stable belonged to the landlord, all the same. But ABOU TAMERLIK the drummuh wist not that it was so.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Our Own Dick Deadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

"Domestic economy is at the root of the life of every true woman," quoth our fair and cultured Princess. I would like to hear Her Royal Highness apply that noble sentiment to corporations as well as women, and repeat it with emphasis in every town where the people foolishly strain their resources to prove their loyalty by giving the Vice Regal party a grander reception than the civic treasury can stand.

I read that two railway carriages are being built for the use of the Vice-Regal party on their excursions, at a cost of \$15,000. Of course this will come out of the Vice Regal private purse, as a sensible couple like the present representatives of the Queen wouldn't think of letting an already over-burdened people indulge in any such nonsensical extravagance on their account. As the Royal LOUÏSE has remarked: Domestic economy is a great institution, or words to that effect.

One of our high-toned papers expresses the opinion that the recent creation of Gingerbread Knights has done a great deal to perpetuate British connection. I don't know whether there is any foundation for this idea, but I do know that it has done a great deal to perpetuate the healthy contempt which sound-hearted people have long felt for the jackdaw who strutted in peacock's teathers.

I am astray—those carriages are being built at the expense of the country. And, furthermore, they are being built at Troy, N. Y., N. P. to the contrary, notwithstanding. And is this the way in which our rulers keep Canada for the Canadians? O, my country, land of liberty and bosh!

The great question, Is lager-beer intoxicating? is now agitating St. John, N. B. To decide it they are trying a case in court, and hearing the evidence of chemists as to the analysis of the beverage. Pshaw! why don't they set a few kegs before the jury, and let the matter be tested in a practical and agreeable manner.

The Minister of Finance is going on a visit to his constituents next Tuesday. As he has no public business down that way, I suppose his mission is to let them see how he looks in a Knighthood, and to state to them officially whether it is to be Sir SAMUEL or Sir LEONARD.

The *Globe* fellow, who is doing the Vice-regal visit to Quebec, says that when the PRINCESS declared the Kent Gate corner stone to be well and truly laid, she did so in a low musical voice, which, however, could be heard by all on the platform. I venture to say the voice was a good business like voice, without any low musical nonsense about it, or it wouldn't have been so audible.

What this correspondent is after is that glittering title that was so magnanimously declined by his employer. And if he will write plenty of these pretty little pieces about the PRINCESS, and send marked copies of the papers to the proper quarter, who knows but what he might get it.

Montreal promised St. John sufferers ten thousand dollars, but has only given them eight—Repudi-eight.

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THE advent of the JOLY ministry was a mercy to Quebec; and the recent election in St. Hyacinthe was still MERCIER.

THE Steamer *Rothsay* is now a revenue-cutter. At least that is what the cashier of a rival boat thinks as he watches Captain DONALDSON's craft moving out of the harbour with the biggest crowd, on one of her 30 ct. excursions.

The Zulu Club.

BRO. GARDNER having concluded his address, as reported in our last number, a cordial vote of thanks was tendered to him, the same being proposed in touching terms by Mr. JEFFERSON JARVIS JENKINS, and seconded by Mr. JOSEPHUS ORANGEBLOSSOM.

THE CHAIRMAN—I suggest, frens, dat we now purceed to organize de Club, an' I would call on our distinguish visitor, de honorable Mr. GARDNER, to read de draf ob de constitution an' by-laws, wat he wrote up to my house dis ebening, on de back ob a handbill. (Hear, hear).

BRO. GARDNER—Well, Mars' CHAIRMAN, I am agreeable to dat, an' I beg leave to read de aforesaid constitution and by-laws as follows:

CONSTITUTION.

De name of dis Club shall be called De Zulu Club of Toronto, in filliation wid de Lime Kiln Club of Detroit, and wid friends ob justice in de hull world at large.

De objec shall be to improve de members whar dat ken be safely done, and to secure to de culled men in Canady de same political show as wat de Irish gits.

Two gemmen ob color shall fowm a chorum, an' kin transack business on behalf ob de African citizen ob de kentry.

De financial consarns ob de Club shall be in de hans ob a committee ob three members, who kin furnish proof dat dey understan' de hanlin' ob funs, an' haint made arrangement in dar own private affaihs mor'n twice sense de hard times sot in.

BY-LAWS.

No smoking allowed, 'cept on business. De initiation fee shall be Two Dollahs, payable in advance, not necessarily foh publication, but as a guaranty ob good faith.

White folks kin be elected honary mem-bahs, provided dey will not disturb de meeting by eating peanuts.

Meeting ob de club shall be held eberv once in a while, and reports ob de same shall be put into de paper ob GRIP.

On motion of Mr. DANDYLION GROSVENOR, seconded by Elder JINKS, the constitution and by-laws as read were adopted, and the meeting proceeded to the election of officers for the first quarter. The following gentlemen were chosen: *President*, GEO. WASHINGTON BRINDLEBLOOM, Esq.; *1st Vice*, ARCHIBALD H. JACKSON; *2nd Vice*, Mr. GEORGE BROWN DAVIS; *Secretary*, Mr. ALPHONSO VAN AMBURG DOESKIN; *Treasurer*, Mr. PEARBLOSSOM CHROMO; *Janitor*, UNCLE JEFF BUCHANAN.

Finally, notice will be given of the first regular meeting of our club.

Absurd Rumor.

That it is in contemplation to create a new office in connection with the Ontario Government, the occupant to be known as keeper of the Catholic vote.

That SIR CHARLY TUPPER's Hamilton speech was pleasant reading for the *Globe* people.

That SENATOR MACPHERSON has declared that he will never write another pamphlet for the ungrateful people of Ontario.

That Mr. JACK A. MACDONALD intends to apologise to Parliament for the insult he put upon its dignity last session.

That the reason Mr. ALEX. MACKENZIE did not open his mouth during the local election was that he preferred to keep quiet.

MR. MOWAT may be a very good man, but Mr. ROBERTSON, the pool-selling member for Hamilton, is a better.



BUILDING UP A CHARACTER.

MISS MONTREAL—Now, officer, if you catch that murderer, remember I promise a thousand dollars reward.

OFFICER—Madam, we will do our duty faithfully without thought of the reward. We do not know but you may repudiate payment, same as you did in the St. John case.



THE BALANCE OF POWER.

WORTHY PRELATE—Now, my dear, take good care of that child and give it plenty of pap, or I'll take it away from you and hand it over to this other little party to nurse.



"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet."

Some people have a habit of going away from home when they want a good thing, and are often willing to pay a double price for it. In photography there is no need of this, as you can now where else get portraits of equal merit, as at the Photo-Art Studio of J. Bruce & Co., 118 King St. W., Toronto.

xii-22-17

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Aver's, or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-corn, 61 King-street East, (late 132 Church-street), as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

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A Terrible State of Affairs.

SIR—The people of this country are mad. They have gone entirely out of their senses, sir, if they ever were in them. I am convinced of it beyond all doubt by the event of last Thursday. I had a dread suspicion of it after what happened on the 17th of September, but I suspended judgment until I should see how the Ontario elections would go, and now, sir, as I have already said, I am convinced. The people have plainly said by their ballots that they demand corruptionists to rule over them, and as between competent and incapable ministers they enthusiastically decide for the latter. Sir, these are bold statements, but I am going to prove them in a very few words. What did they do on the memorable 17th? Why, sir, put JOHN A. and his besmirched companions back into power, and weren't they aware from the columns of the *Globe* that these base persons had perpetrated scandals innumerable and squandered millions of the people's money; whereas, MAC-KENZIE and his compeers were a body of pure, patriotic and able men, against whom no charge could be successfully made? There, sir, the first position is established. Now, what did they do last Thursday? Why, the same thing over again. They returned MOWAT and his ministry, notwithstanding that the *Mail* has informed them over and over again about the Protón outrage, the Fence Scandal, and the other most disreputable acts which these men have been guilty of, and rejected the services of Messrs. MORRIS, MEREDITH and the other members of the Opposition, who are highly respectable and trustworthy persons. There, sir, is the second position made fast. And now am I not justified in coming to the conclusion that the people of Ontario are mad—or at all events, which is still worse, that they have no moral perception, and deliberately prefer bad men to good?

Yours indignantly, MENS SANA.

The motto of the early cocktail seeker:
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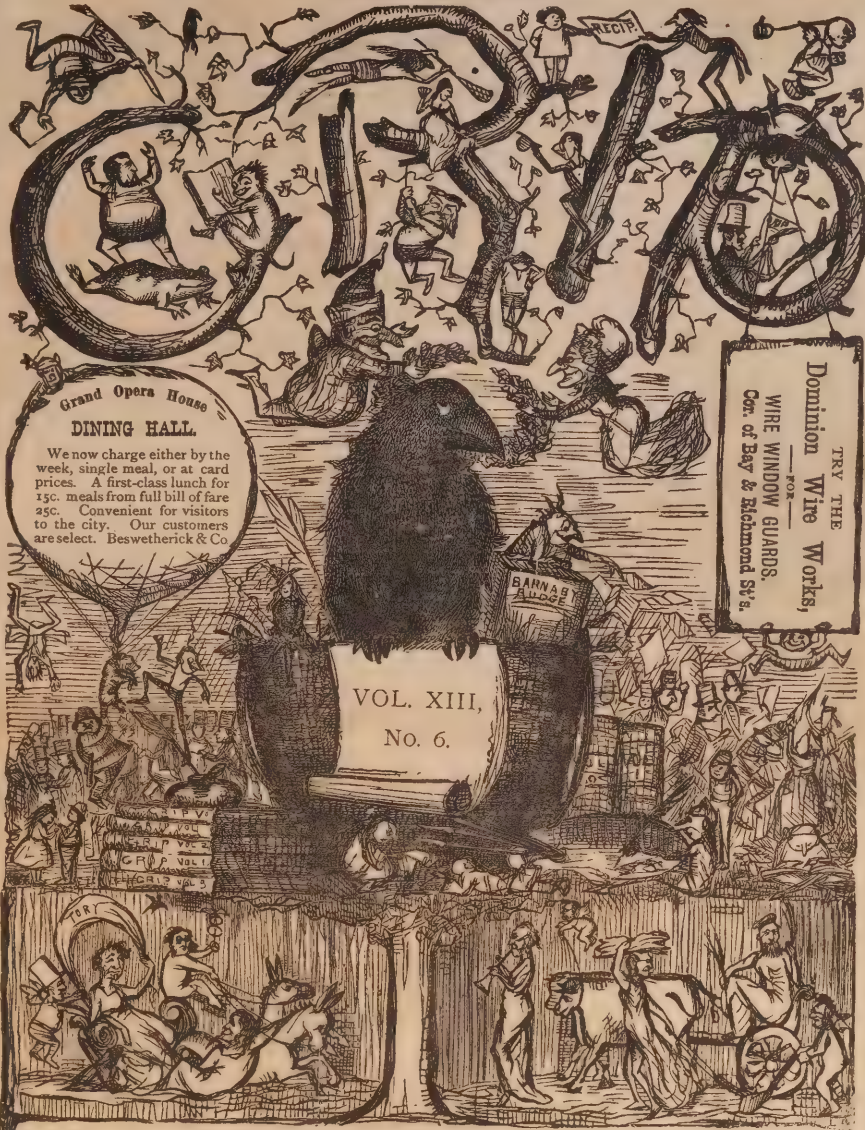
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Literature and Art.

Mr. THEODORE TILTON is to publish a new book of poems in the autumn.

Mr. WALTER FRANCIS BROWN, a young American artist in Paris is making the illustrations for the book which MARK TWAIN is preparing on Europe and the Europeans. This announcement will be hailed with delight by the public, for MARK threatened to make the pictures himself.

The Norristown *Herald* man's constant theme is the dulness of the "wit" in the English comic papers. It is undoubtedly true that *Punch*, *Judy*, and *Fun* are often flat, stale, and unprofitable to the searcher for mirth, but not more often so than the department of the *Herald* written by their "funny man." It appears to us that this paragonizing system has developed more conceited wittlings than there is room for on this continent.

"It may surprise you to know," said Mr. DUFF the other day, "that the song 'He is an Englishman' made the success of *Pinafore* in London—such success as it had. The English people never caught either the humor or the satire of the work as we have done this side the Atlantic. 'Hardly ever,' and all the little bits of the piece that have gone over this country like wildfire, never seemed to strike them. They took all those things simply as good bits, but not at all as anything out of the 'common run.'"

The editor of the *Literary World*, of Boston, blames FROUDE, the historian, for saying a good word for BRET HARTE, and says that except the 'Heathen Chinee,' the latter has written little that is a credit to American literature. Whereupon the Boston *Traveller* has the courage to respond that 'it is Mr. HARTE's temporary misfortune that he does not belong to that mutual admiration ring which has its headquarters in this city, and has long been engaged with more or less success in foisting a lot of very second rate writers upon the public, as the representative literary men of America.'

The Chicago *Tribune* in noticing an illustration in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* of the debarkation of the Duke of Argyll at New York says: "The honourable Duke is represented as coming down the gangway with his honorable hat jammed tightly over his eyes, while all the spectators are holding their hats elegantly between their thumb and forefinger as if they were attending a funeral or bowing to a pretty woman. There is no reason why good Americans should lift their hats to the Duke of Argyll. He ought to uncover his head before a sovereign people. We bow only to Death and Beauty."

Mr. J. E. MILLAIS the painter, was introduced to a lady whom he was to take down to dinner, but neither he nor his partner caught the other's name. So soon as they were seated at the table the lady opened fire with the usual questions. "Have you been to the Academy?" "I have," said Mr. MILLAIS. "And did you notice that odious old MILLAIS's pictures?" "Well, yes, I saw them too." Presently the champagne came around. Said Mr. MILLAIS, with his best smile: "I am going to ask you to take wine with me, and not a mere sip, but to drain your glass to me, to strengthen your nerves." The lady pledged him accordingly. Then said the artist quietly: "Now that you are fortified, I may venture to tell you that I am the odious old MILLAIS." The lady put up her hands in horror. "Good gracious" was all she could find to express herself.

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F. BRAUN.

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }
OTTAWA, 13th June, 1879. }

xiii-6-3.

Stage Whispers.

Mlle. FECHTER, the daughter of the actor, is a very pretty young girl, a slender brunette, with much of the dramatic nature. She has been trained for the lyric stage with moderate success.

MISS MAUDE HOWE, daughter of JULIA WARD HOWE, took the character of *Aspasia* in some tableaux in Rome recently, at which the King and Queen of Italy were present. RISTORI robbed her, and CASTEL LANT lent her some almost priceless jewelry which he has just sold to the British Museum.

W. E. SHERIDAN recently made his appearance among the stars. He filled an engagement at Halifax, appearing in a round of the leading characters in tragedy. All who know Mr. SHERIDAN professionally are aware of his talents, his ample experience, his worth of character, and his zealous devotion to the dramatic art.

Certain young men of Louisville, Ky., have raised a fund of \$1,500, which will be used to purchase a thoroughbred Kentucky horse, and the animal will be presented to Miss MARY ANDERSON at Long Branch this summer. JOSEPH ANDERSON, a brother of Miss ANDERSON, seventeen years of age, expects to adopt the stage as his profession, and to make his first appearance next year.

When MAPLESON, the other night, in London, found that NILSSON, GERSTER and MINNIE HARK were all on the sick list, he rushed to Mme. TREBELL and she consented to go to his rescue, leaving her dinner uneaten. "A basin of soup after the first, and a chop after the second act of *Carmen*, was all the meal she had until her heavy day's work was over. Yet a better performance of M. BIZET's opera has scarcely, if ever, been heard," says *Figaro*.

Says the London *Figaro*: Mr. J. H. SARGENT is daily expected in London to confer with Mr. HENRY IRVING on the only reasonable proposition which has yet been put forward for the tragedian's visit to the United States. Mr. SARGENT's proposition is that Mr. HENRY IRVING should undertake a very brief season at BOOTH'S Theatre in the autumn, during which time Madame MODJESKA should have the Lyceum, Mr. IRVING being guaranteed a certain sum in both cases.

"Miss THURSBY is doing for Paris what some years ago Miss CRAMPTON did for London—delighting many drawing rooms by her exquisite singing. Her name figures in every entertainment and reception, and Mrs. MACKAY is incessantly giving *soirees musicales* because the name of Miss THURSBY brings everybody to Mrs. MACKAY whom Mrs. MACKAY chooses to invite. Miss THURSBY is an American, and she is called the American PATTI. But this title is scornfully assailed by the American press, because say they, ADELINA is an American." The London *World* recently claimed Miss THURSBY as an English woman.

Mr. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY's attempt to restore the character of "Falstaff" to the London stage does not appear to have been brilliantly successful. He appears to have made the fat knight a male edition of his "Mrs. BROWN," and one of the critics says his performance was "even tinged at times with something approaching to a melancholy strain." Melancholy in connection with "Falstaff" is something entirely new, and Mr. SKETCHLEY must certainly be credited with originality.

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The Reception of Hanlan.

A meeting of influential citizens was held in the Mind's Eye Hotel the other night, with a view to arranging the details of the great reception to be tendered HANLAN.

Mr. ANGUS MORRISON, first sculling champion of the Bay (1840) was appointed to the Chair, and opened the proceedings by calling for three cheers for NED.

The cheers were given very heartily, whereupon

The Chairman said he would be pleased to hear any suggestions from citizens in good standing with reference to the business in hand.

Mr. GEORGE BROWN ventured to propose the erection of a fine arch on the corner of King and Yonge streets—an arch typical of aquatic matters in general and HANLAN in particular. For example, it might be ornamented with shells from the shore of the Island. He himself would be happy to supply a pair of his cast off shoes which might be hung at the apex of the arch to symbolise HANLAN's great feat on the Tyne.

Mr. HARRY PIPER thought Mr. BROWN's idea a very good one. He, also, had an idea to submit, namely, a grand typical procession in honour of the champion's having made the fastest time on record; a procession of fast young men from St. John's Ward and elsewhere. He, (Mr. PIPER) would be only too happy to ride at the head of such procession.

Mr. Alderman HAMILTON suggested, that as this reception was strictly of a civic character, it would be a good idea to have the books and documents of the City Council carried in the procession by the respective officers of the Corporation. He felt certain the public would be greatly gratified by a sight of the public accounts, especially those relating to the Water Works business.

Mr. JACK A. MACDONNELL approved of the suggestion, but thought that, as the reception was in some sense national, the proposition might be made to include documents of a national notoriety also. In that case he would have pleasure in riding a mule and displaying conspicuously the written apology which it was not his intention to present to the House of Commons for having insulted their dignity.

Mr. G. R. PATULLO said torchlight should by no means be overlooked, as it was one of the first elements of an intellectual demonstration. He had a large assortment of torches at the Reform Club rooms, which he would be pleased to lend for the occasion. They had been provided for the 17th of

September, but the Reform Party had decided not to use them on that occasion so they were now just as good as new.

Mr. NED FARRA said they had a similar stock of torches up at the Mail office, which they had refrained from using on the 5th of June. The Conservative Party would not be on done in generosity by the Grits, and the Committee were heartily welcome to the use of these torches.

Mr. JOHN HALLAM proposed that in honor of the auspicious occasion of the Champion's return, an edict should be passed by the City Council exempting the premises of poor men from taxation for this year, and imposing upon the lawns and paddocks of the rich a reasonable tax.

Mr. GUS THOMAS suggested that a medal be struck to commemorate the great Tyneside victory. It might have a head of HANLAN on one side, and on the other "HANLAN AHEAD."

Prof. DAN'L WILSON proposed that the degree of B. Sc., be conferred upon Mr. HANLAN in the presence of the public by the Senate of University College. He supposed he need hardly explain that B. Sc. meant Bachelor of Science, which in this case might be freely interpreted Boss Sculler.

Dr. WRIGHT said he understood a sweet little heir had made its appearance in Mr. HANLAN's home since his departure, and, if this were true, it would be well to take into consideration the propriety of having a baby show in connection with the reception, the first prize to be awarded by acclamation to the juvenile HANLAN.

After many other valuable suggestions had been thrown out the meeting broke up in good order.

Positively the Last and Worst.

Last evening while standing on the uncertain margin of the moss-covered Esplanade, viewing with some interest the splendidly developed fungoids luxuriantly growing among its crumbling timbers, I was startled out of my botanical reverie by the sudden appearance of a stalwart youth with a red night-cap on his head, and carrying, like the melancholy Dane in the grave-yard scene, a "scull" in his hand. He was picturesquely got up in the prevailing arg nautical style, which is a compromise between the garb of an English cricketer and a Levantine pirate. "My dear GRIP," said the amateur Corsair, breathlessly, "I've a splendid joke for you."

"Heave ahead, my hearty, give her sheet; pay out the slack of your jaw-tackle," said I, in the language of the fore-castle, in compliment to his WILL WATCH-like appearance. "Well," continued the Rover of the Deep, "we were out to-day in a new yacht of NOVERRE's, who came along with us and took the helm to test her sailing qualities. The wind was dead from the south'ard, and we had to go about off the light house and stand in on the port tack for the shore." "Belay all that, and come to the joke. I'm in a hurry," said I. "But I'm telling you the joke," said the mariner, and continued, "You know NOVERRE was at the helm, and when young PONSONBY JONES suddenly asked me who built the boat, I replied, NOVERRE." JONES says, "What, NOVERRE?" I was going to explain, when HILDEBRAND SMITH, who was on the look-out, observing that we were dangerously approaching the boulders off the New Garrison, shouted, "Hard-a-lee, NOVERRE!" "Ha! ha!—funny, wasn't it?" Ye gods! I had been listening all this time to a Pinfore gag, told by an imbecile Bly water sailor?

A root of bitterness—The Bute Inlet Route.

Anxious Enquirers.

Since Mr. JOHN BRIGHT announced his intention of making an enquiry relative to Canadian affairs in the British House of Commons, a great deal of interest concerning this Dominion has been awakened amongst the members, and it is highly probable that other questions will follow that of Mr. BRIGHT.

An Hon. member gives notice that he will ask the Colonial Secretary if measures have been taken to secure the neutrality of Canada in the war now raging in the adjacent country of Peru.

A Right Hon. gentleman will enquire whether it is the intention of Her Majesty's Imperial Government to send out to Ottawa an adequate supply of provisions, so as to obviate the humiliating necessity for the Vice-Regal authorities of the Dominion to sustain themselves by the precarious method of fishing for salmon.

An Hon. member will ask whether the Government has been officially informed of the recent invasion of Montreal, Canada, by grizzly bears, and whether it is true that the savage animals demolished a canteen, and almost deprived the inhabitants of their supply of Beef.

An Hon. member will enquire whether the Colonial Secretary succeeded in learning from Mr. LANGEVIN what he, the said Mr. LANGEVIN did with the \$32,000 he got from Sir HUGH ALLAN?

An Hon. member will enquire whether it is the intention of Her Majesty, as reported, to confer Knighthood upon EDWARD HANLAN, the Canadian oarsman. If so, if the Government is prepared to give the House full particulars as to the charges made against the said HANLAN, together with the evidence upon which he has been convicted and sentenced to this punishment.

An Hon. member will ask whether instructions have been given to the Dominion Government to furnish His Grace the DUKE of ARGYLE with a body guard and competent Indian interpreters during his travels in the Province of New Brunswick.

An Hon. member will request to be informed whether it is true that the present Government of the Dominion really intend to change the terminus of the Intercolonial Railway from Winnipeg to Bute Inlet, P.Q.

An Hon. member will inquire whether Her Majesty's Government intend to sanction the permission granted to a certain company to drain Lake Ontario in order to get possession of valuable farming lands for purposes of speculation.

"The Toronto oarsman having defeated England's best men, Hawdon and Elliott, should now meet Courtney, of Union Springs, again. Many people are confident Courtney can defeat Hanlan in a fair contest, and will not be satisfied until the Toronto man and the Union Springs man have another brush."

We clip this rich paragraph from the columns of the Rome, N. Y., *Sentinel*. This well-known journal keeps a professional funny man, and those who know anything about the relative merits of HANLAN and COURTNEY as oarsmen, will consider this one of the most laughable things he ever wrote.

That Low Cartoon.

Mr. GRIP read in last Tuesday's *Telegram* that his HANLAN cartoon was a very low, spiteful and wretched affair, and one that ought to make every right minded Canadian blush. Being a sensitive bird, Mr. GRIP felt a keen pang of shame on reading this. Not so much that he had published a wicked picture, as that the demoralized people of the country seemed to like it so well that several editions had to be issued to satisfy their demands.

**Grip's Solo.**

He is an Englishman !
And, if he himself had said it,
'Twould have been more to his credit,
Than to sign himself "Kanuck,"
He's been laying odds on ELLIOTT,
And he don't feel very well yet
To'rds GRIP and HAN-I-LAN ;
Yes, that's just what's the matter,
With the writer of that letter,
He is an Englishman ;
He is an Englishman !

**A New Position for John Bright.**

JOHN BRIGHT got up in the Imperial House the other day to make an enquiry about the visit of the Canadian Ministers, and some of the prominent Conservative papers here are saying he was put up by GEORGE BROWN. It should have been left to some conceited and unscrupulous Grit paper to say that, as it implies an amount of influence and greatness on the part of Mr. BROWN that his opponents are not generally willing to give him credit for. GRIP has not the pleasure of an intimate personal acquaintance with JOHN BRIGHT, but he has read and heard a good deal about that gentleman, and unless he has been greatly misinformed, he would consider JOHN badly adapted for a cats-paw. GEORGE BROWN is undoubtedly a very powerful giant, strong enough to bend MACKENZIE to his purposes, and to twist MOWAT around his finger, and to crumple GOLDWIN SMITH all out of shape—but there are at least two individuals in the world fairly beyond his influence, namely JOHN BRIGHT and GRIP. At least we shall believe that JOHN BRIGHT is one of these until the Conservative organs produce some evidence of his having been manipulated by the *Globe* man in the way they affirm.

Grip's Lecture Course.

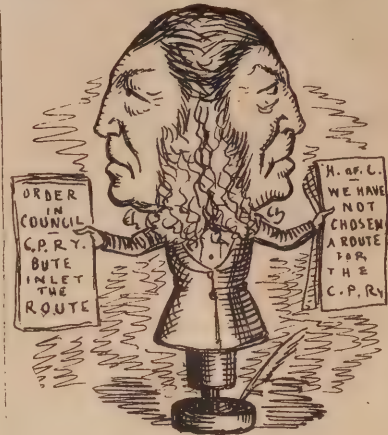
LECTURE II.—BY HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

My subject is "Ambition." To look at me you wouldn't think I knew much about that subject, and I must confess I do not either look or act like a very ambitious man. Still, I am not devoid of this trait. I do entertain an ambition, though not many know just what it is. Indeed, I am not sure that I know myself. It hangs in my mind in a nebulous and fantastic shape. It is not to become the leader of the Local Government, for I have outgrown that dignity; it is not to attain a high place at the bar, for I have already attained the foremost position, and hold it as easily as HANNAH holds the Challenge Cup; it is not to write poetry for the *Globe*, for I have carefully avoided the muses, and choked off all risings of fancy by the study of logic; it is not to become the leader of the Reform Party of Canada, for I could have that position to-morrow with the benediction of every Reformer in the land. And I may tell you here privately that you needn't be surprised if I do take the reins before long just to accommodate my friends. If JOHN A., that most un—but let me be calm—is dismissed from office over this LETELLIER affair, I shall rally the scattered legions of the Grits and lead them back to office. Then I shall give you those grand and glorious measures—Representation of Minorities, Compulsory Voting, and all the others foreshadowed in my Aurora speech. Still, *this* is not my real ambition. I would as soon stay home and read a brief as do all this. Wait till confederation of the Empire is achieved, and the Imperial Arena is open to the genius of the Colonies, and then, perhaps, I may begin to display something worthy of the name of Ambition. With these few remarks I will resume my seat.

Lager-Bier.

It is settled. The flat has gone forth from the Court House in St. John, N. B., never to be recalled—Lager beer is intoxicating! After a long trial, conducted with British impartiality before an incorruptible judge, that respectable German citizen Lager Bier has been found guilty of containing alcohol. The only question that now remains to be decided is, what will those teetotalers do with all the lager they have been drinking under the innocent conviction that it was a temperance beverage.

**The Globe's Device.**

Lest "The Tupper Turpitude" should slip his memory, the editor of the *Globe* has, it is rumored, carved out a little figure of the Minister of Public Works like the one represented above. This he has placed upon the desk of his chief leader-writer as a constant reminder, though it also serves the purposes of ink-bottle and paper-weight. It will be observed that all the facts are brought out in the figure, and the full "turpitude" expressed. With one face he is telling the House of Commons that no terminus has been selected for the C. P. R'y., and with the other he is looking towards the British Columbians, whom he has already assured that Buta Inlet has been selected.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," but CHARLEY RYKERT can be bought for \$10,000.

**THE FIRE CRACKER NUISANCE:**

OR, FIRST OF JULY ASSURANCE.

GAMIN.—Don't be alarmed, boss; I'll set 'em off as easy as I kin!



DOMINION DAY.

SOMETHING FOR THE "FATHER OF CONFEDERATION" TO THINK OVER.

SIR JOHN—My dears, I congratulate you on the twelfth anniversary of your Glorious Union. What can I do to add to your happiness? MADEMOISELLE QUEBEC—(Vigorously) Mind your own Federal business, and permit us to manage our local affairs to suit ourselves, according to the terms of Union—that's what you can do, Sir!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Germans are but a children of a larger growth.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The archery craze is here, and the girls are all trying target beaus.—*Philadelphia Item.*

With merchants the road to wealth is through the buyways and highweights.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Extremes meet," as the man said when he made a dinner of ox-tail soup and calves-head stew.—*Uncle Sam.*

Now nicely the amateur fisherman's bait now worms itself into the confidence of the foolish bullhead.—*New York News.*

"I think I know your phiz," as the soda water fountain remarked to an opposition fountain next door.—*Bradford Era.*

When an unmarried woman of uncertain age says she has remained single from choice, she means that she is self-maid.—*Boston Transcript.*

A man in Utica has been detected in the act of translating *Pinafore* into Welsh. Wght! nvgr! wjell hrdgly evjr.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

When a baby stuffs his toe into his mouth, he little realizes how hard it will be for him in later years to make both ends meet.—*New Haven Register.*

An axiom in the philosophy of the young lady whose dresses are a little too thin: "There's no effect without gauze."—*Hackensack Republican.*

A mud fountain recently erupted at Sarnia, Ont. A stream of mud shot up 150 feet. There must have been a political stump speaker at the bottom of it.—*Nor. Herald.*

The Quincy *Modern Argo* has a column of selected funny items headed 'why we laugh,' and those editors whose items do not appear in the column wonder why it is.—*Peck's Sun.*

And now an Indiana man has eaten twenty four goose eggs on a wager. Good enough; but isn't there something herein smacking of cannibalism?—*Boston Transcript.*

A scolding woman, like a train conductor, is pretty much on the rail.—*Modern Argo.* And a smiling young widow, very much like the rail, is pretty much on the tie.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A bursting soda-water fountain killed a North Carolina man, a few days ago. Young women, beware how you lead young men up to a loaded soda fountain.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Circumstances alter cases. The man who is on the train thinks it carries too long at way stations; not so the one who is half a block away and coming rapidly towards it when the whistle toots.—*Puck.*

All the bread yet unearthed at Pompeii shows evidences that the emptying had soured and that the loaves were heavy. They must have had cooks at \$4 per week in those days as well as these.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"There is truth in my remarks," yelled out a scolding wife to her suffering husband, and he meekly answered, "I'll grant all the truth there is in your remarks if you will only put fewer remarks into your truth."—*Bridgeport Standard.*

"JOHNNIE, what is a noun?" "Name of a person, place, or thing." "Very good, JOHNNIE, give an example." "Hand-organ grinder." "And why is hand-organ grinder a noun?" "Because he's a person plays a thing."—*Springfield Union.*

A new song is called "The Old Wooden Pitcher." It is evidently intended to be sung by base ball clubs. There are a great many wooden pitchers among them. And these "pitchers," by the way don't hold the "batter."—*Norristown Herald.*

When a young man is riding along with his adorable, and is speaking to her in the softest of soft tones, and is giving her all manner of sweet taffy, it takes all the poetry out of the scene for him suddenly to discover that a gamin is hanging on behind taking it all in.—*Salem Subbeam.*

Said BROWN to PARKER:—I say, PARKER, what is the difference between a ripe water-melon and a decayed head of cabbage?" "Give it up; can't tell?" BROWN laughed softly as he said, "You'd be a nice man to send to buy a water-melon, you would."—*Stray Paragraph.*

The boy who thinks himself killed when asked to saw a stick of wood at home will go over to JOHNNY BRIGGS' house, and not only saw all the wood he can lay hands on, but split it and pile it up in the bargain, and come home and tell what a "good time" he has had.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Nothing seems to me so ill-bred," says a young man, "as to smoke in the presence of ladies."

"Well," a friend asks, "how do you manage when there are ladies present and you want to smoke?"

"How do I manage? Why, I seem ill-bred."—*French Witicism.*

Milwaukee *Sun*: The Waupun *Leader* contains an article informing its readers "when to eat pickerel." We did not read the article but suppose of course that the *Leader* says, eat pickerel at meal times. Nothing appears so much out of place as to see a man in business hours walking along the street picking the bones out of a piece of pickerel.

"Why, what are you good for?" petulantly exclaimed a mother, when her daughter who was reading the *New York Sickly*, said she didn't know how to iron a shirt. And then she added sneeringly, "Why I don't believe you could even play JOSEPHINE in *Pinafore*!" No doubt the mother underestimated her daughter's ability.—*Nor. Herald.*

Six years ago a man arrived in this country with five dollars in his pocket. He started a patent outside newspaper in a country town, and last week he died and left property in the town valued at two millions of dollars. He left it because he couldn't take it with him. And the owners of the property would not have permitted him to take it if he could.—*Nor. Herald.*

A correspondent wants to know if wearing a hat tends to make a person bald. We believe it does. Women don't wear hats and they are not bald—at least they don't wear them on their heads, and so they are not bald there. Hats destroy hair. A woman's hat is worn on the back of her head, and that is the reason women have to buy so much back hair.—*Danbury News.*

It is only when the foreman says he lacks just four lines for the funny column and must have it in a minute, that the paragraphist realizes how serious is the business of getting up fun to order.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Some persons have a great faculty for getting on in the world. The little shaver who stood at the foot of his class when we were schoolboys together now proudly guards the left field in some crack base ball club, and is playing for a field average of .976.—*New Haven Register.*

It's getting around toward that season of the year when young men in colleges, who usually study the girls instead of their books, and know more about tobacco and beer in a minute than they do about science in four years, begin to brace up for the preparation of an essay on "protoplasmic evolution of the molecule, as manifested in the development of the homogenous and undifferentiated Cosmos."—*Stebenville Herald.*

When a bee brings pollen into the hive, he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off; another bee, one of the indoor hands, comes along and runs it down with his head and packs it into the cell as a dairy maid packs butter into a firkin.—*John Burroughs.* We would prefer not to have any dairy-maid pack our butter that way.—*Travelers Record.* If our butter must be packed in that way, let it be done by a bald headed dairy-maid.—*Rome Sentinel.*

An agricultural journal tells how to make a very pretty window ornament. Take a good-sized sponge, it says, sow it full of rice, oats or grass seed, and place it in a dish of water. The sponge will absorb the water, and when the seeds begin to sprout, attach a cord to the sponge and suspend it in a window. We should like to serve some of the good-sized "sponges" in this neighborhood in the manner described, but the difficulty is they are already very seedy, and will not absorb water worth a cent.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Pandit's Catechism.

When may ladies who are enjoying themselves be said to look wretched? When at the opera, as then they are in tiers.

What is the difference between a bee-hive and a diseased potato? None at all, as one is a bee-holder, and the other a speck'd tater.

Why are lawyers such uneasy sleepers? Because they lie first on one side and then on the other, and remain wide awake all the time.

Why are ladies' eyes like persons separated by the Atlantic ocean? Because although they may correspond they never meet.

Why are the actions of men like great rivers? Because we see the course they take, but not the source from whence they spring.

In a letter to a friend, a young lady states that she is not engaged, but she sees a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man's hand.

Why is JOSEPH GILLOTT a very bad man? Because he wishes to accustom the public to steel pens, and then tries to persuade them that they do write.

Why was the whale that swallowed JONAH like a milkman who has retired on an independence? Because he took a great profit out of the waters.

Why is a short man struggling to kiss a tall woman like an Irishman going up Vesuvius? Because, sure, he is trying to get at the mouth of the crater.—*Exchange.*

Our Own Dick Deadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

An artist in British Columbia sends me a pencil sketch illustrating the local railway squabble, which is little understood here in the east. From the drawing and the note accompanying it, I get at the case as follows.

* * *

Burrard Inlet is close to New Westminster, which town is immediately opposite Victoria, Vancouver Island. Victoria does not wish to see the rival town made the terminus of the C. P. Ry., but wants the line to end at Bute Inlet, away up the coast, from which it would have a ferry established across to the Island, and an additional line of railway run down the shore to Victoria.

* * *

This little scheme, if carried out to please this little town of Victoria, will cost a good many millions of money, but I suppose they can carry their point easily enough, if they get the politicians at their back.

* * *

When I directed attention last week to the wonderful enterprise of the *Telegram* in connection with the HANLAN-ELLIOTT race, I find I didn't do that journal full justice. On looking over its special cable despatch I find that the *Telegram's* too awfully clever correspondent sends a message of "HANLAN in sight and leading by a good distance" at a moment when, as we subsequently learned, they had not made a start!

* * *

I AM happy to hear that the Government has saved the self-respect of the country by recalling the permission granted to the 69th N. Y. Fenian regiment to pay a visit to Montreal on Dominion Day. There is no objection to receiving American companies and indulging in a little mutual soft soap and bosh once in a while, but Fenians cannot be looked upon by Canadians as legitimate citizens of the United States or any other country.

* * *

I understand that Sir JOHN, Sir CHARLES and Sir LEONARD are about to proceed to England to ask JOHN BULL for another big loan to enable them to go on with that QUIXOTIC enterprise, the British Columbia Railway. I hope JOHN BULL will not give a farthing until the knights demonstrate the feasibility and common sense of the scheme.

* * *

"Is Canada loyal?" enquires the London *Ecaminer*. Why, bless your editorial heart, yes, of course it is! You don't suppose that Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH would deliberately take up his abode in a country that wasn't loyal, do you?

A "Karrackter."

Mr. O. J. DEVLIN, a Montreal Grit, has written the following to the *Gazette* of that city:

"I had business in Ottawa the other day, and although the Ministers knew my previous political history well, yet I was treated with as much courtesy and consideration as if I had been a life-long supporter of the Conservative party. The Minister of Justice in particular exhibited a kindly interest in my mission, and gave my case as much attention as I could expect and as if there was no such thing as politics in the world."

The Hamilton *Times* looks at this and concludes that Mr. DEVLIN is an egotist and a sycophant of the worst description. We are inclined to the more merciful view that Mr. DEVLIN is a humorist, and that the above

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PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }
OTTAWA, 16th June, 1879. }

xiii-6-51.

\$2 Per Annum, Free of Postage.

"GRIP" Now in its seventh year and Thirteenth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"GRIP" is particularly clever this week. The cartoon is devoted, as a matter of course, to Hanlan and his victory over Elliott. The centre piece represents the champion between his friends, Ward and Heasley, in the act of putting on his coat and saying to John B.L., who shields the weeping English sculler in his rear, "have you any more champions, Mr. Bull, before I put my coat on?" Besides the main picture there are a number of others on the same subject, viz. Hanlan's select crew of vanquished scullers, six theories how he did it. Time the only sculler who can beat our boy, the news in Australia, &c. The political notes are very amusing and embrace portraits of Sir John, Sir Samuel, Mr. Langevin who declares he was not so great a success in England as Hanlan, Mr. Norquay riding the "English" mule, Mr. Joly, Mr. Macpherson, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Geo. Brown and Mr. John Bright. The letterpress is as usual, quite up to the mark, making altogether an excellent number of this sprightly paper which never descends to anything low or impolite. — *Quebec Chronicle*.

—Bengough's cartoons on the Hanlan-Elliott race are very amusing. They illustrate the various theories of Hanlan's success, and are got up in a manner which would bring a smile to the gravest countenance. — *Addington Reporter*.

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certificate of character handed to the Government is one of the broadest pieces of satire that he, or any other Grit, ever got off. The idea that considerations of politics could affect the dealings of Cabinet Ministers with individuals visiting Ottawa on private business affairs is really rich. The *Gazette* man, a friend of the Government, should have cuffed Mr. DEVLIN's ears for suggesting such a thing.

Sound Sense.

The Bobcaygeon editor is anticipating a visit from the royal party in September, and in view of that event says:

"LOUISE is the daughter of our Queen, and is entitled to every consideration by her birth; she is also an artist, and thereby entitled to our admiration; and likewise a doctored nice girl and consequently entitled to our love. All of which she shall have when she comes here, and we will give her of the best we have, and put on our Sunday clothes, and spend a little money with our professional friend, the hair-dresser, next door. But having done this and made her heartily welcome, it would be folly to do more, and it is to be hoped that our people will not go crazy as they are doing in Toronto under similar circumstances, and spending money which, if their own, they can't afford; and if not their own, is dishonest. —"

This editor is a sterling old brick, and a man after the Princess LOUISE's own heart, if what we have heard of that royal lady is true. An ostentatious and extravagant parade of tawdry grandeur by our over-taxed city could not fail to disgust persons of sound sense, as their Excellencies undoubtedly are, and we hope there may be enough aldermen of the mental calibre of this Bobcaygeon editor to prevent any such costly funkeyism being engaged in.

The Three Knights.

Dedicated to Sir JOHN, Sir CHARLES and Sir LEONARD.

I.

Three knights went roving out into the west,
Out into the west as the writs came down;
Each thought that Ontario's love was the best,
And the National Policy dreaded her frown;
For knights must work, though voters may weep,
There's much to get and many to keep,
Though the farmers all be moaning.

II.

Three editors sat in a U. E. room,
And they trimmed their lamps as the sun went down,
They read the returns in sorrow and gloom,
And swore that reaction was rolling up BROWN;
But we must work though candidates weep,
Reverses are sudden and voters are deep,
It never will pay to be moaning.

III.

Three knights forsaken by faithless bands,
In the morning gleam as the news came down,
With tearful eyes were wringing the'r hands,
For those who will never come back to town.
We worked so hard, but now we must weep,
The game is up; we may as well sleep
While Ontario laughs at our moaning.

To be candied with a young lady in expressing your admiration for her, it is not necessary to give her taffy.

MR. GEORGE LAIDLAW's speeches are considered by many to be too C. V. R. on his opponents. He should have his style corrected right o' way.



MUNCHAUSEN THE FISHMONGER.

Fresh, Missus! I should say they was! Wy! the Princess and the Markis sends 'em to me as fast as they catches 'em!



THE MONTREAL ORANGE MACHINE

My dear, there is no Grit government to embarrass, so you needn't mind vindicating your "evil and religious rights" by walking this year! Politics first, you know, my darling.



I found one morning that the sun,
Too early had his course begun;
"Photo's," said I, "why so much haste?"
He answered, "I've no time to waste:
Photographs are in such demand,
I promised BRUCE I'd be on hand."

J. BRUCE & Co., opp Rossin House.

xii-22-17.

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's, or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cornby, 61 King-street East, (late 132 Church-street), as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-17

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"Sentry Go!"

"In consideration of the gallantry displayed by non-commissioned officers and men at Rorke's Drift, the issue has been sanctioned of a flannel shirt and pair of trousers to each man present, to compensate for damage to clothing."—English Paper.

A soldier sat cleaning his belts
And pouches for morning parade,
With profuse perspiration he melts,
'Tis one hundred degrees in the shade!
He had served long in all sorts of lands,
Had marched round Quebec in the snow:
And he now in the famed "burning sands"
Of Africa does "Sentry go!"

He fought through the Crimean fights,
Was bayoneted at the Redan,
And wounded at Alma's steep heights,
Got sabred at dread Inkerman;
Through the Indian Rebellion he served.
And was at the relief of Lucknow:
From his duty he never once swerved,
But he still has to do "Sentry go!"

And so in the course of events
He happened to be at Rorke's Drift,
When some thousands of bold "colored
gents"

Were seen coming down through the mist.
While there in his mealie-bag fort
He many a Zulu laid low;
He was only doing his part
As he would when he cried "Sentry go!"

The brigade now fell in for parade,
And soon were formed into square,
And the Colonel some compliments paid
To the men of Rorke's Drift who were
there.

The country with gratitude seized
For their actions through blood, heat and
dirt.
Had added to each man if he pleased,
A new pair of pants and a shirt!

FRED.—"ANNIE what makes you look so
dull?"

ANNIE—(Who has been waiting for FRED to
propose).—"Because I'm not yet Annie-
mated."

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Another edition of "GRIP" of June 21st, containing this cartoon, will be ready to-day.

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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Selections.

The Canadian Thames.

Navigation has closed at London, Ont. It may seem rather early in the season, yet the *Advertiser* says: "Owing to the lowness of the water all the steamboats have stopped running on the Thames." This state of things is deplorable when the lowness is due to natural causes, but this is not the case in London. The utter stoppage in the vessel interests is caused by the new water works pumping too much out of the river, and it is feared that if this hot weather continues the river will be forced into bankruptcy and London will have to forego all hope of being a prominent maritime city. No doubt several pails of water have been taken on the sly from this mammoth stream, and thus the interests of navigation have been seriously jeopardized by unthinking persons. Any person who has had the privilege of gazing on the magnificent proportions of the Thames at London might imagine that the steamers were about the size of a Detroit River skiff, but in reality they are large boats that will carry 300 persons. Last year 200 Detroiters, who were visiting London, greatly enjoyed their four-mile ride on the little river and big steamer. The steamers are broad and flat and draw very little water. During the season of 1878 a rumor reached this city that one of the steamers was lost by running ashore on an oyster can, but Mr. WASTIE, Chief of the Fire Department there, and owner of the steamer, called at the *Free Press* office shortly after and contradicted the rumor. He told some interesting anecdotes about the dangers of the deep as shown by the navigation of the Thames at London. On one occasion the boat with a hundred and fifty persons on board was returning from a voyage when a cow was standing on the track—that is in the river. The cow was perfectly satisfied with her position and would not move. Unfortunately the boats are not provided with cowcatchers. For half an hour that cow kept the tired Londoners from their home. Every movable article on board except the anchor was flung at the cow. The boat was run up to the cow and the whistle tooted, but the bovine merely moved up the stream and chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancies. At last a boy, for ten cents, rolled up his trowsers, stepped over the guard and drove the cow ashore, and then climbed back on the steamer which went on its way rejoicing. Another time the steamer, which had on a heavy load, did not return at the hour it was expected. Mr. WASTIE, becoming alarmed, started down the river bank in search of the missing boat. About a mile down he saw her in the centre of the stream stuck on a sandbar, while some dozens of men were out in the river trying to shove her back. Taking the situation in at a glance, Mr. WASTIE mounted a bluff, made a trumpet of his hands and shouted to the captain: "Get all the passengers aft: then back out and take the north channel." The captain, who did not recognize his employer in the dusk, cried: "See here, granger, you go and tend to your cows. I'm running this boat." In ten minutes after WASTIE was running the boat and running her toward London too.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Do not despise small beginnings. Many a boy starts out in the world as a friendless orphan with only one pair of pants, and ultimately reaches the exalted position of a seaside hotel clerk and wears a fifty-cent diamond breastpin.—*Middletown Transcript*.

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TENDERS addressed to the Honorable the Minister of Railways and Canals will be received at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C., London, England, until JULY 15, next, for Steel Rails and Fastenings, to be delivered at MONTREAL, as follows:

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F. BRAUN.

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals; }
OTTAWA, 13th June, 1879. }

xiii-6-3.

Stage Whispers.

We are to have a week of *Pinafore* in the delightful Gardens, by LAURENT'S Fifth Avenue Opera Co., commencing on Monday evening 17th.

Let those now laugh who've often laughed before,
And those who've never laughed see *Pinafore*.
Miss THURSBY is singing in ballad concerts in London, England.

They say SOTHERN took the Juke of Beaufort along to dig the worms.

Miss MARY ANDERSON has a new play entitled "For Sybil's Sake."

J. H. HAVERLY has SALVINI on all engagements played by him outside of New York city next year.

ADA CAVEDISH remains in this country next season, and will star under the management of MAT CANNING.

Either next fall or 1880, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE propose to make "The Mighty Dollar" pass current in England.

TOM TAYLOR's play "Retribution" has been revived at the Olympic Theatre, London, after a sleep of twenty-three years.

MR. W. W. STORY in the intervals of his modelling, has found time to write a charming little comedy for his own private stage. Its title is "Second Thoughts."

ADELAIDE NEILSON will make her first appearance in this country next season at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on October 20. She will not play in New York until January.

MR. WALLACK is said to have bought a play that has had a great success in Copenhagen. It represents in the most satirical manner a party of adventurers who have a plan for a railway to St. Paul's from the moon.

The death of CHARLES A. CALVERT, the English actor and theatrical manager, is announced from London. Mr. CALVERT was chiefly known in this country by his supervision of the stage spectacles *Henry V.* and *Sardanapalus*, produced in Booth's Theatre in the same style in which they were first presented by Mr. CALVERT in Manchester.

A story concerning the late Mrs. HOWARD PAUL is related by the *Dramatic News*. Once in London, when there was a large take, SIMS REEVES, who was the hero of the hour, sent word that he was indisposed. This meant a return of the money. Mrs. HOWARD PAUL was one of the singers, and at a moment's notice she went on for Mr. REEVES, and imitated his voice and manner so correctly that no one knew the difference.

Mme. NILSSON had a rapturous reception on her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre a few days ago. She had not sung in London for two years, and the public was delighted to hear her again. She chose *Kauai* to effect her reappearance in, and it is said by the English papers that she was never more charming as "Marguerite" than on this occasion. CAMPANINI was the "Faust," and FOLI the "Mephistopheles."

MR. CARL ROSA has arrived in New York, and is looking over the operatic field in this country, with a view to investing some of the surplus capital which he is said to have derived from a highly successful season in London. Mr. ROSA will have to secure the services of a regiment of militia to protect him from the advances of an army of amateurs who have served a professional apprenticeship before the mast of H. M. S. *Pinafore*.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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To Subscribers in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia.—Please remit Dominion Notes if convenient, as there is a discount of 5 per cent. on your Local Bank Notes here.

To Correspondents.

Frater.—Shall be pleased to hear from you again. Try something shorter.

Advertiser, London.—GRIP goes regularly from this office to your address. Why it fails to reach you is one of those things no fellow can find out. Perhaps our postmaster don't know where your little town is.

A Subscriber.—You say, "Our postmaster, being of an aquatic turn of mind has kept my copy of GRIP." We have sent another, but would prefer that the Government should put an appropriation in the estimates to provide those postmasters with copies of GRIP in future, and save us from these unceasing complaints.

The Judicious Sir John.

SIR JOHN—I am the monarch of Premiers,
And I haven't any fears,
But I can extricate myself from any kind of mess,
ALL—No more have his colleagues, his Party or his press.

SIR JOHN—I was once thrown out of power,
And they said my day was o'er,
But again the country gave me its caress,
ALL—And so did his colleagues, his Party and his press.

SIR JOHN—Now this here Letellier dish
Is a pretty kettle of fish,
It has very nearly settled me, I do confess,
ALL—And so do his colleagues, his Party and his press.

SIR JOHN—But while the Frenchmen fume,
I will just take ship for home,
For I happen to have business there, more or less,
ALL—And so have his colleagues, his Party and his press.

SIR JOHN—So when the breezes blow,
And Quebec is all aglow,
I will not be there to be spoken to, I guess,
ALL—No, nor will his colleagues, his Party nor his press.

How I Passed Dominion Day.

5 a.m.—Arose; refreshed; looked out on the glorious summer morning, its delightful quiet yet undisturbed by the fresh-fish and strawberry fiends, or the untuneful though welcome clang of the matutinal milkman's bell.

How glorious the thought that but a few short years ago I was a mere colonist, and to-day, Dominion Day, I am a—a—what am I anyway? what shall I call myself? A Canadian I was before Confederation, and the name is usually corrupted into "Canuck," which is not by any means an euphonious title. Dominion and Dominionist are both equally objectionable.

Mem.—Must write to the Government as to adopting new name.

8 a.m.—Refreshed. Started out "on pleasure bent." Where shall I go? what shall I do? I am told by an advertiser in the *Telegram*, (city circulation 500,000, &c.)

to "Hurrah for the Old Sandbar at Home."—I won't hurrah for the Old Sand bar, or any other bar, at home or abroad, I object to all bars, sand, saloon or legal; they are to me all "bars sinister." Go to the Falls? No; the Falls are a fraud, and the TUPPER like turpitude of the inhabitants of its surroundings is as proverbial as TUPPER's philosophy. Crossing the Lake is very well in fair weather; fine groupings of passengers, handsome mothers, lovely children, pensive maidens reading (?) Lakeside novels; charming black-eyed damsel and good-looking swain, probably bank clerk—looks banky—sitting on rail eating caramels. Fine study for artist, but on the whole too spooney for general observer. Crossed last week with volunteers; splendid corps; well up in South African drill,—they were safely "laagered" all the passage.

10 a.m.—Weather hot; called at Rossin House,—refreshed. Must go somewhere. Why not Victoria Park? It is the height of enjoyment with some to go to Scarborough on the "Maxwell;" the boat seems inseparable from the place. Happy thought, why not call the Park Maxwell town? So poetic! "Maxwelltown braes are bonny."—*Mem.*—Must write to proprietors as to this.

11 p.m.—Called at Queen's Hotel; met friend from Oxford, Eng. Self and friend refreshed. Friend *nil admirari*, won't go to Victoria Park; won't go anywhere. Vulgar to amuse oneself, especially on a holiday. Refresh again. Suggest Lorne Park;—fine sail on lake; place of rustic simplicity. Proprietors say it is "peerless." Don't know, but think it likely will be peerless some day after a heavy East gale. Told friend there was to be a regatta. Friend says "Pshaw! you've nothing here, you know, for me to see in that way. You ought to come home, where—" (Friend here stops short; something *apropos* to the subject recurring to him—but continued) "Well, yaas, you have some fair oarsmen here, I know."

12 noon.—Refresh; bid good-bye to Oxonian. Guess I'll go up to ALLAN Gardens. Change of name here was suggested by me. Long walk—felt quite exhausted.—Stepped into wayside inn and refreshed. Old fashioned place; lithograph^s of BURNS and his Highland MARY over bar; landlord conversing with customer in unfamiliar tongue, either low Dutch or broad Scotch; proved to be the latter. Debating on the propriety of inserting a certain "ad" in the *Globe*. Hot words over it. Question referred to me. Landlord said that as a Reformer he thought it wrong for a Grip paper to be an instrument in spreading Conservative fallacies. "I presume, Sir," said I, "you keep a no-tory public." No reply, but *Globe* of 25th ult. put in my hand. "Ad" referred to was in the words and figures following, that is to say, "Files of the Toronto *Leader*, dated from 1846 to 1873, well bound, for sale cheap, Box 535, P.O., Toronto." Great JUPITER BLAKE! a treasure trove. My old friend the "*Patriot*" (it was I who suggested the name being changed to the *Leader*) going as it were begging! I addressed the North Briton BONIFACE thus: "My friend you are a self accused Grit, and consequently my deadly political foe, but you have done me a lasting kindness, and are now my friend the enemy—Refresh the crowd. To-day I thought to seek amusement among the votaries of pleasure in uncongenial company, but when I look upon that advertisement I can cry with the Greek philosopher, *Eureka!* Let all hands refresh again."

I sought out 535 P.O., obtained the volume, returned to my room, and passed the remainder of the day in quiet enjoyment, happy in devouring the contents of the Toronto *Leader* from 1846 to 1873.

The Birthplace of Hanlan.

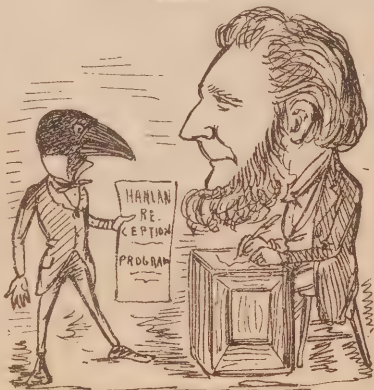
The birthplace of a great man has always a more than common attraction. Being on a visit to the city I thought it would not do to leave without visiting the birthplace of HANLAN. Accordingly, hiring a boat for an hour, I pulled over to the Island, sprung out on the shore—which I found to be nothing more or less than a low sand bank—pulled up the boat, and turned around to feast my eyes on the immortal structure. The last glimmer of day was fading in the west, a gentle breeze disturbed the foliage of the trees which surround the building, through which the beams of the moon pierced, and silvered o'er the roof; lamps were shining brightly in the windows, and from the open door came forth a sound as of tumblers falling on a counter and exploding pop bottles—for it was Dominion Day—to mingle with the laughter and hum of loiterers along the shore, and the musical squeak of rickety swings. As I gazed I thought how beautiful! how impressive! But soon my feelings of admiration and pleasure found vent in words like these: "And this is the birthplace of HANLAN! Who would have thought that I should have lived to see so goodly a sight? Surely now my life has not been in vain." As visitors generally carry away, if it is at all convenient, some memorial of their visit, some relic of thee, at whose shrine they have met, in whose admiration they have indulged, I proceeded to the corner of the house and commenced to cut off a small chip, but was aroused from my work by a person who, I suppose, belongs to the place, kindly offering me his boot to help me away. However, upon explaining the object of my visit, and sincerity of intention, he allowed me the consolation—since I could not carry away the chip—of nibbling a pebble against the boards until it imbibed all the charms, and became, as it were, a part of the house itself; which pebble, I assure you, Mr. GRIP, I shall ever wear on a chain of gold around my neck, as the greatest treasure a Canadian can possess.

While still my bosom swelled with admiration, I turned and spoke to the waves: "Oh, ye waves that roll day and night unceasingly upon the shore, I would that I were one of ye. Proud would I be to think that I had kissed the sands while yet they bore the impress of the feet of the mighty HANLAN, that I had borne his boat upon my bosom and felt his arms embrace me, that I had washed the pebbles his hands had gathered in childhood, as he was wont to linger long beside me to dream of future glory—rejoice, for ye are honored above all other waves!" Then a wave, as it rolled back from the shore, murmured sweetly, "HANLAN;" the wind caught up and bore onward until a thousand waves responded, "HANLAN!" and back from over the waters came an echo, "HANLAN." A straggler passed me by and on his hat and collar I saw HANLAN; the sand seemed rolling into the features of HANLAN; I looked toward the house and all was HANLAN; the moon, and she had put on the face of HANLAN; on every side, where'er I turned my gaze, all, all was HANLAN. Getting into the boat I pulled for the city, with "HANLAN" still ringing in my ears and dancing before my eyes, running the risk in my hurry of riding down a returning excursion boat. I reached the wharf to find that I had been three hours out instead of one, but I didn't mind the extra charge as the pebble I bore away I have set beyond value. As though to make all complete, as I paused for a moment on the steps of the hotel to take a parting look of the island, an owl swooped down and, close to my ear, screeched "HANLAN!"



Jubilation Overmuch.

There is a limit to all things, it is said, and perhaps there will be a limit to the jubilation of the dominant party in Ontario over the result of June 5th. But up to the present writing the beginning of the end is not in sight. Mr. Mowat and Mr. BLAKE having just returned from a grand blow-out over the event at Woodstock, are on the eve of changing cars for Markham, where another celebration of the glorious victory awaits them. Of course GRIP has no objection to this. It amuses Mr. Mowat, and don't hurt anybody else, only it is rather calculated to make ironical Tories say that if the victory of the fifth was no more than such a good ministry had a right to expect, why all this delightful crowing? As for Mr. BLAKE, we are pleased to see him bestirring himself at anything, for it indicates that he still lives. These little outings may perhaps inspire him with a reasonable amount of interest in the larger questions of the country, and help him to get up steam for the great job that lies ahead of him, to wit, the leading back to power of his shattered party. Meantime, gentlemen, don't blow too hard, for, remember, pride goeth before destruction.



GRIP TO HIS WORSHIP.

Now Mr. Mayor, we want your official sanction to this, and don't lose any more time about it!

A Frog Story.

Two ponds lay alongside of each other, and a different species of frogs dwelt in each; but between the two there was continual traffic. The frogs of one of the ponds built up a partition between the two which they called a "Policy," that the waters of the other pond might not roll in upon them. A large frog called JOHN A., who had been chief in the erection, sat upon a stone to view his Policy; when, lo! he saw a troop of frogs headed by an enemy of his called BROWN, who had become their head by his large feet—which made him an excellent swimmer,—trying to pull down the Policy; and he sighed, "Alas! alas! has it come to this? I thought ten thousand frogs should have leaped from their puddles to avenge even a look that threatened my Policy with disdain; but the shadow has passed away, the sun has shone in and with the light they have received eyes. Alas! alas!" Just then a frog from the other side raised his head over the partition, and cried "We come, we come!" and the large frog on this side replied "Welcome, welcome; but friend, there is a time for everything; wait patiently, it will take four years yet to remove all the props; but at present you may throw me over a pair of boots, if you can do it without being seen, and have any large enough."



The Political Guillotine.

The guillotine is an ingenious contrivance, invented in France, for the purpose of bringing all parties to one mind. The subject to be operated on is introduced into the presence of the machine, and if he has any desire to remain in a state of health, he lays aside his own opinions and adopts those of the dominant party; if, however, he prefers not to do this voluntarily, then the dominant party puts him in the proper position, and with the guillotine removes his head, and lays both it and his opinions aside together. It is, of course, greatly to the advantage of a country that the people should all think alike on political questions. This is the view taken by the able and paternal government which at present rules in Canada, and for the purpose of practically carrying out this view it is said the government have imported and set up a guillotine, which has been working admirably for some time past. The ranks of the Civil Service have furnished the victims for the machine, and the heads of Grit postmasters, weights and measures inspectors, etc., are reported to be

lying about the country by the basketful. Some of Mr. Mowat's friends and supporters are advising him to set up a similar machine in Ontario, by way of retaliation, but whether he will or not remains to be seen.



Old Mrs. "Mail" to Mr. Joly.

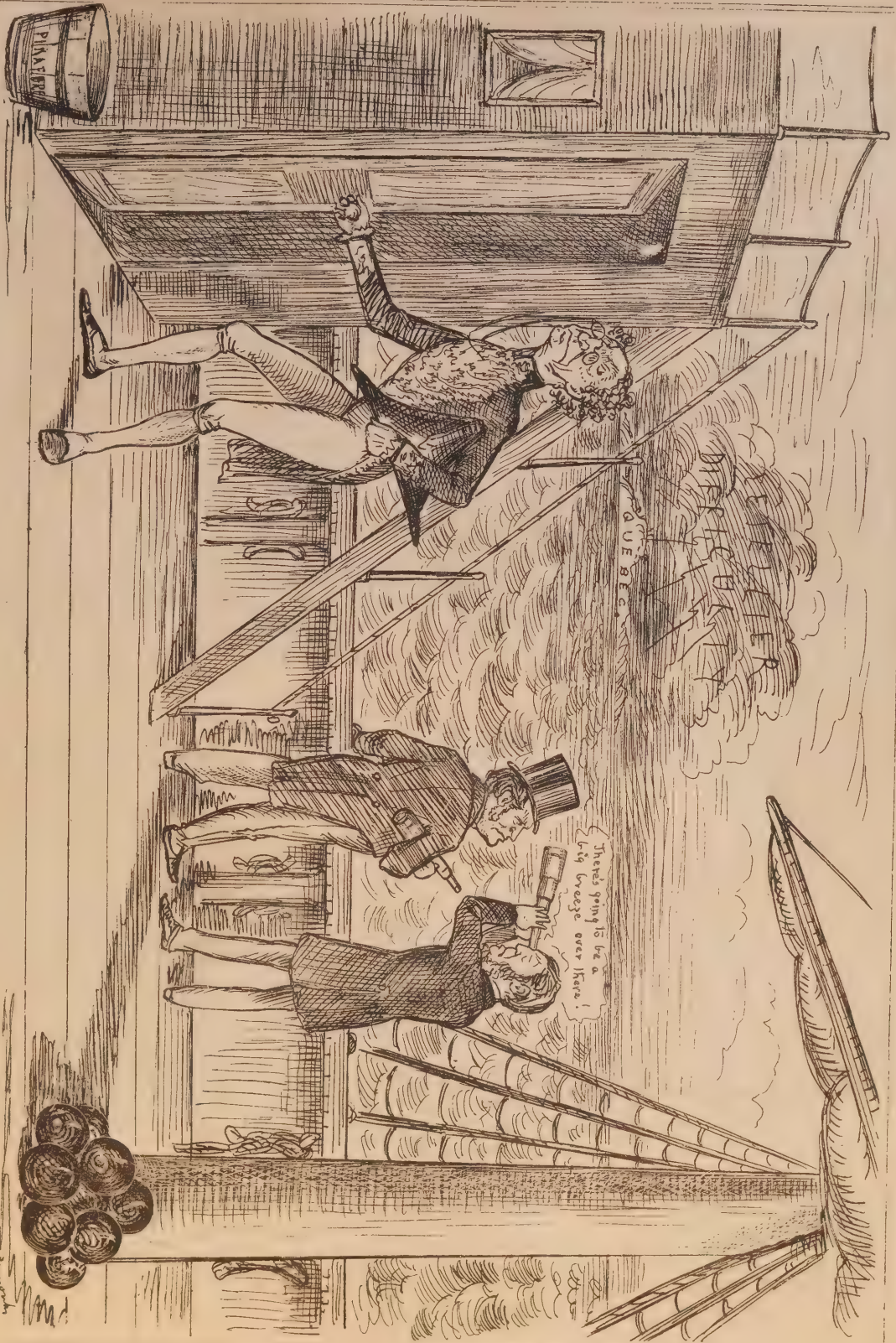
And so they tell me I put my foot into it when I pitched into you so severe the other day for holding of a meeting of Parlyment on the Sabbath day, and thus proving yourself to be a bad wicked boy, like all the Grits is! Well, I don't care if I did put my foot into it; I am a good respectable old lady, and I can't abear to hear of people showing such violent disrespect of the first day of the week. If I used strong language and said sharp things about people in general when I got started, it was only because my feelings was strong, and I had to give 'em vent. Of course, seeing as how you *didn't* hold no meetin' on Sunday, why, that makes a considerable of a difference, though to be sure, you might have done so. Being that you are a Grit, I am surprised that you didn't do so. But, as in point of fact you *didn't*, why I suppose I'll have to excuse you this time; but don't you do it agin. You needn't take what I said about you to heart this time; it is jest put there to let you see what you may expect if you *do* hold a meetin' on Sunday!



The Lacrosse Match.

WHITE EAGLE came down like a big bird of prey, And with the Toronto's first twelve got away!

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD PORTER, K.C.B.
"AND WHEN THE BREEZES BLOW I GENERALLY GO BELOW, AND COURT THE SECLUSION WHICH A CABIN GRANTS."





THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The rows that all are praising—Hanlan's.
—*Syracuse Evening Herald*.

"Winter," says a Nevada paper, "is now after summer with an icicle."—*Boston Advertiser*.

A mixed up boy asked for a "ten-cent bake of loafer's bread."—*Boston Advertiser*.

The man and the umbrella that have lost a r.b. should be re-paired.—*Boston Transcript*.

The new summer bonnet turns the head of every woman that does not wear it.—*New York People*.

"There's a woman at the bottom of it," as the man said when his wife fell in the well.
—*Elmira Gazette*.

Many so called "self made men" relieve their parents of a fearful load of responsibility.—*Wheeling Leader*.

Mrs. JONES says her husband will never be struck by lightning, because he always gets insulate.—*Stubenville Herald*.

"Stand up and tell the truth like a little bell punch," is the latest addition to the phraseology of slang.—*Ex*.

No modern family can do without a piano, a sewing machine, a kit of mackerel and a Presidential candidate.—*N. Y. Herald*.

The man with a diamond stud never wears a lambeauin shirtcover scarf—unless his shirt is in the wash.—*Chicago Com. Adv.*

"And the iron entered my soul," said Grayhead, as he pulled the tack out of the bottom of his slipper.—*Boston Transcript*.

A farmer on the shores of Lake Ontario has had nine acres washed away in twenty years. He is evidently losing ground.—*New York Herald*.

A man never enjoys the keen enjoyment of fishing on the part of the fish, until he get the hook well into the ball of his thumb, —*Syracuse Times*.

Strange that it wearies a man's legs so much less to stand up in front of a bar, than it does to stand up by a work bench.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A man will treat a crowd to seventy-five cents worth of liquor, and then tell his wife he is too poor to purchase a quart of strawberries.—*Oil City Derrick*.

The world is made up of two kinds of people—those who work and those who spend all their time in getting ready to work.
—*Boston Transcript*.

When you come right down to "sounds of industry," a boy, a club and an old tin pan can do as much business as six carpenters working on a new house.

It is seldom you meet a chap who is more cleaver than the butcher. Why, even your wife is not ashamed to be seen smacking her lips over his chops.—*New York News*.

An old captain in the regular army says that a soldier can get drunk on cold water, if it is in a demijohn and there are stringent orders that all demijohns shall be suppressed.

"Swarm weather this," yelled a punster as he struck out over a ten acre lot followed by a secret society of hornets that he had fired into with a shot-gun.—*Wheeling Leader*.

If Mr. Ajax, hadn't just taken out a \$5,000 insurance policy on a \$600 house, he wouldn't have been so anxious for the lightning to strike in his vicinity.—*Owego Record*.

A Mississippi man puts in thus: "At the earnest solicitation of those whom I owe money I have consented to become a candidate for country Treasurer."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Scratch a Russian, and you'll find a Tartar," and scratch a match on the parlor wall, and you'll find the old lady down on you like a thousand of brick.—*New Haven Register*.

A great many people are going over to examine the effete monarchies of Europe this season. Some of them will go out in the first cabin and come back in the steerage.
Cincinnati Commercial.

We buried him slyly on Monday night, the sods with our shooting-sticks turning, for he wrote a new poem and read it with might, in spite of the editor's snoring.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

If the man who gave us by mistake the lead quarter he was saving to put into the contribution box Sunday, will call, we will cheerfully allow him to rectify his error.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

A mother on Cottage hill saw her little daughter draw her sleeve across her mouth, and said, "Tilly, what is your handkerchief for?" "To flirt with, mamma," was the innocent reply.—*Oil City Derrick*.

We presume the reason why a coachman possesses such a peculiar fascination for many young ladies, is because he is so closely related to the bridle halter, and is a single.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A tinsmith will criticise a man's poetry to his face and tell him where it is weak and watery, but let the poet attempt to tell him where one of his kettles is defective and he will get mad.—*N. Y. Sunday Star*.

"Why, Alf, what in the world are you doing with that red paint?" exclaimed a fond mother, addressing her six year-old darling. "Why," replied the observing innocent, "I am paintin' my nose so it'll look like papa's." —*American Punch*.

The clown in the circus last week got off a new joke, and the audience were moved to tears by the wild and bewildered manner of the ring master to whom it came as unexpected as a snow storm in August.—*Marathon Independent*.

A little love will do for man.

But woman claims it ever,
Her heart, built on the broad-gauge plan,
Transports without endeavour
Whole tons of love, which she would fain
Bestow at her sweet pleasure,
But should you tread upon her train,
Her hate will know no measure.

New Haven Register: A ten-year old boy will climb all over the frame-work of a new house like a monkey and never get a fall or a scratch; but when his mother, half scared to death, sees him on the ridgepole and starts for him, she will stub her toe over a half-inch board and go headlong into the dirt, disfiguring her face so badly that she can't go to the sewing society for three weeks.

The man who goes fishing and sits in a cramp-inviting posture on a narrow wharf from early morn till dewy eve, and calls it fun, is the same chap that never goes to church because the pews aren't comfortable.
—*Yonkers Gazette*.

When a man is standing with one foot on a truck and the other on a case on the sidewalk, and the horse suddenly starts and causes him to open like a pair of shears, the rapidity with which he can't decide what to do is one of the most insoluble phenomena of human nature.—*New York Star*.

The play was at its height in the card-room of a well know club, and from a distant corner was heard, "We are two to two!" "By Jove, we are two to two too!" responded a player at an adjoining table. No wonder that a German there present likened our language to a French horn.—*Judy*.

A young lady in town well connected, in her talk was very affected. For neither she always said nither; And one day at the dentist's, Before the tooth was ejected, She said she believed she'd take "ither."
—*Wheeling Sunday Leader*.

A circular advocating a summer resort calls attention to "numerous cozy seats 'n forked trees and elsewhere—some of them just large enough for two persons." We defy the production of an attraction that can go ahead of that. We shall pass the major part of the summer there.—*New Haven Register*.

Little Billy was told, "Never ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served." The other day little Billy was forgotten at the distribution, and was not served at all. What could he do? Presently, after reflecting seriously, he asked, "Mamma, when little boys starve to death, do they go to heaven?"—*French Paper*.

"A smile costs the giver nothing," says a good writer. Doesn't he? Perhaps not, but we know of a Rockland man who began to "smile" four years ago, and then got into the habit of generously giving his friends "smiles" also. He has smiled away a house and lot, a span of horses, a good business and his soul and character.—*Rockland Courier*.

'Tis the rose-bud with its delicate blush, that now adorns the lapel of the swell young gent. He would like to convey the impression that it was placed there by some fair hand that plucked it from its bush while yet it sparkled with the morning dew. This is not the case. It is one that he reached across the fence and stole from a front yard on his way down town.—*New Haven Register*.

A writer on archery says, "A lady walking through the fields or on unfrequented roads is well protected if she is an expert archer, for a thirty-pound bow will put an arrow through the stoutest tramp." A thirty pound bow might be useful, but a hundred-and-fifty pound beau would be vastly better. The lady could then be all the archer.—*Uncle Sam*.

A correspondent wants to know if wearing a hat tends to make a person bald. We believe it does. Women don't wear hats and they are not bald at least they don't wear them on their heads, and so they are not bald there. Hats destroy hair. A woman's hat is worn on the back of her head, and that is the reason why women have to buy so much back hair.—*Danbury News*.

A New Order.

Dear GRIP: -I have a project of great moment to communicate to you, and in the carrying out of which I crave your patronage and advice. There is a big thing in it, I assure you, and I have been urgently requested to favor the "Dictator" of the *Globe* with the offer of the position of patron or godfather. But I am not to be caught in that trap. He would want to own the whole thing himself, and thus put us completely in the back-ground. I will disclose it to you carefully and gradually, in order that you may not be completely carried away by surprise at its novelty, and enthusiastic admiration at the brilliancy of its conception. You are aware, my dear sir, of the great benefits social, financial, moral, religious and political, and of the rewards, honors, profits and advantages generally that are conferred upon their members by the various and numerous secret Orders and societies established in this country. Now, I am working up a new Order, having all the best features of all known orders, as well as many more new and important ones of my own invention. It will cause the benefits and advantages above mentioned, and now offered by the Free Masons, Orangemen, Knights of Pythias, and Odd Fellows to fade into the most despicable insignificance.

Allow me to enumerate some of our special features, to give you a faint outline of the glories of this new and unrivalled combination of benefits. In the first place, the entrance fee is to be small; much less than that of all existing Orders. This is to prevent the exclusion of any good but possibly impecunious individual.

Next, there is to be no blackballing. We have observed that the blackball seems to serve no purpose whatever unless to keep out occasionally persons politically obnoxious.

All persons are from the beginning of their membership to have as many degrees as they like, and wear as many brilliantly colored cloaks, badges, aprons and ribbons, and as many pieces of jewelry of glass, brass, or any other material, and spangles, stars, etc., etc., as fancy suggests, or they can purchase or carry.

We see no reason why these things should be limited in numbers, or to certain persons who are quite likely to be the meanest in the community. On the same ground and on the ground that they cost neither money nor effort, we will allow each and every member to choose and adopt whatever and as many titles of honour as he can invent, steal or borrow. We have often thought it absurd that men who were almost unknown, or known only to be disliked among their neighbors, should be held in high respect and dignity at the annual meetings of these antiquated societies, and be there addressed as "Most Worthy Grand Hidalgo" etc., etc. We hope by making these honors and titles open to all that some of them at least will be worthy work.

Then we shall have not only annual dinners, but monthly or weekly affairs of that kind, (in fact as many as we can afford) where we can all get drunk without check. This attraction will, we expect, more than any other we have to offer, induce members of existing orders to come to us. Our rules will prevent us from soliciting members, but we may insinuate that it will pay them to join us. They will understand by this that we are all bound by cast iron oaths to countenance or encourage no one but those of our own order, and those to help in sickness and in death, in difficulties pecuniary, and criminal,

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TENDERS.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,
Secretary,

Department of Railways and Canals, }
OTTAWA, 16th June, 1879. } xiii-6-5t.

\$2 Per Annum, Free of Postage.

"GRIP" Now in its seventh
year and Thirteenth
Volume, and more
popular and influential than ever before.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"GRIP" is particularly clever this week. The cartoon is devoted, as a matter of course, to Hanlan and his victory over Elliott. The centre piece represents the champion between his friends, Ward and Heasley, in the act of putting on his coat and saying to John Bull, who shields the weeping English sculler in his rear, "have you any more champions, Mr. Bull, before I put my coat on?" Besides the main picture there are a number of others on the same subject, viz, Hanlan's select crew of vanquished scullers, six theories how he did it, Time the only sculler who can beat our boy, the news in Australia, &c. The political notes are very amusing and embrace portraits of Sir John, Sir Samuel, Mr. Langevin who declares he was not so great a success in England as Hanlan, Mr. Norquay riding the "English" mule, Mr. Joly, Mr. Macpherson, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Geo. Brown and Mr. John Bright. The letterpress is as usual, quite up to the mark, making altogether an excellent number of this sprightly paper which never descends to anything low or impolite. —*Quebec Chronicle.*

—Bengough's cartoons on the Hanlan-Elliott race are very amusing. They illustrate the various theories of Hanlan's success, and are got up in a manner which would bring a smile to the gravest countenance. —*Addington Reporter.*

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nal, and in all contests with outsiders, whether in the way of trade or politics.

And finally, in order that the common prejudice in favor of orders of ancient origin may not prevent our success, we shall christen ourselves "The Sons of ADAM," and declare (and never waver from it) that we have existed as an order from the time of good old father ADAM, who established our ancient and honorable society and initiated the first members.

Yours sincerely,
JONES, P.D., G.M.K.G., etc.

More Ideas on the "Woman Question."

By SU SCEPTIBLE.

In the "New Ideal of Womanhood," to which I promised a critical reply, I observe the passage, "How often it happens that women, throw their whole being into a precarious affection, because morbidly sensitive to the most trifling sights, and brood over them till their mental balance is seriously disturbed * * * To a woman crushed by a heavy personal grief, nothing can be a greater blessing than a larger interest, whether it be in art, literature, or philanthropic work."

This mistaken theory is not new to me, in fact, some time ago, when G—, no, I will not refer to him, the subject is still fraught with pain to a sensitive spirit—but I may say, that in past days, when my heart was cruelly pierced, some persons wished me to try to forget my own affection by working for creatures of a low and uninteresting type. To expect a refined and too sensitive being to be brought into active association with such creatures is simply outrageous, they are all very well to make a good contrast in a poem, or picture, as characters in a novel, or anything of that sort; but when one is yearning for another glance from expressive grey eyes, or longing to hear again the softly modulated tones of a manly voice, it is the refinement of cruelty to drag her—as a sympathising friend did me—into a close, dirty, unpicturesque looking hovel, and expect her to be diverted from her sorrows by the sight of a number of cross, untidy, sickly, uninteresting children. I have a very liberal mind. If people's souls do not soar above such things, I have no objection to their taking their amusement in their own way. Some prefer making flannel shirts and petticoats for the tropical heathen, others seem to find recreation or solace in soup. (I mean in making it for the poor; one of my friends has quite a mania on that subject). Pray do not suppose that I take no interest in the church, or in charity; indeed, I am invariably energetic, I dote on bazaars, tableaux, strawberry festivals, and everything of that kind in connection with the church. I roused myself sufficiently to sell at the flower table, at a bazaar, just when I was feeling most deeply G—'s heartless conduct. I must confess that a little judicious weeping is very becoming to me. Some girls look dreadful after a "good cry." If I were one of that class I would certainly contrive to keep up my spirits by some means. I know a case of blighted affection where the girl is growing more unprepossessing in appearance every day. (She certainly never was a beauty!) If crying gave me a red nose, swelled cheeks, and dim eyes, I would consider it a positive duty to control my feelings. I would write for the magazines, take drawing lessons or even visit the poor, but when the "circled trio of a night of tears," gives an interesting melancholy to one's countenance, and adds to the brightness of one's eyes, grief (of course in moderation), is quite excusable.



"FARE COMPETITION IS THE LIFE OF TRADE!"



I found one morning that the sun,
Too early had his course begun;
"Phoebus," said I, "why so much haste?"
He answered, "I've no time to waste:
Photographs are in such demand,
I promised BRUCE I'd be on hand."

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IN GILT LETTERS.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

xiii-1-3m

In view of the tremendous battle at present raging between the rival steamboats on the Niagara route, people are beginning to ask "What are we coming to?" and the above little sketch is GRIP's reply to the query. This will probably be the spectacle presented on the Yonge Street wharf some of these fine mornings. The representatives of the boats will become as boldly aggressive as the hackmen now are in cities where their wills are unrestrained, and the moment an intending passenger makes his appearance, he will find himself the object of a three cornered attack that will be entirely new in the history of navigation. His baggage will be seized and pulled in one direction, and his coat in another, and meantime his ears will be assailed with shouts of "Patronise the People's boat!" "Don't you do it—take the old popular steamer!" "Down with monopoly," etc., etc., etc.

The travelling public will put up with this all good naturedly, so long as the rival navigators don't tear their clothes; in fact this war is about the best thing the travelling public have any recollection of. It has brought the beautiful Niagara to our very doors, and there is now no excuse for anybody dying in the city for want of a taste of fresh air.

The Hanlan Reception.

Has his worship the Mayor taken any action as yet with reference to the HANLAN reception? If not, surely it is high time that were done, unless Toronto is willing to be humiliated in the eyes of the whole world by having the projected demonstration end in a fizzle. The "boy" is now a good distance on his way home, and there is no time to be lost. Let the Mayor call a public meeting at once, and organize executive committees. There are hundreds ready and willing to work actively, who are at present waiting only for the word of authority. Don't procrastinate any longer!

The papers speak of the little sloop *Uncle Sam* being manned by GOLDSMITH and his wife. Why can't these editors be precise and say manned and womaned.



S. R. QUIGLEY,
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10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. xiii-4-17

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Aver's, or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-corn, 61 King-street East, (late 132 Church-street), as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xiii-12-17

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Compend of Phonography	5 cts.
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"THE HANLAN-ELLIOTT RACE."

Another edition of "**GRIP**" of June 21st, containing this cartoon, is now ready.
BENGOUGH BROS.



TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

MR. JOHN FISKE, of Harvard University, has recently delivered in London, a course of six lectures on "America's Place in History."

The first edition of 3,000 copies of GEO. ELIOT's new book was sold before it was published. One circulating library took 300 copies.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, the well-known and brilliant essayist, is said to be busy on a life of Massachusetts's great war governor, JOHN A. ANDREW.

MISS THOMPSON, a granddaughter of BURNS, has recently married Mr. DAVID WINGATE, one of the leading "working-men poets" of the age.

AUGUSTUS BRINKEBANK, who recently died at Halberstadt, Germany, was the hero of FREILIGRATH's spirited poem, "The Trumpeter of Gravelotte."

The life of one of the greatest American statesmen, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, written by Judge SHEA, is now on the press of HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.

MR. EDGAR BRINSMEAD, the London piano-forte maker, will soon issue a very elaborate and exhaustive history of the "Development of the Piano."

HENRI GREVILLE's new book, *Un Violon Russe*, is one of the literary sensations of Paris. It is a metaphysico-musical novel, and is said to be full of subtle character studies.

A gray marble medallion of BAYARD TAYLOR has just been presented to Cornell University by the graduating class, a tribute to their ex-lecturer on German literature, as well as a great poet.

The tomb of the great English novelist, HENRY FIELDING, at Lisbon, Portugal, was recently entirely renovated and guarded by an iron fence at the expense of the resident English chaplain there.

The Buffalo *Courier* speaks in high terms of Miss Emily Gilmore, of Port Hope, Canada, who is but fourteen years old, and is said to give great promise of some day becoming a clever pianist.

The London *World* says that visitors to HUGO HERKOMER's studio were recently highly amused by a joke which he perpetrated on those of his brother artists who might be called extremists. A portrait of the artist was called "an arrangement in velvet and calico." The head was painted in the Pellegrini manner; below it were the front halves of a veritable velvet coat, and a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers glued to the canvas, as well as a bit of vest, from which hung a gilt watch chain.

The picture by Earnest Parton, which was recently bought by the Royal Academy of London, was entitled "The waning of the Year." It has just been discovered that Parton is an American, and there is a great-to-do among the big wigs. The British Lion growls through the London press: "It is no assistance to British art to buy a Yankee picture, however fine, and it is probable that the Master of the Rolls may be invited to express his opinion on this transaction." To which G. W. Smalley spunkily answers: "Well, let him express it. I should say it might be argued that the stimulus to British art was very direct. If anything could sting the British into fresh effort, it would surely be the sight of British cash thus diverted into an American pocket solely on account of the admitted superiority of an American painter."

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Stage Whispers.

MR. SOTHERN, in his farewell speech in the Theatre Royal of Dublin, in the garb of "Garrick" and the accents of "Dundreary," said he was going to Canada to fish among the Indians, and that the pursuit of the gentle art there was nice, but exciting, as you had to angle with a rifle cocked in your left-hand, a bowie-knife between your teeth, and an uneasy feeling in the top of your head.

A London paper says: "A new American star, Mlle. NEVADA, has just had a great success at Vienna, in the *salons* of Mme. MARCHESI, the world famous professor of singing. This young lady who comes from the 'far West,' sang *Ophelia's* air from THOMAS's *Hamlet*, in so superb a manner as to speak much for both teacher and pupil. Mlle. NEVADA, whose real name we suspect to be WIXOM, is destined to a brilliant operatic future."

Mme. ALBANI will remain in England until October, to sing at the Hereford and Bristol, and perhaps at the Birmingham Festivals. It has been decided that this great artist shall return to the stage of the Royal Italian Opera next season, to resume her parts of "Elsa," "Elizabeth" and "Senta," and to play the chief part in HEROLD's *Pre aux Ursus*.

The celebrated English actor IRVING and the celebrated French actor DELAUNAY met recently in the house of a mutual friend, and each gave the other a taste of his quality. DELAUNAY recited the ballad of *Fortunio* and MR. IRVING, HOOD's *Eugene Aram*, the effect of which was almost lost upon the Frenchman, who does not speak English. He was, however, greatly interested in the English actor's gestures and expression.

An enormous audience crowded St. James' Hall, London, to hear the first performance for many years of the famous choral song, in forty real parts, of THOMAS TALLIS. Written in 1575 to Latin words, this historic curiosity was set to English words in 1630, and performances are still on record, by the Madrigal Society in 1834, and some years ago by MR. HULLAH's choir at Exeter Hall. Only four copies of the work are known to be in existence, one of them being in Her Majesty's library at Buckingham Palace, the others at the British Museum, in the library of Sir F. GORE OUSELEY, and in that of the Sacred Harmonic Society. It was from the copy belonging to the Sacred Harmonic Society that the performance was conducted by MR. HENRY LESLIE.

Of the performance of SARAH BERNHARDT in *Hernani*, the critic of the London *Times* says: "In the last scene, just before 'Ruy Gomez' winds the fatal horn and appears to claim the life over which 'Hernani' has given him an absolute right, there occurs a passage beginning, 'Ce calme est trop profond,' the delivery of which by SARAH BERNHARDT is one of the most perfect passages of spoken music we have ever heard upon the stage. We need say nothing of the intensity of her agony in the closing scene, the tenderness with which she composes herself to death on the bosom of her beloved, and the beautiful cadence of her last speech, beginning, 'Mort! non pas! nous dormons.' It left a profound impression, which neither the guilty passion of 'Phedre,' the jealous fury of 'Andromaque,' nor the less classic sufferings and sacrifice of 'Zaire' are likely to efface."

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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(These lines will be more fully appreciated, we venture to say, a few months hence.)

The Koh-i-noor may hang its head—
In triumph, not in shame,
A "Garnet" now reigns in its stead,
And WOOLSELEY is its name.

The Perils of the Deep!

ARRIVAL OF THE "CHICORA."

HANLAN SEA-SICK!

Three hours from land to land—Heavy gales—
Blizzards, Typhoons, Monsoons and Pom-pers—
Caught in a Cyclone!—All for 25c.

Thrilling account of the passage from the Log of
Our Marine Reporter.

Everything was lovely and serene to the unpractised eye of the wretched land lubber as your reporter stepped on board the noble vessel in Niagara; but any nautical man with experience beyond that of a *Pinafore* main-top man could, by simply lifting his weather eye, tell that we were in for heavy weather. Mr. HANLAN quite ill. Hoisted on board on a boatswain's chair and at once retires. Very sorry, hope he'll pull through. Think it likely—he generally does.

I keep a log. Couldn't report any nautical matters without one. Call log in use. My deckalog—my old logs, back logs—good idea.

8 Bells—Jumped on board the *Chicora*—say "How are ye, my hearty," to Captain—get no answer. Don't know me, perhaps. Such is fame! Immense multitude on board. The poor but honest Bankist, the gushing caramel-eating Syren; the university student on *parole* from his native cloisters, the unprotected maiden and the inevitable cigaretted masher of the matinees.

2 Bells—Get under weigh.—Fort Niagara, bearing N.N.E. Fort George, N.N.W. HANLAN sick. Wind freshening. Gentlemen passengers ditto. Weather begins to look "dirty"—so do the decks. Assume guardianship *ad libem*—of young, unprotected maiden; bewitching blonde—would

I get her a chair? Would I, you bet I would!

So I got myself a chair, and one chair more,
For the pretty little blonde in the pinafore.

3 Bells—Wind and sea rising—HANLAN worse. He took a pull—at a bottle. Ladies one by one retire to the seclusion of the cabin. My beautiful and banged blonde gets more blondy. Says something about Europe and goes below.

4 Bells—Tremendous head-sea—Blowing "great-guns." Captain says, "Mr. Mate, desire those remarkably fine looking 'Roustabouts' to come on deck, and we'll put a couple of reefs in the topsails—if you please." Mate says, "Aye, aye, sir!" Jump up here, lazy, lubberly, idle, Irish sons of Freedom and take in sail—if you please."

"Stand by your reef-tackles—settle away your halyards! Small pull of your weather topsail braces! Belay all! Now jump aloft, and haul out two reefs in one, in five minutes, or I'll rub you down with a belayin' pin, you brass-cased silver-mounted, long-shore, ungentelemanly sons of the brine!—if you please." Coarse man, that mate.

6 Bells. Weather of a decidedly typhoon hurricane sort—HANLAN indisposed—Man at mast head cries, "Sail, Ho!"—Captain, "Where away?"—"Dead astern—gaining on us fast."—"Does she look like a pirate?"—"No!"—"What does she look like?"—"The *Rothsay*!"—"What, after us!"—Mr. Mate, get those gentlemanly fellows on deck again—Turn out here and make sail, you picked-up, junk-devouring, bulwark-scrubbing sons of sea cooks, and get those top-gallant sails on here in two minutes and a half, or I'll part your hair with a heaver!—if you please. Mate's name is KIDD, used to be a captain.

7 Bells. Chaos Confusion and cold water—ship on beam ends—Hove to under after smoke stack.—Bank clerks' canes taken and piled with stout ladies to windward—"Throw a tarpauline over them," the cruel captain said,—they won't get very wet."—Ship a tremendous sea—recollect no more for a time. Fortunately am washed into Bar—Just as we weather the light house, weather moderates—come on deck—officers in good humour—seamen taking grog—*Rothsay* hull down to the southward—but poor HANLAN still lies sick

As we sail in the gale,
To the Bay of To-ron-to.

NOTE.—Our excuse for inadvertently allowing the above in our columns is our ignorance of nautical matters, which permitted us to be deceived by our reporter, who, unfortunate man, concocted the whole story in LORNE PARK, while under the influence of the Demon Lager. His excuse is that, being a sailor, rum is his usual beverage, and that the lager went to his head. This excuse is of the gauziest. It is needless to say he has been ignominiously discharged from our employ.

Plums from Blake's Speech.

"Marry come up."—*Shakespeare*
"Come up Neddie."—*Old Song*.

"It behoved the farmers to buy whatever they might want as cheaply as possible."
Leave the "honest yeomen" alone for that, EDWARD.

"Look to a National Policy that would hasten the day when Canadians would be able to shake hands with their fellow subjects in the British Isles, and say 'I, too, am a fellow-subject of yours. 'I, too, have a voice in the councils of the Great Empire of which you are a subject.'"

Glorious idea, EDWARD! Then the sub-

jects in the British Isles can reciprocate and shake hands with us Canucks and truly say, "I, too, have a voice in the councils of your Great Dominion." Bully! It quite brings us back to the good old times. Put it there, EDWARD—shake!

"He objected to anything which tended to produce inequalities among our people and desired the continuance of that state of things under which the son of the artisan and the son of the wealthy man would have equal opportunities to gain a thorough education and to rise in the world."

Just so, EDWARD, but we thought our Universities were free to every body's son, providing always he can raise the wind to pay his fees, and does not prove to be an utter son of a gun, and consequently get expelled, a fate which might happen as readily to the son of the wealthy man as to the artisan's "hopeful." And then there are artisans who are wealthy, and a wealthy artisan must be a wealthy man, although a wealthy man must not of necessity be an artisan.

And "it is the people in the Colonial Office who create the Knights, and not the Queen personally." And how they will laugh at the chosen Canadians. "That is so." They very likely will—they are so funny. In fact I believe they are given very much to laughing at colonial pretensions, and doubtless will continue to laugh at everything from Canada—except, of course, you, EDWARD. They wouldn't be audacious enough for that—of course not. You'd stop their foreign wars. That's what you'd do, EDWARD.

The Taste of the Mosquito.

Down by the dashing Restigouche,
Where lordly salmon rise
To make themselves acquainted with
A Princess armed with flies.

The Princess reasoned with the sprite;
What else could fisher do?
"My newest, dearest, armed Knight,
Would I could fly with you!"

"I know your taste, your ladyship,
You love a "laddie" bonny,
While I forego the vulgar sip
For blood that's sweet as honey.

Indeed I own a stinging wit,
That nothing will suffice;
The best blood of the land's but fit
For me, I love what's nice!

I welcome to the "fisher's luck,"
Those who most need repose,
Far from the stings of GRIP or Puck,
Those witlings who give blows!

I welcome Princess, Marquis, suite,
To my domain of right,
Where the St. Lawrence river meet,
And all can get "a bite."

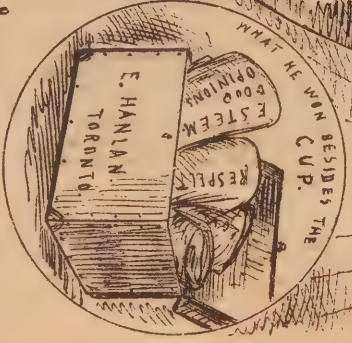
Your taste to streams and valleys takes,
Where the scaled salmon come,
Admiring fauna, flowers and breaks:
My rule's to stay "to hum!"

Lady, then seek great Ottawa,
There in your brightest sheen,
May all your paths for many a day,
Be robed in evergreen!"

NOTICE TO GENTLEMEN.—The red lamps hung in the Horticultural Gardens warn you to "Beware of the trains!" Even now, such a fashion—it is a *hoopless* matter to obey the warning.

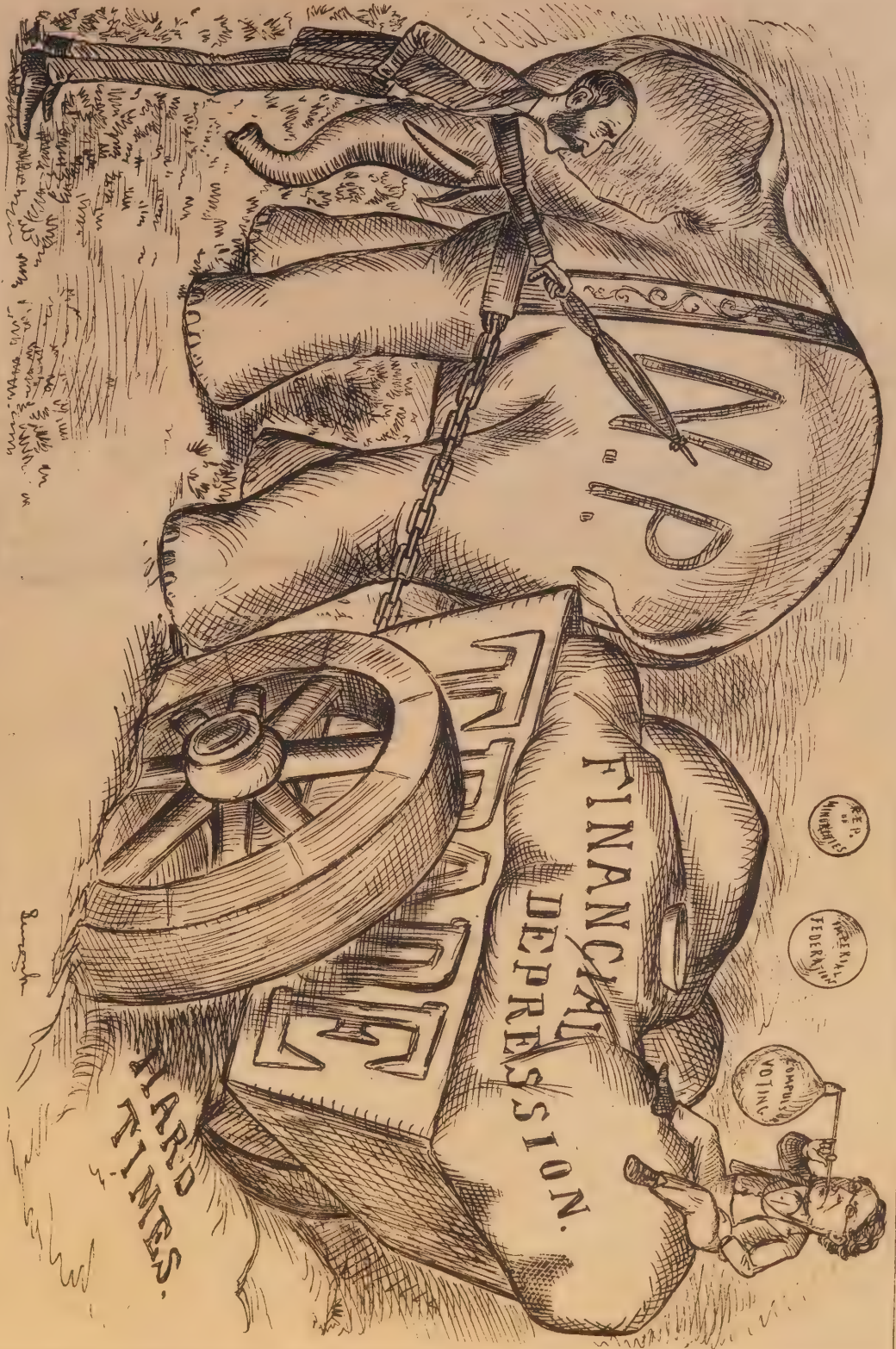


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THEORY AND PRACTICE.





THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Campin' gout is prevalent.—*Fon du Lac Reporter.*

The eloping young lady of the period is the lily of the valet.—*Utica Observer.*

The Bull Dog is published in Texas. It can get a good GRIP in Toronto.—*Norr. Herald.* What a dog-oned joke.

Go to the dishonest grocer, consider his weighs and be wise enough to avoid him.—*Steubenville Herald.*

It is one of the curious ways of the world that a male hair dresser often dyes an old maid.—*Philadelphia Item.*

The grate art of kontentment konsists in in being perfectly satisfied with what yer hain't got.—*Josh Billings.*

The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest is too short if it does not.—*Hartford Journal.*

The intelligent compositor who set up "defective" for "detective" was not such a fool as he looked.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Better bare feet and contentment therewith, than patent leather boots and a corn on each toe.—*Marathon Independent.*

Speaking of butter, we may respect its color, but do not hesitate to turn up our noses at its rank.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

We always have our suspicions of a man who invariably takes his soda from the other side of the fountain.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

Ajax defied the lightning, but it is worthy of remark that the Jersey variety was not then invented.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"Man wants but little here below," wherever he may roam, and when he calls for lager beer, he wants but little foam.—*Carry Herald.*

"My father, what is an Israelite?" "My son, an Israelite is a rich Jew." "And what is a Jew, my father?" "A poor Israelite."—*Puck.*

Never believe a man who is always telling what he used to do, who always deals with the past tense, for the past tense is a pretense.—*Boston Transcript.*

"The Lively Hens," is the name of a New Orleans base ball club. Isn't this foul play?—*Detroit Free Press.* Can't say; but we believe it's a femi-nine.—*Boston Post.*

Now is the season of the year when the small boy tieth a string around his waist and considereth himself properly arrayed to take a bath in public.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Intoxication takes all the quicksilver from the mirror which nature holds up to man, and hence the very errors it magnifies are lost in his contemplation.—*Wade Whipple.*

When a young classorator arose to speak it was remarked that "there were fifty pairs of beautiful eyes riveted on his countenance." In that supreme moment he should have had his picture taken, before the rivets unloosed and the eyes dropped.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

What terminates a man's smile about as quick as anything else, is to have his cane slip out of his hand and drop through a grating in front of an unoccupied building.—*N. Y. Star.*

It is more reputable to adapt yourself to circumstances than it is to fit yourself with another man's new silk hat, when he is taking dinner at a crowded hotel.—*Many-hatted Lukens.*

The zinc statue of Tom Moore at Dublin has a crack in its head, and is half full of water. Which is a thing that never happened to him during his lifetime.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The man who discovers a medicine that is warranted to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to," may get rich quicker than his neighbor, but he doesn't live any longer.—*Norristown Herald.*

The boy who says it's "my turn" as the short cake is being passed, rarely makes the same remark when the mowing machine knives have to be ground after dinner.—*Marathon Independent.*

The dear girl who read a thrilling essay, "How to get along in Life," when she graduated last summer, is getting along nobly. She is now the mother of triplets.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

It's about time for the annual appearance of the story of the old man 97 years of age, who cuts seven acres of heavy grass with a scythe and puts it in cocks between sun and sun.—*Lockport Union.*

Pleasure has many definitions, but in reality it consists of going somewhere, being perfectly uncomfortable all the time while there and calling it "the best time you ever had."—*Marathon Independent.*

It is estimated that the people of the United States consume 3,000 barrels of liver pills a year, and yet there is occasionally a man left to reach his end by a railway collision.—*Middletown Transcript.*

Why is it that the average young lady can remember accurately three hundred pages of a novel, but can never remember a single page of history? Psychologists will please come to the front on this question.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

"There have been numerous cases of death this year," he said, seriously, "from a poisonous sediment that gathers in the freezers." But it would not do, and she cooed, thoughtfully, "Oh, what a sweet way to die!"—*St. Louis Spirit.*

An uptown man when asked last evening if he was a member of a certain church, replied: "Well, I dunno; b'lieve I'm a sort of honorary member or something. Anyhow, when they have a donation, I always send something along."—*Albany Argus.*

It seems to us that Mr. Toast must be a perennial inebriate. We never see his name mentioned without being followed by a statement that he was drunk; and this amid the applause of the ton, and sometimes even at cold water banquets.—*Rochester Express.*

When the "orator of the day" at the Valley Forge dedication asked, "Shall we ever forget what was done and accomplished here? No! never!" about one thousand Pinafore-nauseated persons struck for the depot with the intention of taking the next train home, while nearly the same number made tracks across the fields. They thought he was going to add: "Well, hardly ever!"—*Norristown Herald.*

A careful housemaid puts wall paper on the front room in the spring time rather than in the fall. MILLIE's young man never leans his greasy back hair against the wall in the summer time, and the paper can consequently be kept clean. The front gate, you know.—*New Haven Register.*

There's a wonderful charm in the little word "yes," When pronounced by some roseate fair; And it thrills you with ecstasy double-distilled, From the soles of your boots to your hair. Unless 'tis pronounced to your formal request (Ah, then, how your whole being quails) To take one more saucer of berries and cream, When to back you your exchequer fails.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

If the people who send you circulars soliciting money, with a stamped return envelope, would only enclose the stamp loose in the circular there would be some profit in receiving them, but it takes considerable time to cut 'em off the envelope and put them in your stamp box.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A London Correspondent says that the Prince of Wales is "a living proof that no amount of tobacco can enfeeble either mind or body. Ah, yes; but the Prince buys his tobacco. It is only begged tobacco that shatters the mind, weakens the constitution, and sends young men to an early grave."—*Norr. Herald.*

"Ah," said Mrs. Hickenlooper, in a sentimental tone, "how quickly the things we cherish in this life are gone, and we know them no more for ever." Mr. Hickenlooper was looking from the window, and saw three lazy tramps slowly ambling out of sight. "Yes," he remarked, "one by one our idles pass away."—*Rockland Courier.*

And now ariseth a medical man who says he can prove to anybody's satisfaction that the bites of mosquitoes are positively beneficial to the human system. He avers that they drain the system of bad blood, and that persons bothered with pimples or eruptions would find relief by permitting themselves to be bitten thirty or forty times a day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I would enquire, madam, if you would like to purchase a lead pencil for three cents," remarked the ex-tramp as he humbly stood upon the back door step. "And also, if you would be so kind as to assist me to a change of linen. I'm ashamed to beg, indeed I am, but I have only one shirt in the world, madam, and"—clutching his coat collar closely about his neck—"I haven't that with me."—*New Haven Register.*

An old man fell dead in Mansville, Pa., one Sunday night recently, while sitting in the parlor where his daughter and her young man were sparking. It may be that the conduct of the young couple sickened the old man, and caused his death, but it will do no harm, and perhaps much good, to cut this paragraph out and show it to the old folks who are addicted to sticking in the parlor on Sunday evenings when their daughter's beau wants to tell her a great many secrets and so forth.—*Norristown Herald.*

A sad event has occurred in the family of asteroids. Hilda is lost. One of the nearly two hundred members of the planetary sisterhood revolving between Mars and Jupiter can no longer be found in her accustomed celestial haunts. It is not known whether Hilda has eloped with her father's coachman, or has run away and joined a travelling Pinafore troupe. We have predicted time and again that if Hilda's parents didn't keep a close eye on her she would give them trouble. Being a revolver it is not strange that she has "gone off."—*Norr. Herald.*

"Mrs. Lapseeeling on Newspaper Stories."

If one thing more than another is to my mind unworthy of a disapproval, it is the remission of voracity by the disporters of the press. As SHAKESPEARE, through the mouth of *Hollowfurnace*, in a paregorical manner, observes: "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his armament." I can remunerate a striking instant of this case of unreliability. A short time ago, I pursued a sexton of the *Mail*, which stated that by means of a moderate invention, a freezing mixture could be rejected into the veins of living animals, thus reducing a spontaneous fragility; or, in other words, changing them simultaneously into icebergs. Thus, if the pronunciation of a bleat was arrested by the transmigration of a sheep into an icicle, the unuttered half of the sound would remain putrified in the mouth of the animal till its restoration to its ordinary sheepish state by the rejection into its artileries of an unfreezing mixture. In this state of solution, animals could be retained for any limited, indefinite period.

This startling diatribe roused my mind into a state of petrification. I became reprehensive that iceburg animals would become house! old ornaments; that mischance a pair of eloquent iced-cows would stand as centuries at the foot of my friend's staircase; or, perhaps, an iced-lamb would appear as a statute at the supper and be chemically refunded to life at the terminus of the feast; thus changing the vestal board into a gambling table.

But numerable are the exigencies to which many would resort, and I grievously feared that some of my fellow-creatures myself included, might fall a victory to a parabolical advice. A hospitable enemy might thus disport his animadversion and by transcending me into an icicle, in a literary manner isolate me from the world. This harrying thought so prosecuted me that at times it almost caused the reverberations of my heart to be seized.

But unforseen were these prophecies of my mental vision, for after pursuing a diagram in another paper, I discovered that the subsequent article which I had previously read was only the fanatical inventory of some ingenious brain; and that the iceburg story was nothing but a *sans fraud*. That a disporter of newspaper antidotes must not be disqualified by veraciousness is a seculsion to which we must all arrive; and I cannot better include myself than by misquoting the frays which Sir JOHN MACDONALD has so beautifully compressed in an elegant simony. "Every minute now should be the father of some stratagem. The times are wild."

Our Own Dick Deadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

EDISON takes a back seat in the presence of JAMES H. RILEY, an awfully smart Yankee oarsman, who has invented a process for beating HANLAN. By the use of this contrivance JAMES admits that he himself can "make the champion howl." Like all really great inventions this one is extremely simple, namely, to force HANLAN to row so fast for the first mile, that he'll be done for at two. In the meantime Mr. RILEY has been beaten by COURTNEY. Why he didn't try an experiment with his invention in this case is not stated.

* * *

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PACIFIC RAILWAY. TENDERS.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,

Secretary,

Department of Railways and Canals,
OTTAWA, 16th June, 1879.

xiii-6-5t.

The Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway Co. will run an excursion train from Toronto to Owen Sound and return, Friday and Saturday, July 18th and 19th, for the small sum of two dollars, tickets good for ten days.

\$2 Per Annum, Free of Postage.

"GRIP" Now in its seventh year and Thirteenth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"Grip," the comic paper of Canada, has recently come to our hands, enlarged to eight pages, and with an increased number of illustrations. It is a remarkably clever and well-got up publication. It is published by Bengough Brothers, of Toronto.—*Reporter, Prescott, England.*

Our Canadian *Punch* is unusually good this week. The principal cartoon represents Sir John, Sir Charles, and Sir Samuel on shipboard. "The weather looks 'muddy,' especially towards the east, where a haze gathers over 'Quebec,' distinctly showing the 'Letellier Difficulty.' Sir Charles, with binocular extended, remarks to Sir Samuel standing near, 'There's going to be a big breeze over there.' Sir John with his hat under his arm and looking 'scart,' is hurrying to the cabin. Underneath we have: 'Sir John Macdonald Porter, K. C. B.—And when the breezes blow I generally go below, and court the seclusion which a cabin grants.'—*Belleville Ontario.*

GRIP is unusually bright and clever this week. Again the condition of affairs political in the Province of Quebec affords the ever attractive cartoon. Sir John is represented as the great sword swallower in the act of doing something disagreeable. The Lieutenant-Governor or with his arms pinioned is kneeling to the left of the Chieftain anxiously thinking of his fate. Sir John's sword bears the legend "Advice to dismiss Letellier" and he addresses the impatient audience in these words, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now proceed to—ah—er—um—cut off this person's head, or else—er—er—swallow this sword.—I don't know which." Mr. Joly stands at one wing of the stage in a threatening attitude with his clenched fist raised, and says: "Dare not to touch him! we demand justice," while Mr. Mousseau from the right shrieks out "Off with his head, we demand blood!" The spirit and idea of the design are exceedingly rich, and really present the condition of things in rather a truthful light. The smaller cuts are also very good and represent Goldwin Smith, Messrs Mousseau, Langevin, Hanlan, Ross and Warren Smith, the Halifax oarsman, in various positions. This number is especially interesting to the people of Quebec. GRIP is never dull or common place.—*Chronicle, Quebec.*

I am rather astonished to find that the papers of this continent have taken no notice whatever of the fact that HANLAN sent back his cup for a second helping of tea at breakfast yesterday morning. Surely HANLAN and his cup have not been forgotten already?

* * *

Speaking of newspapers, what a pestilent set of wretches those interviewers are. Their infinite cheek is not so bad as their mendacity, however. HANLAN says he didn't talk half the stuff they gave him credit for in the New York journals.

* * *

After all, it must be admitted that nothing in a paper is more eagerly read than an interview, be it veracious or the contrary, and perhaps the character of the interviewer is oftentimes denounced by fellows whom he has never thought it worth while to torture.

The *Mail* points out that Mr. BLAKE should include members of Parliament in his compulsory voting measure. Hear, hear! Let us put a stop to this disgraceful system of shirking votes in the House.

* * *

One by one the great questions are benignly solved. The National Policy is a fact; Representation by Population, Confederation, and the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves, are laid to rest for ever. The Quebec conundrum and Apostolic Succession are just on the eve of solution, and I may venture to hope that before long even the subject of GRIP's HANLAN-ELLIOTT cartoon will cease to agitate the *Telegram* people.

* * *

I am inclined to agree with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH that Mr. BLAKE's new fangled reform measures are more ornamental than useful just at present, especially the Imperial Federation idea. Still, Mr. BLAKE is a man not to be sneezed at, as the British members will find out when he rises as Canadian representative to address the Imperial House of Commons.

* * *

Is Mr. R. W. PHIPPS, who wrote the LETELLIER letter in Monday's *Globe*, the Mr. R. W. BHPHIS who wrote a Protection pamphlet not long ago? "We are led to this enquiry" by noticing that whereas the Reform papers then referred to him as a jumped-up lunatic, they now allude to him as a brilliant and well read gentleman.

* * *

I observe that THICKPENNY's sentence has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary. But why not the Asylum, if the man is insane? And if he is not insane, why commute the sentence? May we welcome this as an indication of the Government's intention to abolish capital punishment?

* * *

The *Detroit Free Press* exclaims: "If there is anything in this world more detestable than an old maid who loves gossip and slander, a chromo will be given to the person who can tell what it is." It is an old maid who wears a towering headdress, and sits directly in front of you at the performance in the Pavilion at the Gardens. Please pack that chromo carefully and send it right along.

* * *

Mr. EDISON is anxious to get a lot of platinum, and to this end he has sent out circulars to postmasters and others, in which he says, "This metal, as a rule, is found in scales associated with free gold." I am not aware that he will trouble Canadian P. M's. with the circular, as there is no free gold in the country for the platinum to associate with.



THE REFORM PAUL PRY.

P. P.—I'm not at all curious, but I'd just like to know why JOHN A. doesn't go to England.



ST. JOHNS, N. B. WAITING FOR THE VICE-REGAL VISIT.



"I'll paint your picture, darling," cried An artist to his lovely bride,
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And show the world that thou art fair."
"No don't," she answered, "what's the use,
When I can have it done by Bruce?"

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xii-22-17.

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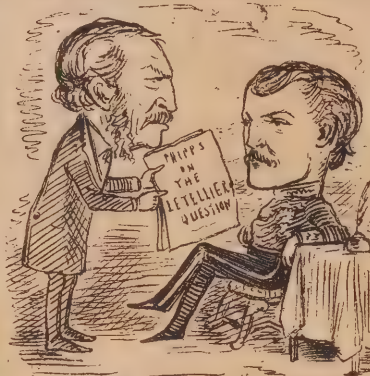
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T. & B.

IN GILT LETTERS.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

xiii-1-um



A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

If the Governor-General fails to take PHIPPS' advice, will PHIPPS have to resign?

A Query from St. Catharines.

Should we who live along the line of the Canal be called *Canaille*, by would-be jokers or others?

No; you are not down to that level yet. You would very rightly look upon it as a "deep cut." We can Welland truly say it is a sad misnomer, and think that in future those funny people had better keep Thorold jokes locked up.

The Law Society.

It appears to be an understood thing that the Marquis is to be admitted to the Bar during his coming visit to Toronto. As far as we know, his Lordship's legal record is brief, but no doubt he will make Osgoode a lawyer as most of the aspirants to legal honors; we suppose he *Cantyre* the patience of the Court as well as his more practical brethren, without making a *Mull* of it. It is to be hoped he will be successful in his special pleading with juries, and that his eloquence *McGillum* More to his views of the case.

S. R. QUIGLEY,
ENGRAVER & JEWELLER,
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BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's, or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cornby, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xiii-12-17

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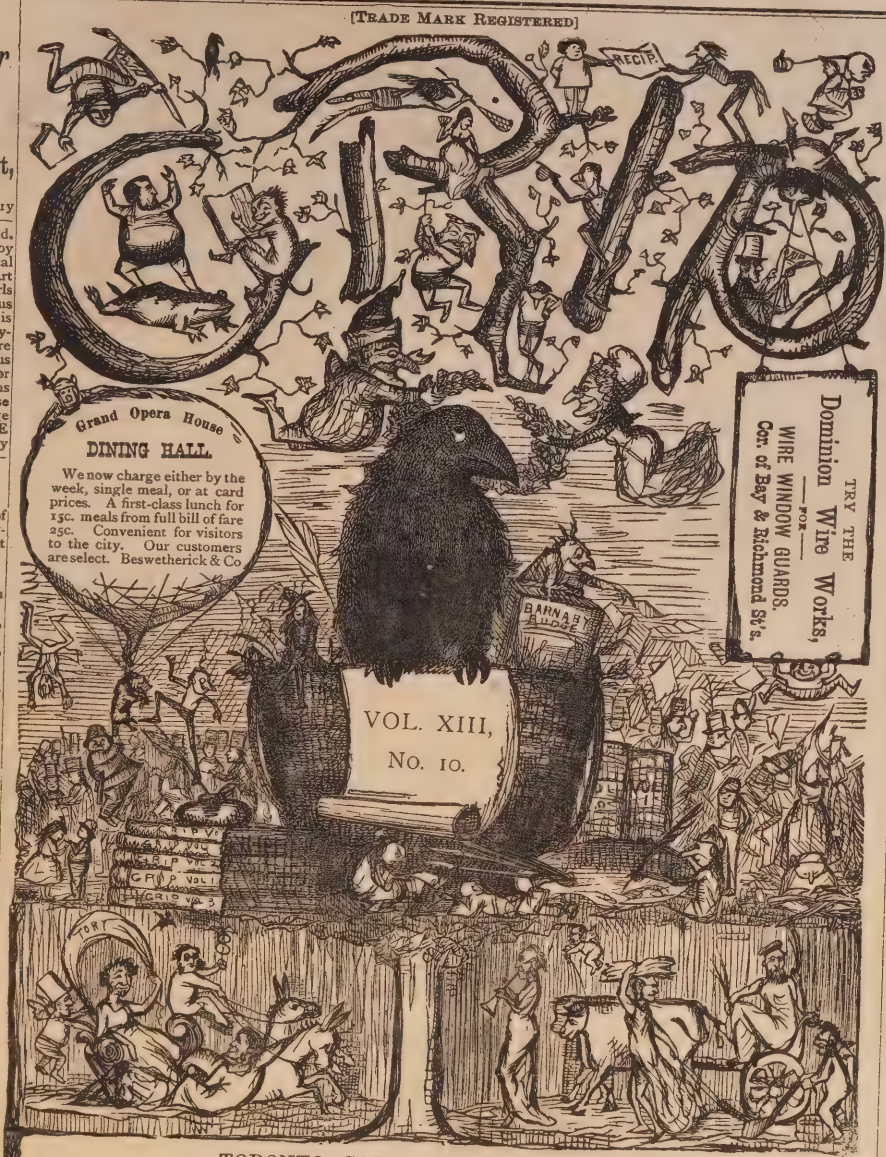
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"THE HANLAN-ELLIOTT RACE."

Another edition of "GRIP" of June 21st, containing this cartoon, is now ready.

BENGOUGH BROS.



TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

GRIP OFFICE, { The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; { 5 CTS. EACH.
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we will mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLET & CO., Portland, Maine. xiii-10-1y

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Literature and Art.

HENRY GRENVILLE has written eight novels within three years.

KINGLAKE ascribes much of his love of the East to his mother's reading Homer to him in his childhood.

ROBERT LOWELL, the brother of the poet, is writing a novel based on life as it was in Boston and Cambridge, Mass., during the early part of the Colonial epoch.

A colossal statue of Buddha has been dug up on the spot where the founder of the most wide-spread religion in the world is known from external evidence to have died.

MEISSONNIER began a decade ago a portrait of the late Prince Imperial, which he laid aside when the events of 1870 interrupted the work. He will now finish it and send it to the Empress EUGENIE.

GEROME, the painter, is credited with the remark that young American women have the loveliest faces he has ever seen. He often walks along the boulevards of Paris and drives in the Bois purposely to admire them.

The historian GREGOROVIVUS is now, the Academy says, engaged on a life of Pope URBAN VIII., and has collected many important documents elucidating the policy pursued by that pontiff during the thirty years' war.

Mrs. C. A. PLIMPTON, of Cincinnati, has discovered how to make figures in relief on pottery, and exhibits several specimens of her work at the art sales rooms. She has been trying to find out the secret of producing these figures for some time, and after several failures has succeeded in making figures in four colors.

The Academy, of London, says of Mr. William Winter's "Thistle Down," that it is "a stronger book than its modest name denotes," and that "there is considerable force and pathos in many of the lyrics." It takes exception to an expression in one of the poems, and then adds that "such a poem as 'The Last Scene' ought to cover a multitude of sins."

Here is an advertisement from a London paper:—NOTICE TO MANAGERS.—Mr. CHAS. READE, finding that all ordinary advertisements have failed to keep thieves and vagabonds from pirating, 'It Is Never Too Late to Mend,' now advertises for thief-takers, and will give a handsome reward to any person who will give him timely notice of piracy, and furnish him with the means of bringing it home to the deliberate criminals who commit it in the teeth of this notice."

Germany is rich in works of art and on art. And why should it not be? For it has had more than twelve centuries in which to collect and produce such works! The well known publisher of art and illustrated works, Mr. Paul Neff, of Stuttgart, is now engaged in bringing out, in semi-monthly issues, folio form, what will be, when completed, a magnificent work of art and on art, under the title: "The French Painters of the Eighteenth Century. A Collection of their most important Works. Edited, with Descriptive Text, by A. von Wurzbach. Heliotype by M. Rommel." This work will be completed in thirty issues or parts, and contain about sixty heliotype and photographic reproductions of as many paintings of the leading French painters of the eighteenth century.

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AN Auction Sale of the Leases of Nineteen Timber Limits, situate on Lake Winnipegosis and the Water-Hen River, in the North-West Territories, will be held at the Dominion Lands Office, Winnipeg, on the 1st day of September, 1879. The right of cutting timber on these limits will be sold subject to the conditions set forth in the "Consolidated Dominion Lands Act." They will be put up at a bonus of Twenty Dollars per Square Mile, and sold by competition to the highest bidder.

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By Order,

J. S. DENNIS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Dept. of the Interior,
Ottawa, 17th July, 1879.

xiii-10-6t

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Return Fare only TWO DOLLARS.

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Tickets now on sale at T. G. and B. Offices, corner Bay and Front streets, and Union Station.

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Stage Whispers.

MISS FLORENCE DAVENPORT has given up the idea of opera, and will go into the theatrical profession.

AGNES BOOTH, the actress, assists her husband to keep a hotel during the summer at Manchester, N. H.

Last week we had HAVERLEY's Minstrels at the Royal two nights and a matinee. They played to large houses. We listened to the "old, old story" of the chicken walking through the soup on stilts, and other pre-historic jokes, coeval with the fossilized animal from which the troupe derives its name. These "upheavals" can be tolerated when from the ordinary aggregation of burnt cork "artists," but there were 40 of these—40—we repeat it—40!

Speaking of the performance of the Colored Pinafore Company, in Boston, a correspondent says: "The performers go through their parts with the courage and coolness of sublime ignorance, interpolating, revising and amending the text at their sweet fancy. There was richness in the original idea of making a sentimental 'Little Buttercup,' out of a bum-boat woman, though all of our American actresses seem to have entirely missed the author's meaning; for the original and only bum-boat woman is a horrible creature between 'Sairey Gamp' and 'Pleasant Riderhood,' a voracious, foul-mouthed, lying, gin-drinking, libel on womanhood. To make of such an original the sentimental maiden who chants sweet ditties by moonlight to a tender hearted captain was extravagant enough. When the transformation is carried further, and she becomes a dusky damsel with a tendency to double-shuffle, imagination fails to take her in. As this is about the worst stage of the Pinafore mania, so it is probably the last of it, on the public stage at least. Amateurs will hold on to it for a few decades, probably, after which it will pass a century or two in the living death of the circus and minstrel company and then find a quiet grave in Harper's Drawer, Ayer's Almanac, or some other department of contemporary oblivion."

At the Gardens, the Fifth Avenue Opera Company had the benches well filled, notwithstanding the secession of the two "leading" people, Mr. LAURENT, and Mlle. CORRELLI, whose roles, however, were subsequently filled by other members of the company, the new Josephine, Mlle. ELLANI becoming quite a favorite. The new Rackstraw, Mr. NORMAN, though a pleasing tenor, is hardly of the physique that the "remarkably fine seaman" is supposed to be; nor did he display the exuberance of spirits for which that historic personage the "British Tar" is so famous. He should endeavor to infuse a little more life into the part. The Captain, Mr. BRAND, was good, as were the crew. Deadeye, Mr. STURGES, has an excellent voice, which he knows how to use; his make-up, however, was a trifle too grotesque. The First Lord, Mr. BURNETT, was deservedly well received, as were his Sisters, etc., etc.—. This company intend producing *Fantasia* at the Gardens sometime next month. A word. Why don't the management furnish the stage with that very necessary appendage, a drop curtain? The lengthened contemplation of canvas guns or other stage properties does not help the imagination in entering into the spirit of the expected representation. And would it not be well to give the auditorium a gentle ascent from the orchestra? These are almost absolute requirements to make this place a successful "Summer Theatre."

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"Wild Sports of the West."

MUSKOKA FELIX—NIMROD'S PARADISE—A NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

From the Journal of our Sporting Editor.

Monday morning. Stroll by Queen's—great surprise! Meet friend from Europe—Lord BALLYTODY, north of Ireland—Castle Batherem. Visited him last spring—great Irish peer—now strictly *incog*—SHAMUS O'SHAUGHNESSY in hotel book. Left retainers in Griffintown for short holiday—all from "Black North." Expect they will enjoy themselves—Irish fashion. My Lord going "to do a bit of shooting and fishing in Muskoka"—will I join him? Certainly. Told him plenty stories while in Ireland of buffalo, bear, grizzlies, catamounts, and Injuns. Assume the DAVY CROCKETT role. Take Northern train unattended, and escape the dread "address" from burghers *en route*. Ha, ha! They are foiled! They know not we are people of distinction. Arrive in Bracebridge. Hire Injun and canoe. Unpack munitions of war. Lion guns, with two ounce balls. Shot guns. Duck gun warranted to kill an acre of ducks in one broadside—quite *mitrailleuse*. Prepare to start for camp. Injun anoints himself with fat pork—no shirt. Atmosphere unlike Bendamere, or "Araby the blest." Advises us to use cosmetic—"Flies no like grease"—Refuse. Reach encampment. Muskoka soil—rocks and sand. Leave Chipeway in charge of commissariat—two pounds bread and cheese, and imperial gallon of KILLAHAN'S Irish whiskey. Start for woods. No bear, no deer, no wolves, no nothing but chipmunks—yes; flies, of course,—Mosquitos, sand flies, black flies, and "bull-dogs" or Cariboo flies. Lordship sees black animal slowly approaching. "Be japers its a bear!" Bang! "Down he comes! Fix bayonets and charge on him!" Find wounded heifer. Owner approaches. Countryman of his Lordship. Obligated to pay \$20 for the "baste" shot. Lose our way. Give five dollars to Irishman to pilot us to camp. Nearly blind with mosquitos. Arrive in camp. Injun has "received nomadic friends of his tribe; whiskey all gone—warriors dead drunk. Canoe stove

in. Give Irishman ten dollars to pilot us through the woods to village. Obligated to use mosquito preventative—murder! Cologne no where! Arrive at Bracebridge blind. Passengers leave our car on entrance. Railway people object to carrying us. Explain matters—Are suffered to proceed. Arrive in Toronto. Nearly arrested by "peelers" as tramps. Get to Queen's. Obligated by landlord to take bath before admission. His Lordship goes to bed ill. Takes the next steamer for Belfast. Says he has had enough of "Canadian sport." Farewell! *Bon voyage!*—Adieu!

Our Own Dick Deadeye.

As soon as the Premier gets time he must turn his attention to the appointment of successors to Profs. McCALL and CROFT in our University. It is suggested that the opportunity should be taken to establish a chair of Constitutional Law. If this is acted on there can be no possible difficulty in making a choice of a professor, after the display of legal and constitutional acumen made by Mr. R. W. PHIPPS, N. P., in his LETELLIER letter to the *Globe*.

Some of our steamboats run regular excursion trips on Sundays just now, and the authorities decline to stop the practice, on the ground that the working classes need rest and recreation, and Sunday is their best day for getting it. The engineers and firemen of the boats no doubt endorse this idea.

The Chicago *Journal* announces that much of the tobacco which is being smoked or chewed this year was last year stored in the yellow-fever districts of the South. Upon reading this, the judicious young man will cease to buy tobacco, and take to borrowing from his friends.

The present night editor of the *Globe* is no doubt beloved by the printer who happens to get his elaborate headlines to set up, but the general public would like him better if he always took care to print the news he announces in such a loud manner.

The *Globe* ought to write a scathing article on the Sunday meeting of the Dominion Cabinet, which, according to the *Hamilton Times'* correspondent, was held last week. And then it ought to be discovered that no such meeting was held. And then the *Mail* ought to chuckle.

Some people are born great, others achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them, but Miss ANNIE EDWARDS, of this city, snoozed herself into renown. She attended a prayer-meeting in the Metropolitan Church, fell asleep during the service, was locked in until 2 o'clock in the morning, broke a window, and was arrested in the act of creeping out. Hence her name has been telegraphed to all the papers.

The moral of this sad case is, don't make your meetings so dry that people will go to sleep in them.

The boat-builders and boat-house keepers of the city ascribe the improvement in their lines of business directly to the N. P.—which being interpreted means, NED'S Presence.

The sea serpent is on hand promptly for the opening of the seaside season. He has just been seen by the crew of the pilot schooner *Advance*, in the Gulf of Mexico, heading in a south west direction and going at the rate of nine miles an hour. On his way to Long Branch, undoubtedly!

I read the *Mail's* column of "Personals" with considerable interest, but here is one item from Tuesday's edition, I don't quite see the drift of:

Mr. Henry Beatty, of the Beatty line of steamers; Sarnia; Mr. E. Patrick, Clerk of the House of Commons, Ottawa; Mr. S. S. Peck, M.P.P., Minden; Mr. A. H. Webster, freight agent Erie railroad, Buffalo; Mr. W. C. Ruger and Judge Wallace, U. S. Court, Syracuse, N.Y., are at the Rossin House; also Dr. Volney, of Brockville.

Finding that the Twelfth of July celebration is so delightfully in keeping with the genius of Canada, the Belleville Orangemen have determined to celebrate the Twelfth of August, too, that being the anniversary of the opening of the Gates of Derry. Medically this is unfortunate, as two big sprees so close together must be bad for the health.

Of course in other respects it is all right and most praiseworthy. The Twelfth of August should be held sacred by all means. If the Gates of Derry hadn't been opened on that occasion, there is no doubt the Derry people would have been uncomfortably hot, and Canada would at the present moment be suffering all the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition.

If members of opera companies don't like to be arrested and locked up, they shouldn't get tight and raise a disturbance at the wharf, as *Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.*, did the other day. Our policemen are utterly impartial and inexorable, and they'll

Teach you all ere long,
To refrain from liquor strong.

The HANLAN Homestead Fund appears to get along slowly. Up to the present time \$2 800 have been secured, and I suppose five, ten or twenty thousand are wanted. How would it do to call upon EDWARD himself for a portion of that \$32,000 he is said to have brought home in the shape of winnings?

But perhaps the rumour of his having won that amount is unfounded. Mr. LANGEVIN happened to be in England at the time of the race, and the person who started the report about \$32,000 probably got that eminent statesman mixed up with the Oarsman.

Lieut.-Col. Gibson, M.P.P. won the Prince of Wales' prize of £100 and a badge yesterday at Wimbledon, with a score of ninety-four. This is certainly most creditable, and we congratulate the gentleman upon his success.—*Hamilton Times*.

And GRIP extends the same to Hamilton,

On having such a clever M.P.P.,
No riding can produce a greater gun,
He'll be a man of mark most certainly.

Hint to those in want of employment—
Look for it.

If the dead body of a free-booter is cremated isn't it a *pyre*-atical affair.

When HANLAN gets into his new homestead he will think its very like a *row-manse*.

Fish are said to be good brain food. There must be some mistake here as many fish when landed are *in seine*.



The New A. D. C.

Col. GZOWSKI has been honored with an appointment as A.D.C. to Her Majesty the Queen. GRIP extends his congratulations, and signalizes the happy event by making a portrait of the gallant Colonel. The distinction has been well earned, for "a better officer don't walk the deck, your honor," if we may be permitted to use a Pinaphorism Under his command the Canadian Team at Wimbledon have covered themselves with glory, and received complimentary notice from Royal Dukes and Cabinet Ministers, on account of their neat, soldierly and highly civilized appearance. They have also done better shooting than any other commanding officer could get out of them. Her Majesty is to be felicitated on having secured so competent an A. D. C., for GRIP has no doubt Col. Gzowski will be able to perform the arduous and important duties of the position with credit to himself and all concerned.

Mrs. Lapseesling Attends "Penny Readings."

Last week I attended "Penny Readings" in a rural parish. A penny is merely an anonymous omission fee, as tickets were fifteen cents, or more, at the auction of the purchaser. The problem was not curtailed to readings, but consisted of oral and instrumental solars, dialogues, and original enunciations from SHAKESPEARE and other extinct poets. The first piece was TENNYSON'S "Battle of Waterloo." Words would be inaccurate to describe the reader's somniferous tones, he roared rapidly, till I would in vain have closed my ears to the voice of the stormer. As this youth is studying for the church my serious inflection is that he will be inextinguishable as a *similar syllabub pew rant*.

Though I am not myself a musician, I can depreciate the art, and well I know, as Mrs. HEMAN'S portrays, that "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast." But on this occasion I was evolved in inexplicable confusion of mind. The second performance was to have been Pantasm, by A Flat Major, but the Major was evidently a falsetto, as a young girl, (perhaps his daughter) appeared. Though she patiently thought herself the Supreme Madonna of the entertainment, I would not: attempt to extricate her style,

and though I am not an amateur in architectural musical terms, I feel convinced that any implicit cricket would agree with me in saying that the thrills and octagons were fingered in a subdownant manner.

A soprano sympathy followed, and then elections from "The Idols of a King" were read by another executionist, in such a lack the most voice that it nearly caused my risible tears to flow, though his enumeration was so ineligible that his meaning was a mitigation to my understanding. I could not even declare with any degree of opacity, to which king he had deference; but I think it was SOLOMON. Ere my emotion was alienated, a young man, whose voice was a terror, sang, "Oh, Share my Cottage, Gentle Maid." He gazed at me as he warbled, but I thought of the late lamentable TOBIAS SAPSEESLING, and enclosed my heart to his syrian walls.

The performance was closed, or in professional terms the maledictory was pronounced by a sextant from Know-me-Oh and Tulia; it is very old, and very pretty; but I wish that HOMER and other dogmatists would not use absolute terms which procure their meaning. What sense is there in the remark "Entreat, arise, to wink at spears till they return"?

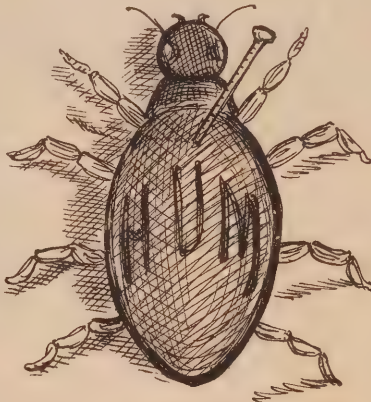
Belleville.

HON. BILLA FLINT, of Belleville, cel brated the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in that place by writing to last Saturday's *Intelligencer* some of his reminiscences. He tells of a great many things which were not to be found in Belleville fifty years ago, but the list might have been made a good deal longer. For instance, fifty years ago Belleville had no newspaper with such an outlandish name as *Daily Ontario*.

Fifty years ago there was no railway connecting Belleville with Picton, and travellers were obliged to stage it across Prince Edward County.

Fifty years ago there was no handsome and commodious station at the Grand Trunk railway.

Fifty years ago the *Intelligencer* didn't rejoice in Government "ads." etc., etc.



The Hum of Prosperity.

There has been a great deal of talk of late about the Hum of Prosperity, which is said to be travelling through this happy land, and Mr. GRIP, believing that his readers would like to see a correct portrait of the aforesaid Hum, has secured a specimen and pinned it up here before them. It will be observed that this Hum is a species of bug.



Our Mayor.

His Worship the Mayor is said to be agitating for an official chain and gown, to wear on the occasion of the forth-coming Vice-Regal visit, but some of the Aldermen do not approve of his suggestion. Moreover, the *Telegram* sneers at the proposition. GRIP comes to his Worship's defence, and says he shall have a chain and gown, and also a Scotch bonnet and kilt, and a boy to hold up his train, too, so he shall. One glance at the little sketch above is sufficient to convince the most stubborn Alderman that the dignity of the city will be greatly enhanced if our Chief Magistrate is fitted out in an imposing and at the same time typical style. The gown and chain as above will fully gratify our civic pride, while the headgear cannot fail to charm the heart of the Governor and his royal spouse.

The Golden Wreath.

POOR TRACY TURNURELLI
Who lived upon his wit,
Was anxious—very anxious,
For a Governmental "sit;"

So with prodigious labour
He raised a golden wreath,
And offered it to BEACONSFIELD,
Who threw it in his teeth.

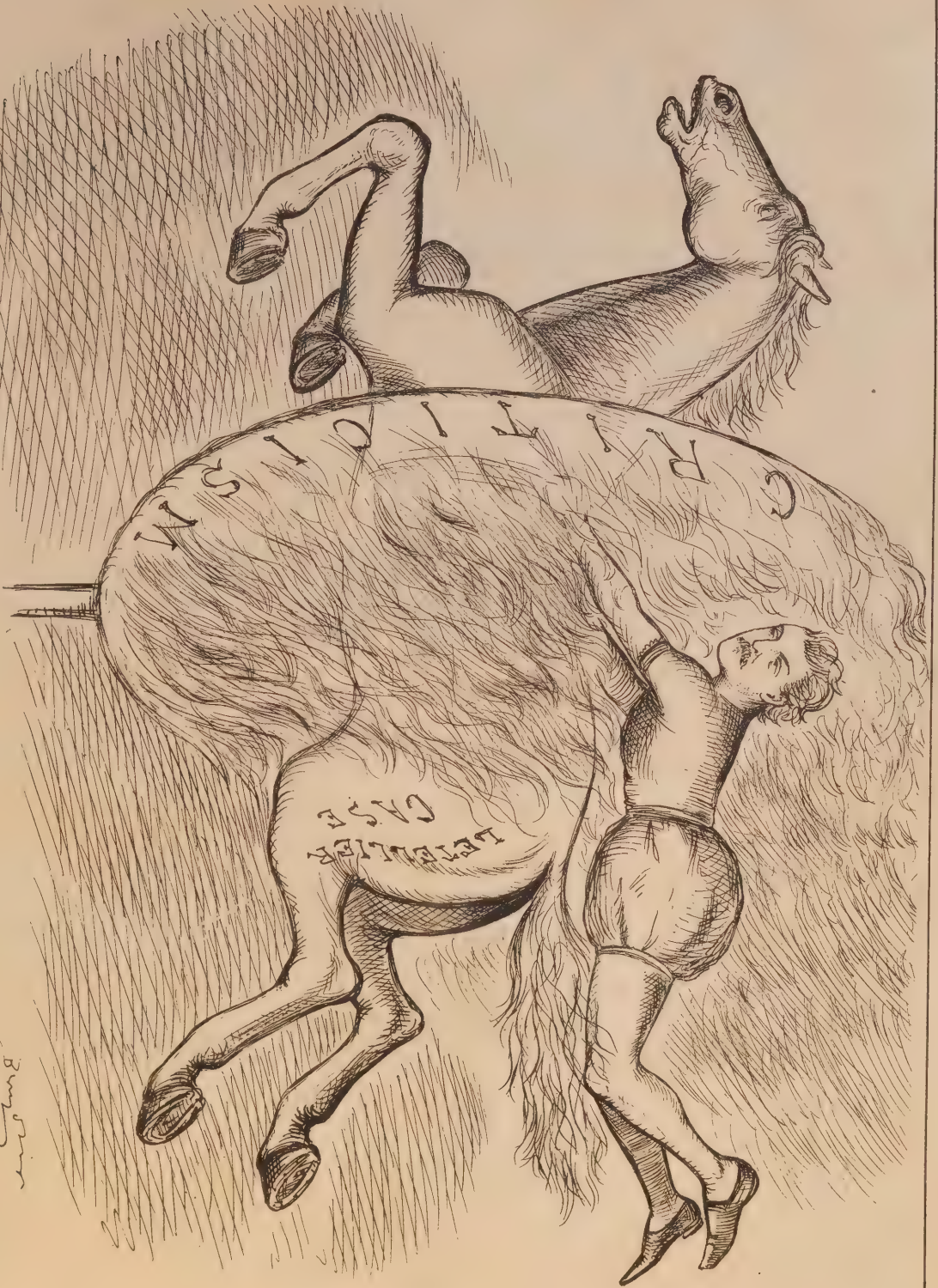
This unexpected conduct
Upon old DIZZY'S part,
Has very nearly broken
POOR TURNURELLI'S heart;

But still he needn't languish
Nor throw that wreath away,
He perhaps might get an office
If he gave it to—some other Premier.

Naval.

We perceive that a retired naval officer has opened a boarding house in Muskoka for the accommodation of tourists and invalids. Here is the right man in the right place. A man who can hand reef and steer and "ship a salvagee," is just the one to see that the gear of the pleasure boats is safely and securely fitted, and coming from the Royal Navy he would very naturally know the proper way to "receive boarders."

THE POLITICAL "FLAMING ZONE."



Bunce



"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The fly is never positive. He always specs so.—*Cin. Star.*

Women's rights are the mates to women's lefts.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Brown College graduates are spoken of as Brown bread men.—*N. Y. Star.*

Fine clothes do not make the man until they are paid for.—*Boston Courier.*

Speaking of TALMAGE, brevity is not the soul of DE WITT.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Does the tide become full from carrying too many schooners?—*Philadelphia Item.*

Beware of the man of one book—especially if he is the agent for it.—*Albany Argus.*

Dead men tell no tales, because their tomb stones do it for them.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The greatest perfumer we know of is the centre of the world.—*Tioga County Record.*

Give a woman a hen instead of a gun if you want to see her shoot.—*Ottawa Republican.*

In France every man is of noble blood; that is to say, he is descended from a pere.—*Boston Post.*

The highest mountain gives the finest view, but give us a little one for ascent.—*Boston Post.*

In selecting a barber, remember that a fulness under the eyes denotes language.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

An electrical girl has been discovered in Canada. She ought to marry a good conductor.—*Free Press.*

"VENNOR predicts a wet summer, with cold and frosts." But Vennor we to get it?—*Norristown Herald.*

England may be "mistress of the C's," but she has never yet been able to fairly master the H's.—*Yankee Paper.*

Let it be Recorded, said the newspaper reporter to the teamster whose load of wood was overturned.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Why are good resolutions like a squalling baby at church? Because they should always be carried out.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

It is strangely singular how much the boy with a pair of new suspenders hates to wear a coat.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

A lover will often take a whole year to press his suit, when any smart tailor would do it for him in less than an hour.—*New York News.*

There is one field of labour that women can never enter—collecting bills; for "women's work is never dun."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Two bottles of "unfermented wine for communion purposes" exploded in Norwalk, being disturbed by its unusual surroundings.—*Danbury News.*

The oldest Mason is to be matched against the oldest Odd Fellow in a go-as-you-please contest to see which will die first.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the ear.—*American Punch.*

A country girl getting off a train at Cape May, was asked if she might be helped to alight, and she replied that she did not smoke.—*New York Herald.*

Said he, as he stole one, "I seal my love with a kiss." And she, suiting the action to the word, replied, "I seal mine with whacks."—*Boston Transcript.*

A poet in the *Whitehall Times* exclaims: "I am haunted, wierdly, by the dripping of the rain." The *Boston Post* would advise new shingles as a remedy.—*Ex.*

The boy who calls another bad names does not become dignified when he heaves a rock at him, although he adds stone to his remarks.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"Scratch a Russian, and you'll find a Tartar," and scratch a match on the parlor wall and you'll find the old lady down you like a thousand of brick.—*New Haven Register.*

It was a self-made doctor in Michigan who wrote to JOHN BRIGHT asking him how his disease got along, and he is justly indignant that his letter was never answered.—*Detroit Free Press.*

People who wonder why it is that the fly always goes for the human head, should remember that insects in general show a decided preference for the softest spots.—*Phila-Chronicle.*

And the night shall be turned into gaslight, From our brow the sweat we shall wipe, Then grab the pillow by the back of the neck, And give the mosquito a swipe.—*N. Y. Express Coates.*

An editor being asked, "Do hogs pay?" says a great many do not. They take the paper several years and then have the postmaster send it back marked "refused."—*Shelbyville (Ill.) Union.*

Several boys weeding onions at Southport were prostrated by a stroke of lightning. Boys whose fathers own onion beds should cut this out and paste it in their fathers' hats.—*Danbury News.*

If NOAH had foreseen the future, and killed the two mosquitoes which took refuge in the ark, he would have rendered some of the strongest words in the English language unnecessary.—*Exchange.*

"This," said the dentist, "is my office." "And that?" inquired the visitor, pointing to the apartment where stood the tooth-pulling chair. "Ah, that," replied the proprietor, "that is my 'drawing' room."—*Chicago Journal.*

"In childhood's happy, sunny days, we take no note of Time," sang an old poet. And that's where you get stuck. Be wise. Take a note of time and everyone else. And bond and mortgage when you can get them.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

This is the season of the year when the good little boy refuses to go in bathing with his companions, because his mother forbid him, stays on the bank to mind their clothes and scoots for home after tying knots in the sleeves of their trousers.—*Puck.*

Mistress (to new cook)—"Now SARAH, remember if you are strictly honest and economical in your marketing, I will give you a few shillings extra per month." New cook—"Thank you, ma'am; I will think it over, and let you know in the evening."—*Funny Folks.*

A Bridgeport young man who looks deep into the foundation of things went insane the other day. Investigation followed, when it was discovered that he had been studying over the problem why the last exercises of a college are called commencement. The strain had been too much for him.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

Pour into your friend's ear great nuggets of wisdom, bristling with the choicest elucence, and he will say, "JONES is a good fellow, but a confounded bore." And let him talk for an hour, and though you utter not a word, yet will he go away impressed with your distinguished intelligence and miraculous conversational powers.—*Boston Transcript.*

When the robin jumps along the lawn or flies from tree to tree scattering the dew-drops from the leaves; when the bee coquets with the flower; when the first golden beams dart from the sapphire skies, and gild the filmy clouds; when the clover trembles in freshening breeze, and when all nature seems imbued with the charms of paradise; then, it is sweet to turn over in bed and take another nap.—*Uncle Sam.*

A Roseville young lady has invented a capital plan to keep a horse up to his pace when she is out riding with her lover. She doesn't like the use of the whip, and so when the animal lags a little in his gait she turns to THEODORE a pair of rosy lips, and then an emphatic smack breaks the stillness, and the horse springs forward at the sound as if he had been touched by an electric battery.—*Newark Call.*

When P. T. BARNUM, a young man poor and in debt, left Danbury, he said to Judge WHITTLESEY: "I will pay that bill when I get rich." The judge drew down his judicial features, and disdainfully replied: "That will be when a sieve holds water." In a few years the visionary young man was in a condition to pen the following brief letter to the judge: "I have fixed that sieve."—*Danbury News.*

A young lady book-agent called on us the other day with a volume of prose and poetical selections, which she thought we could no longer do without. We told her that the book would not benefit us. "Why," she replied, "here are the ideas of many writers on various subjects, and surely a hundred heads are better than one. Now"—flirting over the leaves of the book—"let us see what is said under the chapter of Kissing." "Yes," we assented, "when it comes to kissing even two heads are better than one, but the subject can be thoroughly discussed without referring to a five hundred page book." And we didn't invest.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Canadian Government has resolved to civilize the Indians and train them up in the way they should go. The red man is to be made a gentleman of culture—agriculture. Thirteen Canadian farmers are to go to the Northwest to teach the Indian idea how to make corn shoot. These grangers are to get \$750 a year and "found." They are found in agricultural implements, and among the farming implements each receives a bowie knife, a revolver, a Martini-Henry rifle, and several hundred rounds of ammunition. All scalping is barred out and will be declared foul. Probably the Canada ruralist will sit on the fence with a rifle across his knee, a revolver in one hand and a bowie in the other, shouting to the perspiring Indians in the corn fields, "Hoe faster, you red fiends, or I'll open out on you."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Queen's Navee and the Police.

MAGISTRATE—Who are you?

FIRST PRISONER—I am the mon-ark of the seas!

MAGISTRATE—Oh, indeed! And your friend? (To Officer)—Desire that remarkably fine young man to step forward. Now, sir, who are you?

SECOND PRISONER—One of the men, your honor.

MAGISTRATE—You look like a smart young man.

SECOND P.—Yes, your honor, although I say it myself, there isn't a smarter—

MAGISTRATE—There that'll do. But both of you are charged with using—to put it mildly—harsh language on the Queen's Highway, or rather on Yonge street wharf.

SECOND P.—Your honor, if you will kindly permit me, I will explain. My friend and I were "rehearsing," as we were waiting for the boat (my friend being about going to New York), we had got as far as "demme it's too bad!" when the constable "pulled" us.

MAGISTRATE—What ship do you belong to?

PRISONERS—H. M. Ship *Pinefore*.

MAGISTRATE—Well, I can't help thinking the Service is going to the deuce when I see a Lord of the Admiralty along with a common seaman. Can either of you dance a hornpipe?

PRISONERS—No, your honor.

MAGISTRATE—Ah, that looks bad! I had some idea of sending you to a dungeon cell, but in consideration of your being British tars, you can go. So top your booms, my hearties, and sheer off.

PRISONERS—Aye, aye! your honor. Thank ye. You yourself have said it—you are an Englishman!

Two Petitions.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, ETC., ETC:

May it Please Your Excellency:

We, the dutiful and loyal Grits of the Dominion approach you to say that we think it your undoubted duty to refuse the iniquitous advice of JOHN A. and his miserable colleagues in *re* the LETELLIER case. And we have no doubt whatever but you will do so. It cannot be otherwise. No member of the House of ARGYLL was ever yet known to trample upon the constitutional liberties of the people to serve the wretched little ends of faction. We have the utmost confidence that you will prove yourself a true ARGYLL in this affair, but if you don't, you will find some interesting reading in the organs of our party. Beware!

We have the honor to be, etc.,

G. BROWN, and others.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, ETC.

May it Please Your Excellency:

We, the superloyal and dyed-in-the-wool Tories of this Dominion approach your person with profound politeness, and hope your Excellency's health is good. We also wish to say that we have no doubt you will act upon the advice of your Ministry and dismiss LETELLIER. The House of Argyle has never yet submitted to tyranny, and we hope it never will. Now of course you know that LETELLIER is a tyrant, and you cannot more highly honor your family crest than by kicking him out. By so doing you will also save our friends the trouble of resigning. We fully trust you will act upon this suggestion of ours, but if you do not, look out for lively notices in our papers. We have the honor to be &c.,

U. E. CLUB and others.

**REGULATIONS****Respecting the Disposal of certain Dominion Lands for the purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.**

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

Ottawa, July 9th, 1879.

"Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations of the Dominion Lands situate within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:

"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A;

"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt A, to be called belt B;

"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt B, to be called belt C;

"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and

"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.

3. "The Dominion Lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.

4. "The lands in belt B, shall be disposed of as follows: The even-numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads on the even-numbered sections, to the extent of eighty acres each, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the easterly halves of the westerly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper, being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held for sale at five dollars per acre.

5. "The even-numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, in manner as above described; the price of pre-emptions similarly to be \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be \$3.50 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.

6. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emptions shall be at the rate of \$2.00 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in belts B and C of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre.

7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands respectively, to be as above, and the prices of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of \$1 (one dollar) per acre.

8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D and E shall be as follows, viz: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows, viz: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the bal-

ance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments, either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

10. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz:

a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.

b. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

11. "The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next, up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.

12. "Claims to Dominion lands, arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.

13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.

14. "The above regulations it will, of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.

"Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

By order of the Minister of the Interior,

J. S. DENNIS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

LINSLEY RUSSELL,
Surveyor General.

xiii-10-4t

VERNON,**Manufacturing Jeweller,**

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Watches and Clocks Repaired. Pipes Mounted.

xiii-4-tf

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CREDIT VALLEY RAILWAY.**TENDERS.**

Tenders will be received at this office for the erection of FIVE GRAIN WAREHOUSES; also for the supplying of the material necessary to build a wharf opposite the Union Station.

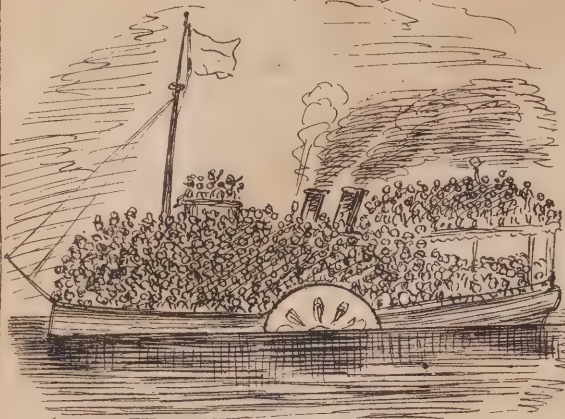
Plans, specifications, and all other information may be obtained from Mr. Bailey, Chief Engineer of the road.

GEO. LAIDLAW,
President C. V. R.

xiii-10-2t.

An interesting experiment it being tried at the Zoological Gardens. Eggs laid by an ostrich have been cunningly painted to resemble an emu's, and placed under a male emu to be hatched.—Ez.

Thus do the scientific fellows emu's themselves.



OUR SATURDAY EXCURSION BOAT.

Only one more Wharf to call at!



TILLEY'S TRIUMPH.



"I'll paint your picture, darling," cried
An artist to his lovely bride,
"I'll dip my brush in colors rare,
And show the world that thou art fair."
"No don't," she answered, "what's the use,
When I can have it done by Bruce?"

J. BRUCE & Co., opp Rossin House.

xii-22-17.

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EACH PLUG OF THE

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IN GILT LETTERS.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

xiii-1-3m

Seraphine.

By EDGAR ALLAN P.

The skies they were brilliant and azure,
When I called on my own SERAPHINE,
My own darling, sweet SERAPHINE!
I was certain, and so was her ma, sure,
That a finer day never was seen.
Their lawn was as large as a pasture,
With its exquisite tinting of green;
It's so lovely! you'd say if you'd cast your
Eyes on the beautiful scene.

My own SERAPHINE, with her tresses
So bright, said, " 'Tis awfully warm!"
I agreed—'twas excessively warm.
She wore just the sweetest of dresses,
Made out of white muslin or lawn;
I suggested a walk on the lawn,
(I don't mean the muslin or lawn)
While her tresses the light breeze caresses,
I feel I am dreadfully "gone."

Then my darling with parasol o'er her,
Said, "Let us go where it's less waum;
For it's quite too most dreadfully waum."
It was then I thought of the *Chicora*,
And assured her the Lake must be cawm.
I said, "Let us take the *Chicora*,"
Then my angel sprang up like a fawn.
Dear SERAPHINE, how I adore her!
As we walk to the lake from the lawn.

We're on board and away past the Island,
When suddenly rises a storm,
A terrible, old fashioned storm!
O, could I once set foot on dry land!
With my SERAPHINE whom I have torn
From her pa and her ma, I'm a vile and
Wicked wretch! Bring me a horn
Of brandy and water—What! Nigh land?
My SERAPHINE safe from the storm,
Oh! bring me a duplicate horn!

So silent and sad and so limp was
My SERAPHINE—so was her lawn,
(I refer to her white dress of lawn).
She said she as wet as a shrimp was,
My attentions she treated with scorn.
Disgusted and angry the nymph was,
As we now reached the gates of the lawn,
She said that a shame and a sin 'twas
To coax her away from her lawn
To the lake with its terrible stawm!
(Her accent is of the *haut ton*)
So I've never more stood in that lawn,
The dreary and desolate lawn!

S. R. QUIGLEY,
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FOR 1880.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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COAL AND WOOD, AND AT LOWEST PRICES, NAIRN'S. Office, Next Post Office. Docks, Foot of Church Street.

Literature and Art.

The recently discovered Farnesina frescoes and the objects of art found in the Tiber, have been placed in the "Museo Tiberino" at Rome.

The late Lady WALDEGRAVE left Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS' picture of the Duchess of Gloucester to the gallery of the Duc d'Aumale.

M. PROTAIS, the French battle painter, is making a picture for the ex-Empress, representing the Prince as he lay dead in the Zulu maize field.

Apollo and Marsyas, a genuine RAPHAEL, is for sale in Rome, price 500,000 francs—only \$100,000, and the buyer will be able to carry it away in a good sized carpet sack.

There has been on exhibition for some time past in the corridor of Brighton Beach Hotel, at Coney Island, a reported *Ecce Homo* of Correggio, which bears very strong proofs of authenticity. It was disposed of by raffle, and can now be seen for a short time at GIBBON'S Art Gallery.

Boston has an important art association in the Highlands Crayon Club, which was organized last January. Only professional artists are eligible to active membership, but any gentleman may become a passive member. A boys' school of art has been established in connection with the Club.

The Musical Review, an excellent journal devoted exclusively to music, has issued its first and second numbers. It treats in carefully considered articles of the musical interests of the time, and is rendered attractive to the general reader by its foreign letters, and notes of the movements of musical celebrities.

The Misses GILMORE, of Port Hope, give the greatest promise of distinguishing themselves in the Art World. Speaking of their performance last week at a grand concert at Peterborough, the *Review* says:—"The wonderful playing and singing of the very youthful Misses GILMORE of Port Hope especially called forth enthusiastic plaudits." Mr. Franz Rummel, the distinguished pianist says that the elder sister (Miss Emily) "possesses extraordinary musical ability." And the Princess Louise in a recent graceful letter to the young pianist says: "Her Royal Highness wishes you every success in your musical career." The Misses GILMORE are already engaged for several concerts this season.

There are no less than 1376 reproductions in the Dresden exhibition, which is now open, and they form, as so large a number well may, a very interesting collection of RAPHAEL. The reproductions are in oil, water colors, copper-plate engravings, color-prints and photographs, and are classified in the catalogue under the head of RAPHAEL'S portraits. Old Testament, New Testament, various religious pieces, Holy Family, Life of the Virgin MARY, saints, various portraits, Vatican frescoes, Loggia, various frescoes, architectonic works, sculptors, drawings and studies. In addition the collection includes twenty-nine original, and for the most part well authenticated drawings, which were lent from various private galleries, and nineteen sketches and paintings in oil, the authenticity of which is disputed. Upon these latter the judgment of RAPHAEL connoisseurs is solicited. The success of the exhibition has in a large measure been due to the powerful assistance given by the director of the Royal Galleries of Paintings, at Dresden.



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xiii-26-27.

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Stage Whispers.

The New York Aquarium is at present the home of English opera. The "Bohemian Girl" is sung there nightly in a very acceptable manner, and the Sabbath School Juvenile Pinafore company appear every afternoon, except Saturday.

Mr. PITOU is about to mount a battery of big guns at the Grand. DANIEL E. BANDMANN and his English Company open a brief engagement in a round of legitimate plays, at that house on Monday. The name of BANDMANN is familiar to all patrons of the drama as that of a German-English tragedian of the first rank, who, like FECHTER, has kept the pens of the critics busy for many years. In the great Shakespearean roles he has made many bold innovations, of the merits of which Toronto play-goers will have an opportunity to judge. He is accompanied by Mrs. BANDMANN, who has long shared her husband's histrionic fame. The members of the company are selected from the principal theatres of London and the English provinces.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS renewed her former brilliant triumphs in this city on Monday and Tuesday evenings, when she made her alleged farewell appearance. Mrs. SIDDONS (we drop the SCOTT, since the lady has dropped the man who bestowed the name upon her) is the pet of fortune. To use the language of the lowly sailor, *Rackstraw*, in her "there meet a combination of elements" which conspire to make her a phenomenal success. She has a great stage name; classic beauty of form and feature; original dramatic talent of a high order, a charming manner, and last, but by no means least, she is, in theatrical slang, "a good dresser." She reads SHAKESPEARE magnificently, managing the small parts as well as a woman could, she has also a complete mastery of the pathetic and the humorous styles. Her chief stumbling-block is dialect. She cannot do the Irish brogue, at all events—and where is the Englishwoman who can? All in all she is a charming little person and will always retain a warm spot in our hearts.

BRONSON HOWARD'S new play entitled *Wives* is pronounced very good. The action is compressed within a few hours and its drift is merely to show what an egregious donkey an old man may make of himself when he undertakes to train up a young girl to be his wife. There are two stories in *Wives*, but being a good deal alike, they harmonize very nicely and run smoothly together to the end. The best part is that of *Agnes*, one of the prospective "wives." This is charmingly played by Miss CATHERINE LEWIS, who made a decided hit the first night. Such a demure and ingenious little puss has not often been seen at the footlights, and her song, "I'm such a little fool" is rendered with a *naïveté* that captures the house at once. Both author and manager are fortunate in having the part in such competent hands, for if *Agnes* were not well played the play itself would be in danger. CHAS. FISHER and WM. DAVIDGE as the two old men with recipes for making wives, have parts which suit them admirably, and play them with an unction that is thoroughly enjoyable. The play is superbly mounted, and in the item of dresses, *DAILY* again shows the enterprise and excellent taste which drew special attention to his earlier management. If *Wives* fails to secure a good run, it will not be his fault or that of the leading members of his company.

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NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The publishers of GRIP will be pleased to receive from amateurs and others, sketches of a humorous character on either political or social subjects. Such as are accepted will be published with the artist's name attached. Rejected sketches will be returned, if the requisite postage is enclosed.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Volume XIV.

It is a gala night at Mr. GRIP's theatre. The handsome edifice is packed from pit to gallery, with the genius, beauty, bone and sinew of the Dominion. (That is to say, all Mr. GRIP's subscribers are present). The Royal box contains the Vice-Royal party; the other boxes are crowded with distinguished statesmen, judges, lawyers, clergymen and *literati*; and in the body of the house every class of the community is largely represented. Full dress, opera glasses, and scented handkerchiefs are the order of the occasion. It is a gala night. The country has assembled to do honor to Mr. GRIP's seventh birthday, and to witness the inauguration of his Fourteenth Volume. The roaring piece entitled, "A Fine Child for Adoption," has just been finished amid demonstrations of approval. Senator BROWN and his friends being particularly demonstrative in their applause. (See *Globe* of Monday morning). With unanimous voice the audience demand the appearance of Mr. GRIP before the curtain, and that sagacious, profound and gifted individual comes forth, radiant in a swallow-tail and white gloves, his plumage glistening in the gas-light, and a fragrant bouquet gracing his button-hole. A tremendous round of applause, echoed from ocean to ocean, greets his appearance, and the most respectful and impressive silence then falls upon the multitude. With a voice betraying genuine emotion, Mr. GRIP speaks as follows:

My Friends and Patrons:—Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking (applause) you will readily believe me when I say that I feel myself unequal to the task of thanking you adequately for this warm and generous reception. When I ventured seven years ago to embark upon the stormy sea of humorous journalism, I left a shore which was strewn with wrecks, and I was not unprepared for a rough voyage, or even a disaster. I determined, however, that, should my craft meet the doom of all its predecessors, it should not be on account of rotten timbers in its hull, or because of navigating in questionable waters. I made up my mind that it should never engage in an unworthy traffic, nor carry articles that were too heavy. Abiding by these first principles, I have to

tell you that our voyage on the sea of popular approval has been a prosperous one. In the words of the poet:

"We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty."

To drop this nautical metaphor, I, GRIP, rejoice in a continued and ever increasing popularity, which is in part, no doubt, owing to the ability with which I perform my functions of public censor, if I may be allowed modestly to think so—and in part certainly to the generosity of the humor-loving public, whom I have sought to serve, and who have expressed their sympathy in the tangible form of giving me a good subscription list. On the completion of my Thirteenth Volume, I am able to look back upon my work with satisfaction. No doubt there are flaws which the artistic hand would fain correct, but there are no lines which the moralist would demand should be obliterated. It is my purpose, ladies and gentlemen, to go on in the same path for the future, extenuating nothing, and setting down nought in malice. Amid the strife of politics it is often necessary to speak plain words with the pen and pencil, but plain words are not necessarily malignant or unjust. Hitherto it has been my aim to be kind as well as honest, and in the future that humorist shall continue to be my model—him of whom it was written,

"His wit in the combat as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

At the conclusion of this brief but brilliant speech, Mr. GRIP bowed his acknowledgments amid the most enthusiastic applause and waving of handkerchiefs, and retired with difficulty over the heaps of bouquets which impeded his path.

A Cure for Hiccough.

JOHN SMITH had a bad hiccough the other day and tried a number of so-called cures. He put a cold key down his back, but it did no good: he held his breath till he thought he would burst, and when he did burst it was into a hiccough; he took nine consecutive swallows of water without one inhalation of air. All was no use. At last he remembered that his mother used to say that a sudden shock or surprise was certain death to the hiccough. He meditated for some time on the best method of surprising himself. Then he grabbed his leg violently, but the surprise wasn't sudden enough. He then shut his eyes and walked slap up against a door, but the old thing wouldn't work. He stubbed his toes, trod on his favorite corn, threw a glass of cold water in his face, and performed many other practical jokes at his own expense, which would have surprised him greatly at another time. The hiccough was worse than ever! Then he went out, turned down the Receiver-General's lane from Toronto street, and asked his friends to surprise him. There were a number of them present, as this all took place during business hours. One told him that fashionable girls were really learning to cook, but he had heard that before; another said that of late, PHIPPS looked no more self-satisfied than J. D. EDGAR, but he couldn't believe it, and was, consequently not surprised; another assured him that the *Globe* was receiving more cable specials than the *Mail*, but he wasn't surprised a bit. The hiccoughs still continued. Then some one told him that the U. E. Club intended to pay their notes, and for a moment it seemed that SMITH's hiccough had ended. But then he reflected on the pavement of the bottomless pit and his surprise

vanished in incredulity. Then some one informed him that the police were trying to suppress houses of ill-fame; that Mr. JOHN TURNER had no intention of running for Mayor; that GEORGE BROWN is becoming popular; that Mr. BLAKE does not wish to supplant Mr. MACKENZIE; that Senator MACPHERSON hadn't signed his name to a letter for their works; that the Marquis of LORNE thought that he had been decently treated by Sir JOHN in the LETELLIER matter, and twenty other equally surprising statements. Still the hiccough continued and SMITH was about to conclude that he could not be surprised, when a man outside was heard to swear, "This copy of the *Globe* does not contain one attack on the manufacturers." The effect on SMITH was electric. He was not surprised by the statement itself, but he was so much surprised to feel that it did not surprise him that the hiccough stopped at once, and permitted him to get back to this office.

To Live Forever.

Doctor SCHMOBLER is a very great man,
And he can tell what nobody can,
(Nobody else, that is, you know)
The way to survive to a million or so.

Only imagine, the Doctor has told
How we can all be a million old,
GRIP puts it a million, not harshly to strike
Your feelings, but fact is—as long as you like.

We all of us knew that the way we must live
Was to eat; it was left for the Doctor to give
The diet immortal—it's simply to stuff
Yourself every morning with lemons enough.

And you never will die—only think what a thing,
And what wonders the cycles revolving still bring,
And how lucky, no matter how many there be
We've not got to die off, but may stop here and see.

But a sad thought arrests the smooth flow of GRIP's pen,
What on earth will become of the funeral men?
We shall soon meet them begging—all little and big,
Frozen out undertakers, with no graves to dig.

And a few thousand years from to-day, as we walk
Smarmily round, and with some great-great-grand-child talk
(It needs fifty more greats, but his columns have been
So much crowded of late, that GRIP can't get them in).

Then that small many-greaved will ask us to say
"What are all those queer stones there decaying away?"
And unto him we shall make instinctive reply,
"They are gravestones, set there once, when folks used to die."

"Have you taken your lemons?" And now by the way,
What if we do for lemons in that coming day?
We'll need one lemon orchard all over the land
While the folks will increase, till there's no room to stand.

There'll be small houses everywhere under the trees,
There'll be chaps in the branches as thick as you please.
We'll be hard up for room if we don't learn to fly
And annex some waste planets far up in the sky.

With a soil fit for lemons. And what comes to pass
With the doctors and chemists, and folks of that class?
Say, how lucky that TUPPER and TILLEY have got
Into politics; they'd have been dished, would they not?

But the subject's too vast e'en for GRIP's mighty view,
And he can't sing always; he has business to do,
Which reminds him—"Say, office-boy, send for a ship
Full of lemons, directed, 'Toronto, for GRIP.'"

A Ground Plot—Making up a plan to rob a cemetery.

Horse fanciers are very fond of jewellery—notably studs.

Mennonites—Fellows who get home late from the Club.

When a small boy ties an oyster can to a dog's tail he remembers the Latin motto, *Cave can'em*.

When a writer swears when his articles are refused it's a proof that rejected communications corrupt good manners.



Served Him Right!

We have heard it said that aldermen are of little practical use, particularly when they are ideal aldermen—very, very portly. This may be true so far as civic affairs are concerned, and on ordinary week days, but it is now certain that stout aldermen are eminently useful, in connection with sacred things on Sundays. At least our distinguished city father BAXTER has proved himself a handy—or rather a footy—man to have around when any ribald fellow undertakes to disturb public worship. We learn from the *Hamilton Times* that a certain “infidel” attempted to interrupt the services in the Queen St. Methodist Church on a recent Sunday, by interjecting remarks during the sermon, much to the annoyance of the congregation, when Mr. BAXTER, who was present—as he always is—inflicted condign punishment on the irreverent fellow by walking him out to the door and kicking him down the steps. This may not have been dealing gently with the erring, but it served the intruder right. If the worthy alderman would mete out similar treatment to some of his useless colleagues at the Council board, he would confer a public favor.



Oh, Oh!

JONES—Do you do the carving at home?
SMITH—No, my wife attends to that,—she's my help-meat, you know!

Political Cookery.

“Ladies,” says assistant Chef BLAKE, “we will now proceed to cook Mr. MAC-KENZIE's goose.”
“Pardon me,” says Grand Chef BROWN, “you mistake the programme. I do not see

in the *Globe* any announcement such as you have made. Moreover, the bird in question is exceedingly tough.” And the Great Chef smiled widely, and straightway proceeded to parboil Mr. BLAKE's younger and tenderer bird.

MORAL—The best intentions are sometimes at fault.

The Blakette Grit.

Written by MR. BLAKE, and “designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the Service.”

The BLAKEITE Grit is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word!

His views should veer and his votes should change,
His words should shift, and his hopes should range,
He should sit very loose from his colleagues slow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

His eyes should flash with Aurora fire,
His brow with scorn be wrung,
He never should bow down to an editorial frown
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

His ideas should grow and his faith should soar,
His promises be many and his actions more,
His thought should expand and his hopes protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude!

(Squaring up at G. B.)



The Humble Pie.

The other day the editor of the *Globe* received from certain of his admirers at Woodbridge, a magnificent humble pie, which he duly ate in the presence of the public, but for which he expressed no thanks whatever. Mr. GRIP considers this a breach of good manners, and comes forward on this, his first opportunity, to acknowledge, on behalf of the *Globe* magnate, the receipt of the pie, which was in every way delicious. The pastry was too well done, however, as it made the editor feel decidedly crusty for a long time.

The Hum.

BY A HOPEFUL PROTECTIONIST.

While Premiers and policies to hard times succumb,
There's nothing like fallacies—catch-words like “hum”!
The good times long promised have not yet been seen,
And to keep up our courage we loudly have been
Shouting hum, hum, sweet, sweet hum,
Be it ever so silly, there's no cry like hum.

There's REDPATH's Refinery, which, under Grit rule,
Had been all broken up in a manner most cruel,
Now it's working like mad; it's good time has come,
For now our dear sugar is all made “to hum,”
Hum, hum, sweet sugar hum,
There's nothing like monopoly to make a big hum.

The sturdy old yeoman drives into the town,
And sees with disgust that the market is down;
So to cheer up his heart he indulgeth in rum,
And when he's full he can talk of the hum,
Hum, hum, sweet, sweet hum,
There's nothing like liquor to make you hear hum.

So rest ye contented, content is the sum
Of comfort and happiness, so wait for the hum,
The good times are coming, so be of good cheer,
Your ears for the humming you scarcely can hear
With the hum. I will come, will the hum,
Be joyous and hopeful, we'll soon have the hum!



The Denouement.

The serio-comic tragedy in Quebec has reached a temporary close. Virtue, in the person of Mr. CHAPLEAU, has triumphed gloriously. The JOLY villain of the piece—he who dishonoured his Province by giving her decent Government, and wiping away a large portion of her debt, is flung headlong from office; and the noble minded and incorruptible FLYNN, who has made himself illustrious in the character of BENEDICT ARNOLD, rushes into the arms of the fickle genius of Quebec. The next act is to be performed when the general election comes on, and it wouldn't surprise the world a great deal if JOLY should then come up smiling, and poetic justice be done all around.

Political Nonsense.

A certain French *Bleu*, full of art,
Thought to get of the spoils a fair part,
But when foiled in his game
Quite *Ronge* he became,
And declared CHAPLEAU's grapes very *Tarte*.

A certain young Ottawa Mayor
For a Government job did tendare,
Which was clever, no doubt,
For he stepped down and out
With a couple of thousand per year.

An Apology.

Mr. GRIP regrets that by an inadvertence he gave it out in his last two numbers that the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE was seeking election for the riding of *East Durham*, when he should have said *West Durham*. He hopes that this unfortunate circumstance did not put the electors of the former riding to too much trouble and expense. If they have held a number of meetings and worked up a great excitement, and spent a large part of their valuable time in canvassing, on the strength of the erroneous announcement, of course it cannot be helped now, and the most GRIP can do is to offer this apology. Let us trust that the work done may not be altogether lost, however. It may do for the next general election.

The story of a “Broken Engagement” is of (one) match less interest.

“Well, I'm blown,” as the bubble said to the child. “I'm so ‘appy,” as the child said to the bubble.



"HIS CUSTOMARY AT-TI-TUDE!!"

"I ALTOGETHER DECLINE TO ACCEPT ON MY RE-ENTRANCE INTO PUBLIC LIFE ANY MORE STRAIGHTENED CONDITIONS THAN HERETOFORE."

—Hon. E. Blake, at West Durham.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Gun is mightier than the Sword."

A contented sheep is a good sign of settled weather.—[*Denielsonville Sentinel*.]

Reformed gamblers may be classed among the ex sports of this country.—*Marathon Independent*.

All that the American Navy needs is some boats. It has plenty of water.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Don't laugh at the cat for running round after her tail. She is only pursuing her end.—*Boston Transcript*.

Knows no bounds : A played out rubber ball.—*Yonkers Statesman*. Knows no bounce : A tramp.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Between keeping her sauce from working and her girls at work, the housewife has her hands full.—*Syracuse Times*.

One way to let people know you are not going to the poorhouse, is to wear rings outside of gloves.—*C. B. Lewis*.

A reporter on a daily paper got some good points recently by climbing over a spiked fence.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*

The chromo that comes with a package of tea is less a work of art than is the stuff called tea.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

If those who over-eat and those who half starve were to strike a balance, the world would be pretty well fed.—*New York Mail*.

Girls are wearing boys' hats, boys' ties, and boys' cravats.—*Yonkers Gazette*. And boas about their necks, the darlings.—*Lockport Union*.

When he sighs for her and she sighs for him, the sighin's of the times may be considered auspicious for a wedding.—*Steubenville Herald*.

COURTNEY'S song: "Hop bitters 's my lot! How could these fellows do it! They sawed my boot in two, and no one there to glue it."—*Syracuse Herald*.

Some influential papers announce that they are "entered in the post-office as second-class matter," and they do not lie.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

"I rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "no man wants it more."—*Andrews' Bazar*.

GASPERONI, a noted Italian brigand has recently died aged ninety; from which we infer that brigandage in Italy is ten per cent. below par.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Theman who has got the sweetest little wife in the world is surprised to find that it takes just as much saccharine matter for his coffee, as it did before.—*N. Y. People*.

There are lots of men who have attained high reputation for strict attention to business, but the trouble has been it wasn't their own business.—*Marathon Independent*.

GEORGE R. WENDLING has named a new lecture "The Problem of the Ages." If he means the ages of the fair sex, and has really solved the problem, he is a genius.—*Chicago Journal*.

The only difference between a restaurant and a boarding house is that at one you order what you want, while at the other you order what you don't want.—*Lockport Union*.

Young man, a diamond pin looks real nice and glistens brightly, but when four dollars a week supports a man and pin both, one or the other is not genuine.—*Oswego Record*.

Solon was one of the seven wise men of Greece. He never stopped to argue when his wife told him to get out of his warm bed and build a fire in the kitchen stove.—*Wheeling Leader*.

—Scarce do we bid adieu to ills

That mark the reign of summer,

Than premonitions bid us grieve

The stove man and the plumber.

—*Lowell Sun*.

Why will people insist in commending honest industry when they see, every day, that it brings thousands of masons, carpenters, and plasterers to the scaffold?—*Somerville Journal*.

An article is going the rounds treating on the best method of putting away potatoes. A family of about eight, including three boys and three girls, can put away potatoes about as successfully as is necessary.—*Rome Sentinel*.

When you see evidences of hair on 'the lappel of a young man's coat, and the concave side of his sleeve worn threadbare, it is tolerably safe to conclude that he has been hugging something more than a delusion.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

No boy of ordinary ability, who has to manipulate the buck saw and axe, and furnish the family with fire wood, will think of going to work before he has selected a convenient place where he can hide the knots that split hard.—*Oswego Times*.

"Yes, Robert," said Mrs. Yeast to her young hopeful, "indulging in forbidden fruit in our neighbor's orchard, especially while a policeman is in the vicinity, is often attended by very unpleasant results. You may feel a very severe attack of collierer."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The engagement of Miss HELEN ASTOR, of New York, to Mr. J. COLEMAN DRAYTON is announced.

When DRAYTON Astor to be his,
Miss HELEN grew quite soppy,
And warmed J. COLEMAN so by "yes,"
He forthwith Astor Poppy.

—*Lampton*.

They have found a big lot of ancient Roman coins, gold and silver, near Zurich, and you bet when the ancient Roman hears of it, he will be dreadfully sorry that he didn't spend the money instead of hiding it. Nobody will ever find any coins we hide.—*Hawkeye*.

A man has just died in the Portsmouth, N. H., poor house, who was 118 years old, and who had been an inmate of the poor house for 76 years. Young men, if you want to live to a good old age, quit your carousing and go to the poor house. It beats a liver pad.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun*.

"Well, my son," said a good-natured father to an eight-year old son, the other night, "What have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?" "Gave a poor boy five cents," replied the hopeful. "Ah, ah! that was a charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?" "I didn't stop to ask," replied the boy. "I gave him the money for licking a boy who upset my dinner basket!"—*Ex.*

The average small boy's ambition is to be a trapper, or pirate, or song and dance man. "When I wath a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my ideath of life were thentred on being a clown." "Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the sharp reply.—*Meriden Recorder*.

Three or four pretty good men, pastors of Massachusetts churches preferred, are wanted immediately to go down to the Grand River Divide and talk pleasantly to the Ute Indians about the pleasures of peace and the tranquil enjoyments of domestic life. Good salary and short hours. Hair restoratives for sale at this office in pints and quarts.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"What is nobler than a man wrestling, his bread from the stubborn soil by the sweat of his brow and the break of his back?" asks a philosopher. We don't recall anything nobler at this moment, but we know what is a blamed sight more popular—hiring some other fellow to do it, while you sit on the fence and superintend him.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

A "cap festival" is the latest social caper. Each lady makes two caps of paper cambric, one of which is sold for fifty cents, while the buyer seeks one to match it, and escorts the lady to supper. These "festivals" cap the climax in the way of offering a young lady an opportunity to "set her cap" for a man. The ingenuity of woman is past finding out.—*Norristown Herald*.

A fashion item says: "The drawers this year are made very short, and some have lace ruffles." Some fashion reporter has evidently been looking over our back fence at the clothes line. But they got awfully fooled. The shortness of those drawers was caused by the flannel shrinking and the lace ruffles the reporter noticed is where a calf chewed them when they were hanging out to dry last fall on Black Hawk Island, when a gun kicked us out of a boat. Some of these fashion reporter's think they are smart.—*Peck's Sun*.

An atom is indivisible and is a particle of matter; nothing is indivisible, therefore a particle of matter is nothing, and matter being composed of particles which are nothing is necessarily nothing, therefore the world and its people which are matter are nothing. Hence we are but creatures of imagination, which is a faculty of beings of nothing and consequently a creature of nonentity and—Professors HUXLEY and TYNDALL, will please take charge at this point and finish the train of thought.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Love and Poetry.

A practical man of business, with a poetic fancy and an eye to the main chance, thus opened up the tender subject of matrimony to the girl he had his eye on:

"Can my darling wash the dishes?
Can she scrub the kitchen floor?
Will she keep on mending stockings
When she hears the baby roar?
Does her nose detect bad butter,
With which the grocery stores abound?
Tell me, darling, are you careful
To keep tidy all around?"

And the equally practical maiden, in a straight-forward, mercantile manner, thus met him in his own vein:

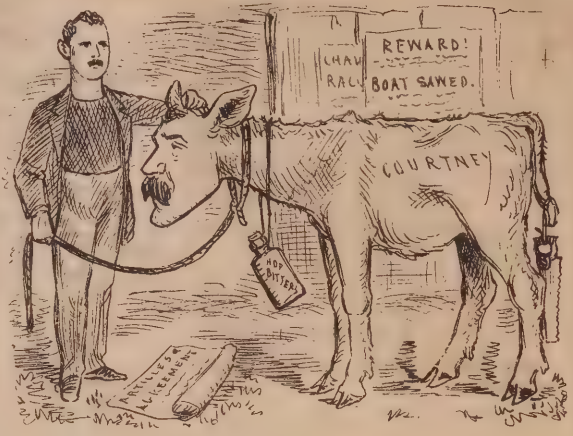
"Can you black your boots, my darling?
Keep the sidewalk clear of snow?
Can you duly split the kindlings?
Will you to the market go?
Can your eye detect the shoddy
Of which tailors' shops are full?
Tell me, darling, is your ulster
Lined with cotton or with wool?"

Exchange.



THE HUM HUNT.

SIR L. TILLEY—How do you find business, Mr. MANUFACTURER?
MANUFACTURER—Splendid; making lots of money!
WORKINGMAN—Yes; out of me!



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O! wad some power the giffie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!



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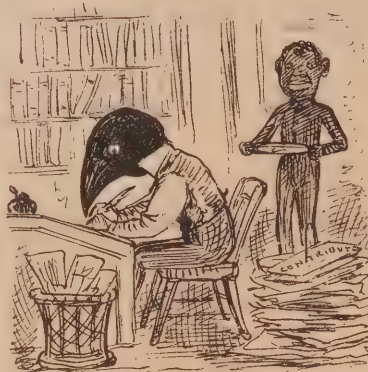
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SERVANT—Massa GRIP, de Governor General am down stars, wants to see you on important affairs ob state.

MR. GRIP—Tell His Excellency to call some other time; I'm busy getting out my Almanac for 1880.

Acrostic.

TO A HUGE FRAUD.

Chilly and cold's the weather,
Oh gracious! it is freezing,
Unless one's lungs are leather
Rowing must be displeasing.
Toronto sports may weep, for
Now their chance is over
Ever to make a sweep, or
Yankee stamps to go for.

The Dufferin has out-duffered
His former actions quite,
Edward again has suffered,

Done by the feather white.
Uncle SAM's disgusted,
FRENCHY has brought his saw back,
Frauds who can't be trusted,
Even on the Potomac,
Retire e'er they get "busted."

GRIP, here's our flip!—Exchange. Thank you brother, but we prefer Tom and Jerry

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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FOR 1880.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

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ways be welcome. All such intended
for current No. should reach GRIP
office not later than Wednesday.—
Articles and Literary correspondence
must be addressed to the Editor,
Grip office, Toronto. Rejected
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Literature and Art.

The closing of the National Gallery in London during October is considered by the *Athenæum* needless and vexatious.

The Belgian government has ordered a picture from CHAS. BAUGNIET for the Brussels museum of Modern Art, now building.

DEL SARTO's fresco of the Holy Family, known as the "Madonna del Sacco," in the Church of the Annunciation, at Florence, is being destroyed by leakage.

DR. PAUL RICHTER has been studying the MSS. of LEONARDO DA VINCI, in the Royal Library of Windsor, and will give some of the results of his work in the "Life of DA VINCI," soon to appear in the "Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists."

Thanks to the success of the Franco-American Lottery, the whole of BARTHOLDI's colossal statue of Liberty will be completed in less than two years, and before its departure for its transatlantic destination will be put together temporarily for inspection by the Parisians.

A fine art gallery is to be opened in London, the character of which will be purely dramatic, and the object to bring together a variety of paintings illustrative of theatrical art, including portraits of deceased and living actors. The distinguishing feature of the collection will be that it will consist solely of contributions from actors and actresses of the British stage.

The model of the proposed bronze statue of WM. CULLEN BRYANT, to be erected in Central Park, has been finished by J. S. HARTLEY, the sculptor. The poet is represented as seated musing in the open air, in a rustic arm-chair. He leans his head on his right hand, while his left hand is on a sheet of paper lying on his right leg, showing that he is composing. On the sides of the pedestal are bas-reliefs from "Thanatopsis" and the "Flood of Years."

The deterioration of WILKIE's pictures has for some time past been deeply regretted by visitors to the National Gallery. "An Artist," writing to the *Athenæum*, suggests that, having the inevitable end in view, an end which the stopping of cracks and other reparations can hardly even delay, it would be desirable at once to have copies to be made from these and other pictures—copies of an extremely faithful character, and of a quality such as shall represent the peculiarities of the technique of WILKIE and other painters. This suggestion deserves the immediate attention of the authorities.

Considerably less than a century has elapsed since HORACE WALPOLE said that Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS in his old age had become avaricious, because he asked 1,000 guineas for the picture of the three Ladies WALDGRAVE! Formerly his prices had been much lower—only 200 guineas for a whole length portrait, 100 for a half-length, and 70 for a "kit-cat." It is needless to say that no one would part with the portraits for such a figure now. In 1774 for instance, Lord CARYSFORT gave Sir JOSHUA 50 guineas for the *Strawberry Girl*, which Lord HERTFORD paid £2,205 for at SAMUEL ROGERS' sale in 1856. The great name of GAINSBOROUGH reminds us of a still more conspicuous instance of the same kind. The celebrated *Duchess of Devonshire* was bought by WYNN ELLIS for £65, and was re-sold, as everyone knows, to Messrs. AGNEW for 10,000 guineas.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

So great has been the demand for recent numbers of this magazine that the monthly circulation has increased more than 20,000 copies within the year, and the edition for November, 100,000, was exhausted two weeks after issue. The English edition has recently doubled, and the magazine has everywhere taken its place as the most handsomely illustrated popular periodical published in the English language. Every number contains 160 pages of contributions from the best American authors, and from 50 to 100 wood engravings. The publishers call attention to the following

Announcements for 1880.

The Reign of Peter the Great, by Eugene Schuyler, will begin in an early number, and continue through two years. It will be a work of great historical significance and of rare graphic and dramatic interest. Bureaus of illustration have been established in Paris and St. Petersburg, specially for the execution of the pictorial part of the enterprise—an enterprise involving a greater outlay than any previously undertaken by a popular magazine.

Three Serials in Scribner's Monthly by American Writers.—*The Grandissimes*, a story of New Orleans Creole life, by George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days." *Louisa*, a novellette of American life, by Frances H. Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." *Confidence*, by Henry James, Jr., begun in the Midsummer Holiday (August) number.

Canada Picturesque.—A number of papers by Principal Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston, and W. G. Beers and Chas. Farham, are in the press in preparation for SCRIBNER'S, which will give thorough accounts of the historical, political, picturesque, and other phases of the country.

Papers on Art.—The growth of art has made it necessary for the modern magazine to devote considerable attention to this subject, and in this respect SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY will continue to occupy the leading place, both in the judicious selection and in the artistic execution of the subjects chosen.

Poets and Poetry.—Edmund Clarence Stedman will contribute to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY during the coming year critical essays on this subject, including the beginnings of the poetic art in this country, and its subsequent history. Richard Henry Stoddard will furnish studies of subjects connected with English poetry, the first paper being on "The English Sonnet."

Saunterings with Dickens.—A number of unique papers to be contributed to SCRIBNER by Alfred Rimmer, Esq., of Chester, in England. For the illustration of these Mr. Charles A. Vanderhoof has been sent on a special trip to England.

Practical Papers on Home Subjects.—This class will include a number of finely illustrated papers on "Small Fruits and their Culture," by Rev. E. P. Roe, of Cornwall, N. Y., one of the most successful of horticulturists. Papers on Church and home Architecture will be contributed by Russell Sturgis, Esq.

Sports and Recreations.—In addition to an illustrated account of the recent excursion of the Yale Club in a Canal-boat, there will be a number of special papers during the year upon outdoor recreations, such as Fox-hunting, Shooting, Walrus Hunting, Lobster Fishing, Canoeing in the Rapids of the Hudson, and several papers of a novel character.

Other Features of Scribner.—"Extracts from the Journals of Henry J. Raymond," edited by his son H. W. Raymond; Accounts of the South Pass Jetties, American Arms and Ammunition in Europe. The U. S. Coast Life-Saving Service, The New Albany Capital, Child-Saving Work, etc., etc. Sketches of Louisiana Life and Scenery, New-York City and Vicinity, American Life in Florence, Kansas Farming, California Mountain Sheep and Forests (by John Muir), House-hunting in Paris, Sheep Ranching in the West, and many other interesting subjects. And there will be the usual variety of essays, poems, and short stories.

Price, 35 cents a number, \$4.00 a year. For sale and subscriptions received by all Booksellers, Newsdealers, and Postmasters, or sent post-paid by the publishers on receipt of price.

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BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter, corbyn, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, and can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xil-12-13

Stage Whispers.

Our readers will all have heard with feelings of pain, of the burning of the Grand Opera House of this city on Saturday morning. The loss of three human lives lends a deeply mournful aspect to the disaster. It is understood that Mr. MANNING, the proprietor, will proceed immediately to rebuild, and the new house is promised in time for Miss NEILSON's engagement in February.

At the Royal on Monday and Tuesday, Mr. BANDMANN received benefits, which were well patronized. Much sympathy is felt for this distinguished performer, who lost his splendid SHAKESPEREAN wardrobe, comprising costumes donned in former days by MACREADY and other eminent tragedians and valued at the handsome sum of \$20,000, by the Grand Opera House fire. The "Queen's Evidence Combination," with Mr. GEO. C. BONIFACE as leading attraction occupy the boards here this week, and after them comes the favourite HAVERLY with his mastodon Minstrels. Mr. CONNOR for the time being has the whole dramatic field to himself, and will doubtless endeavor to bring on the very best talent procurable.

The quality of the German stage in New York is much better than is supposed generally, and its merits are appreciated by few of the large number of people that supports the theatres. Aside from the drag upon its success, found in its presentation in German, we still would be inclined to think that its uniform excellence would attract more who are not thoroughly conversant with the language. To students of German it is invaluable, and it attracts lovers of legitimate drama, for the plays, always of the higher class, follow one another rapidly, and are acted as well, or better than any in the city.

The Court Theatre in applying to the ever-ready and ubiquitous Mr. BYRON, the management has done well, and "Courtship" bids fair to prove as great a success as any of its predecessors. The plot is very slight. *Miss Millicent Trevelyan*, a rich young heiress, living in a somewhat curiously isolated position, is sought in marriage by two lovers. One of them cares only for her money, the other, "self-made man," is anxious to improve his social position, and fancies that his best chance in doing so lies in a marriage with a lady of rank. There is also a third lover, a country squire of moderate fortune, but he does not declare himself, and can only be considered a *pretendant* by implication. After a bespeak at a local theatre, *Miss Trevelyan* decides to try her suitors in the style adopted by *Portia* in "The Merchant of Venice," which she has just witnessed. Two acts are occupied in the test. In one the young lady represents herself as almost portionless, to the second as of low birth, to the third as both. The Squire, *Trentham*, who has hung back through fear of seeming a fortune-hunter, avows his love and is accepted. And with the close of the second act the play appears to end. Not at all. In the third and last act, which is by far the most dramatic piece of work that Mr. BYRON has given us, *Millicent* avows the deception that she has practised, and estranges her honest lover *Trentham*. A surprise to the audience and actors reveals the fact that *Millicent's* uncle, whose legatee she has been, is not really dead, but has been striving all the while to save her complete happiness. And on her union with *Trentham* the curtain falls upon a triumphant success.

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Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BENGOUGH BROS.

NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The publishers of GRIP will be pleased to receive from amateurs and others, sketches of a humorous character on either political or social subjects. Such as are accepted will be published with the artist's name attached. Rejected sketches will be returned, if the requisite postage is enclosed.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

The Editor of GRIP's forthcoming Almanac desires to thankfully acknowledge contributions for its pages from Mr. JAS. FOSTER COATES, *N. Y. Express* and Mr. ED. L. ADAMS, *Marathon Independent*, and E. D. DEEMING, *Gowanda Enterprise*. They are spicy, too. He has still a warm spot for the other funny fellows.

Amen.

ADMIRAL AMEN is getting up a Franco-American Company to construct the long looked for Nicaraguan Canal, and it is rumoured that Gen. GRANT, (U.S.) is to be the President. No "Britishers" are allowed to hold any stock in the Company. This is quite a new departure, British gold generally being quite acceptable to most people. However, the bloated Briton may console himself with the thought that he has sunk enough money already in the Egyptian, Turkish and other bonds, and no doubt, too, he will be glad to respond to the Company's decision with a hearty *Amen*.

Dyspeptic Papers.

No. 2.—HAGGIS AND NATIONAL SOCIETIES.

The immortal haggis testifies more than all their victories to the courage of the Scottish people. TOM BROWN, sitting cold and wet on the top of a mail coach, felt a surly pleasure in the endurance so dear to the heart of every Englishman. It must be some such feeling which causes Scotchmen in all lands to gather round the haggis on St. Andrew's night, and prove their bravery by assaulting their hereditary enemy, and their more than stoicism by looking cheerful as they devour him.

They get together to show one another that the awful thing has no terrors for them under the changed circumstances of life in a new country. For three hundred and sixty-four days in the year they live on Christian viands, abandoning their hereditary "spune meat" for substantial food, and eating real puddings after tangible dinners. But they have a secret fear all the time that they are becoming effeminate, even as the Scotch hunter did as he kicked away the lump of snow from under his son's head, with the

observation that he would permit of no luxurious habits in his family.

Your true Scot feels that there is something incongruous—even wicked—in being habitually well fed. Reflective by habit, he muses on the vicissitudes of humanity, and never loses sight of the possibility that even individuals of his race may revert to the primitive condition of their ancestors, to whom plenty of "parritch" was the *summum bonum*, and an occasional haggis necessary to make them content with their ordinary fare. Wishing to prove themselves equal to any fate, Scotchmen abroad cling to the annual haggis as a touch-stone of their capacity to meet ill-fortune.

It is not inconceivable that in old days gaunt Scots may have required no unusual fortitude to devour the fearful composition of sheep's stomach and nasty sweet things. It may have seemed no worse to them than treacle-and-sulphur to the lank youths at Dotheboy Hall. They proved their endurance by merely existing, being even mighty men of valor on the thinnest sustenance. But now that they have wherewith to line their stomachs every day, it is indeed an evidence of sublime courage that the haggis is annually cooked and cheerfully eaten. Such, at least, is the belief which prevails with the dyspeptic.

An occasional objection is made by native Canadians to the yearly Scottish glorification. But it is hard to understand why anyone should find fault with their St. Andrew's assemblage. Could it even have been thought strange that the children of Israel should have rejoiced periodically in companies at their escape from the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage? Have not Scotchmen in Canada every reason to exult exceedingly that they are not in Scotland, a country where banks fail and directors are wicked? It is indeed strange that they should enjoy one another's company, but perhaps their apparent merriment when met together is due to the knowledge that they are not compelled to meet so many Scotchmen every day, nor to confront the terrible haggis more than once a year. It is reported that a great deal of toddy is necessary to make them wait contented for the better associations of the St. Andrew's morrow.

Englishmen and Irishmen in foreign lands are like Scotchmen in this habit of assembling together once a year. A common thankfulness at the change of *habitat* is really at the root of these national demonstrations. It is possible that Canadians might have national societies in Paradise, any other change of residence after the introduction of the N. P. would be so much for the worse that each man would bemoan his sad fate in solitude.

A Little Mixed.

Dramatis Personæ:

HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE,
HON. EDWARD BLAKE,
HON. GEO. BROWN.

The scene is laid in BLAKE's office, Toronto.
Time—The day following the recent banquet at Ottawa. Hon. EDWARD and Hon. ALEX. discovered conversing familiarly.

HON. ALEX.—Weel, ma gude freen', what think ye o' this banquetting beensness? Sic a daff-like set, to be banquetting an awfu' scoundrel lek yon mon. Dinna ye ken however, it has a mighty effect upon the country. The people are sic awfu' fules, they really think JONE A has benefitted the country. (*Aside*—*Alas! that they should be so near right*). Would na it be a grand idea, to have the

great Reform Pairty tender *their* leader a banquet?

HON. EDWARD—Your ability, my esteemed friend, as a philosopher and manipulator of men, has never been denied; and this excellent idea you have promulgated, gives but another proof of your sagacity in dealing with mankind. And I am sure you will not accuse me of egotism, when I say I shall receive with pride and satisfaction any honor the great Reform Party may confer on me.

HON. ALEX.—Aye, mon, but it should be the leader, the chieftian, ye ken, that should be banquetted.

HON. EDWARD—I quite coincide with you, my dear sir, and as leader, I may—

HON. ALEX.—Leader!! Are ye daft a' thegither, mon? Who made ye leader?—I—

(Enter GEO. BROWN.)

GEO.—Hail brithers in a mighty cause! What's a' the contravarsy?

ALEX.—(*Excited*)—Yon mon, BLAKE, dares to say he's leader o' the Pairty—

HON. EDWARD.—(*Sneeringly*)—That MACKENZIE fellow, fails to perceive his "usefulness is gone"—

GEO.—Aye, aye; but dinna squabble, bairns. I ken yer baith wrang. I—I—I, (*very impressively and planting his left half-acre very fiercely on the floor*), AM THE "PAIRTY" AND THE "PAIRTY'S" LEADER!!

(*Tableau*).

The Hunting of the "Hum."

There was an F. M. who said "Come,
I'm determined to capture this "hum,"

'Twill be easily found,
And if not, I'll be bound
I'll indulge in a jolly good "bum."

His face that at first was all glee,
Soon lengthened—the shape of a V—
As he'd peer through the gloom,

To discover the "boom,"
The Grits would all chuckle—"hee, hee!"
What'd've seen?"

No music enlivened his way,
No mirth—tho' at one place, they say,
Some indigent Tories
Climbed up on a door as

He passed, and said, feebly, "Hoo—ray!"
That's their way.

He talked to the people of hope,
And gave himself plenty of rope,
But the people thought half he
Related was "taffy,"

The other half chiefly "soft soap,"
Merely "trope."

Said he, "It becomes very clear
To some other point I must steer.
What the deuce has become
Of the "boom" and the "hum,"
I can't tell, but, for sure, they ain't here,
'Twould appear."

When home he returned to his folk,
They asked him, by way of a joke,
If he'd "captured the hum,"
And he merely looked glum,
Put his hands in his pockets and spoke—
With a (h'm h'm) choke.

"I found it a terrible tug
To make things in Ontario snug,
This blessed N. P.
Is too many for me," * * *
And the people called him—a hum-bug.

Tough Mutton.

Last week the *Mail* gave in its telegraphic brevities the following extraordinary story:—

"Fourteen fat sheep belonging to Mr. THOMAS JOHNSTON, were left last night in BULLOCK's butcher yard, London East. This morning ten of them were found dead and greatly mangled, but *still alive*. They were attacked by dogs, and being confined in a small space were easy victims.

Considering that ten of them although found dead and greatly mangled, were "still alive" we can hardly see the propriety of calling them "easy victims."



Is this what is Meant?

The *Globe* of Wednesday stated that it had reason to believe that "the regulations for grinding in bond are being systematically evaded." We should think it had "reason to believe" so! Why, didn't the Hon. SAMSON BLAKE publicly cast off the bonds at Bowmanville and make a deliberate declaration to the effect that he wasn't going to grind any more for any man?

Our theatrical critic says, "The great interest in *Pinafore* is Dead-eye think."

When a paragrapher is corned, he often criss another's jokes.

MESSRS. GILBERT and SULLIVAN should get their lives insured; *Pinafore* is being murdered throughout the country, and the blood-thirsty performers may take a fancy to the authors next.

Evening Terrible Editorials.

SIR JOHN stands pre-eminent as the one statesman of Canada, because he succeeds in obtaining credit in some quarters for all the progressive legislation of the past forty years. It was no blame to him that he of old took an attitude of opposition against the unscrupulous agitators whose success caused him wisely to seize the last moment for giving the people many reforms.

Nothing can be more disgraceful to a politician than to lose office as the consequence of maintaining doctrines which circumstances render no longer expedient. At the same time a strict adherence to principle is the one thing to be demanded of those who are placed in responsible public positions. Mr. MACKENZIE showed his utter incapacity as a leader of men in not seizing the opportune moment to follow where the protectionist wing of his party pointed the way. It is because Mr. BLAKE may be depended on to refrain from forcing his opinion on a reluctant Liberal party that he is the hope of all those who take wide views of the exigencies of the situation. The inscrutable silence of Mr. BROWN on the agitation of compulsory minorities will never have the effect of causing the foremost of the younger Reformers to conceal his intention of making changes sometime or other. This quality of intention to do at the right time what may happen to be popular is what makes Mr. BLAKE so formidable an opponent. It is a pity that Sir JOHN and Mr. BLAKE could not join together and affect the precisely opposite reforms which we see so plainly are absolutely necessary.

Affectionate.

Hon. J. H. POPE is Minister of Agriculture. He loves the honey-handed son of toil, as a dear, though humble brother, but it is the noble yeoman who has the strongest hold on his affections. At the "working-man's" reunion on Tuesday evening, he said that he envied the working-man, who, after taking off his "leather apron" in the evening, retires to his cheerful cottage and the bosom of his family. But the farmer! why, he would like to hug the matron (the farmer's wife), and, as for the farmer's daughters, he sees nothing objectionable in actually kissing them. Here is a sensible Minister. GRIP quite agrees with him. What could be nicer than kissing a farmer's daughter at the conclusion of her song of "Silver Threads," or "Starry Waves," while she has been taking, in the language of our statesman, "a turn at the piano?"

The Banquet Jokes.

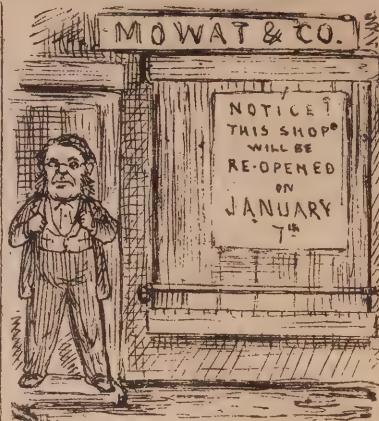
SIR JOHN's jokes, at which the Ottawa banqueters laughed "fit to kill," have almost drawn tears of pain from the eyes of the *Globe* magnate. This is, to say the least, a striking phenomenon. It by no means explains it to say, flippantly, O, well, the *Globe* man is a Scotchman, and a Scotchman can't see a joke, for it so happens that there were several Scotchmen at the banquet who could discover and laugh at the jokes almost before they were uttered by the speaker—though it is possible their wits were somewhat sharpened by a lively sense of favors past or future. The *Globe's* own explanation of the matter is that there was nothing worth laughing at in the speech—except the portions uttered in downright seriousness by the Premier. This cannot be true, for surely the *Mail* would not pronounce it a masterpiece of wit if there were no jokes in it. Mr. GRIP is inclined to think the defect is in the *Globe* man's vision, and so he has generously come forward, and supplied him with a few "helps to read"—by means of which it is hoped he may be able to spy out the hidden humorisms.



Something for the "Boy."

JACK.—Watsy'r hurry JIM,—where y'r goin'?

JIM.—Down to see if I can't git that situation in the Custom House. I heard the Boy wot was there got bounced out. It's a boss sit, too! Big wages, and nothin to do but behave yerself!



The Local Shop.

OLIVER MOWAT & Co. beg to announce that, having secured a new lease of the above premises, they will re-open the same for the transaction of business on the 7th of January next, when they will have the pleasure of displaying a fine new stock of bills, acts and measures, embracing everything likely to be called for by the public. That department of the premises known as Mr. MOWAT's "Consideration," is now chock full of goods, some of which may possibly be placed before customers this season. Amongst the articles there is a Bill abolishing Tax Exemptions, which may or may not be brought out, as circumstances direct. The public are cordially invited to call for anything they don't see. By adhering to his past practice of square dealing, and by strict attention to business, Mr. MOWAT hopes to retain the large patronage with which the people of Ontario have favoured him in by-gone years.

The Hum.

SIR TILLEY.

All our factories are running,
Busy hands at forge and loom,
Business is getting stunning,
Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

Brighter days for shopmen looming,
The N. P. begins to bloom,
Brighter days apace are coming,
Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

How the Grits do daily cackle,—
At their bosh I crack my thumb,
The N. P. they cannot shackle,
Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

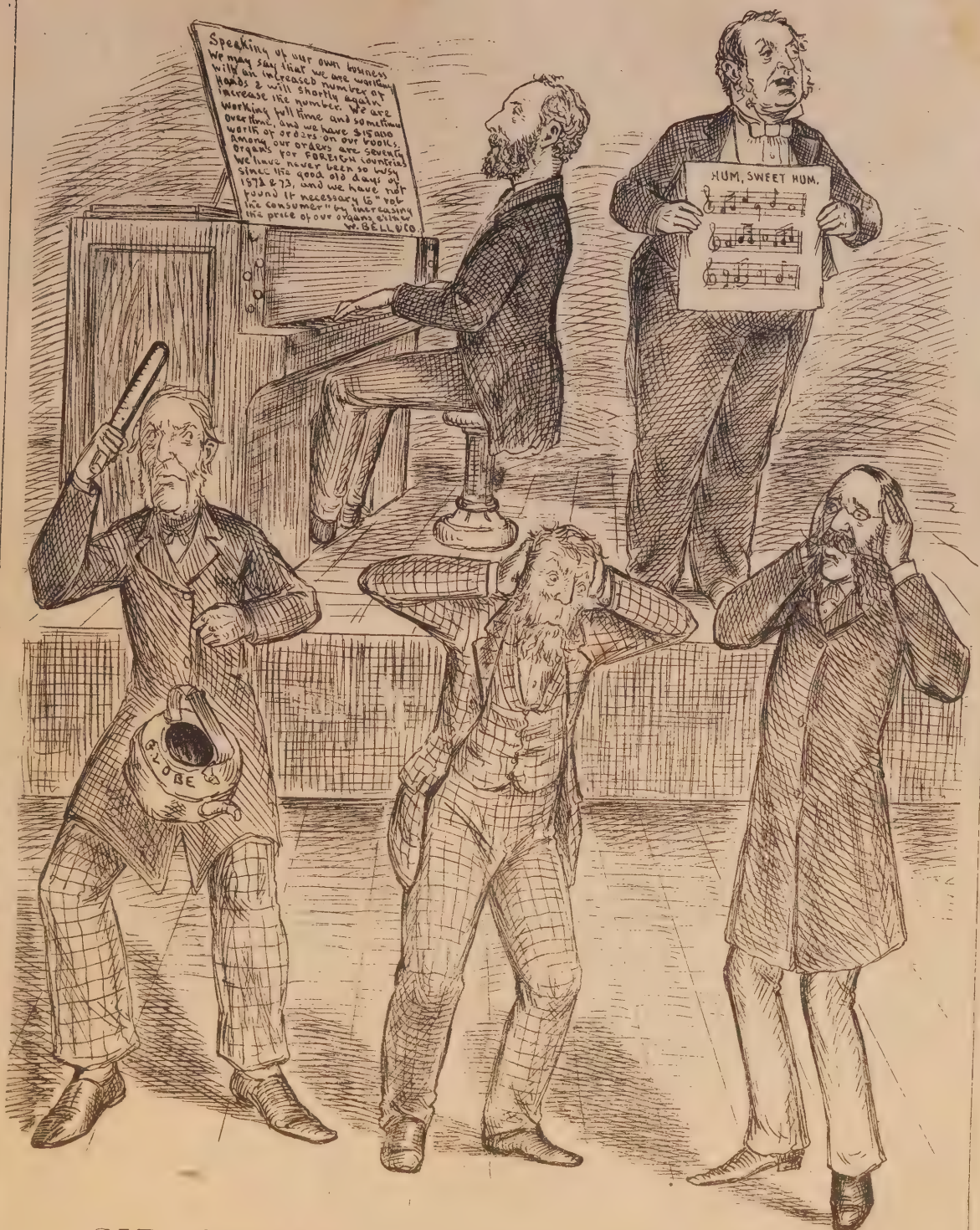
G. BROWN.
Vast monopolies are springing
Up and down the land of gloom,
The N. P. is ruin bringing,
Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

See our people starving, dying,
Each to fill a pauper's tomb,
Yet the Tories go on lying,
Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

Hear them talk how very silly,
When so many lack a crumb,
Cease your blowing, Master TILLEY,
Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

Tips and Wings

Are very fashionable for ladies bonnets this season. Mr. GRIP don't mind giving any lady a tip, but cannot promise a wing.



SIR SAMUEL'S HUM IN GUELPH.
A TUNE CERTAIN PARTIES DON'T LIKE.



"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A gem that every woman possesses—Strategem.—*McGregor News.*

The running race that benefits the world is the mill race.—*Adams.*

Don't let your angry passions become yeasty.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Farmers, look to your interest—particularly if it is overdue.—*W. S. Way.*

A suitable texture for a baldheaded person would be mo'hair.—*Marathon Independent.*

Nausea seldom affects an acrobat. He is used to having his stomach turned.—*N. Y. News.*

A man never knows how many friends he has until he goes into office, or how few until he goes out.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

The secret of many a man's unbounded success is that he always kept himself and his ventures within bounds.—*N. Y. News.*

Should the people of Leadville ever run short of bullet material, they might start a crematory and sift the ashes.—*Rock. Express.*

A cotemporary speaks of its "corps" of contributors. The intelligent compositor should be added to them.—*Norristown Herald.*

The individual who wrote "O, Solitude, where are thy charms," was a business man who didn't advertise.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"Dare to do write," would be an excellent motto for editors who never have anything original in their papers.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

A young lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperone until she is able to call some other chap her own.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Ute Indians are a mean treacherous lot, but none of them wear their watch chains from the top outside pockets of their coats.—*Wheeling Leader.*

If a hunter will only hunt long enough he will be sure to pull his gun over the fence by the muzzle, and the day he does that he quits hunting.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The saddest hour of a young bride's life is when she discovers that she hasn't got a mother to get up of a cold morning and start the kitchen fire for her.—*Way.*

"Chicago has *chic*," says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in a complimentary mood. Very true; but the English way of spelling that sort of *chic* is cheek.—*Balt. Gazette.*

"Revolutionists," said DUMAS, "are a good deal like the street-sprinklers—they can make it muddy in sunshine, but they can't make sunshine when it is muddy.

It is not strange that writers sometimes get puzzled in their choice between "that," "which" and "who." Relatives are always more or less troublesome.—*Boston Transcript.*

Some unscrupulous paragon has been listening to what young ladies on the street were talking about. But all that the abandoned wretch could make out was, "A—nd he said."—*Ex.*

You nail a political lie by hammering it down with a bigger lie.—*Modern Argo.*

Every lady who goes to the theater has a perfect right to wear a high hat. The people behind her should have secured the seat in front. If they did not she is not to blame.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The boy looked on the burning deck,
His parent tossed in the fire;
And fervently wished to wring the neck
Of that sanctimonious sire.
—*Oswego Record.*

A Chicago belle, while traveling through Rhode Island, put her ear out of the window to hear the distant roar of the ocean; all the fowls in the State went to roost and the cows turned homeward.—*St. Louis Spirit.*

The New York *Star* relates that a Boston woman cut her dress from a pattern in a magazine dated 1873, before she discovered that it wasn't 1879, and it took two doctors to tide her over that long, lonely night.

Although fraud may be written on the face of the insurance companies, and though corruption may be their head-light, we cannot but feel kindly toward them when we reach out after a blotting pad.—*Fulton Times*

JONAS SAUNDERS, of Indiana, tied a cow's legs to keep her from kicking over the milk pail, and when she tried to kick she fell over on him and broke his back. There is such a thing as being too smart.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A drink-as-you-please society has been organized in New York City. In other cities that we know of, whole blocks of citizens have long belonged to such an organization, by a mutual though unexpressed understanding.—*Chicago Journal.*

It used to be a common thing at a social gathering, for one man to get another's hat, but now things have changed, and if you succeed in getting away without wearing off some woman's hat, you are a lucky chap.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

The weird glory of Halloween fell upon Danbury, Friday night. Sentimental young ladies looked timidly into the future for the coming husband, while the coming husband was around heaving cabbages against people's doors.—*Danbury News.*

One of the most pleasing illustrations of cheek is when a man writes a letter to a newspaper, of no earthly interest to anybody but himself, and not only demands its publication, but that five or ten copies be sent him. They are always sent.—*Boston Herald.*

Mother—"His name is GEORGE SMITH."

Father—"You mistake; it is JACOB."

Son and Heir—"M! 'tain't either; it's JOHN."

Mother—"So it is! I knew it was something that began with G." (*Applause.*)—*Ex.*

The subject for conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals, particularly dogs. Says SMITH, "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters." "Just so," responds young FITZ-NOODLE, "I've got that kind of a dog myself."—*Ex.*

We were thinking last night, as we ran through the elections returns, that it was singular that young men should persist in kissing their own girls at parties when they might just as well improve the opportunity and do a little general and promiscuous kissing. From our own limited understanding of the subject we should say this would be all clear gain, as they can kiss their own girls any time.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

As the evenings begin to spin out, the young people begin to have sociables. A sociable is a place where you go and watch your hands and feel rigid till ten o'clock, when you refresh on all kinds of cake and coffee, and then go home to have the night mare.—*Marathon Independent.*

When an Ohio bank president will pay \$4,000 for a "gold brick," worth about a dollar and a half, can a newspaper man be blamed for buying a horse whose teeth have been filed down?—*Detroit F. P.* We should say certainly not, when it is remembered a newspaper most always prefers a complete file.—*Richmond Baton.*

As Thanksgiving day comes next week we trust we shall be very thankful, and while newspaper men are reveling in the luxuries of "roast goose stuffed with sage and inyans," let us remember the thousands of poor readers who are unable to pay their subscriptions, and pity them.—*Toronto Graphic.*

"Those suspenders, madam, are long enough for the shortest boy or short enough for the longest man; they will just fit your fine looking youngster." "Perhaps so; but I don't want to see buttons on his boot-legs; I want them to hold his pants on. Them suspenders is long enough for the Colossus of Rhodes." "Just so, madam; I sold old Colossus a pair out of the same box yesterday."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

The other day there died a performing bear, the property of a brewer. The owner was so overcome with grief that he got drunk and went stumbling about, weeping sometimes over the body of the dead bear and at others over a barrel of beer. When rebuked for his folly, he replied that it was all the same thing, for whether he cried over the bear harrel or bear, he was certainly weeping "over the bier of his own bruin."—*Unknown Exchange.*

A piece of poetry written some years ago contains the line, "hear the muffled tramp of years come stealing up the slope of Time." This is all right and probably suited the age in which it was written, but now-a-days it would be more appropriate to say: "I hear the ragged tramp of 27 years come shuffling up the garden walk, and I'll fly and lock the door before he steals the overcoats in the hall." Time works wondrous changes, and poetry must be made to fit the age in which we live.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A young farmer in the country wants us to give him some hints on fall plowing. All right, we will do it. In the first place, select your fall. Don't pick out a fall that is excessively cold nor yet too warm. And while a very dry fall doesn't plow easy, neither would we recommend one that was wet to an extreme. About a medium fall, we should say, if we were going to plow it ourself. Having settled on a fall that suits you, take a plow and plow it. Don't be afraid to ask questions at any time. It is for the purpose of answering them that we are here.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

"I know I'm losing ground, sir," tearfully murmured the pale-faced freshman, "but it is not my fault, sir. If I were to study on Sunday, as the others do, I could keep up with my class, sir—indeed I could; but I promised my mother never, never to work on the Sabbath, and I can't, ne-ne-ver," and as his emotions overpowered him he pulled out his kerchief with such vigor that he brought out with it a small flask, three faro chips, and a euchre deck, and somehow or other the professor took no more stock in that freshman's eloquence than if he had been a graven image.—*Phila. Telegraph.*

Pyctures of Societie.

BY ASPER.

No. 2.—YE OLD POLYTYCIAN.

Ye old polytycian is a great character. He is a man who hath, during his lifetime, seen many and bitter struggles, and not uncommonly knows more about what measures are ye best adapted to serve ye publick than any statesman, however famous, of either ye Tory or ye Whig party. He doth pass his time when election times are not at hand in catching his friends and acquaintances by ye button-hole at ye street corners, and in ye clubs, and expounding to them ye true and correct principles of polytycal economy and other puzzling questions of ye state. Nor doth he let them go easily, but if they do, to ever so small an extent, endeavour to break away from him, he doth all ye more din into their ears ye same refrain again and yet again.

If he be of ye Whig persuasion he doth in ye roundest terms abuse ye Tories and their leaders. If of ye Tory party, he doth, on ye contrary, find no measure of good whatever in ye opposite side, but doth denounce all them that hold views contrariwise to his as knaves, or fools, or both. Nor doth he always give a full meed of praise even unto his own leaders, but oftentimes saith, that in ye distribution of offices they do shew neither discernment nor judgment. He doth accuse them of passing by ye just claims of those who have stood by their party in ye brunt of ye fight, and of putting into comfortable positions young upstarts, who have done their cause more harm than good. He doth generally conclude his dissertation by a prediction that if this course is pursued much further, it will ruin ye party, and alienate from it men of good principles and correct views.

But when ye time comes in which ye voters do exercise their franchise, then, indeed, is he in ye height of glory. No longer doth he abuse his leaders, but is always ready to defend their actions of however destructive a character. He doth take his place at ye committees, of which he is oftentimes made ye Chairman, and doth shew to ye uninitiated and inexperienced how profound is his knowledge of all things and persons.

If any person doth express a doubt as to how such an one may vote, he doth sapiently, and with a wise look upon his venerable countenance, exhort them "to leave him to me, and I will see to him." He doth thus in many cases deter ye eager from canvassing ye voters, and doth persuade them to leave it to him, in which event ye most probable result is, that ye voter will vote for ye party contrary to what was expected of him.

As ye election contest approacheth its consummation, oftentimes this old fox will enquire as to where ye money will come from, and when told that there is no money, will declare that ye elections are not what they used to be in ye good old times; and in many instances he will then retire to his home disgusted and disheartened, and will take no more interest in ye elections. The reason of this is hard to discern, although some evil disposed scandal-mongers do darkly hint that these old persons do come out of elections in which there is plenty of money with their pockets more replete with wealth than when they went into them. This, however, may be slander, and ye writer doth not vouch for ye-truth thereof.

When ye votes are polled, again doth ye old polytycian come forth in glory (that is, provided that his side are victors in ye strife) and doth shout himself hoarse in loud sounding praises of his candidate. But if ye

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N. P. Jokes.

(The following are patented. Any person publishing them, will suffer the full rigor of the law.)

The Quebec Government's motto—No tri-FLYNN!

That the N. P. will LEONARD (*lean'ard*) on the poor man, can now be authoratively denied.

The *Globe* man evidently intends to hammer away at the N. P., TILLEY either busts it, or *vice versa*.

"Can TUPPER Canada be relieved for a short time, from building railroads for the whole of the Dominion?" is now a pressing question.

Quite likely a number of those who are quoting With approval E. BLAKE on compulsory voting, Should the boon be bestowed they so ardently long for, Would turn round on the system they go in so strong for, "Down with tyrannous laws! British freedom forever!" What, vote on compulsion? No never, sir, never.

The most profane nobleman in Europe—the DUKE OF MECKLENBURG *Schoerin*,

other party do gain ye day, he doth remain at home, and doth declare to all comers that he did always foretell defeat, and doth say that ye new and young blood do not perceive how to properly manage affairs of such moment and importance, and that if ye election had been organized and conducted as he desired, ye result would have been widely different.

And afterwards he doth repair to ye winning candidate, and doth boldly proffer his request, and being refused, doth betake himself of ye nearest hostelry, and therein doth, in a cup of sack, drown all his cares and sorrows.

A Catechism on Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest.

BY ZEDEKIAH TIMBERTOP.

Q.—What do you understand by the term "Natural Selection?"

A.—The term "Natural Selection" may be defined to mean, that phase of mind by which a person, or persons, naturally choose that which they like best.

Q.—What do you understand by the term "Survival of the Fittest?"

A.—This may be explained as just the opposite of the old saw "The weakest goes to the wall."

Q.—Can you give an instance of "Natural Selection?"

A.—Yes, the result of the last General Election, when the people naturally selected those who promised to do the most for them.

Q.—What is the end scientists hope will be reached by this theory?

A.—A gradual approachment of the various races existing on the earth's surface to perfection.

Q.—Can you give any instances either in the case of races or individuals in whom some result of this theory is apparent?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Name them?

A.—Well, there is "Canada's Greatest," the "*Globe* Magnate," the Canadian people, and the average Canadian Politician.

Q.—As to "Canada's Greatest?"

A.—Well, nothing is more clearly shown than "Natural Selection" in his case in the occupation (politics) he chose for himself, for the way in which he hoodwinks men, and twists them round his finger, shows that nature intended him for nothing else than a Politician, and then he is about the only survivor of all his early contemporaries and that proves the survival of the fittest.

Q.—As to the "*Globe* Magnate?"

A.—The theory is sufficiently proved in this case by the fact that he is the "*Globe* Magnate," if further proof be needed, it may be stated that he is also "The Grit party," the Ontario Government, the editor of all the Grit newspapers in the Dominion, and a great many other things.

Q.—As to the Canadian people?

A.—They have proved their right to be examples of the theory for all time, for, having lost their heads, is it not natural that they should have an "N. P." and should now want a National currency?

Q.—As to the average Canadian Politician?

A.—Well, the average C. P. proves his claim to this distinguished position seeing that it is second nature to him to select the fattest jobs he can lay his hands on whenever he gets the chance, and he will live longer, and grab more in the course of his life, than any dozen ordinary men.



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"Milk for Babes," &c.

The room in which the great ministerial banquet was held the other evening was brilliantly decorated, and mottoes more or less appropriate were displayed upon the walls. Amongst these was one which bore this strange device—"Milk for the babes; meat for the strong men." It has puzzled a good many to find out the peculiar appropriateness of this quotation under the circumstances. It is suggested that the ministers sought in this round-about way to comfort the hearts of the rag-baby sponsors, and admonish them to go slow in their agitation. Another conjecture is that a scarcity of viands being anticipated, notice was thus given that meat would only be supplied to those gentlemen who commanded big majorities in their constituencies—in other words, were politically "strong men." These explanations are plausible enough, but appear rather far-fetched. Isn't it more likely that the motto was intended to indicate the line which should be drawn when the cloth had been removed—on one side teetotal "babes," who would be bountifully supplied with milk or water, or both mixed; and on the other, the "strong men," who could take strong stuff. The word "meat," as everybody knows, may be used for liquid as well as solid refreshments.

A Bone! A Bone!

WHAT DID HE SAY?

The *Globe* reports that SIR JOHN, at the "banquet," said in his great speech that MR. MACKENZIE threw the title proffered him, "like a bone to that hungry dog, the renegade Tory, CARTWRIGHT." The *Mail* says SIR JOHN's words were, "he threw the title to that renegade Tory, CARTWRIGHT, as one would throw a bone to a hungry dog." Others who were present say the language was, "like a bone to a renegade dog, he threw the title to the hungry Tory." Although, indeed, we learn from high authority that what was really said was this: "he threw the title 'boned' from the Imperial Government, like a hungry Tory to a renegade dog." Compliments are so rare among political opponents now a-days, that it is a great pity that the great statesman's remarks were not more accurately reported.

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PRESS OPINIONS.

"GRIP" AGAIN GOOD.—The impartiality of *Grip*, the comic paper, is beyond doubt. This week the *Grip*'s are receiving the lion's share of attention. The leading cartoon represents Blake, as a member of the 'Pinafore' crew, in the act of resenting Brown's dictation. The Hon. Geo. takes the part of the captain, who attempts to 'taw' the insubordinate tar, and put a straight jacket upon him, this poem upon the event reading:

"The Blakite Grit is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word!"

Mr. Gordon Brown, eating humble pie: the defeat of Mr. Joly and the triumph of virtue in the person of Mr. Chapleau; the "hum" hunt, and Hanlan and the "great big calf" are all laughable drawings, which do the facile pencil of Mr. Bengough much credit.—*Kingston Whig*.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

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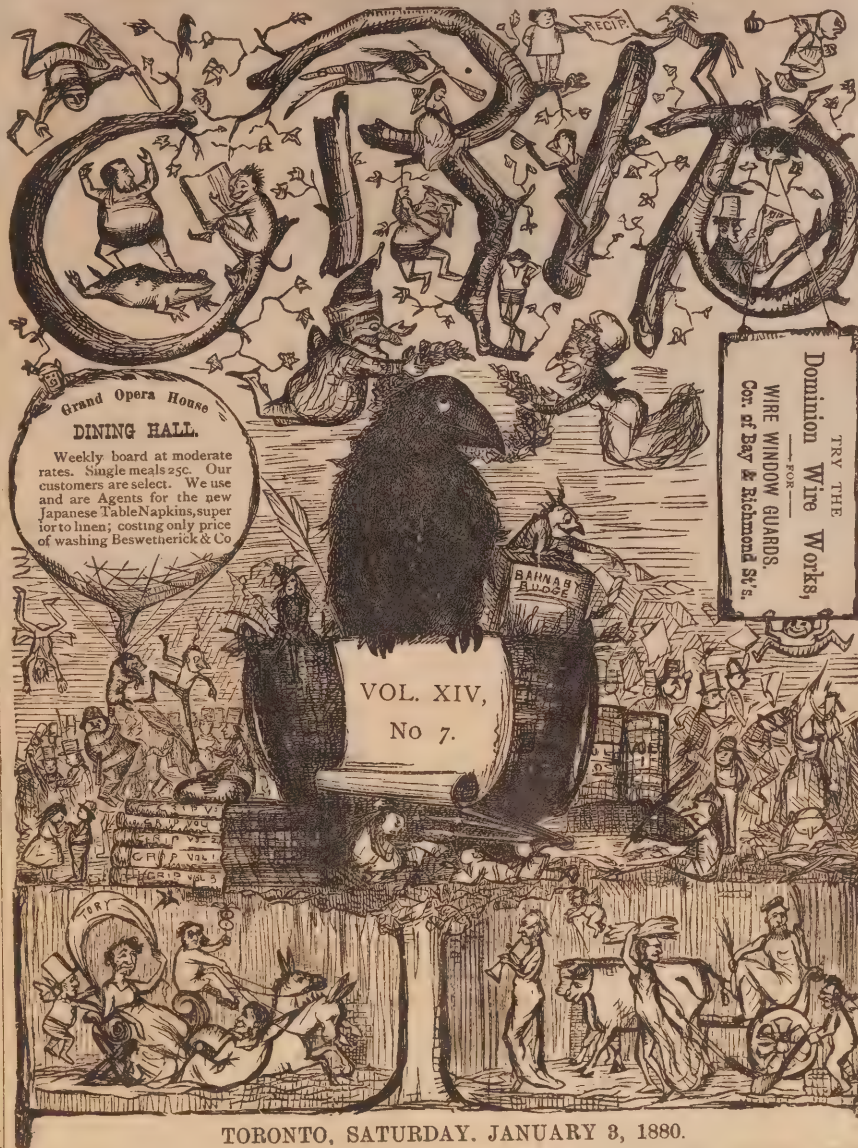
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

M. RICE is again in Paris, having returned from his sojourn in Venice.

The Musée Viollet le Duc, a new collection of historical monuments, is to be established in Paris in honor of the late architect.

The first prize of 15,000 francs in the competition for the best design for a memorial of the defence of Paris has been awarded to M. BARRIS.

HENRY HUGH ARMSTEAD, the sculpture and designer, and JOHN EVANS HODGSON, the painter, have been elected to the Royal Academy.

The Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures in oil, at the Dudley Gallery, contains four hundred and seventy-one cabinet pictures. Six pieces of sculpture are also exhibited.

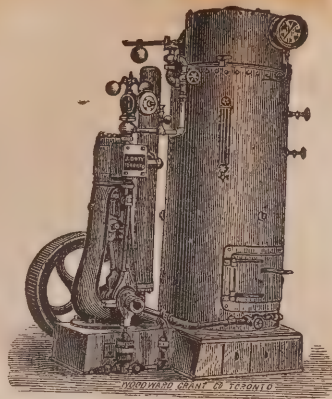
JULES ELIE DELATNY has been elected a member of the French Academy of Fine Arts to succeed the late ALEXANDER J. HESSE. M. BONNAT was his chief opponent.

"OUIDA's" name is ROSE DE LA RAMA, and she is the daughter of a Frenchman. More information than this the most indefatigable interviewer has not been able to get from the author. She lives in a lovely villa about two miles from Florence, where she is surrounded by books, pictures, and, what she prizes more than both of these, dogs. She has a burying-ground on the place for her dogs, where they are laid away with a tenderness that is not always bestowed on the human race.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, held last week, Mr. THOMAS EAKINS was unanimously chosen as successor to the late Professor SCHREUSSELE, chief instructor in drawing and painting in the Academy. Mr. EAKINS is a native of Philadelphia, studied in Paris under GEROME and BONNAT, and is best known in this country by his large picture, "Prof. Gross," which received so much criticism in the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists in New York.

The Queen has sent to the South Kensington Museum a number of objects from Zululand, which were placed in the first court last week. The largest object is a basket for carrying grain, which was taken at Upoko in June last. There are also wicker spoons for straining beer, a wood pipe from Pondoland, a metal body-scraper, a Kaffir snuff-box, a signal-whistle of wood from Secocoeni's country, a magnetic stone to be worn by a chain, from the same place, a Zulu comb, a necklace as worn by Kaffir women, and a specimen of a head-ring worn by Zulu married men.

In the inner court of the Louvre, called the Sphinx, the marble fragments are now being put together which form the pedestal of the statue of Victory in the hall of the Caryatides, and which represent the front of an old Greek war vessel. In 1863 M. CHAMPOISEAU, the French Consul at Samothrace, found the statue of Victory and sent it to Paris; but the remains of the marble pedestal had to be left behind on the island until the present government supplied M. CHAMPOISEAU with the means of despatching them to France. There are twenty-four marble blocks altogether in the pedestal, each of them weighing from nearly one ton to more than two tons. The pedestal is of considerable value and interest, as it forms almost the only complete model of an old Greek war vessel which has been preserved. It dates from about 280 B. C.



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1880. MAYORALTY. 1880.

JAMES BEATY, JR.,

Respectfully requests the votes of the Electors of Toronto for re-election as Mayor.

Election 5th January, 1880.
iv-27-2t.

To the Electors of

ST. GEORGE'S WARD.

Gentlemen:—

You are respectfully requested to re-elect

PETER RYAN

BY A LARGE MAJORITY.

By Order of "GRIP."

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BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-corn, 144 King-street West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-1y

Stage Whispers.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL earns \$900 a week now, so it is reported. He used to get \$25 per week as a newspaper reporter.

Miss JOSEPHINE MEEKER recently gave a lecture on her Indian experiences, and she has since been offered two hundred dollars a week and her expenses to travel as a lecturer upon that subject.

CHANFRAU paid C. W. TAYLOR only \$300 for the American drama, "Kit," and CHANFRAU has made over \$70,000 out of it. The play, before he accepted it, had been condemned by several New York managers.

M. W. LEFFINGWELL, the comedian, left behind him a son who is likely to achieve considerable success upon the stage. He has received many excellent notices for his work upon the stage this season with NEILSON's company.

Manager McDOWELL informs us that the coming theatrical sensation is the new political burlesque "H. M. S. Parliament, or the Lass who loved a Government Clerk." The idea was suggested by GRIP's cartoons, and the play was written by a gentleman in Ottawa for the "Shaughraun Company," who will produce it in Toronto shortly. The characters and chorus are all to be made up to represent prominent Members of Parliament, viz: TILLEY, MACDONALD, MACKENZIE, BLAKE, WHITE, &c. Each party will have an opportunity to express their sentiments in a satirical way on the Budget Speech, the N. P., the Boom, &c., &c. This is something decidedly new, and we hope it may, as it probably will, prove a great financial and artistic success.

CAMPANINI, with his fine talent as an artist, and his remarkable popularity, is withal as modest a man to-day as when he was struggling for a bare living, ten years ago. Instead of "putting on airs" and exhibiting himself for a consideration at a fashionable hotel, he is content, during his engagements in New York, to occupy part of a small and modest house near the Academy. There is no style about it at all, and I dare say there are third-class singers who would not consider it good enough to live in. He has been married several years and his wife, a lady who had gained some popularity in opera in Europe, fully shares his simplicity of taste. They live quietly and happily in plain apartments, and keep house just as modestly as before the popular tenor became the favorite of the opera world. CAMPANINI receives a salary of 18,000 francs (something over \$3,500 a month,) for about ten months in the year. He has been offered 20,000 francs per month, but he prefers his engagement with MAPLESON to one at a higher rate with a manager less reliable. MAPLESON never breaks up, or down, and he always pays promptly. Out of an income of \$35,000 a year, CAMPANINI can, of course, save money, and as he has no extravagant habits, he can save a good deal. He means to have enough to keep him comfortable when his time comes to retire, though, as he is yet only 33, that time may still be far off. I understand that he has just made a contract to sing in seven concerts, when the opera season is over—four in Boston and three in Cincinnati—for \$3,500. CAMPANINI is MAPLESON's surest card. He never fails to please, and what is fully as important to the manager—he scarcely ever suffers from the "indisposition" that is so common among singers. He takes the best care of himself, physically, and is always in good order for work.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Our Carriers' Address.

Mr. GRIP's carrier boys will have a neat little address to present to our city subscribers with this issue. After presenting it they will wait long enough to enable each genial subscriber to put his hand in his pocket—and fetch it out full.

The Mayoralty.

Who'll be Mayor for 1880? Mr. ANGUS MORRISON says he will, if the citizens have no objection; and Mr. JAMES BEATY opines that it will be a gentleman about his size and appearance. On another page of this issue will be found a pictorial argument which may assist some of our ratepayers to form an opinion as to the relative merits of the candidates. Mr. GRIP's preference, it may be seen, is given to our present Mayor. It would be easy, however, to produce a good many points in favour of Mr. MORRISON. For instance,

1. He is a jolly good fellow, and highly competent to fill the chair—at a dinner party.
2. He looks very pretty in frills and ruffles.
3. He has done his best to encourage water-drinking amongst our citizens by the gift of an elegant fountain.
4. He is never absent when he makes a speech; he is all "here."
5. He has been Mayor before and proved himself a master of the art of how not to do it.

Why do Summer Roses Fade?

A PSYCHOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

The super-consciousness of egotism is seldom without its reflex influences. The contact of a subtly magnetic nature with more profuse and introspective ones tends to irradiate as with lambent sun-gleams the entire moral environment. Whereas, on the other hand, the perplexities which result from a too fervid differentiation are directly in the ratio of its irrespectiveness.

ELVINA MULREAU, the daughter of aristocratic and wealthy parents, whose life had never known the sordid cares of a more humble lot, awoke to a sense of the futile self-absorption which ever and anon culminated in the contemplative mind. Thought-germs slowly fructifying in an intellect of the expansive order, opened strange vistas into a realm of opal-hued splendor. "O life," she murmured, "what are these ideals, so evasive and yet so potent, which evermore flit athwart our pathway? What those strange faint murmurings, these restless voices which seem to speak to my soul?"

"It is the hum!" said her father, who had overheard her soliloquy.
He was a Tory.

CHAP. II.

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, a tall, fair-complexioned young barrister, strolled carelessly along the main street of the village. "So," he soliloquized (if our characters did not have this convenient habit the labor of the novelist would be much more arduous)—"There is no condition so problematical that hope will not illumine by a fitful radiance the gloomful hour. But yesterday, and the proud daughter of yon bloated bond-holder, MULREAU, barely deigned a passing nod of condescension—but now her glance has a tenderness which augurs success to my suit. Even her haughty father bids me welcome to his mansion. To-night will I seek her presence and woo her with my most poignant conundrums. I will ask her how to give a friend a good send-off, and when with the frankness of a perhaps too reticent nature, she gives it up, I will tell her to bid him bestride the kindly mule. The mule, by the way, is not a fur-bearing animal. Oh no. Much otherwise."

CHAP. III.

'Twas a scene of revelry. The mansion of the banker FERDINAND MULREAU, whose name indicates his patrician Norman blood, was brilliantly illumined, and a gay throng of knights (recently created in honor of the safe return of the Princess LOUISE) cavaliers, members of the U. E. Club, and reeves of the neighboring townships, were assembled within its walls. The wassail bowl went round with jest and song. Far-bowled among the fair was ELVINA, whose radiant cheek lighted with a flush that mantled to her peerless alabaster brow, as RANDOLPH CHURCHILL propounded the conundrum of the evening:

"Why are the people of Canada the hum-blest?"

"But," observed a personage commonly reputed to be the editor of the *Bystander*, "the question is based upon a historic fallacy. The people of Canada are not the humblest. Their condition is infinitely superior, for instance, to that of the Zulus or the Abyssinians or the Patagonians. In fact many other nations at various epochs of the world's history have presented in their manner of life and their acquaintance with those—"

"Oh, hire a hall!" impertinently observed Sir FREDERICK CLARENCE DE BILKINS, K. C. B., whose affectionate care of LOUISE's pet spaniel during her absence had procured his promotion to the ranks of the Canadian aristocracy.

The *Bystander* withered him with a glance of scorn.

"The answer is," said RANDOLPH, "because they have been blest by the hum-blest, don't you see?" [Applause.]

At this stage of the proceedings our reporter left.

CHAP. IV.

A deep gloom settled down athwart the once joyous features of ELVINA MULREAU. Blithe and blossoming girlhood had gone, and the current of her young life was perturbed by an unknown woe.

"No," said her father, "thou shalt never be the bride of RANDOLPH CHURCHILL."

"!!!!!!"

"Miserable girl, he is all unworthy of an alliance with our house and lot. He is the dupe of designing knaves—the propagator of a heresy which outrages the holiest sentiments of our common humanity. He is an advocate of the Rag Baby."

ELVINA fell fainting to the floor.

The demon of gold and greed had triumphed.

CHAP. V.

The following note was received by the author after sending in the foregoing chapters:

"Our space is limited—boil down—wind up your story.—ED. GRIP."
"Never," said ELVINA, "will I wed the insidious DE BILKINS. He has no soul—no aspirations towards the absolute. How true and yet how beautiful are the touching lines of the poet,

"No evanescence blooms beyond the mist
Which holds chief consciousness in potent awe,
Alike in sparkle of the amethyst
And deathless motives such as Nihil saw,
A recognition which perchance may claim
A boundless apt serenity of space,
Pulsant frenzy sharing yet the blame
Which ill-esteemed besides in every case."

'Tis ever thus. And if, in the weary march of life a drooping spirit may be cheered to struggle on towards the goal—if the seeds of good may have been planted or the eye unsealed to greet with prophetic vision the harbingers of a bright future, the object of the writer will have been achieved.
Please send \$5 by the boy.

THE END.

Rural Rhymes.

NO. 3—THE GIRL IN THE CALICO DRESS.

Oh! what to me are your jewels and silks,
If the girl is fair to view;
Let me look on her silken hair,
And her eyes of azure blue.
The simple tastes of the rustic maid,
In her springhood's loveliness,
Is the magnet that holds my heart in thrall,
To the girl in the calico dress.

I see our maidens parade the streets,
In a wealth of laces and flowers;
I see them in gossamer robes fit by
When music asserts her powers.
Such baubles will never assail my heart,
And willingly, I confess,
I would choose far simpler, calmer joys
With the girl in the calico dress.

How sweet when the evening shadows flit,
'Mong the trees by her rural cot,
To sit on the stoop with the girl you love,
In her charming polka dot.
Oh! the joy one feels at the whisper'd word,
Or the fond and warm caress,
As your arm encircles the polonaise,
Of the girl in the calico dress.

To see her fresh as the morning rose—
No praises her tongue can utter—
Milking the cows in the pasture near,
Or up to the wrists in butter.
And to hear her laugh with the boys at play,
I worship her none the less—
For a romp is better than doctor's drugs,
With the girl in the calico dress.

She has no piano to thump and grind—
She embroiders no fancy slippers,
But she's hefty at cooking and churning cream,
And handling the delf and dippers.
Yet she trips the light fantastic toe,
Like a fairy I must confess—
Last year she was belle of the Granger's ball,
Was the girl in the calico dress.

Now if I was only a marrying man,
And was looking out for a mate
To cheer me along life's dreary way—
I soon would know my fate;
For I'd fly on the wings of love, or else
Take the lightning stage express,
For a private interview with the papa
Of the girl in the calico dress.

Beggars often present an imposing appearance.

When sun spots appear, "old sol" is only putting on his specs to get a better view of the earth.

Prof. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, talks of the immensity of space. But where is the immense city?



The Bystander Before the World.

Mr. GRIP has too much respect for the impersonality of journalism to reveal pictorially or otherwise who the *Bystander* is, but the above allegorical sketch will indicate plainly enough what the role of that distinguished individual is to be. He is revealed as the school-master abroad, and his mission is to teach the world all it ought to know. It is to be hoped the world will be an apt pupil, and fully appreciate the trouble the *Bystander* puts himself to in issuing month by month his invaluable lesson-sheets. If the year 1880 does not turn out to be happier than any of its predecessors, it will not be because the nations of the earth did not get full instructions as to their proper course of conduct.

Soft Money.

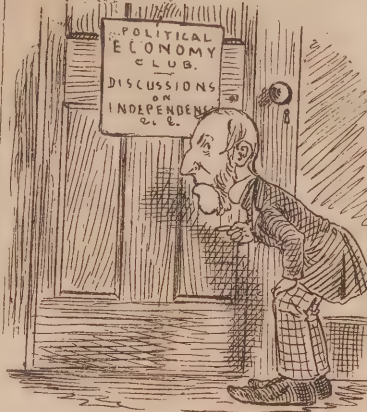
A tramp, on being asked his views on the "Rag Baby agitation," answered that the plan was useless unless the hearts of the people were softened at the same time.



Irish Sufferers.

Mr. GRIP respectfully begs to introduce this interesting family group,—a fair specimen of many more to be found in our city—to the notice of those benevolent people who are getting up the fund for the relief of the Irish sufferers. Mr. McFinnigan and his household have a good claim to a portion of the help, for in the first place they are Irish sufferers, and in the next place, Charity commences at home. There can be no objection to our charitably disposed citizens contributing of their abundance to the relief of distress in distant parts of the world, if such assistance is really called for, but it seems

rather ironical benevolence to reach the hand of charity over the heads of the poor whom we have always with us, to feed the poor of another community. In the case of Ireland it is not clear that foreign assistance is as yet invoked; at all events that is the view expressed by the Catholic clergy of Montreal, who have issued a circular admonishing their people to govern themselves accordingly.



He Scents Treason.

Mr. GRIP hails with delight the formation of the Montreal Political Economy Club, for it promises to break up the monotony now reigning in public affairs, and furnish food for his pencil in the near future. If, as the *Globe* thinks, it is a veritable hot-bed of treason, so much the better. Nothing suits GRIP's fancy so well as flaying red-banded traitors. In the meantime we can discover nothing very portentous in the fact of a few good natured gentlemen meeting together to demolish choice dinners, and to make little speeches on Independence, Annexation or the N. P. The Rev. Mr. BRAY appears to be the head and front of the organization, and we have every confidence that his cloth if nothing else will prevent him from sanctioning the wholesale assassinations which lay members may determine upon.



Military Law.

"A Private should not obey an illegal order of his Officer."—JUDGE DAVIS

Private BRIGGS finds some difficulty in the way of putting the above advice into practice. (He has been ordered to retire, but doubts the legality of the order).

The Distinguished Arrival.

We cordially greet Mr. EIGHTEENTH, who has arrived and registered at the World's Hotel, though we are sorry to observe that

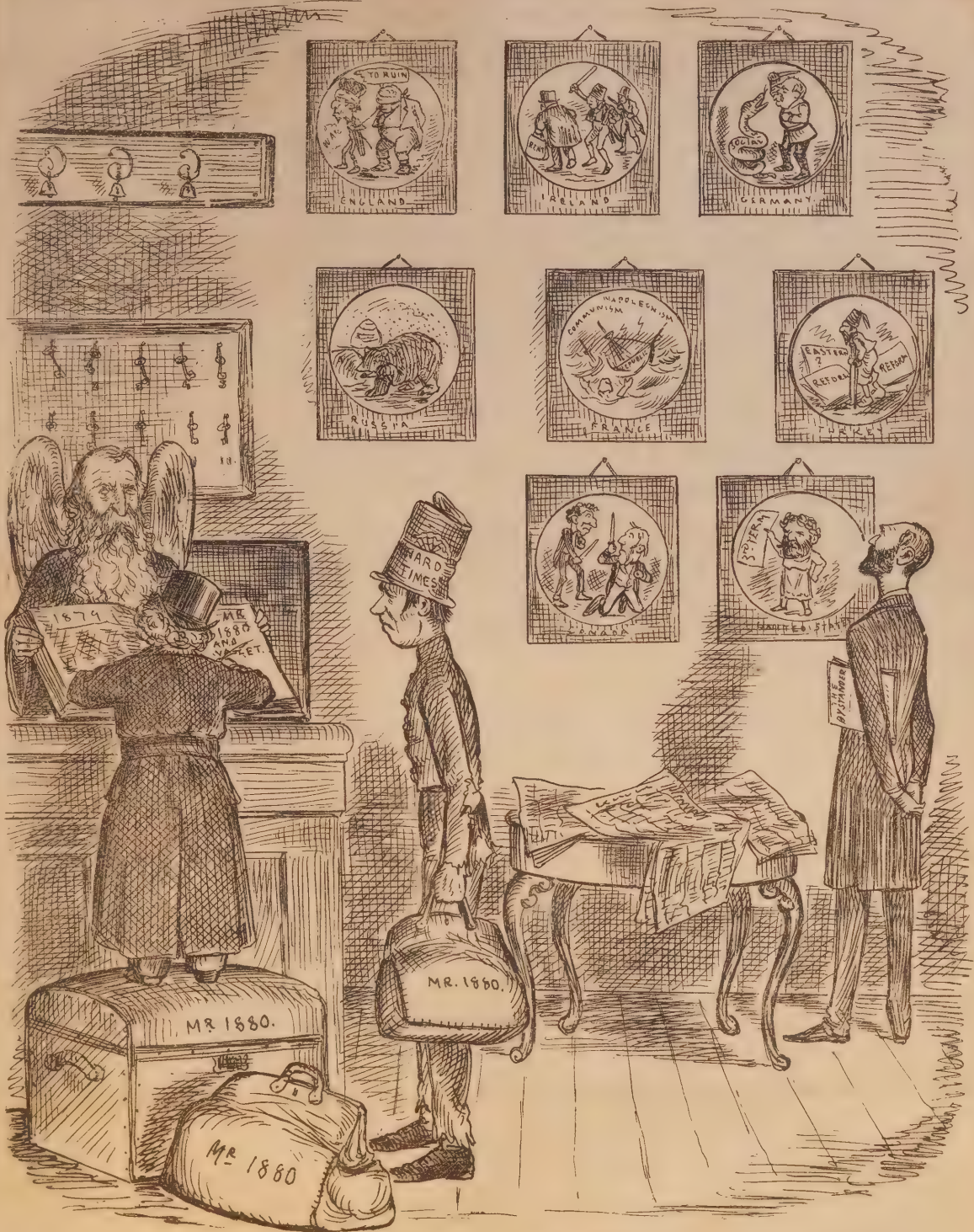
his valet is that same seedy-looking individual who accompanied the late Mr. EIGHTEEN-SEVENTY-NINE. It is to be hoped that our distinguished guest will not be with us long before he will be able to furnish his valet with a new suit of clothes, and otherwise improve his appearance, or, better still, banish him altogether. So far as Canada is concerned, our Finance Minister will be only too happy to aid in the latter course. Mr. EIGHTEENTH arrives at a very interesting period of the world's history, as he may see by glancing at the pictures on the wall. All the nations are in a turmoil. England is being led into debt and dishonor by the scheming BEACONSFIELD; Ireland is indeed a land of fire, and the unhappy landlords are being rent in pieces; Germany struggles with the poisonous reptile of Socialism; the Russian bear has overturned the Nihilist hives and is in a peck of trouble with the bees; the French Republic is again tossed upon the stormy sea of internal strife, and the storm-cloud of Communism once more rises above the horizon; the Sick Man of Turkey is as sick as ever; in the United States the great fight of partyism waxes hot, and the ghost of CÆSAR rises once more to frighten timid souls; and in Canada the ins and outs are at it hammer and tongs as in days of yore. Wherever the eye falls it meets scenes of strife and misery. Let us hope that Mr. EIGHTEENTH may have the pleasure of replacing all these grim pictures with scenes of peace and comfort before he leaves the World's Hotel.



The Coming Session.

The members are about to be called in once more, and it is to be hoped that each one of them will be furnished with a copy of the *Bystander* with a blue line around the paragraph referring to the prodigious waste of valuable time which usually marks the sessions of the House.

There will probably not be much improvement in this respect, however. Sir TILLEY will possibly occupy a couple of weeks in explaining the meaning of the word "boom," then TUPPER will follow with a fortnight's speech on the iniquity of buying steel rails before they are needed; then the country expects a ten days' oration from BLAKE on the beauties of unstraitened circumstances; then MACKENZIE must occupy a month or so in sifting all the corrupt acts of the Administration during the recess, and of course we shall hear from Sir JOHN about the same length of time on the essential connection of potato bugs and Grits. Meantime the country will scrape around and raise the necessary funds to pay our patriotic legislators their \$4 per day and mileage.



DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL AT THE WORLD'S HOTEL.
 "MR. 1880 AND VALET."



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Thanks.

Mr. GRIP wishes to convey his best thanks to the members of the paragraphic fraternity who so generously contributed to his ALMANAC—as well to those whose articles the editor was obliged to omit for want of space, as to those whose contributions appear. The ALMANAC is now abroad in the land, shedding its rays of humor, and receiving the kindest notices of press and public.

The greediest man in the world—The railroad hog.—*Modern Argo.*

He won her, she won him, and that makes them both one.—*Lampton.*

It's hard to fool castor oil—that is, its hard to take it in.—*Unknown Etr.*

No fair-minded man will find fault with the grab-bag.—*Boston Transcript.*

As the school boy's brain is bent so is the Latin verb declined.—*N. Y. News*

GRANT parses "Presidency" and "White House" as indeclinable nouns.—*N. Y. People.*

Crows are the worse behaved of birds because they carri-on so.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

A Texas man has been born without a brain. The jury box yawns for him.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Mrs. SPIKE says orchestras are immoral because so many base viol men belong to them.—*N. Y. People.*

"Time is money;" but it wouldn't seem so, judging from the way some people spend it.—*Ed. I. Torrialle.*

"What struck you most in Italy?" a newly returned traveler is asked. "The sun," says he.—*New York Herald.*

Teacher—"Bob, what's the meaning of sweet-meats?" "Canned fruit put up for company."—*Pulaski Democrat.*

If it be true that circumstances form character, some persons have led very uneventful lives.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The youth who mustard enough courage to kiss his sweet heart is now suffering from a blister on his lip.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A young fellow who had a rich aunt to keep him in money, referred to her as his fine aunt cial backing.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The human skeleton consists of over 200 distinct bones, a regular bone anser for the medical student.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

What an object of pity that man is whose extreme sense of dignity won't allow him to have any fun in the world.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

A man named ICE is in the West Virginia prison. They do not allow him a fire for fear he will escape by thawing out.—*Oil City Derrick.*

If deaf persons can hear through their teeth, why cannot the blind be made to see through their eye teeth?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

If some men were as thin as the assertions they make, they would have to be tied down to blowing away.—*Heavy Weight Chrysal.*

The manner of the man who shrinks from responding to a sentiment offered at the festive board partakes of quail on toast.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The woman who sews patches on the seat of her boy's pants, is the real messenger of piece. She heels the breeches.—*Keokuk Gule City.*

"This is a high-handed outrage," as the boy remarked when he found that his mother had put the cookies on the upper shelf.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is stated that EDGAR A. POE was an inebriate. He even confesses in one of his poems to one sup on a midnight dreary.—*Marathon Independent.*

A few years' experience as editor of a country paper will "knock the stuffin' clean out" of a fellow's poetic imagination.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"How long shall girls be courted?" asks an English newspaper. Not later than 2 o'clock in the morning, we think, excepting when it rains.—*Elmira Free Press.*

The mercury is gradually sinking lower and lower, and the first thing we know it will be a candidate for governor of Kentucky.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Breeches of promise—those which your tailor for the last two weeks has been assuring you would certainly be finished by Saturday night.—*Sunday Voice.*

If a man is bald it is said to be conclusive evidence that he has been thoroughly married. A smooth head and a smooth life seldom go together.—*New York Herald.*

The only bulb that will keep all winter without being wrapped in sixteen old dresses and laid down cellar is that little fellow in the thermometer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

If a man can't make both ends meet let him sit down on the end of a shaky barrel. When the head caves in the problem will be solved to his complete satisfaction.—*N. Y. People.*

A woman may be strictly temperate, yet when she is continually looking at the reflection of her back hair in the mirror, she raises the glass too often.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Another American girl is to marry a nobleman. Why is it that our girls refuse to support their own countrymen? There is a lack of patriotism somewhere.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A writer says that "the ballot is the only protection the American citizen is in need of," and yet the average American will keep right on carrying an umbrella when it rains.—*Rome Sentinel.*

We know of a benevolent man who is always sorry he didn't send a Thanksgiving barrel of flour to somebody, but he never thinks of Christmas until it has gone by.—*Elmira Free Press.*

"It is vulgar to pay more than \$50 for a Christmas present," says an exchange. Perhaps it is; but if any of our friends should break this rule on our account, we shall overlook the offense.—*Boston Post.*

"Idleness always envies industry," may be a truthful old adage, but we can distinctly remember the time that we could sit on the fence and watch our respected father and brother IKE hoe corn and not envy 'em a bit. *Keokuk Constitution.*

There was a young man from Cabul, Who tried to shake hands with a mule, His neighbors took pains To hunt up his remains, And they wrote on his tombstone—Phool. —*N. Y. People.*

EDISON makes light of a piece of paper. We suppose it is too late for suggestions, but if he is looking around for incandescent substances, it strikes us that still better results may be reached by using a section of a politician's nose.—*N. Y. People.*

Drunkness causeth all crime; rum causeth drunkenness; sugar-cane maketh rum; niggers grow sugar-cane. Hang the Ethiopian! This is a chain of reasoning. The reasoning of the inquisition hath always consisted of chains.—*Puck.*

When you see a young man in gorgeous apparel walking about the streets with his arms in curves from his body like the wings of an over-heated turkey on a summer's day, it isn't because he is in pain. It is because he has been "abroad."—*Lowell Courier.*

Will science please stand up and tell us why a girl who freezes to death every time she has to sweep off the front steps, can ride fifteen miles in a sleigh with nothing around her but some other girl's brother's arm, without getting a blue nose?—*Meriden Recorder.*

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark, 'tis sweet to hear the hum of bees and the merry laugh of childhood, but there is something about the sound of a man learning to play the cornet in the room next to yours that reminds you of an exhausted paragrapher trying to snatch a dead joke out of its coffin.—*Merry Andrews' Bazaar.*

In this season of benefit fairs and suppers, the church expects every man to do his duty. Monday it is a ham, Tuesday it is a chicken, Wednesday, it's a cake, and the plot begins to thicken; Thursday, it's an oyster supper, Friday, you must buy a ticket, Saturday, it's something else, and if you don't take it all in, well, it's because you're wicked.—*Stamford Advocate.*

It is astonishing, now that we come to think of it, how intoxicated a man can get on turkey and cranberry sauce sometimes.—*Pomeroy Democrat.* Yes, and we know a man who became so thoroughly drunk, merely by going down to post his books, that two policemen couldn't convince him that he wasn't a candidate for the Presidency.—*Oil City Derrick.*

One of them says: "So many poets die ere they are known." Too true, too true! When an editor discovers the quality of his verses he kills him on the spot without stopping to ascertain his name. The poet's father should take him around and introduce him to all the people in the country, and then it might be different. He would be known before he died.—*Norristown Herald.*

"This is a cold world"—especially in the winter time. But Prof. PROCTOR says it will not be as cold as the moon now is for 2,500,000,000 years yet. Some of us may be dead before that time arrives. The Washington monument may be finished inside of 2,500,000,000 years, but it is feared HANLAN and COURTNEY will still be wrangling over their forthcoming boat race.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Hum Amongst the Poets.

Whatever the real facts may be as to the present state of business, the Finance Minister may congratulate himself that at all events he has caused a hum amongst the poets, and Mr. GRIP has to suffer the consequences. This week he is favored with two effusions on the all absorbing topic, and as they are from opposite directions he deems it fair to give both a hearing. "FELIX FLASHER" comes from the Maritime Province of N. B. and singeth as follows:—

THE HUM.

How doth Sir LEONARD K. C. B.—
Improve each shining hour;

While "hum"—bug Grits—the drones, you see,
Abuse upon him shower.

He flies about from hive to hive,
And doth the lively "hum";
While dromish mar-plotis vainly strive
To prove it all bunc-hum.

The factories all employment give
For those who want to work;
So there is no excuse for drones,
Who labor like to shirk.

The Grit press seems to take delight—
In each Canadian town—
To prove us bankrupts to the world,
And cry our credit down.

But such we know is not the case,
And dare them to the proof;
When asked to meet us face to face
They always stand aloof.

The tariff is an ogre grim
Which tariff-ies the Grits,
They can't see it's a tilley-ty,
And therefore "give it fits."

The times may be a little hard,
And trade not over brisk;
A darkening cloud may now obscure
The noonday sun's bright disc.

But be assured to every cloud
There is a silver lining,
And though its face is now obscured
'Twill soon be brightly shining.

Don't mind these foul ill-omened birds
Who croak of "ruin blue";
Stand firm—do right—be just—work hard,
And we will yet pull through."

The next comes from the west, and is
pitched in quite a different key, to wit:

How cruel fraud,—inflating public sense,
With stones for bread, prolonging keen suspense,
How strange, 'mong mortals that there should be some
Content to grind that flinty thing called "Hum."

"Where is it?" asks the working class, who wait,
All patience, for their wage to rise in rate,
While consolation only comes to some
In faintest echoes, singing, "Hum, sweet Hum."

Untutored classes are, by this strange test
Confused, 'mong wildest fancies, and perplexed,
Their faculties, by sophistry made numb,
To know the meaning of this strange word "Hum."

And men of letters wonder—well they may,
By WEBSTER guided, and in reason say,
"Why label noise, that cannot e'er be dumb,
The symbol sure, of true commercial "Hum."

Do bees not, when disturbed, in hum rebel—
'Mong broken quiet, leave their work and cell?
Then may not men with spirits sad and glum,
Be sinking, mid excitement's boasted "Hum."

And what if scanty stores alarm the hive,
Doth it not hum, its loss of hope to thrive?
Then may the humming making mortals grum,
Be wide apart from bustling, healthful "Hum."

But doubts are hidden 'neath the party cry,
Which to conceal, the crafty pen must ply
In cooked reports, for false and true must come
Within the Royal Speech the word called "Hum."

'Tis then, if not before that day, we trow
The country cheated will be made to know
From conquered sophistry, in truth may come
Through other hands, to all the land a "Hum."

When a man gives another a chew of
tobacco for a pinch of snuff he is only giving
him a *quid pro quo*.



SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Supplies," and addressed to the Right Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on THURSDAY, the TWENTY SECOND day of JANUARY next, for the following supplies, viz:—

Grey Military Flannel, 30 inches wide, 50z. to the yard.....	3,000 yds.
Brown Duck, 12 oz.....	2,500 "
Woolen Undershirts, full fashioned, (double breasted).....	750
Woolen Drawers, full fashioned, (double seated by extra thread of yarn).....	750 pairs.
Woolen Socks, long legs.....	1,500 "
" Stockings, long legs.....	750 "
" Mitts, long wrists.....	500 "
Blue Artillery Cloth, (shrunken) 54 inches wide.....	1,200 yards.
Scarlet Serge, (shrunken) 54 inches wide.....	600 "
Scarlet Cloth (shrunken) 54 inches wide.....	600 "
White Serge lining, 35 inches wide.....	500 "
Yellow Overall Lace, 2 inches wide.....	2,000 "
Yellow Russian Braid.....	2,000 "
Helmets with spikes & chinstraps complete.....	300
Forage Caps.....	400
Buffalo Coats made from No. 1 Summer robes.....	150
Waterproof Sheets, 4 ft. by 6 ft.....	200
Moccasins, all loose, large sizes, 6 inches high in leg.....	500 pairs.
Kit Bags.....	100
Mosquito bars.....	400
Gauntlets, Buckskin, unlined.....	350 pairs.
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Blankets, 10 lbs.....	300 "
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Nose Bags.....	300
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The skins must be neatly trimmed, have a good spread and be free from holes.

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Every article will be subject to examination and rejection if not fully equal to sample.

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The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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No payment will be made to Newspapers inserting the above advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

FRED WHITE,
Chief Clerk,
OTTAWA, Dec. 22nd, 1879.

xiv-7-31.

Financial.

\$10 to \$1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month
Book sent free explaining everything.
Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N. Y.
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LAWRENCE & CO., 55 Exchange Place, New York.
xiii-22-17

"TYPES OF MANKIND."—Printer's types

Proverb in Paris:—"WORTH makes the woman."—*Et.* And often unmakes the man who foots the bills.

Pyctures of Society.

No. 3.—YE YOUNG POLITICIAN.

BY ASPER.

Ye young Polytician if possible knows more than ye old one, but as a rule strange to relate he follows on whatsoever side of Polytics his father doth happen to favour, although he always doth aver that ye old man doth not influence his ideas one jot or tittle. He doth attend meetings of ye electors, at which he oftentimes makes himself conspicuous by his remarks on ye opinions of ye speakers, and ye interruptions thereof with ye noise of stickes on ye floor, and other means by which he doth manifest his disapproval of ye sentiments of ye orators.

He is puffed up with vanity, and doth entertain a most high opinion of himself and his abilities. He doth generally have one man in polytics whom he professeth to honour above all others, and he will swear with great oaths that that man is always right in whatsoever he doeth. Sometimes indeed on being argued with he finds that he hath not the means of answering his opponent and then he doth close the controversy by averring that what the other man saith, "is alle rotte."

In this manner he doth dispose of his antagonist, and doth gain the admiration of all beholders. At ye elections he doth go forth with canvassing-book in hand, and if perchance ye section that he importuneth in, doth give to his candidate a majority of votes, he doth vauntingly and boastfully claim ye whole credit for himself, and doth assert that it was he who carried ye warde.

After ye elections are over he doth as a rule imbibe freely of sack and other wines, and doth loudly praise his own side and abuse ye other in round terms.

He doth longingly look forward to ye time when he shall be returned as a member of ye Parliament of ye King, and doth give his fellows to understand what great measures he would inaugurate were he there. But alas! such is the fallacy of human hopes and wishes, that oftentimes he doth sink down to ye level of what is called a Warde Polytician, and even sometimes fallett so low as to become an alderman.

Conversational Brilliancy of New Year's Calls.

FITZAGUSTUS, entering first drawing-room: Compliments of the season, Miss BLANCHE—aw, thanks! Had many calls? This is my thirty-fifth—been at it all day. Had many Christmas cards this year? I sent a couple of hundred, by Jove! They walk off with a tremendous lot of money, don't they? Thanks, no! No coffee—thanks so very much! Good-bye, Miss BLANCHE!

Ditto, entering second drawing-room: Thanks, Mrs. MACFLITHERS! The same to you, I'm sure. What a very charming selection of Christmas cards one had to choose from, this year. Did you send many? Think I must have sent a couple of hundred, by Jove! Had many calls to-day? This is my thirty-sixth, I believe. Thanks, no coffee,—very fond of it, but it affects my nerves, you know. Good-bye!

Ditto, entering third drawing-room: Compliments of the season, Miss CARRIE! Compliments of the season, Miss NELLIE! Compliments of the season, Miss KATE. You've had any number of Christmas cards this season, I suppose? Very pretty, this season, are they not? I sent a tremendous number this season, myself. Had many calls? This is my thirty-seventh—pretty fair day's work, don't you think so? Thanks, no!—must deny myself, though so awfully fond of it! Good-bye! good-bye!



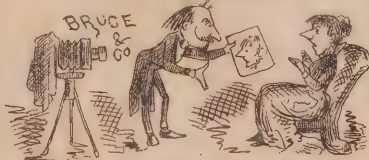
A HUM, FOR SURE!

SIR DICKEY.—Yes, of course you hear a "hum;"—that arises from a want of honey in the hives, though.



WHO'S THE BEST MAN FOR MAYOR?

O! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!



J. BRUCE & CO.
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Manual,	50
Reporter,	75
Reporting Exercises,	20
Phrase Book,	35
Railway Phrase Book,	25
Covers for holding Note Book,	20
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60
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The Book of Psalms, corresponding style,	35
The book of Psalms, cloth	25
Common Prayer morocco, with gilt edges	\$2.80
The Other Life, cloth	50
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Pilgrim's Progress, corresponding style,	55
Pilgrim's Progress, cloth	90
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Ten Pounds and Other Tales, cor. style	20
That Which Money cannot Buy, etc. cor. style	20
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Address of the Earl of Derby, on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, etc., rep. style	20

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Next Post Office, Toronto.

Sir. Tilley's Triumphant March.

CHORUS OF MANUFACTURERS.

See the Finance hero comes,
Looking for the N. P. hums;
Let us drain a welcome cup,
For our trade is looking up;
Let us feast him—laud his name,
Hero bold of N. P. fame,
Now depression's cloud is rent,
Workmen happy and content!

CHORUS OF TORY FARMERS.

See the statesman proud advance,
Let our youths and maidens dance,
Let us tell of grain-tries full,
Prices rise on wheat and wool;
Though we could not help a frown,
When Mackenzie kept us down,
Now we welcome him with glee,
Hero of the great N. P.!


GRAND CHORUS OF WORKINGMEN.

See the Finance humbug comes,
With his N. P. booms and hums,
We will let him plainly know
Food is up, and wages low;
Tea and sugar, clothes and such,
Almost now beyond our reach,
Let him know his fate in store;
No N. P. deceives us more.

Our funny Contributor informs us that on Christmas day he was in receipt of numerous valuable presents of stationery, etc. These gifts consisted of a large and varied assortment of wrapping paper sent by young lady friends with requests to send them copies of GRIP for 1880 containing his (our Contributor's) jokes. Our Contributor adds that the only Christmas cards he was in receipt of were postal cards from his creditors, requesting immediate payment.

MARY ANDERSON is doing the biggest business ever known on the Kansas and Missouri Circuit. At Kansas City hundreds were turned away.

SULLIVAN has received very handsome offers from Mapleson and Carl Rosa for an original opera. Perhaps he does not see the beauty of the "offer."

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Manufacturer of all kinds of
CHOICE CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY,
222 YONGE STREET.
Wedding cakes a specialty. xiv-3-12

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FOR 1880.

Will be ready in good time for the occasion.

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GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.
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Baking Powder.
Ask your Grocer for it.
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TORONTO.
xii-20-17

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55 Front St. East.
SECOND-HAND
MACHINERY
FOR SALE:
3 h. p. Engine with 4 h.p. Boiler.
6 h.d. Engine with 7 h.p. Boiler.
36 h.p. Engine with 40 h.p. Boiler.
68 h.p. Engine with 4 boilers 48 inch shell 22 feet long, 16 in. flues.
1 Boiler 44 inch shell 21 feet long 14 inch flues.
1 (Stearns) Circular Saw Mill.
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1 (Stearns) Double Edger.
1 Stock Gate with Crank Shaft, Crank, Pulleys and Press Rollers.
1 Slabbing Gate with chain feed.
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64 inch Circular Saw.
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A lot of drums and pulleys suitable for a mill.
1 No. Gordon Press (new).
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Power Mortising Machine, Wooden frame.
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Patent Seamless Water Trap.
The best, because the strongest Trap on the Market. We invite the inspection of Plumbers and Architects.
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Machinery taken on consignment, no charge for storage. We guarantee every Machine leaving our establishment good working order.

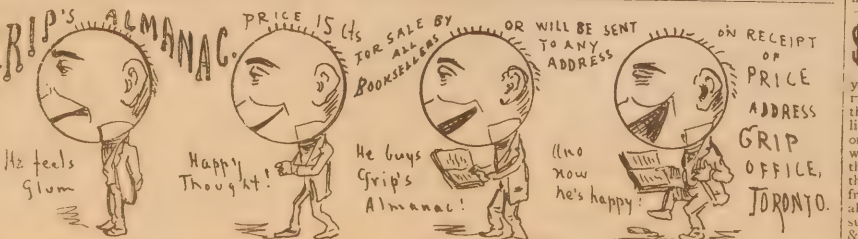
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\$500 TO \$1,000 A YEAR. or \$5 to \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make \$500 cts. to \$1,000 in 10 days in your evenings and spare time to business. It costs nothing to do the business. No one like it, money making even after 10 years. Business pleasant and strictly moral. Reader if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free. Copies worth \$5 also free. You can make up your mind for yourself. Address: GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. xiii-10-17

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GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC!
FOR 1880.



TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1880.
GRIP OFFICE, } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.
IMPERIAL BUILDING. } The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.



EDITOR'S NOTE.
ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

S. GOULDEN, JEWELLER,
4 King St. East, Diamond Mounter &c. Every description of Jewellery to order. Fine rings a specialty. Repairing, Gems re-set, &c. xiv-3-17

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we will mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLET & CO., Portland, Maine. xiii-10-17

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Type Metal Plates
MADE FROM
Pen and Ink Sketches, Photographs, Lithographs, &c.,
More perfect, true and lasting than any wood engraving, and at a much lower cost. Call and see specimens at

GRIP OFFICE,
Next door to Post Office, Toronto.
UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY. The tens of thousands who are making exclusive use of the **COOK'S FRIEND** Baking Powder, thereby render **UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY** to its superiority. Retailed everywhere. xii-12-17

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Snowflake Rolls, Family Bread, Brown Bread, Rye Bread,
Baked and delivered Daily.
CRUMPTON'S
Bread and Cake Bakery, 171 King Street East.

Readers of "GRIP"
Desiring anything in the Book or Music line, which they may not be able to procure at home, can have them forwarded, at once, if in the city, by addressing Bengough Bros., next P.O., Toronto.

\$300 A MONTH guaranteed. \$12 a day made at home by the industrious. Capital not required, we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. xiii-10-17

WAL AND WOOD, OF THE BEST QUALITY. **AND AT LOWEST PRICES.** **NAIRN'S.** Office, Next Post Office. Docks, Foot of Church Street.

Literature and Art.

The Art School of the Ontario Society opens next week.

An open meeting of the Toronto Woman's Literary Club was held at the residence of the President, Mrs. EMILY H. STOWE, M.D., Church Street, on the evening of Friday last, the friends of members being invited. Interesting original papers were read by Miss DE CUE and Mrs. SHAW, the subject of the former being "Life in San Francisco," and the latter "Men's Rights," which she treated in a sa'castic vein. Both papers were loudly applauded. Vocal and instrumental music was furnished by Misses HAMILTON, MCKENZIE, STOWE and JENKINS, and Mr. and Madame STUTTAFORD, which was much appreciated, and Mr. SHAW gave a pleasing recitation.

Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE has not been idle with her pencil since she has been in Canada. At the London Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colors (now open), Her Royal Highness has contributed some very interesting drawings, which are thus spoken of by the art critic of the *Chronicle*:

"We do not remember to have before seen Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE to such advantage artistically, or exhibiting so many works at one time as in the present collection. Five of the seven works from Her Royal Highness' pencil are reminiscences of her Canadian home:—'Fishing on the Restigouche, Canada' (51), some human beings in most quaint-looking canoes, fishing; 'Views from Citadel, Quebec' (115), prettily touched and effective sketches; 'Courtyard of the Citadel, Quebec' (148); 'Lumber village on the Ottawa'; and 'Laril, a half-breed Indian boatman' (158), a drawing as good in character as in color; and two others—one a scene in Cumberland, 'View from Muncaster,' and the other in Dumfriesshire, 'View of Woods, Roseneath' (408)—both showing thoughtful observation of nature as well as no little executive skill."

FREDERICK DIELMANN, known to the reading public as an illustrative artist, and to the art world by his studies of heads, has acquired a high reputation during the past few years by his admirable illustrations in the magazines. He is an excellent type of a class of good artists rapidly growing in numbers who have turned their attention to magazine illustration by the high stamp of artistic work now required on their pages. He was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1848, and taken early in his childhood to Baltimore. He received his art education in the various schools of the Royal Academy, Munich. He was one of the original members of the Society of American Artists. His studies are painted with great minuteness of detail and exercise of technical skill. C. S. REINHART is another good type of this class of artists. He is more prolific than DIELMANN and does much work for the illustrated papers in addition to the magazines. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1844, and in 1868 began the study of art in Paris, going afterward to Munich, where he studied drawing, etching and painting. In addition to his illustrative work he exhibits frequently oil and water color paintings at the National Academy of Design. His strength lies chiefly in figures, and in his late sketches of Puritan scenes he has won marked success. JAMES E. KELLY, perhaps the most versatile in illustrative work of the three mentioned, was born July 30, 1855. He received his art education at the Academy of design, and the Art Students' League in New York. He has been very successful in depicting action, and his figures of men and horses are well chosen. In all his work the anatomy has been blocked out severely, and in none of his illustrations do we find an imperial moulded form where beautiful outline attracts rather than strength and action.

AT NEATLY, CHEAPLY, QUICKLY. 

Grip Job Department.

Everything in the Printing line from a

Label to a Three-Sheet Poster.

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

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25 Cards, (one name, one style type), 30 cents.	
50 " " " " " 50 "	
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The following are Samples of Type from which a choice may be made.

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Robert Taylor.

2

William Richardson.

3

Miss Maggie Thompson.

4

George Augustus Williams.

5

Mrs. Thomas Jones.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespeare.

Copperplate Printing.

Engraving Copper-plate	\$ 2.00
Printing 100 Gents' Cards	1.00
" 100 Ladies' "	1.50

Birch Bark—Latest Novelty.

25 Cards	\$ 0.75
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100 Cards, (one name, one style type) \$1.50	
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50 " " " " " 75 "	
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Memorial Cards

Beautiful Designs,	\$ 1.00 per dozen.
Samples by mail,	5c. each.
Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.	

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Imperial Buildings, (Next Post Office), Toronto.

Stage Whispers.

The WILLIAMSONS are making money in Australia.

Miss KATE CLAXTON goes to San Francisco in the spring.

Manager A. M. PALMER has engaged Signora MAJERONI.

W. G. WILLS is rewriting the drama of "Black-eyed Susan."

Miss CLARA MORRIS will depart for San Francisco in a few days.

MAUD GRANGER is to be married. The gentleman is not known.

M'me SINICO, now at the Haymarket, London, is shortly to be heard in Paris.

Washington, D. C., reports that theatre parties are becoming quite fashionable in that city.

The New York *Sunday Times* says that BARTLEY CAMPBELL is spending his money like COAL OIL JOHNNY.

DEN THOMPSON and his manager, J. M. HILL contemplate purchasing the Gaiety Theatre, Boston, and fitting it up in superior style.

Mr. and Mrs. McKEE RANKIN and Mr. SHERIDAN go to London in May to bring out "The Danites" at Mrs. BATEMAN's Sadler's Wells Theatre.

At the Opera Comique, London, during the Christmas holidays, there were matinees of "Pinafore" performed by children. This caper is copied from America.

Recently Mrs. B. A. COTTON, wife of the well-known performer, secured a verdict of \$5,000 against the Stonington Railway Company for injuries she received in consequence of a passenger-car in which she was seated having left the track.

Miss ANNIE E. DICKINSON's play of "Aurelia" has, it is said by Manager MACAULAY, been taken to Europe, there to be put upon the stage. Mr. MACAULAY adds that Miss DICKINSON is now writing another play on a Russian subject.

Mrs. CHANFRAU accompanies her husband, Mr. F. S. CHANFRAU, on his tour this year, though she does not play with him. On his New England tour she has been appearing at the matinees, but with no pecuniary success. It is understood that she has definitely given up the idea of starring alone.

GILBERT and SULLIVAN's new Comic Opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," has been produced in New York with signal success. The libretto is in GILBERT's best vein, while the music is of a higher class than that of "Pinafore." Many of the characters are counterparts of the "Pinafore" celebrities, although the plot is entirely different. On the whole it is a pronounced improvement on "Her Majesty's Ship."

The principal item of gossip in the *Athenaeum*, is the announcement (the only correct part of which appeared in *Truth* five weeks ago) that "the drama Mr. TENNYSON has written for the St. James" is founded upon a story in the *Decameron*. As a matter of fact, Mr. TENNYSON did not write the little piece referred to—it is absurd to call it a drama—either for the St. James or for any other theatre. Some time after it had been completed it was indirectly offered to Mr. HARE, and he accepted it.—*London Truth*.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH Bro's, Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

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Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BENGOUGH Bro's.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

A Romance of Leap Year.

MARMADUKE MCGUIRE MCCARTY

Was a youth of birth and rank,
Stylish he, and strong and hearty,
Kept the ledger in a bank;
Took his soda at the club, or
Else perhaps at friendly house,
Made a point in friendly rubber,
Or whirled his girl to waltz of STRAUSS.

MARMADUKE MCGUIRE MCCARTY,

On New Year's day set out to call
On her, who at an evening party
Stole away his heart last fall.
MARMADUKE, although his passion
For the lady was most warm,
Knew she was a belle of fashion
While all that he possessed was "form."

MARMADUKE MCGUIRE MCCARTY

Thought for sure beyond all doubt,
Should he propose, old MORIARTY
Would "sit on him" or "fire him out;"
For her papa had oft been known to
Take a youth who did propose,
When at the door, where he'd been shown to,
And bang the suitor on the nose.

And with his form mop the verandah,
Then march him to the postern gate.
Boot him till he could not stand, or
Fire him forth in the darkness straight.
And now it was that young MCCARTY
With fear and trembling called at noon,
Enquired for Miss MAUDE MORIARTY,
Who led him into the drawing room.

He bowed his best, and Miss MORIARTY
Blushed, when he wished him "happy new year,"
Electrified was the young MCCARTY
When she smiled and said "My dearest dear
"Four years I've waited for this *lele* a
"Tele with you—'tis Leap Year now,
"A.D. One thousand eight hundred and eighty,"
And she rested her ear on his manly brow.
And the old man came in and caressed them,
And cordially gave his consent,
Behold how kind LEAP YEAR has blessed them,
They'll married be before it's Lent.
No CARDS.

Mrs. Perkins on Buttons.

It was one of those charming and peaceful interiors that the domestic artist so loves to pourtray. The hour was evening. The last meal of the day was over, the music of the children hushed in balmy repose. Mr. PERKINS, on one side of the table, read his paper by the light of the glowing lamp. Mrs. PERKINS, on the other, and by the aid of the same luminary, worked an antimaccassar in a new crewel stitch. The pleasing silence had for some time remained unbroken, when, upon turning over a page of the evening contemporary, Mr. PERKINS opened his mouth.

"Those brown trowsers of mine, MARIANNE," he began in a gentle, almost deprecatory tone.

"SAMUEL!" interrupted Mrs PERKINS so

shrilly that her husband gave a little jump in his chair. "Don't tell me that the buttons are off those trowsers again! I declare to goodness, I never in the whole course of my life met a woman who was such a martyr to buttons as I am. I don't say you cut them off, I don't say you do it on purpose, mind! You'll never have it to reproach me with, that I make an accusation I can't prove. Not at all. But I do say this, SAMUEL, that you're the unluckiest man with buttons I ever heard of. I believe its the way you bounce into a chair—though that wouldn't account for your wristbands, I suppose. Why can't you learn to walk differently, then? It must be the way you walk. I was looking after you, the other day, as you went down street trying to overtake that Mrs. A RABESQUE. Horrid little flirt, don't you suppose she thought you a softy for your pains? And, I declare, the way you swaggered along was something too ridiculous in a man of your age. I wish you could have taken a lesson in walking from my dear father, SAMUEL. He stepped about so softly, I don't believe he ever lost a button in his life.

"Oh! I am sure, my dear," said Mr. PERKINS politely, "if I had been married to your mother I would have walked quite as meekly, myself. But as to those brown—"

"That's right! Sneer at your mother-in-law every chance you get. And you'll wear a thing without ever taking it off your back for three weeks at a time, and then blame me for not sewing the buttons on! I suppose you've got those identical trowsers on at this moment, with your suspenders pinned to them, and when the pin ran into your back just now, you thought it a fine opportunity to turn round and abuse me. I hope I do my duty every Saturday, SAMUEL, in the way of mending and darning, as a Christian woman should. But it's your buttons on the other days of the week that upset me, and I don't believe the consolations of religion take buttons into account. There! I tell you, SAMUEL PERKINS, it makes me feel wicked to see you coming round, with an injured air and a button off, at all times and seasons, and expect me to sew it on. It's no matter what I happen to be about—oh, no! Whether my hands are in pie-crust, or I'm dressing for a call, or—or—*anything*—I must stop and sew it on!"

"Yes, MARIANNE," said Mr. PERKINS who had caught a word here and there. "What you say has some elements of justice in it, I admit. But what I was about to remark was—"

"Some justice, indeed!" burst out Mrs. PERKINS afresh. "Is it to be expected that I should always have the exact button, the exact thread, and the exact needle at hand to suit all emergencies? Why, if you'd even pick up your coat and waistcoat buttons when you see them drop off, it would be a great point gained. But I suppose now you wouldn't take fifty dollars and run along the sidewalk on King street after a button you saw rolling away? eh, SAMUEL?"

"Well," said Mr. PERKINS slowly, "I don't know—"

Whereupon his wife burst into a triumphant laugh, exclaiming, "now isn't that too like a man? But you'd let me leave my work next day and go tramping a mile and a half into town looking in a dozen shops for a match to the button."

"The shops are very gay at this season, I believe," observed Mr. PERKINS.

"Very! But isn't it a curious thing that a woman doesn't lose her buttons so? You see this shabby old gown of mine? this is the third season for it, you know—and not one button gone!"

"Look here, MARIANNE, suppose you come down town with me to-morrow, and buy yourself a new one. It is a long time since we went shopping together, my dear, isn't it? About those trowsers I—"

"As to those brown trowsers, SAMUEL, you know how I have always hated them. I see you haven't got them on after all, and while I think of it, I believe I'll go and make them into a bundle, and lay them aside for JOE in the morning. He's kept the sidewalk so beautifully. Sew buttons on them again I won't, not for—"

"Why, MARIANNE, that's just what I've done myself," exclaimed Mr. PERKINS. "I've been trying to tell you all evening that JOE—"
"SAMUEL, I don't believe you!" said his wife promptly; but after a few minutes she took occasion to leave the room, or was for some time absent, examining the wardrobe upstairs. The conversation did not run on buttons after her return.

New Year Resolutions.

MAMMA to six-year-old son: You know, FRANKY dear, when the New Year comes, everybody makes new resolutions; and now, I want my little boy to tell me what he has resolved to do, or to keep from doing, all through this new year.

FRANKY, with a large piece of butter-toffee in his mouth: What are real resolutions, mamma?

MAMMA, more distinctly: New Year resolutions, FRANKY. Whatever naughty things you did last year, you will determine to try and not do, this year. Now, dear, think of one.

FRANKY: I can't think. Tell me again.

MAMMA: Why, you see, good people want to get better every year they live. And on New Year's day, they begin to remember how much better they might have been in the past, and so resolve to be different in the future, and this is what is called making good resolutions. Now, FRANKY, I want you to make some.

FRANKY: I don't understand it yet, mamma. Say it some other way.

MAMMA: Why, dear, think of something you used to do last year that I wouldn't like you to do, and then make up your mind, very earnestly, that you won't do it this year. Now, darling, think hard! What is it you're not going to do?

FRANKY: Ain't butter toffee awfully sticky?

MAMMA: Why, yes, dear, it seems to be, but I want you to think about what I'm saying to you now, FRANKY. Aren't you going to be very much better than you ever have been next year?

FRANKY: Oh, mamma, you said *this year* the other time—you know you did!

MAMMA: Well, of course, dear, I mean this new year that we have just entered upon, and which we may speak of as next year, as so little of it has yet elapsed. So, tell me darling, are you going to try and be a good boy this year, or next year?

FRANKY: I don't care, that's not fair. That's two years, mamma, and you said only one year, at first, and FREDDY JACKSON's waiting for me on the sidewalk, all this time, and if you make me be good for two years, he'll go home, and then I can't show him my new sleigh, and you said I might. So may I go now?

(Exit FRANKY, while mamma's face assumes a thoughtful expression.)

A fashion magazine says: "Ulsters will be worn somewhat longer this winter." Well, then, by George, the men who wear them have got to wear stilts, that's all.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*



Davin the Scientist.

A couple of individuals came to town the other day and opened an exhibition, their stock in trade being a living rooster with his head cut off. Before the show had been going on long the enterprising proprietors thereof were apprehended at the instance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the case came up before the police tribunal in due course. The defendants were fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, who is not only a brilliant lawyer but an eminent scientist, and as a necessary consequence they got off scot free. Mr. DAVIN's line of defence was that there was no cruelty in the case at all. This he proved by shewing that the rooster had not really lost his head any more than the counsel for the prosecution. He still retained a certain amount of brain—a good deal more than was possessed by many roosters whom he (Mr. D.) was acquainted with. This was not intended as a covert allusion to the city aldermen or other respectable persons. The learned counsel went on to shew that the cruelty in such a case all depended on the amount of material that was taken off the head. For example he himself had been robbed of all his hair, and yet he had felt no pain or inconvenience, and did not think of bringing an action against Dame Nature. Scientific experts were put in the witness box to corroborate this theory of the learned counsel, which they did to the satisfaction of the Magistrate, and the happy defendants left the court in company with their brilliant adviser, who metaphorically speaking wore a rooster's feather in his legal cap.

Elegant Extracts from the reflections of a National Tomnoddy.

Vulgarity is so much an English characteristic that one is always inclined to suspect a well-bred Englishman of being a man of rank. The Englishman of rank however seldom incurs suspicion in the way indicated.

There are no vulgar Irishmen,—the nation is too imaginative to sink into the sordid commonplace which is the essence of the vulgar character.

If all but Scotchmen were destroyed there would be no vulgarity. It is after all a quality ascertainable only by comparison with refinement, and in a Scotch world there would be nothing with which vulgarity could be compared.

The reason why a vulgar Canadian seems so very vulgar is that one expects a perfectly free mah, who must have had opportunities for education, to be high minded, easy and refined.

The most offensive animal in existence is the Canadian, who, in trying to pass himself off for an Englishman, imagines that he deceives his hearers into the belief that they see a foreign and not a native flunkey.

The meanest of all flunkeys is he who, being awed by rank, assumes to it an insolent demeanour. No—a lower depth is reached by the individual who brags of being insolent when he really acted the lick-spittle.

As one is so much in his own society he should strive to make that as refined and agreeable as possible.

The Rev Dr. JOHN HALL is said to have received over \$10,000 in wedding fees during the last year.—*Exchange.*

Wouldn't it be more appropriate to spell him Rev. JOHN HAUL?



INDEPENDENCE

LEADS TO



ANNEXATION.

Exempt us from Exemptions.

MR. GRIP hopes that the Hon. OLIVER MOWAT will be deeply impressed by the cartoon in this issue, and that he will not after examining the picture and remarking upon the faithfulness of his own portrait, quietly relegate it to that capacious receptacle of forgotten lore which he calls his consideration. The subject of the abolition of exemptions is one which has had consideration enough, and now demands action. If the Premier feels disposed to do a genuine kindness to his struggling fellow citizens, he will signalize the new year by easing them of the load of taxation they have to bear under the present unjust system of exemptions.



The Maine Political Trouble.

Reformed gamblers may be classed among the ex-ports of this country.—*Marathon Independent.* And vicious children among the imp-orts.

The Bystander.

THE BOOK.

An Idyl after Tennyson.

"Speak, babbling book," said I, and in this rhyme The cerulean Stander-by replied.

I leave my haunts to hoot and spurn
In many a lively sally,
The things that most Canadians learn :—
The *Globe* and *Mail* I rally.

On thirty texts I lay it down ;
I keep my readers busy ;
Poke fun at BLAKE and GEORDIE BROWN ;
And take a slap at DIZZY.

And still toward UNCLE SAM I go
Across the brimming river,
Canucks may come before they know
To go that road forever.

Poor Nation, did you die, your wits worn out,
Striving to make Canadians think like men ?

I moralize on Tory ways
In stinging sharps and trebles,
Consume with scorn LORD LYTTON'S bays—
And fling some well aimed pebbles.

O'er many a British sin I fret ;
Frown down the Jingo's shallow ;
And more than once I earn and get
The praise of schoolboys callow.

I chatter, chatter never—no ;
But loftily deliver
The thoughts to make Canadians go
'Cross Uncle SAMMY'S river.

But GEORDIE chatters more than book ; he's heard—
Old GEORDIE—every day where spreads the *Globe*

I hear the stout rag baby shout,
Though others say he's wailing,
He yet may turn both parties out
Though in the States he's failing.

With here and there a slight mistake
O'er men and things I travel ;
Some epigrams of value make,
Some knotty points unravel ;

Queer inferences draw, and show
Just how, across the river
Canadians really ought to go
And lose themselves forever.

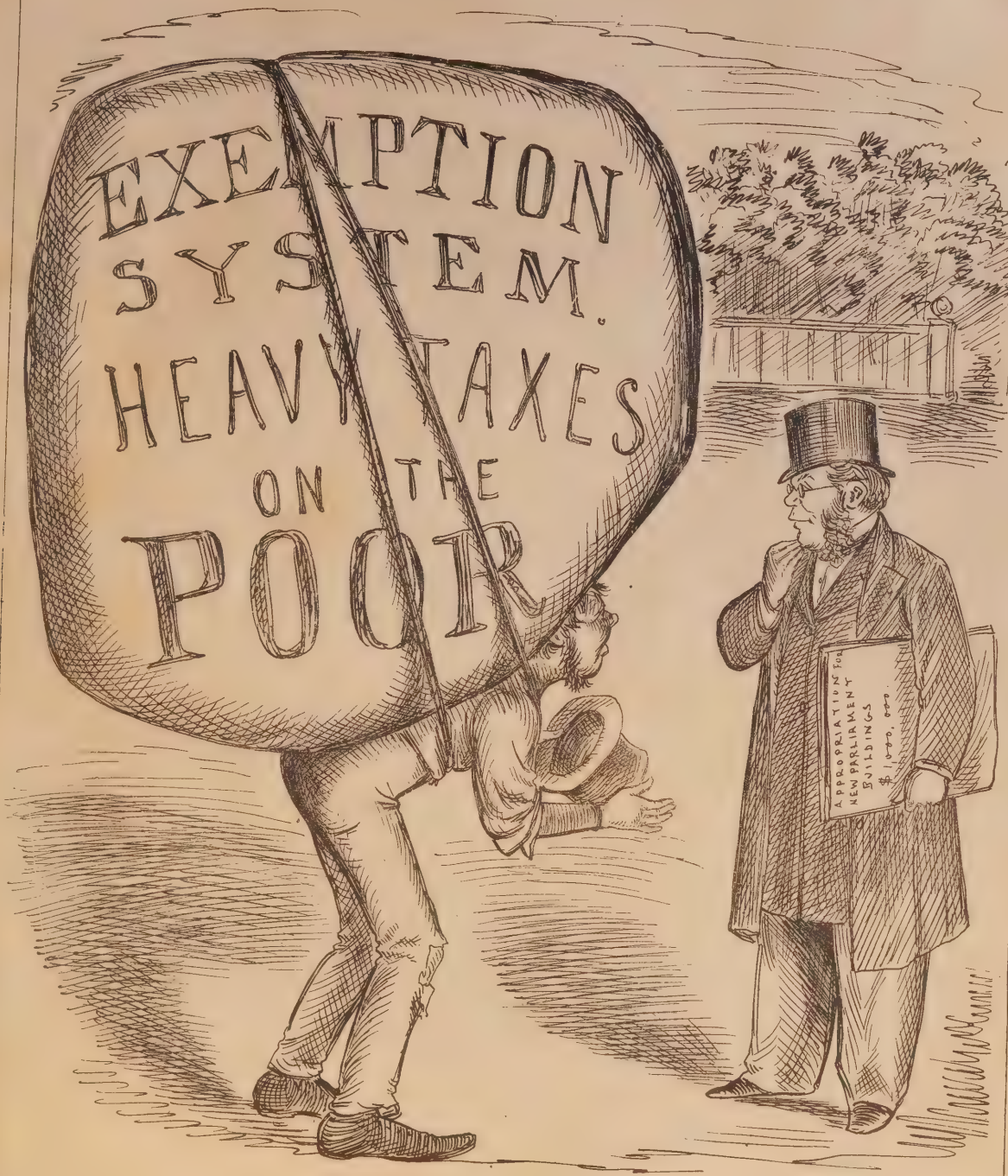
Oh—darling ALEXANDER GALT—the one,
The only man who gets a word of praise.

I rail at wicked party plots
From cerulean covers,
I show that liberals and Scots
Of Grit stripe can't be lovers.

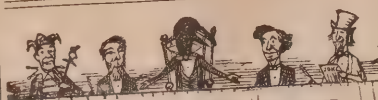
I slip, I always gloom, I glance
On him who party swallows ;
Long to get GEORDIE down and dance
Upon him till he hollers.

And always still I plainly show
My writer's nervous shiver ;
In fear Canucks will never go
Cross Uncle SAMMY'S river.

A clock pendulum is bound to keep time
if it has to swing for it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*



WHEN SHALL THIS BURDEN BE REMOVED ?



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Bun is mightier than the Sword."

It is a fact that a hogshead is larger than a hog.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Courtship is a draw game—marriage is a tie.—*Chicago Journal.*

Writers should belong to the authorodox church.—*Danisonville Sentinel.*

The painter who fell over with his ladder full of paints went down with colors flying.—*McGregor News.*

When a thief snatches a watch and transfers it to a confederate, he does so merely to pass away time.—*N. Y. News.*

It is found that Mrs. SOUTHWORTH has killed over 700 persons in her novels, and is still at large.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

Many a writer of note languishes in prison. Put another man's name on the note, you see.—*Marathon Independent.*

A man arrested for firing a barn, whereby its contents were destroyed, said he didn't know it was loaded.—*Boston Transcript.*

Paragraphers will not be allowed in boat-houses, hereafter, they have so many old saws at their command.—*Yanook Strauss.*

It was a merciful police justice who told us, once upon a time, that he'd rather commit a blunder than a prisoner.—*N. Y. News.*

When a thing you much desire is just beyond your reach, a man sadly realizes that Contentment is better than reaches.—*Whitehall Times.*

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as her "treasurer."

Men are naturally poor cooks. This was demonstrated in army days, when officers going to housekeeping always made a mess of it.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Toronto GRIP thinks Uncle Sam wants to re-open the fishery question. Well, we're not afraid to tackle it: "Have you had a bite?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

No matter how low down a man gets in the world, there are two things he can always get, somehow or other; good advice and bad whiskey.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

"Money," says Mr. TALMAGE, "is a golden-breasted bird with silver beak." Yes; and it's a kind of poultry that most men are particularly fond of.—*Chicago Times.*

The Washington Capital remarks: "Some of our slow subscribers, who may not find our paper in their mail, can understand that its absence is due to their unremitting kindness."

All doctors recommend people to go to sleep lying on the right side. This is all the better if you are a little deaf in the left ear and don't get home till late.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A bicycle rider was thrown off his fiery, untrained steed and fatally injured in Chicago, and the citizens want the Governor to appoint another Thanksgiving day. All the good things are coming in a heap this year.—*Norristown Herald.*

We never met an organ-grinder, no matter how humble he was, who wouldn't put on airs every time he saw a group of children playing in front of a house.—*N. Y. News.*

"I allus takes things as they come," remarked the tramp, as he lifted the apple pie that had been left out of doors to cool, and industriously ambled out of sight.—*Rockland Courier.*

There is something soft and tender in the fall of a single snowflake, but when it comes to crawling out in the morning and shoveling away a big drift, its ornery, mean and disgusting.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Along late in the forenoon JOHNNY was found crying as if his heart was broken. "Why, JOHNNY," said his mother, "what's the matter?" "Boohoo, boohoo," he shuffled, "it's nearly dinner time and we're goin' to have turkey, and I ain't hungry."—*Steubenville Herald.*

A poet says: "Love holds me so! I would that I could go! I flutter up and down, and to and fro. In vain—Love holds me so." Eat a raw onion just before you go to see her and she will loosen her grasp and throw up a window. Paste this in your hat.—*Peek's Mahanuck Sun.*

There is nothing so charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma," said a five-year-old the other day, "I wish you would not leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad that I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."—*San Francisco Post.*

"Some more cheese, please," said a small boy of eight to his papa at dinner. "No, my child," was the reply of the prudent parent, "you have already had enough. When I was a child I had to eat my bread and smell my cheese." Well, said sonny, "please give me a piece to smell."—*Portland Transcript.*

"MARIA," observed Mr HOLCOMB, as he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet." "I can't fix it now, no way. I'm too busy." "Well, give me the patch then, and I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth."—*Unknown Etc.*

A little girl in the infant class of a Sunday-school thoroughly appreciated the difference between being good from choice and from necessity. At the close of the school one day the teacher remarked, "BECKIE, dear, you have been a very good little girl to-day." "Yes 'm couldn't help being good; I got a tiff neck," BECKIE replied, with perfect seriousness.—*Unknown Etc.*

Presidents of nearly a dozen prominent colleges deny the statement made lately by a religious newspaper that our best schools teach that physical man was evolved from irrational animals. If, now, they could deny authoritatively that man himself is generally an irrational animal they would afford unspeakable consolation to politicians and preachers.—*New York Herald.*

When a young man makes the acquaintance of a pretty girl in a car, and takes a seat beside her, he feels as if he was in Paradise, and he wishes the journey was two thousand miles long instead of only ten miles. He keeps on wishing this until one end of his shirt-collar slips its cable and climbs up toward the top of his ear. Then the young man would prefer a seat on the coal-box near the door, and wishes he was going to get off at the next station. A collar warranted not to leave the moorings at unexpected periods would drive all the others out of the market.—*B. Dadd.*

The man who can devour a dozen and a half raw oysters at one sitting, is the man for eighteen ate he. (What ho, without there! Seize him and hurl him from the loftiest battlements of the donjon keep, into the foaming portcullis that flows past the postern gate.) It is done. The limp ripples of the silently flowing turret close above the eddying sally port, and all is over.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Scene—Gold Hill Public School. Object lessons in the primary class. Subject, grammar.

Teacher—"Form a sentence with the word 'deaf' in it."

First Pupil—"A deaf man cannot hear."

Teacher—"Correct. Next, form a sentence with the word 'blind' in it."

Second pupil—"Pull down the blind."

Sensation in school.—*Unknown Etc.*

The story is told of a clergyman, that, after preaching an interesting sermon on "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," he was accosted by a hearer, who said, "I liked that sermon, and I now wish you would preach another on the recognizing of people in this world. I have been attending your church for three years, and not five persons in the congregation have so much as bowed to me in all that time."—*Unknown Etc.*

A few jokes about young ladies embroidering slippers for holiday presents to friends, are now in order.—*Cin. Saturday Night.* Are, eh? Well, here goes on the slippery subject: EM. BROIDER, a favorite in Cincinnati society, was observed the other day to take out a new horse blanket to the croquet ground, and trace over its entire extent sinuous lines in charcoal. When asked what she was doing, she replied, "O, I'm designing a slipper pattern for the Fat Contributor, but I'm afraid there isn't cloth enough."—*Buffalo Sunday Times.*

Dreamily wrapt in reverie sits the maiden. JOHN, dear JOHN, is coming up for the holidays and the whole business is to be settled. They are engaged, of course, but the day, the joyous day, when the wedding ring—ah, the door bell rings. The postman leaves a letter. With heart beating quickly she breaks the seal. "Well, old boy, going up country to see my little 'mash.' She's a daisy, but she'll have to go. I'll break her heart, but she has no money. I've made an impression on LONGPULSE's oldest and susceptible daughter—" She reads no more. JOHN has mailed the wrong letter and she's mad, tearing mad; for two months ago she'd thrown aside honest JNO. HARDWORKER because he had no style about him, and now she's reaping her reward. This story might have been strung out in five numbers of the *Weekly Continuation*, but we prefer giving it in a lump.—*New Haven Register.*

It isn't every man who can make a good stinging retort, neat and at the same time merciless. To do it well requires perfect coolness, great precision in language and rare laconic talent. Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON caught it the other day from FRANK LOCKWOOD. His lordship said in a speech at the Conservative Club, King's Lynn, "I have a great many friends among the Liberals with whom I often smoke a cigar and drink brandy and water." He then described Mr. LOCKWOOD, the liberal candidate, as a "political fledgling." Now mark what Mr. LOCKWOOD said in reply. "Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON has cal'ed me a fledgling. I don't know when Lord CLAUDE was hatched, but from what I gather from his speech, he seems to be a gentleman who is old enough to drink brandy and soda, and is young enough to talk about it." While this is hardly definite enough to fix his lordship's age, it is sharp enough to fix him.—*Tribune.*

Our Serial Story.

Parents, guardians and all thoughtful teachers of youth must be aware that the literature furnished to the rising generation is shamefully tame and goody-goody. Mr. GRIP, determined to do his share in rectifying this crying evil, has engaged the celebrated author, Mr. JIMUEL BRIGGS, to write a thoroughly blood and thunder serial for the young, and here goes for the first instalment.

The Pirates of Toronto Bay:

A MORAL STORY FOR BOYS.

BY JIMUEL BRIGGS.

CHAP. I.

Whatever booms the hour brings.
Remember still that time has wings,
And if perchance—some careless phrase
Should speak to thee of bygone days,
I really don't see that it makes any particular difference.
—Euripides.

"Telegram, sir?" said the newsboy. He was poorly clad and shivered in the keen March air. "Only one cent."

"In which respect it resembles a missionary," said the interrogated citizen. "No, you need not laugh unless you want to—the jest is somewhat ancient. Give me a paper, —and these" as half a dozen others rushed up, "are the children of poverty and indigence. Didn't ever reflect, my boy, upon the wrongs of the poor and the grinding despotism of capital?"

"Never!"
"What n—ot at all?" said the citizen, suddenly checking his too indiscreet utterance. "Ah, 'tis sad. Mark you proud and haughty aristocrat, rolling luxuriously in his gorgeous chariot! Dost not know that his wealth is wrung from the toil-worn hands of labor. How long is this injustice to continue? Think of these things."

"Gimme my cent fur the paper," responded the newsboy.

"Ah, true, I had forgotten; here—do not lavish it in reckless extravagance and dissipation."

He has gone. But his words have sunk deeply into the plastic mind of his youthful auditor.

"No more," he mutters, between his clinched teeth, in the intervals of his engrossing vocation, "no more will I—Telegram, sir!—submit to the scorn and contumely of the proud—Telegram, sir!—and unfeeling, who care no more for the sufferings of the poor than for the veriest worm that they tread beneath—Telegram, sir!—their feet.—Telegram, sir! No, I can't change no five dollar bill, so git a paper from some wealthy cuss, and go to thunder, for I've quit the business and I'm going to be a pirate! Ha, ha!"

CHAP. II.

The stars that gem the vault profound,
In emblematic nucleus throng,
Whisper a semblance rarely found,
The utterance of a stately song;
A thought which brightens to the last
In memory of the bioplast.

—J. D. Edgar.

Come with us, gentle reader, to the pirate's cave. The casual stroller upon the sandy shore of the Island in Toronto Bay might have observed a lowly fisherman's cot upon a narrow point of land seemingly devoid of the appurtenances of luxury. Had he entered, however, and pressed the secret spring concealed 'neath the humble door-mat, a trap door would have flown open, leading by a flight of steps and secret passage way to the haunt of the gang of free-booters, which have long been the scourge of Toronto Bay.

The scene was one never to be forgotten.



SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Supplies," and addressed to the Right Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on THURSDAY, the TWENTY SECOND day of JANUARY next, for the following supplies, viz:—

Grey Military Flannel, 30 inches wide, 50z.	3,000 yds.
Brown Duck, 12 oz.	2,500 "
Woolen Undershirts, full fashioned, (double breasted)	750 "
Woolen Drawers, full fashioned, (double seated by extra thread of yarn)	750 pairs.
Woolen Socks, long legs	1,500 "
" Stockings, long legs	750 "
" Mitts, long wrists	500 "
Blue Artillery Cloth, (shrunken) 54 inches wide	1,400 yards.
Scarlet Serge, (shrunken) 54 inches wide	600 "
Scarlet Cloth (shrunken) 54 inches wide	600 "
White Serge lining, 35 inches wide	500 "
Yellow Overall Laid, 2 inches wide	2,000 "
Yellow Russian Braid	2,000 "
Helmets with spikes & chinstraps complete	300 "
Forage Caps	400 "
Buffalo Coats made from No. 1 Summer robes	150 "
Waterproof Sheets, 4 ft. by 6 ft.	200 "
Moccasins, all loose, large sizes, 6 inches high in leg	500 pairs.
Kit Bags	700 "
Mosquito bars	400 "
Gauntlets, Buckskin, unlined	350 pairs.
" Teamsters, Deerskin, unlined	300 "
Blankets, 10 lbs	300 "
Towels, large, linen	300 "
" small	500 "
Nose Bags	300 "
Curry Combs, Web handles	300 "

MATERIAL FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS.

Grained Leather, 18 to 22 feet each side	280 sides.
No. 1 Canadian Kip Skins, 10 to 12 lbs. each	1,400 lbs.
No. 1 Spanish Sole Leather, 18 to 24 lbs. per side	3,350 "
No. 1 Slaughter Sole, for heel stiffeners, 15 to 18 lbs. per side	150 "
No. 1 Russet Sheep Skins, for linings	17 doz.

The skins must be neatly trimmed, have a good spread and be free from holes.

Patterns of all articles, except Leather, may be seen at the Department.

The Flannel, Brown Duck, Leather, Red and Blue Cloth, Red and White Serge, and Yellow Lace and Braid, to be delivered at the Penitentiary, Kingston, within six weeks of acceptance of contract.

The other Articles to be delivered at Ottawa, not later than 1st April.

Every article will be subject to examination and rejection if not fully equal to sample.

Freight charges from places of shipment to Kingston or Ottawa, as the case may be, to be paid by the Contractor.

Any Customs duties payable on the above supplies to be paid by the Contractor.

Printed forms of tender may be had on application to the undersigned.

Samples to accompany tenders.

Tenders may be for the whole or any of the above Articles.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Payment for these supplies will be made on the 3rd July next.

No payment will be made to Newspapers inserting the above advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

FRED WHITE,
Chief Clerk,
OTTAWA, Dec. 22nd, 1879. xiv-7-3t.

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cornby, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars. xii-12-1y

Financial.

\$10 to \$1000! Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month
Book sent free explaining everything.
Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N. Y.
xiii-22-1y

A GOOD PLAN. Combining and operating many orders in one vast sum has every advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profits divided pro rata on investments of \$25 to \$10,000. Circular, with full explanations how all can succeed in stock dealings, mailed free.
LAWRENCE & CO., 56 Exchange Place, New York.
xiii-22-1y

The spacious apartment lighted up by costly chandeliers and adorned with the choicest *chef d'oeuvre*s of the old masters; heaps of glittering spoil littered in careless profusion upon the mahogany table and tessalated pavement, and the swarthy, dark-haired men, who occupied their time in alternately brandishing on high their trusty blades, and quaffing the choicest vintages of France from richly chased goblets, could not but impress the most careless beholder. All pirates are swarthy and black-haired. No red-headed, blonde-complexed fellow could earn his salt at the business.

There was a respectful hush as a tall youth, whose form displayed the symmetry of an Apollo entered the apartment with a panther-like stride.

"What ho! brave comrades all."

"No hoe, most noble captain—Our hands have long been strangers to the weapons of servile toil," said a heedless youth.

The captain's brow darkened. Other men would have broken into a storm of passion, but he maintained his imperturbable calm and drawing a revolver shot the rash speaker through the heart.

"Discipline must be preserved," he said sternly. "Without it there is an end to all authority.—How many times have I told you that the regular thing when your captain enters is the 'Pirates' Chorus?'"

The following appropriate air was then rendered in a manner which reflected great credit on the performers:

THE PIRATE'S CHORUS.

Who would not be
A pirate bold,
With a thirst for Blood
And a lust for Gold,
For we sail the sea
Ha Ha!!

So wild and free,
Ha Ha!
A merry, merry pirate band!

"Excellent," said the chief. "If, however, I may be allowed to criticize a performance which is first-class in the main, you RINALDO are a trifle shaky in your upper register. You GOUZLIO might have imparted somewhat more feeling and abandon as it were, to the latter section of the chorus, and as for you, BERTRAND de SANTIAGO, your pianissimo notes are well nigh inaudible. Practise it for an hour daily. Still you're improving and 'tis well. A month since, when we captured our last prize in Ash-bridge's Bay, the chorus was shamefully rendered, as the *Mail* remarked at the time it was an insult to a Toronto audience."

CHAP. III.

And if mid distant scenes we pine
For some familiar spot,
Tis surely * * * * * sign
If otherwise, why not?
—P. E. W. Meyer.

The decks of the good ship *Armintha* Jane reeked with gore and tobacco juice. The pirates, after a determined resistance, were masters of the situation, and the captain, JASPER COURTLEY, falling on his knees before the successful freebooters begged for his life.

"Wretch, you shall die," thundered a voice of command. "Ay, if you had 1,000 lives, all insured. Dost not know me? Ay, gaze on these features and recognize in Red Handed RUDOLPH the dreaded pirate of Toronto Bay, the humble newsboy whom once you spurned from your door with the paltry excuse that you didn't want any *Telegram*! Now! Ha! ha!! You shall die!"

He died. I-o-dide of potassium, but that was not what ailed Capt. J. COURTLEY to any extent. The detectives are working up the case.

(To be continued).

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A Fish Story.

ED. I. TORIALLE.

The father took his little boy,
And placed him on his knee,
And told him all about the fish
That swam around the sea.

"What crazy things the fishes are,
To get caught in a net,
If I," said JOHNNY, "was a fish
I'd have more sense, you bet!"

"They are, indeed, a crazy set,"
The father did explain;
"For when they're found within a net,
They always are in-seine."

Opinions of the Press on Grip's Almanac.

GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1880, has been received, and fully bears out the promise indicated in the sample sheet sent us, being witty and wise, and full of good and amusing jokes and nicely illustrated. Price 15 cts.—*Owen Sound Tribune*.

GRIP'S ALMANAC.—We have had the pleasure of reading this comic work and feel sure that it will be welcomed in every Canadian home. It is full of humorous sketches and reading matter; the "hits" are good and it deserves a liberal support.—*Whitby Gazette*.

GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1880 has been received, and a comical little book it is. Of course it contains a large number of illustrations, political and otherwise, which are very amusing. It, we have no doubt, will have a large circulation. It is for sale at the book stores.—*Kingston News*.

GRIP'S ALMANAC.—This very amusing and profusely illustrated annual for 1880—as full of fun as an egg is of meat—is to hand; and we congratulate the publishers of *Grip* upon their success as Almanac makers. Its "political record" alone is well worth the price. Our readers should obtain a copy at their earliest convenience.—*New-market Era*.

"GRIP'S" ALMANAC.—*Grip's* almanac is capital. It is funny, clever, neat and useful. In some respects it is equal to *Venior* as a weather prophet—at all events one may follow it with more certainty. The cuts are well executed, and the letter-press is in every way worthy of the clever pen which freshens and enlivens the pages of our Canadian *Punch* every week.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

We have received from Messrs. Uglow & McGiffin *Grip's* Almanac for 1880—a perfect repository of wit and sarcasm. As an almanac it is entirely on the safe side, as its monthly record, so far as its cartoons are concerned, refer to events of the present year. All the prominent political events of the past year are there portrayed in the order of their occurrence. The weather predictions are exceedingly funny.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

CORRECTION.—In the list of Canadian newspapers given in *GRIP'S ALMANAC*, the circulation of the *Whitby Chronicle* was stated as 700. This was a typographical error for 1700.

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"Trout	do
"St Marguerite	do
"Pentecost	do
"Mistassini	do
"Beesie	do
"Little Cascapedia (Baie des Chaleurs).	
"Nouvelle	do
"Escumencac	do
"Malbaie (near Perce).	
"Magdalen (South Shore).	
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xiv-8-4t.

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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP OFFICE, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

Sir GARNET WOLSELEY is writing a life of MARLBOROUGH.

KINGLAKE, of Crimean fame, is suffering from bronchitis, and has gone to the continent.

Lord DERBY has protested against the publication of his father's memoirs by his brother.

The Russian Government has given permission for the publication of the correspondence of PETER the Great.

Nuremberg is growing so rapidly that the destruction of her interesting, many-towered old wall has been decided upon.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the correspondent, announces an article criticising Lord CHELMSFORD's conduct during the Zulu war.

Mr. PERRAULT's new monthly the *Colonial Emancipator* is out. In appearance it resembles the *Bystander* though not in literary merit.

Macmillan is to have a highly sensational article for February. King CETYWAYO is to publish an "Apologia pro Vitasua," interspersed with running comments on the Zulu war.

The "Tablette" photograph, designed and introduced by the distinguished firm of NOTMAN & FRASER, is very much admired. Some exceedingly beautiful specimens may be seen at their studio on King St.

The London Society of Painters in Water Colors has lately announced, in its last catalogue, that there are no vacancies for lady members, which has made quite a stir in London art circles, for ladies up to this time have been sparingly elected.

A special meeting of the Society of Painters in Water-colors has been called by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., to memorialize the Italian Minister of Public Works in regard to the proposed restoration of the facade of St. Mark's, in Venice.

A fine collection of original drawings of JOHN LEECH has been purchased by subscription for the Charterhouse, the school at which LEECH spent his early years. The drawings are now arranged and exhibited in the library at the Charterhouse.

The *Spectator* says of the Princess LOUISE's contributions to the Water Color Exhibition, "that people will think them very able, for a princess," and that "some of the sketches are more fitted for a young lady's album than exhibition in a London gallery."

A gentleman writes us to know if we will accept a series of articles "pitching into" the management of the Canadian Academy of Art. As the Academy is scarcely yet in existence we think it hardly generous to attack its management—at least until something objectionable has been done.

The two child-songs, by ALFRED TENNYSON, written especially for *St. Nicholas*, appear in the February issue. Both songs have been set to music under Mr. TENNYSON's supervision, and one of the musical accompaniments forwarded by him will also be given in the same number.

The Berlin National Museum has lately been enriched by what is said to be the largest modern group of sculpture known. It is a "Prometheus" group, modeled out of one block of Carrara marble weighing three hundredweight, and has been executed by Professor GUSTAV MÜLLER, of Coburg, a sculptor long resident at Rome.

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Stage Whispers.

A local juvenile comic opera troupe gave performances of *Pinafore* at St. Andrew's Hall this week.

Mr. J. C. CONNER has resigned the business management of the Royal Opera House of this city. He will be succeeded by Mr. LUCIEN BARNES, late of BARNES' Revellers.

REMEYNI, the violinist, was greeted by a large audience who enjoyed his performance beyond all expression. It is not likely that the negotiations with JOSEFFY will eventuate in the appearance of that wonderful artist before the Toronto public.

The "Commercial Travellers" is a new organization on the plan of the "Tourists." M. V. LANGHAM is to be the leading man, and the company includes WM. DAVIDGE, Jr., CORA DANIELS, and others. The first date is set for Wilmington, Del., Jan. 19.

Mme. NILSSON's debut at Madrid in "Faust," on Dec. 4, was one of the greatest triumphs of her career. After the garden scene she was re-called three times, also at the end of each following act, their Majesties joining in the applause, which at certain moments was almost frantic.

MINNIE PALMER with her comedy company occupies the stage of the Royal at present. The piece, which is called *The Boarding School*, abounds in humor and music and proves a good attraction. Mr. WM. J. SCANLON the well known Irish comedian plays the leading male part.

Queen VICTORIA is very fond of the drama, and Mrs. DAVENPORT says the profession is indebted to her for a valuable idea—that of turning the lights of the audience down during the acts, and up between them. The advantage was so obvious, and royalty having suggested it, it at once became the rule.

As an evangelist DAN RICE shows the same appreciation of the value of advertising that he did when he led a circus-van. On his letter headings is a circus clown gaudily pictured on a skeleton horse, with these words in red, "DAN RICE's New Departure—A Jump from the Ring to the Rostrum."

JOHN E. McDONOUGH, the veteran actor, has been interviewed by a Pittsburgh paper. He claims to have brought LOTTA out in 1858, finding her in a third story room of a San Francisco boarding house picking a banjo. He says that she had previously attempted to play in New York, but failed, and he started her on the road to success.

After JOHN E. OWENS, the comedian, had retired to his chamber in the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, the other night, he caught the sound of something crinolined in the hall, and heard a gentle tap on the door of his room. He opened the door. He shut it again. For on the mat outside lay a pretty baby boy, who was crowing lustily. Pinned to the baby's clothing was the following note: "My Dear Sir:—I have seen your performance of *Higgins* in 'Dr. Clyde,' and consider it one of the finest impersonations I ever witnessed. The only way in which I can evince my gratitude to you is by offering you one of the loveliest infants I could select from the orphan asylum. Take it and cherish it, and God bless you and prosper you.—AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER." Mr. OWENS struggled with conflicting purposes for a few moments, and then summoning all his friends that could be found, solemnly announced that baby's adoption as "JOHN E. OWENS, Jr."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Vers de Societe.

I.—THE ANTIQUATED BEAU.

Well JACK, I saw you looking tender
Last night, at slim and pallid JANE,
And with strange envy knew the splendor
Of youth and hope, in a sudden pain.
Queer that till forty I have heeded
So lightly how the seasons go,
That sight of your young love was needed
To make me feel an antiquated beau.

Your thrills translated me to twenty;—
The lights burned dimmer in the room;
Long faded roses grew in plenty,
I felt their fragrance, saw their bloom;
And NELLY—little jilt!—stood smiling,
A rose herself! how long ago!
That now I'm dead to such beguiling,
Proves me an antiquated beau.

Then LILY with her golden tresses,
And eyes of most perplexing blue;
And MABEL—guide to wildernesses
Of fancy, sweet to wander through;
SYBIL with wooing looks—how many
Came back one moment to bestow
Their smiles, more lovely far than any
That greet an antiquated beau.

Fair visions all, balmoral skirted,
Enclosed in magic ring of hoops,
They moved—the girls with whom we flirted,
Their garments hanging down from loops—
Some serious move of JANE here rustles
Her silken folds—I wake, and lo!
A world of girls sheathed close; no bustles;
And I an antiquated beau!

You standing there, a revelation—
The first—of youth no longer mine;
JANE straightly clad in imitation
Of narrow night-gowned saints divine;
Plumpness long vanished out of fashion,
Belles striving all their bones to show,
Æsthetic furniture a passion,
And I an antiquated beau!

JACK reach me down—I want her nearer—
That pictured girl in crino ine,—
Had she been true and held me dearer,
How different my fate had been!
Young voices might proclaim me father,
And little footsteps come and go—
Well, had it been, perhaps I'd rather
Envy the antiquated beau!

BOZENI.

National Poetry.

"Does Canada furnish Material for National Poetry?" This question was debated

at a public meeting of the University Literary and Scientific Society last Friday night, and the public will no doubt be astonished and disgusted to learn that Prof. WILSON, who acted as chairman, gave his decision in the negative. The blame, however, must be altogether charged upon the young men who undertook to uphold the affirmative, for it is presumed the chairman decided strictly in accordance with the evidence. Now, what kind of arguers can those young collegians have been to allow such a question to be answered in the negative? Question? Why, there's no question about it, Canada furnishes more material for national poetry than could be hauled in one of the Grand Trunk drays. Look at the array of national poets Canada has, whose prolific muses feed on home made material exclusively. Where does our poet PLUMB gather his inspiration, for example? Are not his beautiful and touching sonnets all made of Canadian material? What about the beaver, the maple leaf, the Thousand Islands, the Falls of Niagara, the magnificent water stretches, the great Lone Land, the forest primæval, the Pacific railway Charter, the salary grab, the Ottawa aristocracy—do not these and thousands of other native institutions that might be enumerated furnish unlimited material for poetry? What could those young men have been thinking of? They deserve to be punished severely—and no more fitting punishment could be devised than to compel them to read all the native poetry that has been written.

Something like Fables.

BY BEZONI.

THE UNSUSPICIOUS RAT.

A Rat was seated on a large wooden Wedge, engaged in devouring the only piece of pork in a barrel, when another, enviously watching, exclaimed, "Take care of the thin edge of the wedge." The alarmed rodent hastily jumped off his support which was immediately seized by the other, who in comfort devoured the coveted morsel, while the dispossessed animal was drowned in the brine.

Moral: It is a great art in politics to do the wrong thing at the right season.

THE SAVAGE AND HIS DOGS.

A Grand Old Reforming Savage, who possessed a fine Bull-terrier and a large Newfoundland, each remarkable for his strength of jaw, attacked a neighboring Robber in his Castle, and with the aid of his Dogs, secured much Spoil. Putting the Terrier in charge, with the Newfoundland as assistant, the Grand Old R. S. went fast asleep with one eye open. The Routed Foe took up a new position and by persistently yelling "Yah!" so much discomposed the mortified Newfoundland's nerves that he said he would go to Europe to recuperate his health. Taking advantage of his absence the enemy forced the Bull-terrier and his Master to leave the spoil, which they did with many protestations that the country was lost to a Nasty Plunderer. On the Newfoundland's return with his poor Nerves in good order he offered to lead a new attack, but the Bull-terrier refused to follow, and the Grand Old Savage indignantly stood on his head. Thus the enemy was left in possession of the Coveted Spoil which he profusely distributed to a pack of Jackals sworn to defend him.

Moral: When honest men fall out thieves come by their own.

THE STUDIOUS DONKEY.

A Studios Donkey discovered a plan for getting oats at the Public Crib, and com-

municated it to a wily old Roadster. The latter at once put it into practice, and while munching away with great pleasure, in company with so many of his comrades that the Studios Donkey was excluded from the crib, turned to the latter and thanked him with much effusion. "Keep your thanks," said the Studios Donkey, "and let me get my head into the crib." Whereupon the horses only laughed, and the impatient Donkey, too hungry to wait until a place was made for him, went off in search of a party from whom he might get gratitude for future favors.

Moral: Better wait the convenience of one's obliged friends than seek the sympathy of a heartless world.

THE INSECT, THE BULL AND THE BEAVER.

A British Insect, mounted on the top of a lofty Canadian Maple, saw an Industrious Beaver pass below, and began to revile him as a vile, National Native. The Beaver merely stopped to reply, "Coward! it is not I you revile, but the place on which I stand." After saying this he met a herd of British Bulls, to whom he told the adventure. The Bulls immediately accused him of high treason, whereupon the National Beaver stood on his tail and made a low obeisance, humbly protesting his loyalty to any country but his own.

Moral: The sentiments that may be safely uttered in private should not be told to the herd.
(Ask Mr. MACMASTER, if you don't believe it.)

THE BEAVERS AND THE BULL.

As some Beavers were constructing a dam to keep out the flood from their meadow, a Bull, who intended to hold possession of it when the work was done, set up a tremendous bellowing because a Hunter looked on their work. "He will annex the meadow and injure us all," roared the Bull, while the Beavers fearing to lose their skins silently plunged into their houses.

Moral: Those in dread of the worst injuries don't always make the loudest noise.

THE ORACLE.

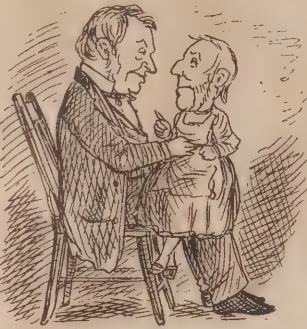
In days of yore a mighty Mumbling was heard from the shrine of an Oracle, and Multitudes stood for years in expectation of some wonderful Utterance. At last, as rosy-fingered Aurora touched the world, the voice became distinct, and people were told that their salvation depended on initiating a scheme for compulsory minoritics.

Moral: Some mountains don't even bring forth a mouse.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE SHEEP.

Some sheep in which two parties had a joint ownership, were accustomed to be fleeced by their proprietors during alternating periods. A Philosopher from Oxford passing by noticed that they had recently been sheared by one party, and was informed that they would be sheared by the other in the following year. "Rebel against both," he shouted in a fit of moral indignation, "and follow me." "No," answered the sheep, "these men fleece us with decency and skill and we know not what might happen if we passed into new hands. Our Shepherds are sure to want wool wherever we go." "Brutes, deserving of your fate," answered the angry Philosopher, "I will inform the Eagle of your whereabouts."

Moral: Better put up with the ills we can endure than follow advice that we can't.

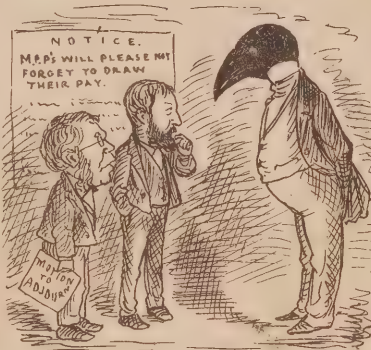
**"Soapy Sam."**

From the *Globe* we clip the following little story, taking the liberty to embellish the same with an illustration, as above:

Of the late Bishop WILBERFORCE this story is told:—On one occasion, while staying in a country house not many miles from Windsor, the daughter of his host, a little girl of seven, suddenly broke out before all the assembled company, "I want to ask you a question, my lord; will you answer me very, very truly?" The Bishop smiled, took the child on his knee, and said:—"Of course I will, my little dear. What is it?" The child looked gravely up at him and let fall the following terrible question:—"Why does everyone call you 'Soapy Sam'?" You can easily imagine the feelings of the company; but the Bishop was quite equal to the occasion, and after having cast a half-mocking and cynical glance round the room, replied simply:—"I will tell you my darling. People call me 'Soapy Sam' because, whenever I get into hot water, I always come out with my hands clean."

The Sentiments of Pidgers.

"Shoot them!—dead, Sir!—dead as door-nails! of course I would," said PIDGERS, and he looked as ferocious as a canary bird at the man who doubted whether Canada-First men were guilty of high treason. "We hold this country for England, Sir. By the strong arm we won it—I heard my father say so. Who cares for national interests?—except England's. Why care for Independence? Where's the reason?" And the rash Canadian saw that there must be deuced little reason in a country where fellows like PIDGERS give a "tone" to public and private life.

**The Local Lads.**

Mr. GRIP—Well, Master MOWAT, and what are you doing just now?

Master MOWAT—Nothing, sir.

Mr. GRIP—And you, Master MEREDITH?

Master MEREDITH—Please, sir, I'm helping OLIVER.

Jenkins' Disappointment.

He thirsted for oratorical fame, and knew the weakness of his nerves. But at the dinner of last week he was determined to speak to the toast of "the ladies." Three long hours for three evenings were devoted to the preparation of his speech. Three more evenings saw him committing the effort to memory, and a fourth heard him delivering it to his sisters amid the wildest applause. How witty and brilliant it was the world will never know, because after drinking himself up to the state of sublime courage he was not called on to reply. Another fellow spoke on the subject so dear to the heart of JENKINS, who will never have a chance again to deliver himself because he is to be married in a fortnight. Wildly the Sauterne flowed through his maddened brain, and he wept tears in the gray morning.

**St. John's Ward and Her Pet Alderman.**

The city still remains in suspense as to whether or not the Council is to have the services of Mr. PIPER. If the question might be decided according to the generous impulse of the genius of the Noble Ward, there wouldn't be a moment's delay,—a tumultuous cry would at once ascend from a thousand throats—"Gib us HARRY or gib us death!" But, alas, it is the stern law that must pronounce upon the matter; Law, that does not take into consideration the moral affinities which may make an alderman dear to his constituency, nor the sentiments of love which may bind their hearts together. It is of no avail therefore for the Noble Ward to clasp HARRY to her bosom and declare that nothing shall part them; Justice, unmindful of her sobs and tears, will simply enquire whether or not he got his election by crooked means, and in accordance with the evidence the decision shall be rendered.

Improbabilities.

That the Revd. Dr. PORTS will ever appear as *Dick Deadeye* in Pinafore.

That Mr. FRAZER will get Archbishop LYNCH's permission to allow Mr. MOWAT to deal with the question of tax exemptions.

That Conservatives will ever see that a fly-on-the-wheel Ministry is less injurious than a drag-on-the-wheel Cabinet.

That the creditors of the United Evaders Club will long be content to permit the Committee to be "at home" to everyone but themselves.

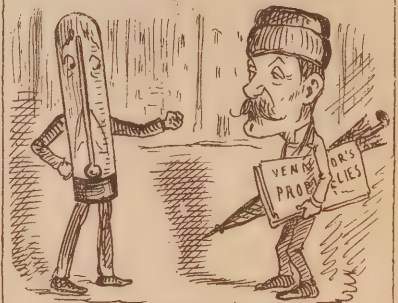
That Canadians will view with pleasure the projected "court" at Ottawa.

That the Tomnoddies will understand till too late that Canadian institutions are not republican only because they are democratic.

**Boyle vs. the Globe.**

Brother BOYLE, having trailed his journalistic coat-tail on the ground, the great *Globe* man trod upon it,—and then Brother BOYLE demanded ten thousand dollars damages. He didn't get it, however; in fact such damages as resulted from the suit affected the plaintiff himself more than the defendant. There is a great lesson to be learned from this, namely, that it does not pay as a general rule to sue the *Globe* for libel, for that paper has an awkward habit of usually being in the right as to matters of fact. The revelations of contractual crookedness brought out during this trial must be extremely edifying to the public in general, and the ministry in particular. If this sort of thing is done with the knowledge and consent of ministers, it is surely temperate to say that the country is at present in the hands of a bad gang.

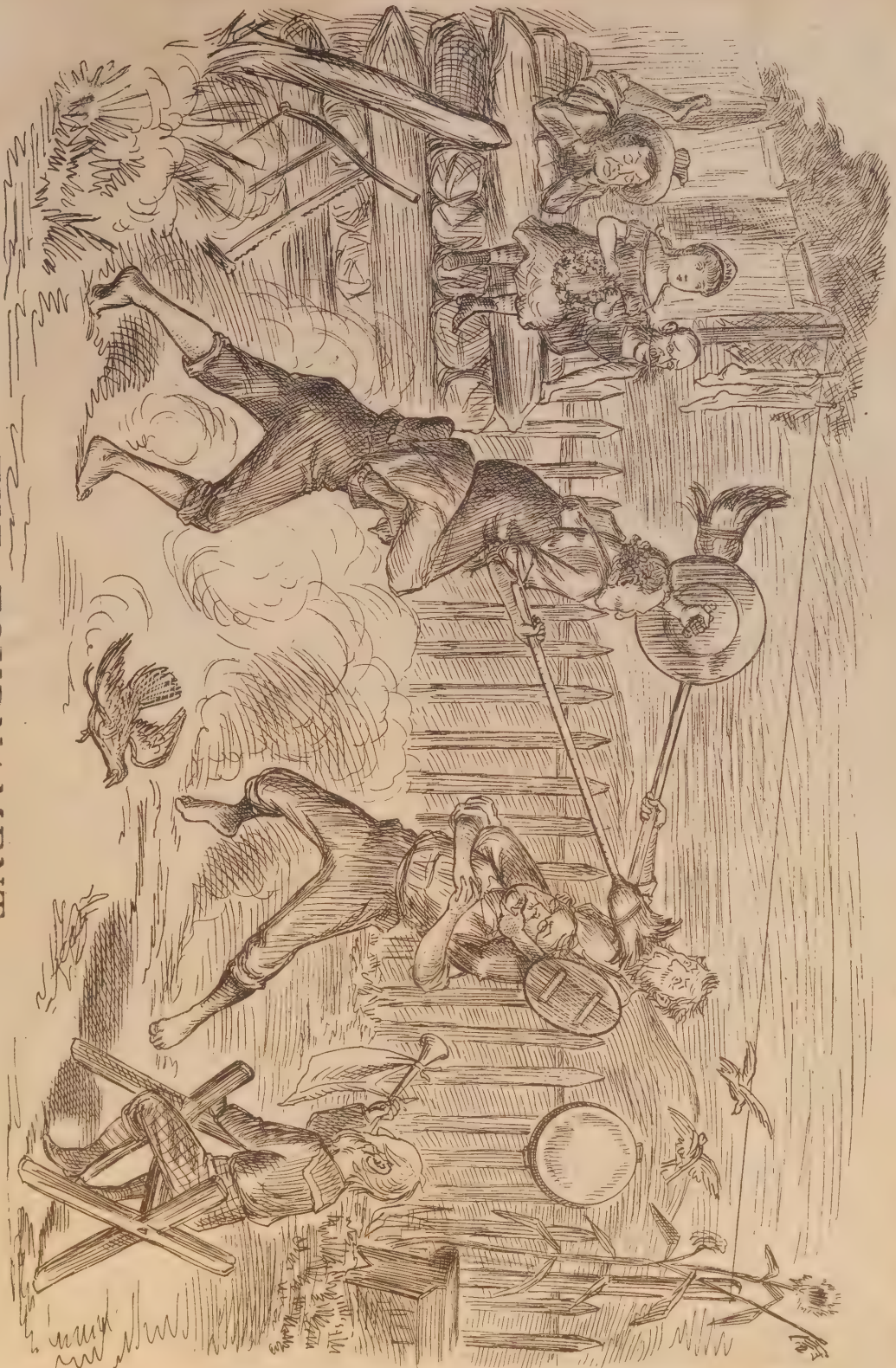
The following extraordinary announcement is made in the Seaside Library: "Who Breaks Pays"—Mrs. JENKINS. We presume the lady keeps a boarding house and that the notice refers to refractory boarders.

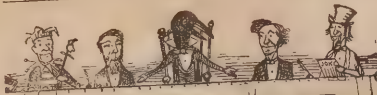
**One for Vennor.**

The Thermometer to the Prophetic VENNOR—Now, my boy, don't let there be any hard feeling between us. We haven't agreed very well for some time back, but it wasn't my fault, you know. Perhaps, if you would attend to your own affairs, and not concern yourself with my future movements, we would get along better, hey?

AN ADAPTATION AFTER KELLY, IN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE TOURNAMENT.





THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A cigar for a penny is quite enough for a scent.—*Waterloo Observer.*

When a man proposes he makes his maiden effort.—*Phila. Item.*

The man doth illy choose who chews tobacco.—*Marathon Independent.*

If wishes were fishes what a whaling time we would have.—*McGregor News.*

A young man should always question the pop before he pops the question.—*McKean Co. Miner.*

No kissing by telephone for us. We prefer to take the electricity direct from the battery.—*Whitehall Times.*

The parlor sofa: The shorter it is the longer you like to sit on it, with good company.—*New Haven Register.*

A celebrated Chinese engineer has invented a new style of engine. We presume it must go.—*Chicago Tribune.*

We have heard of some people who say they could live on music. Then it must be on note meal.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

The mania continues. Years hence our children will speak with pride of their Pinaforefathers.—*Bradford Era.*

Lock your four-year-old boy up in a dark closet and you will have some idea of the force of compressed heir.—*N. Y. People.*

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is," than a whole hoghead of church festival soup where oysters are not.—*Whitehall Times.*

Time is money, and leisure is 5 cents to the man who reads the morning paper in a news depot without paying for it.—*Meriden Recorder.*

COURTNEY promises to row HANLAN next April. Better make the race on the first, and then we'll know what to expect.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Did it never strike you as remarkable that amid all the fluctuations in prices of commodities, paper remains stationary.—*New York People.*

Don't use your breath in blowing forth scandal. It can be put to a better use—whistling "Pinafore," for instance.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

A physiognomist says that large ears denote generosity, which is probably the reason why a mule squanders his hind legs.—*Herald P. I.*

It frequently occurs that the men who gave their whole mind to the sermon don't give anything to the contribution box.—*McGregor News.*

There was PAGANINI the fiddleist, and here's CAMPANINI the tenor. Rather singular how many minnies get into the musical ranks.—*Rockland Courier.*

It is far easier to "raise the wind" for a church organ than to waft a denomination to financial prosperity on the breeze of promises unfulfilled.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Some of our exchanges are debating the question, "Is Life worth Living?" but we notice that they all give the affirmative side the benefit of all doubts.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

The youthful minor pants for twenty one,
The statesman pants for office and a haul,
The poet pants for an undying fame,
The tailor only 'tis who pants for all.
—*Keokuk City Gate.*

Ask your wife what kind of beef to get for mince meat and she will tell you the best. Ask the manufacturer of the prepared article, what kind he uses and he will tell you the neck's best.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

So many societies for the promotion of things are established, that JOHNNIE wants to know why somebody doesn't get up a society for the promotion of boys in schools, without making them study so.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The question is continually being asked, "What shall we do with our boys?" The people know what to do with their boys, but the trouble appears to be that the boys won't let them do it.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

When you see a fickle maiden,

Who is jesting all the while,

'Bout love affairs and flirting,

You may know that's jester style.

—*Sandie Stone.*

The average housewife will take more pains to carry a sickly fifteen-cent plant through four months of winter than she will to keep butter on the ice during three months of hot weather.—*Detroit Free Press.*

If you would show your new bought clothes, Built in the latest style,

The safest way to do the thing Is, when the choir stands up to sing,

Glide down the middle aisle.—*Puck.*

Yung Wing, the Chinese ambassador has had a son born to him. Paraphraser will be sportsmen enough to shoot this item on the Wing, and will please spare the Yung one.—*Meriden Recorder.*

In Japan they have iron coins worth about the one-hundredth part of a cent. If such a thing were known in this country, they would all find their way into the contribution box in about two Sundays.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

By a careful computation it is discovered that a child from five to seven years of age will assume three thousand seven hundred and sixty-one distinct and separate positions during an ordinary Sunday sermon.—*Erratic Enrigue.*

We had heard so much talk about this self-raising flour that we bought a barrel of it, the other day, and yet, when the bill came in, we had to go and raise the amount ourself. There are all kinds of swindles now-a-days.—*Peck's Sun.*

"My, my," said an old lady, "who can these Vassar girls be? I hardly pick up a paper that I don't see something about them. The Vassar family must be an awful big one, or what there is of 'em must be mighty smart."—*Stubenville Herald.*

An excellent chest-protector for a cold day, is a folded newspaper buttoned under the overcoat. But in case a paper is used on which the subscription is unpaid the party is liable to be frozen stiff in a very short time.—*Rockland Courier.*

Some of PAT's companions were joking him on an alleged breach of propriety. He stood the chafing a while, and then brought the session to an uproarious end by saying: "Bedad, you fellows who 'alk so much about the shortcomings of others should remember that people with glass eyes ought not to live in stone houses."—*Rome Sentinel.*

Says an exchange: "Happy is the man now whose chickens are laying eggs." We suppose then the ordinary chickens have been addicted lately to laying pipe stems, old shoes and rake-handles for a living. It is just like them.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"Can alligators smile?" asked a studious subscriber. No, my son. The only living creature that can smile with any kind of success, is the politician. And his smile is as rare as it is sweet, and like an eclipse, we only see it semi occasionally.—*Oswego Record.*

"Are the girls of to-day fitted for wives?" asks an exchange. They may be up your way, sir; but down here they are better fitted for husbands.—*Waterloo Observer.* Up here they are oftener fitted for men's dresses, and you should hear their "pa's" howl when the bills come in.

A dispatch from Fargo, Dakota, during the cold weather, stated that the thermometer was forty-six degrees below zero. They ought to have dug down in the ground so as to give the thermometer a chance. No thermometer can do anything if it is cramped for space.—*Peck's Sun.*

The winter holidays are fairly over. The children are twisting themselves all out of shape on hard school-room benches, and the mothers of the land, bless 'em, where would we have been without 'em, calmly sit down in the forenoon and wonder where all the noise is gone to.—*New Haven Register.*

The Pope's new journal *Aurora*, already has five thousand subscribers, so the publishers will not be obliged to solicit wood and pumpkins in exchange for subscriptions. Although his paper is only a week old, he has received several communications signed "An Old Subscriber."—*Norristown Herald.*

There are some women so afraid of missing a particle of gossip concerning their neighbors that they haven't time to attend to their domestic affairs. These are the wives who make home so pleasant that their husbands spend their evenings in more congenial company.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A famous teetotaler in England has inherited the finest lot of old wines in existence "to be applied to scientific purposes." He is puzzled to know what scientific purposes they can be applied to, but a good thing would be probably to use them in passing railroad and insurance bills in the legislature.—*Albany Times.*

Somebody asked a great German chemist, "What is man?" "A pinch of phosphorus and a bucketful of water," he replied. He referred to a temperance man, of course—or else an editor. He couldn't find a bucket full of water in one of those fellows who spend from five to fifteen dollars a week in coloring their noses.—*Ez.*

An exchange undertakes to tell how far bells may be heard. Careful observation convinces us that it depends altogether on circumstances. A school boy bell may not be heard by a boy in the next lot, while the faintest sound of a dinner bell will be readily caught by a man who is digging potatoes in an adjoining township.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

A bank cashier has come to be a very important personage in this country. Whenever he takes a trip to Canada or Europe for his health, the fact is telegraphed all over the land. Now, a country editor could go off and stay 150 years, and nobody would get excited about it but his washwoman and the man he owed for a pair of suspenders.—*W. Scott Way.*

Pessimism.

They were enjoying æsthetic tea, and the hostess said, "Now, you who read all that sort of thing, Mr. FITZBOODLE, do tell me exactly what Pessimism is. I have an idea of it, you know, of course but I should like to have it clearly defined."

"Very glad to hear you say so. It's a habit of my own mind, and most important, I do assure you, most interesting. Yes, a definition is a valuable and important thing. Makes it all so much clearer, you know, opens up a regular vista of—that is, ah—opens up a regular vista, as one might say," Mr. FITZBOODLE replied. "And as to this new application of the word Pessimism, you know, they're using it in quite a different sense in these days. MALLOCK and SPENCER, and the other Agnostics have—ah—differentiated it, to adopt the modern term. Used to be something in the prayer-book, you know. Can't exactly turn up the passage, but such is my impression. In fact, I think I am quite right about it. But the prayer-book is, now-a-days, you know—well, our advanced thinkers, the Agnostics, you know, have rather set aside the prayer-book, and that sort of thing, and Pessimism has gone with the rest. That is, it is used, you know, but in a different sense. Do I make myself clear? Oh, I read all these books, you know, MALLOCK, SPENCER, and the rest, and I should say that Pessimism, as used at present, is a kind of feeling that everything is worse than anything else—though also better as it were. Yes, thank you, I will trouble you for another cup."

Are We the Shuttlescocks of Fate?

A CONUNDRUM ANSWERED IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY STUBBS.

I.

She was seventeen, fresh from college, and fair and gentle as a spring lamb. She read OUIDA's novels. She longed for her affinity. She didn't do plain sewing to any extent.

His was a mind and a moustache of no common order. He felt the fire of a poetic genius burning within him, and determined at no distant day to surprise the world with something grand. At present, however, he contented himself with writing poetry for the *Telegram*, and nursing his moustache.

He lived with his mother.

They met by chance. It is needless to say that they loved. Any fool knows that. We shouldn't have been writing about them else.

II.

In the seclusion of her boudoir she murmured, "Did I not feel that subtle, sympathetic thrill, that magnetic oscillation of the inmost nerve-centre, which is vouchsafed alone to those who truly love? Alas, cruel Fate, that we are strangers, whom thou hast so plainly marked for each other!" She sighed therefore. Both of them languished in misery, and implored their stars to grant them acquaintance.

III.

The stars took the matter into consideration, after the manner of Mr. MOWAT, and concluded to grant the petition of the lovers. They met again—this time after the formal fashion of society. What bliss, what rapture was theirs? Two harmonized, intellectual organisms that contained but a single sentiment; two unified seats of vitality whose blended throbbings were as one.

IV.

Nothing now was wanting to consummate their happiness but the consent of the stern

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BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Wintercorbyn, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-17

parent of the adored one. The s. p.'s opening interrogatory to him was "What are your means?" The young man hastened to explain that as he was at present living on love, he hadn't thought it necessary to provide himself with any, but that he hoped—the remainder of his hope was uttered to the moaning night wind alone, for the iron of the old man's sole had entered him. Yet, as he mournfully departed, he comforted himself with repeating the assurance of his darling that she would never cease to fondly, madly love him until the moment of her final molecular dissipation.

V.

A few years have passed away, and the personages of our story have not unnaturally become older. We wish we could record the triumph of love, but an inherent reverence for facts constrains us to be veracious. The divine one has become stout, and was peacefully married not long ago to a widower with four children. Strange to say, the memories of her bygone love don't seem to trouble her much. They don't ever come to her in the dread unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof, and torture her soul with overpowering remorse. She gets stouter all the time, and the way that widower has to stand from under is systematic and thorough.

We regret to say, too, that the young man has, to appearances at least, pretty well laid the ghost of his former affection. He is now the enterprising proprietor of a steam laundry, and fully convinced that the prosperity of this country depends upon making the Chinese go.

We are.

Judgment Deferred.

GLADSTONE holds the opinion that young men born to a competence belong to the dangerous classes. So the *Saturday Review* says.

In what class would he include the young men born to an incompetence? Till Piddgers of the Standard Bank, Flobbets of the civil service, and Doobil of nothing in particular, know his answer to that question they hardly know what to think of GLADSTONE.

We respectfully direct the attention of the U. E. Club to the *Ottawa Citizen*, which has recently indulged in open treason to the Conservative Party by referring in a sneering tone to Lord BEACONFIELD's spirited foreign policy. The offence consisted in putting the word "spirited" in inverted commas. This sort of thing cannot be allowed to go unchecked if the Conservatives of Canada wish to retain their connection with the grand imperial Party of Jingoism.

A democratic paper like the *London Advertiser* should never attempt anything in the Court JENKINS way. In its columns the other day there appeared a long piece about the Vice-Regal household arrangements, in which reference was made to "Prince LOUISE" and "Princess ALBERT VICTOR." When an editor is so far gone on monarchy as this indicates, he ought to confine himself to discussions of the N. P.

Young men who may have occasion to decline proposals of marriage during 1880, should commit to memory SAMUEL J. TILDEN's response to a reporter, when that venerable bachelor was asked something he did not care to make direct reply to, "I would prefer that it be considered that you had not asked the question."—*Fond du Lac Reporter*.



THE ASTOUNDING BROOD.

"Two minds with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."



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A Queer Brood.

The following paragraph is at present going the rounds:

A lady residing at Cow Island, Louisiana, and wishing to "set" a hen, went into a field adjoining her residence where some of her chickens had been "laying," and produced some seventeen eggs and placed under the hen. When in the course of "human events" the chickens were hatched, lo, and behold, there came forth four small sized alligators. It is supposed that alligators from an adjoining marsh had deposited their eggs in the field, and she not knowing the difference placed them under the hen. And what is more strange, the young alligators follow the mother hen around the premises as happy as a Colorado beetle in a potato patch.

If there are any who feel inclined to doubt the literal truthfulness of this story (though there is nothing scientifically improbable about it)—let them consider it as a political parable, and take the above sketch as an interpretation thereof.

Rural Rhymes.

NO 5.—"OUT ON THE FARM."

I once loved a sweet rural beauty who had
The rosiest cheeks you could see,—
The only girl of a wealthy old dad,
And I thought she was spooney on me.
Some three times a week I was sure to be there,
Never caring for sunshine or storm,
To coddle the old man, and whisper soft words
To my fair maiden out on the farm.

I know the old chap had sufficient of stamps
To make us both jolly for life,
And I said to myself, she's the girl for me,
And determined to make her my wife;
And I never went there but she met me with smiles,
And a welcome so loving and warm,
So I reckon'd myself just in clover knee-deep,
With my rural maid out on the farm.

Now often we roam'd near the old orchard gate,
While she pointed out to my view
The trees, where in Autumn the turnips hung,
And the bush where the pop-corn grew;
And she shew'd me her favorite cow, which she said
Gave the butter milk luscious and warm,
And I took it all in, for I firmly believed
In my sweet maiden out on the farm.

But now I know better, and see I've been fool'd,
By this maiden so knowing and sly,—
She had made up her mind that the old man's cash,
Was all that I had in my eye.
But the worst of it is, my companions all know,
And I shun them with dread and alarm,
For fear they should ask when the wedding's to be
With the rural maid out on the farm.

"All the world's a stage," and many men
and women are satisfied to steal a ride be-
hind.—N. Y. Express.

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" Musquar do	
" Pashasheeb do	
" Corneille do	
" Agwanus do	
" Magpie do	
" Trout do	
" St. Marguerite do	
" Pentecost do	
" Mistassini do	
" Beesie do	
" Little Cascapedia (Baie des Chaleurs).	
" Nouvelle do	
" Escumenc do	
" Malbaie (near Percé).	
" Magdalen (South Shore).	
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" Nashwaak do	
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" Charlo do	
" Jupiter (Anticosti Island).	
" Salmon do	

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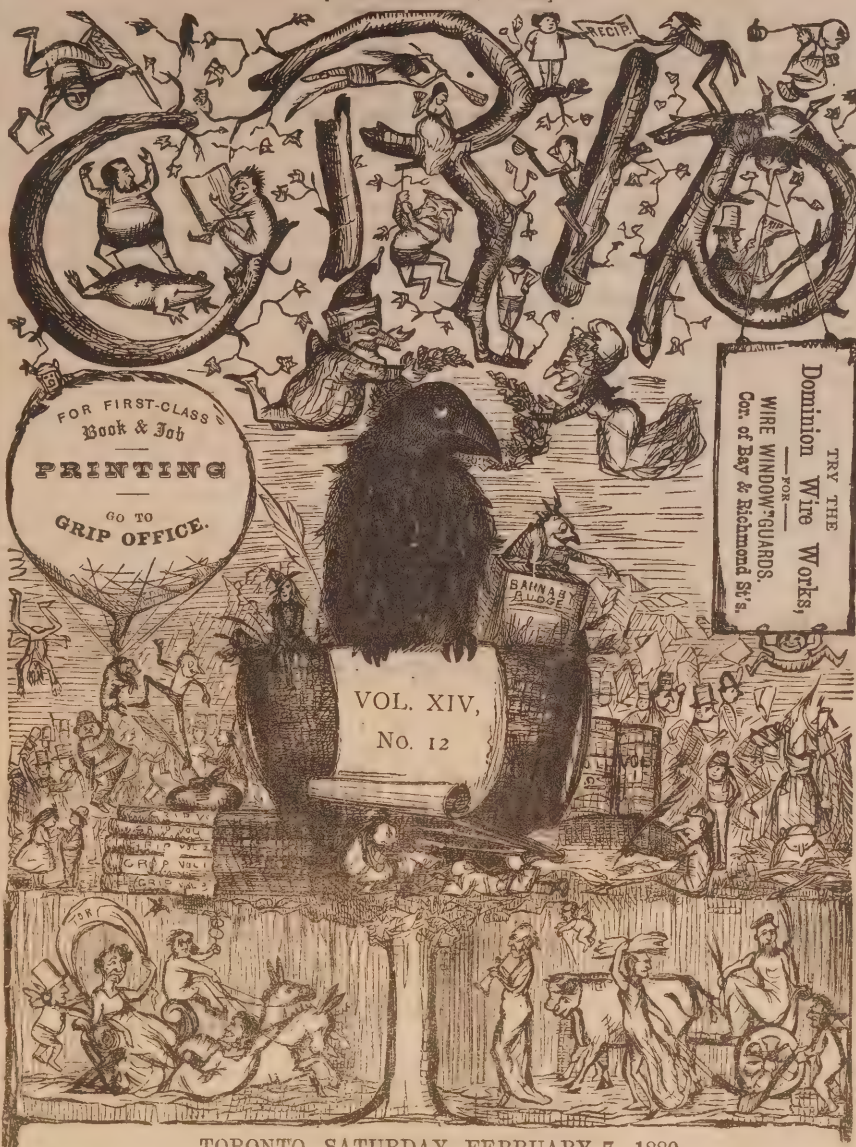
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip Office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

HERR WAGNER, who has been seriously ill with erysipelas, is now reported better.

Our gifted friend, GEORGE STEWART, JR., has been lecturing before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec on "Alcott, the Concord Mystic." The theme was handled in such a manner as to delight the large and refined audience present on the occasion.

MENDELSSOHN's oratorio, "Elijah," was lately given at Sala Dante, Rome, by the Roman Philharmonic Academy. This was its first production in Rome, and it was listened to by a large and enthusiastic audience, among whom were many distinguished men.

The Glee Club of University College promises to do exceedingly well, and be very popular this year. At the regular practice on Monday last, some additions were made to the roll, and it is now expected that there will be about twenty-five active members. The four parts are well balanced with the exception of the first tenor, which is yet weak. The club will practice some choruses for the Company dinner at their next meeting, and will throughout the winter appear at the concerts mentioned below.

Mr. OLIVER JOHNSON's series of papers concerning WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON and the early anti-slavery struggle have been collected and wrought into a volume entitled, "William Lloyd Garrison and His Times." Mr. JOHNSON's personal relations with Mr. GARRISON, and his own active connection with the anti-slavery struggle both in its early and in its later days, give him special ability to write the history of that struggle, and his present work will take its place at once among authoritative contributions to, a most interesting and an important part of American history.

A series of organ recitals by Mr. FISHER, the talented organist of St. Andrew's church, will be given in Convocation Hall, University College, this term, commencing on Saturday, February 13th. The College Council has generously granted the use of the hall for the purpose, and a fine Warren organ will be set up on the dais at once. It is Mr. FISHER's intention to give four recitals, on alternate Saturday afternoons, and the literary society will assume charge of the entertainment and will issue invitations. In the absence of conversazione these concerts will prove a means, which we are sure will be welcome to the students, for their entertaining and returning to some degree the kindness of their Toronto friends.

A remarkable discovery has been made by Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, photographer, of Gourock, by which he can photograph underneath the water at a depth of ten fathoms. Two of the negatives he has secured are remarkably distinct, but the others are rather dim, owing to defects in the apparatus, but which he will have improved. The camera is enclosed in a water-tight glass case, suspended by the centre and inclosed in a cover, which is drawn off after the camera—which is fixed on a loaded tripod—has reached its position. One of the views, taken in the bay fifty yards west of the yacht *Selene*, shows a sandy bottom, with a number of large boulders covered with seaweed, and an old anchor; and in the shade three mooring cables belonging to a small yacht close at hand. When the weather calms down and the light becomes stronger he intends to carry out his investigations with improved apparatus, when he expects to achieve greater results.

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Stage Whispers.

In February VERDI goes to Paris to direct the rehearsal of his opera of *Aida*.

A juvenile "Humpty Dumpty" troupe is the latest Bostonian contribution to dramatic combinations.

M. WIENIAWSKI is still suffering severely from asthma at Moscow, and his concert tour has been suspended.

Dr. VON BULOW gave a recital at the Gewandhaus Leipsic on January 4, after which he went direct to England.

Miss KELLOGG has been obliged to give up her Russian engagements on account of the illness of her mother, with whom she will spend the winter in Paris.

At the eleventh Gewandhaus concert, a new choral work, "The Divine Promise," by JADASSOHN, was produced. The piece is a lament of the Jews in their captivity.

With JOSEFFY's inflamed finger, SHERWOOD's sprained ankle, PERABO's rheumatic shoulder, PEASE's lame thumb and PETERSILEA's inflammatory rheumatism, the fates seem to be decidedly against pianists and lovers of their music.

PATTI carried the day at Berlin. The receipts were about \$4000, of which over half was paid to the Diva and NICOLINI. The opera was "Traviata," and Prince CHARLES went behind the scenes to congratulate her in person.

Miss MARIE VAN ZANDT, daughter of Mrs. JENNIE VAN ZANDT, was announced to make her debut at the Opera Comique, Paris, on the 15th, in *Mignon*. This was, we believe, the first time that an American girl has appeared upon the stage of the Salle Favart.

It is reported that Miss MINNIE HAWK has signed a contract with the management of the English Opera at London for a series of three representations, in which she will create the roles of *Mignon*, *Elsa* and *Aida* in English, for which she will receive the sum of £1,000.

The Grand Opera House of this city is to be opened on the 9th inst, by Miss NEILSON, who will speak an opening ode, and afterwards appear in one of her splendid Shakespearean parts. The new theatre is declared to be in every respect superior to its ill-fated predecessor, which is saying a great deal. Mr. PITOU promises a succession of first-class entertainments.

Miss THURSBY is of a poor family, and her success has been wholly due to her extraordinary talent. She has served in several church choirs, the latest having been that of the Broadway Tabernacle, where her salary was \$5,000. There is at the present time a great pressure to secure positions in church choirs, and it is probable New York contains sufficient talent to support a thousand first-class churches.

A European correspondent of the *Occident* says that Mr. FALCONER, who died last month, made one hundred thousand dollars by the *Peep o' Day* which ran two years at the Lyceum. Up to that time he had been a struggling, provincial actor, and by embarking his capital in redecorating and running Drury Lane with a piece called *Bonny Dundee*—an utter failure—he lost all. The correspondent adds that "Old Drury" effectually cleans out every manager who tackles her.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

The Disappointed Speculator.

My friend, an energetic man,
Who knows his own Canadian nation,
And quickly seizes any plan
For gaining wealth by speculation,
The other day perused with care
The biggest of the morning papers,
Then suddenly rose from his chair
And cut a half-a-dozen capers.

He had engaged in former days
In many paying enterprises,
Knew every dodge the wind to raise,
And planned some very queer surprises;
But never, never had he seen
Till then, such chance of making money—
No wonder that his joy was keen,
And that his acts were rather funny.

His eye, in glancing down the sheet,
Stopped where a telegram made mention,
"The Princess had refused to eat,"—
"Was sea-sick coming out"—invention
At once thrilled through the reader's brain,
He longed to reach the good *Sarmatian*,
And rushed to take the early train,
With Portland as his destination.

Vain were the task to tell the fears,
The hopes, with which his heart was shaking
As on he sped—the hours seemed years
Till he should end his undertaking.
His object simply was to try
With every kind of artful slyness,
The china wash-basin to buy
Used by Her Seaside Royal Highness.

He saw a fortune in control
If once the steward made concession,
And placed that precious china bowl
Safely within his sole possession;
Not as a sacred relic he
Would keep it—no, his sole ambition
Was to exact a dollar fee
By placing it on exhibition.

Well did he know how crowds would pay
To see the bowl o'er which in sadness
A royal Princess spent the day
In anguish little short of madness.
Well did he know that loyal thrills
Would make all good Canadians eager
To see the relic of the ills
Which made Her Royal Highness meagre.

How vain are human hopes—the snow
Came down in heavy flakes, impeding
The progress of the train—and oh!
How for my friend my heart is bleeding:
He reached his journey's end too late,
Far was the steamer on the ocean,
The sacred basin gone; and Fate
Had mocked a loyal heart's devotion.

Dyspeptic Papers.

NO. VII.—GOOD FELLOWS.

"Dick swipes hard, owes everybody who has trusted him, and has the foulest mouth of any man in town, but he's a good fellow," said TONIC the other day.

"Is he kind to his wife?" I enquired.

"Well, he neglects the little woman a good deal, and cuts up pretty rough when he's corned, I'm afraid. But she's awfully fond of him—he's *such* a good fellow, you know."

"Are his parents still alive?" I asked.

"His father is—poor old boy. Rubs along somehow or other on a few dollars a year. Dick got into an infernal scrape about money and the old gentleman had to lay down his savings to help him out. Mother died about that time, heart-broken they say. Perhaps you remember how nice her rosy cheeks used to look under her white hair? No! I used to think she was good for a century. Queer how she snuffed out so suddenly. Dick hasn't got over it yet—cries about her often when he's in liquor. Such an awfully good fellow!"

"To whom?" I enquired.

"Well, to everybody. They say he will share his last dollar with a friend, when he is flush. Tells the best stories of any man I know. Always ready for fun. Never quarrels, can't be put out of temper. It does me good just to see him smiling away at all hours of the day and night. Other men get fagged out toward morning over a game of loo or draw-poker. Dick, generally a loser, keeps his cheerfulness till the last."

"Perhaps he is thinking of his wife sitting up for him," I suggested, "or the children going to bed with a prayer for 'dear papa,' and a regret that he couldn't possibly give them a romp that evening."

"Just as likely as not," said TONIC, "he's such a loving nature—always thinking fondly of somebody."

"Except his creditors," said I.

"No, I believe he forgives the beggars. Never says a harsh word about them. There was one brute who followed him everywhere—a carpenter, I think, that Dick got to put up a shed for him. The man dunned him on post cards; besieged him at the office; tried a garnishee, but Dick had got his pay every morning; brought him up on judgement summons. Dick never said a harsh word against him, even when the fellow accused him in public of murdering his wife, 'who had died for want of wine and chickens,' I think he said. Fancy, 'wine and chickens' for a carpenter's wife! No wonder the man was taken to the lunatic asylum. And after all Dick had suffered from him, he actually put his hand in his pocket and subscribed for the support of the children."

"He is a charming character, certainly," said I, and TONIC went away to chant elsewhere the praises of the remarkably good fellow.

Do we not all know at least one of these good fellows who are said to be "nobody's enemy but their own?" Men who indulge all their own appetites, sloth at work but active in seeking amusement, neglectful of every serious duty, good-hearted to those who treat them with the indulgence of indifference, and veritable destroyers of the beings who depend on them for love and sympathy? The poor soul, rendered morose by constant anxiety for the future of those who depend on him, is treated to few friendly handshakes. The earnest, austere young man endeavouring to aid his fallen fellow creatures is called a prig—and, by the way, he generally *is* a prig. The just business man is considered selfish. None of these are widely liked, but they all unite in liking the Good Fellow. Yet weld together the morose fellow, the austere prig, and the selfish man in one person and gift him with a thousand disagreeable qualities of temper, and it will be difficult to make such an utterly abominable wretch in effect as the Good Fellow, who is "nobody's enemy but his own." "Dyspepsia," you say, "afflicts me." True, and I feel almost thankful for the indigestion which, beginning with my early manhood, effectually saved me from the worse fate of becoming a Good Fellow, after the ideal of my friend TONIC.

"The Conceit of Toronto."

A writer in our spirited contemporary, the *Montreal Spectator*, occupies nearly a page of a recent issue in decanting on the Conceit of Toronto. According to this competent authority—for judging by the self-sufficiency which shines like burnished brass in every sentence, nobody could be more competent to deal with the subject of Conceit—Toronto is about the most intolerable place in the world. Boorish ignorance and ineffable vanity are the chief characteristics of its citizens. The critic looks at us from musical, artistic and literary points of view, and from each point he sees conceit—nothing but conceit. As to music, our organists are all pretentious amateurs; as to art, our painters are daubers without exception; as to literature, our poets are the most egregious twaddlers of doggrel. Now Mr. GRIP doesn't feel called upon to say that this description of Toronto is too severe—because it all depends. This writer may have been "glossily" offended by Toronto, for it is undeniable that Torontonians have an unpleasant way of snubbing certain officious and preposterous young fellows who come from the Old Country, and expect to be accepted as oracles amongst the "Colonists." But, as a matter of fact, Toronto is not distinguished for conceit more than Hamilton, London or Montreal. GRIP will frankly admit that Toronto is *proud*—with a most pardonable pride—of certain glorious institutions which she possesses. For example, she is proud of her Aldermen, on account of their ability and unswerving rectitude; of her School Board, on account of their ingenious devices for cramming the rising generation; of her Ward Politicians, on account of their disinterestedness and scholarly attainments; of her magnificent Church edifices, on account of their imposing debts; and of thousands of other things, but chiefly of her GRIP, or account of his unrivalled influence, always exerted in a good cause.

"Imitation the Sincerest Flattery."

GRIP is a Canadian and proud of his country. He has felt right along that Canada really played first violin in the Orchestra of the Nations. There is now no doubt that we take the leading part. Like all wise children we are teaching our mother, and she learns rapidly, for the following is from a reliable London (Eng.) newspaper:—"The office of Registrar-General has been given to a person who happens to be private secretary of one member of the Government, and brother-in-law, as we are told, of another, but who is perfectly innocent of all practical knowledge of the very peculiar skilled work of the office he has been pitchforked into. A valuable servant of long standing, &c., &c. has been passed over for this well connected private secretary with the silver spoon in his mouth."

The influence of precept and example, so beautifully combined in our Canadian leading statesmen, has told at last on the "old fogies" in the old foggy land. This is the "missing link," missed so long, which will bind our interests so thoroughly to sympathy with the Motherland that no Political Economy Society, though the Hon. GEORGE himself should lead it with his banner of "revenue tariff" stiffening to the breeze of Annexation and Independence, can ever disturb us more. Why sigh for "Independence," when our statesmen already set the fashion and lead the van of progress towards united "family compacts" in all lands. They don't print such words as "independence," "manliness," &c., or similar foolishness in modern English Dictionaries at all, because no meaning can possibly be attached to them.



Going to England.

Sir ALEX. GALT, to the Court of St. James, which is anxiously awaiting his advent as Canadian Ambassador.—“In the words of A. WARD, ‘I’m coming along—slowly along—down tords your place.’”

Advice to Tilley.

Oh, oh, Sir BUDGET TILLEY,
You are very, very silly
To be jibeing and a jeering UNCLE
SAM at such a rate—
You surely ought to know
That every time you crow,
You excite his wounded feelings
so that he'll retaliate!

Of course it may be right
For a brave Financial Knight
To recount his deeds of valour at a
jolly banquet board—
But you ought to draw it mild,—
UNCLE SAM is getting riled,
And he'll hit you pretty hard if you
once rouse him, take GRIP's word!



Jubilation!

The *Globe* came out of the BOYLE libel suit right side up, and there was rejoicing in the editorial room accordingly!

The Tale of the Clerk.

The clock struck four; but one hour more and then he would be free; up King to walk, with measured stalk, a certain one to see. As five rang out, with gleeful shout, each book away he put; swift combed his hair, then down the stair into the street did strut. His green eye beamed, his red nose gleamed, his longing heart beat high, as up and down the busy town the fair in droves passed by. Alas! no lass of his did pass, although the crowd grew thinner; so home he went, gave grief its vent, and—ate a hearty dinner.

Why is the Reform Party like a tape-worm? Because it is popularly supposed to have no head.



Perrault Annexed.

Mr. PERRAULT has brought out his much-talked-of organ, the *Colonial Emancipator*. It does not present a very creditable appearance typographically, but there can be no doubt as to its sentiments. It is crammed with annexationism of the most bare-faced type, with bold headlines of black-faced type, and it will not be for want of strong language on the part of its editor if we do not forthwith go over to the majority across the line. And yet the *Emancipator* falls flat; it lies upon the book-sellers' counters in the most pitiful neglect. This must be very discouraging to Mr. PERRAULT, but there is one resource which GRIP would affectionately point out to that unappreciated philanthropist—if Canada won't have Annexation, Mr. PERRAULT himself may. There is no law to compel a lover of Republicanism to live under the bondage of the monarchical system, and nobody would think of interfering if Mr. PERRAULT should allow himself to be literally carried away by American ideas, in the manner represented above.



A Very Unreasonable Boy.

This is our little boy TOMMY, aged seven. He is the most unreasonable child that ever lived.

It doesn't seem to do any good to scold him, coax him, or warm his jacket.

He is just as unreasonable in a warm jacket as in a cold one.

It is very singular, too, that his unreasonableness is only manifested in one particular direction.

He is fond of taffy; he enjoys trundling a hoop; he glories in snow-balling; he has an evident relish for his meals.

In all other respects he is a sane and sensible little fellow.

But he is most unaccountably queer on one point.

He don't like going to school!

No snail that SHAKESPEARE ever saw crept there so unwillingly.

We, his parents, have done our best to show him the absurdity of this repugnance. We have assured him time and again that this country has the finest school system in the world—that is, in the *known* world.

TOMMY replies that the known world must be hard up for school systems, then.

His chief objections to our admirable educational institutions, the Public Schools, seem to be:

1. The hours (from half-past nine, a. m., to four, p. m.) are outrageously long for youngsters like him, especially when the grown-up pupils of the High Schools get off at half-past three.

2. The atmosphere of the school room is insufferably bad, owing to the over-crowding of pupils.

3. The tasks imposed upon the children are absurdly heavy, and necessitate an altogether unreasonable amount of study.

4. The discipline in the schools is cruelly severe, resembling that of a reformatory prison more than anything else.

Now, of course, we, his parents, are aware that these charges are only too true, but what can we do about it?

We can't help but sympathise with poor little TOMMY, even though he is so unreasonable.

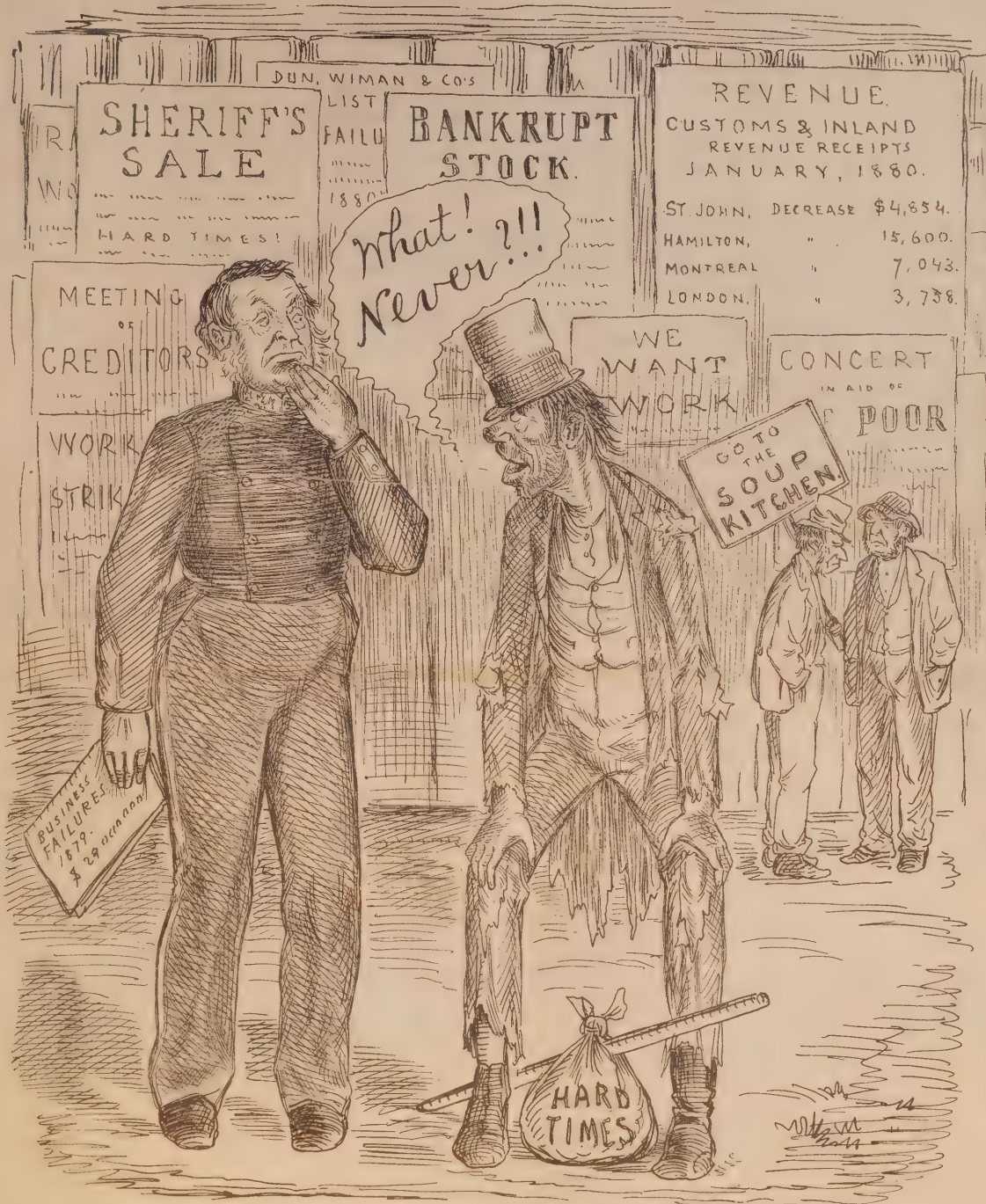
And, by the way, he quite repudiates this charge: he says it is the Board of Trustees we ought to talk to and not him.

Heraldry.

An exchange says:—

“G. R. Lambton, formerly of Montreal, has been appointed herald to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.”

“Ottawa King-at-Arms” will be his title, no doubt. It will probably be his duty to examine the numerous crests and other heraldic devices of which native notables now make such extraordinary use. The comparison of escutcheon with pedigrees will be exceedingly interesting.



"NEVER BEFORE WAS CANADA SO PROSPEROUS AS IT IS TO-DAY."

—SIR S. L. TILLEY at Sherbrooke.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Held for further hearing—The ear trumpet.—*N. Y. News.*

The New Orleans *Picayune* thinks that all dinners are remembered according to their deserts.

To win, a base-ball club must start well. It all depends on good big innings.—*N. O. Picayune.*

There is something saddening about a pair of scissors—alas! they meet but to sever.—*Cleveland Voice.*

Correspondent: "What is the Order of the Bath?" Go and soak your head.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The difference between COURTNEY and an oyster is that the former is not good in a half shell.—*Rhinebeck Gazette.*

But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.—*Oswego Times.*

No matter how finely a dentist's parlor is furnished, no one cares to take a seat in his drawing room.—*Lockport Union.*

The amount of space occupied by a woman when she calls at the post office is simply remarkable.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The most "tony" thing in the kitchen is the rolling pin, because it rolls right over the upper crust.—*American Punch.*

For Sale: A full set of resolutions: new the first of the year, but considerably out of repair now.—*Middleton Transcript.*

Trying to get a bashful young lady at a party to give you a song is, in one respect, a please-sing matter.—*Ottawa Republican.*

The milk of human kindness wells up from the heart, but cow's milk comes from the udder place.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

Everything at Niagara Falls has been fenced in, with the exception of the roar of the falls and the hackmen.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

He said he was a banker, and when they went to see him they found him in a sand bank digging away like a good fellow.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Nothing looks more melancholy than the variegated quack medicine advertisement on the side of a maroon barn on a drizzly day.—*New York Star.*

As many women learn to know their husbands, they wish they had learned to "No" them when they were only sweethearts.—*Steubenville Herald.*

"A tail that is tolled," remarked the gate-keeper when he caught a horse by the conclusion while he made the rider pay the fare.—*Steubenville Herald.*

In some cities, where the blue ribbon does not prevail over-much, the other side of the soda fountain does the most business.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

The man who had a boil on his right hip and was obliged to lie on his left side a couple of weeks realized that it is a long lain that has no turn.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Student, fresh from college, to conductor: "I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor: "We have no peanut car; you can take the smoker."—*Rochester Express.*

"I never argy agin a success. When I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left and say to myself, that hole belongs to that snake."—*Josh Billings.*

Every time two women meet on the street and kiss, the thermometer sinks seventeen degrees and people hustle around and bank up their cellar windows.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

The average woman can lay her hands on about 1000 receipts for cookery, and the average family clings to the same dishes known for three generations past.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A commercial report says: "The fall of leather causes an uneasy feeling in hides." We have often remarked this in youth while laying across the maternal knee.—*Modern Argo.*

"My darling," said he, "what a delicious taste your lips have." Then she jumped up and yelled, "Goodness, JOHN, you haven't been eating my lip salve?"—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

Reject not the trifles. One single tear seen gently flowing down a fond mother's cheek will often produce far deeper feelings than two-hundred admonitions.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Mr. EDISON should hurry up his electric light. Thousands are anxiously waiting to see how the shining skull of a bald-headed man will glitter in the new illumination.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

The reason why the ancients took the owl for an emblem of wisdom was because he saved his talk and filled his stomach. Remember this when you are invited to a banquet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

They call it a romantic marriage in Michigan when a couple of the neighbors get the bride's father into a back room and sit on him to prevent his interrupting and breaking up the wedding.—*Boston Post.*

Let us then be up and clipping,

With an eye for every jest;

Still a-pasting, still a-snipping,

Fill our paper with the best.

—*Toledo Blade.*

"Hey, JIM, let's be oarsmen." "Oarsmen! Humph, you can't row." "Who said anything about rowing? Do HANLAN and COURTNEY row? And ain't they the greatest oarsmen in the country?"—*Oil City Derrick.*

Said one of society's smart ornaments to a lady friend: "This is leap year, I suppose you will be asking some one to marry you?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "My finances won't permit me to support a husband."—*Oil City Derrick.*

"What does 12mo mean?" asked a pupil of her teacher, a few days since. "12mo; why don't you know what that means? It means the same as d&weowly. Haven't you seen it in advertisements in a newspaper?"—*Oswego Times.*

Nothing makes a woman so mad as to go to a shoe store to buy a cheap pair of slippers for her husband and have a clerk try to sell her the identical pair she had just worked for a Christmas present to her minister.—*Binghamton Republican.*

"Thro' all these shining winter days, I cannot sing to you," writes FANNY DRISCOLL, the poetess. We are very sorry, FANNY. We had arranged for a vacation with the expectation that you would come and warble to us all winter.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

'What is your name?' asked a teacher of a boy. 'My name is JULE,' was the reply; whereupon the teacher impressively said: 'You should have said, JULIUS, sir.' And now, my lad,' turned to another boy, 'what is your name?' 'BILLIOUS sir.'—*Philadelphia Press.*

A young lady who came in last week to advertise for kitchen help said with a sigh and a wring of her dainty, gloved hands: "Oh! I do hope we'll get one soon. For it does almost break my heart to see mother wash dishes, with rheumatism, too."—*McGregor News.*

About these days the local politician reaps his reward. He marches proudly to the common council chamber, is sworn in, and in the name of humanity, justice and equal rights demands that a new street shall be cut through his father-in-law's peat meadow.—*New Haven Register.*

'The Unwilling Bride' is the title of a *Ledger* story. We have not read it, but we think if the bride was unwilling to get up mornings, bring in the coal and start the kitchen fire that ROBERT BONNER should not encourage our wives by upholding such conduct.—*Whitehall Times.*

Does the court understand you to say, Mr. JONES, that you saw the editor of *The Auger of Freedom* intoxicated? "Not at all, sir; I merely said that I had frequently seen him so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."—*New York Star.*

ROBERT, who fears he is rejected—"But you know, REBECCA, we are commanded to love everybody." REBECCA—"Yes; so I do love everybody." "ROBERT—pinaforically—"What, everybody?" REBECCA, shyly—"Well you know, present company is always excepted."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

There are a half a dozen 'great financiers' in this village so engrossed in making arrangements to 'pay the national debt' that they forget to pay any of their own debts. The credulous grocer who trusts any of them to the extent of a No 3 mackerel will be a sadder and a wiser man.—*Catskill Recorder.*

"Youth will ne'er return," says the poet, but we guess he's wrong, for in our own personal experience we knew a youth who had absorbed the ideas of BUFFALO BILL, and with a dollar and a half shot gun started West to hunt the savage to his lair; but he returned, and the Indian question was left undisturbed for an indefinite period.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A Hastings debating club is discussing the question: "Resolved, that woman is man's political equal." If any woman down there who holds this opinion will come to Stillwater the night before an election, and make the grand rounds with the boys, she will immediately decide that she is not man's political equal, and does not want to be.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

A four-year-old neighbor of ours lately said a good thing. His mother had promised that in a few days she would communicate something that would make him very happy, provided he was a very good boy in the meantime. But he did not want to wait. So he urged her to tell it now, promising not to repeat it, and offering other inducements. Finding that everything failed, he said, as his last argument, "Whisper it to me, mamma, and I'll forget it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Spirit Anchor.

AN IDYL OF THE SEA.

Composed in my idyl moments.

Did you ever hear the story told
Of RALPH, the redhand rover bold,
Who in an evil moment sold
His best bower anchor, all for gold?

This RALPH, the redhand rover brave,
Sailed gaily o'er the dancing wave,
Nor thought the reckless daring knave
His fate should be a watery grave.

He swept the main and scoured the seas
In search of merchant ships to ease
Of cargoes rich. He loved to freeze
To other people's goods like these.

The breeze soon freshened to a gale,
And RALPH, the redhand, shortened sail,
Low on the winds was borne a wail
That made the bravest there turn pale.

The wild winds whistled loud and shrill,
Weird chords among the cordage till
The soul of RALPH began to fill
With strange forebode of coming ill.

"If we can ride this awful sea,
And round the rocks upon our lea,
We still may hope for life," said he,
That wild wail shrieked, "It shall not be!"

"And who art thou?" the rover groaned—
Above the roar of tempest, moaned
A voice distinct, but yet low-toned.
"The best bower anchor thou once owned."

Then RALPH the rover clasped his hand
Upon his brow; he called his band
Of gallant men, and bade them stand,
And wait for death on yonder land.

Thus met these valiant knaves their luck,
They died like men of iron pluck,
And when their good ship ran amuck,
They for the first and last time struck.

But RALPH himself was saved by quite
A *fluke*, for there to his delight
His best bower anchor floated right
Before him, and with all his might
He struggled on in eager fight
'Gainst angry billows, crested white,
At last he gained that anchor bright,
And seated on it grasping tight,
Was cast upon a rocky height.
The anchor then dissolved from sight.—
RALPH lives there yet—an anchorite.

Historic Anecdotes.

FROM THE FORTHCOMING "MEMOIRS OF LORD SNOGGLETHORPE."

I was once at a dinner party at which the Duke of WELLINGTON engaged in a lively discussion with Sir ROBERT PEEL on the Irish question. "It always seemed to me," said the Iron Duke, "that the landlords rather than the tenants, should engage in riotous and hostile demonstrations against the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen, her crown and dignity." "Why so?" observed Sir ROBERT, fixing his mouth for a laugh at the anticipated *jeu d'esprit*. "Because," replied His Grace, "they are the proper rioters, d'ye mind." The greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

During the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE I was attached to the embassy at Paris, and one day when I had been granted an audience our conference was interrupted by the entrance of the official printer, who had come to receive instructions about the issuing of a royal proclamation. "How now, minion?" said His Majesty, somewhat vexed at having our interview disturbed—"Mais sire," replied the worthy craftsman, "s'il vous plaît je ne suis pas minion au contraire je suis bourgeois." His Majesty felt in his pocket for a *louis d'or* to give the witty printer as a mark of esteem, but finally concluded to bestow upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. It came cheaper. Shortly afterwards he was guillotined by the populace as a bloated aristocrat.

It was the same magnanimous ruler who when kindly enquiring after the health of

Prince METTERNICH, was informed that the latter was prostrated by an attack of gout. "*En bien, chacun a son gout*," was the royal reply. The audience remarked "Ha, ha!" This piquant observation created a profound sensation in diplomatic circles, and is believed to have averted serious complications.

I have numerous other anecdotes of this stripe on hand, collected in the course of a lengthened public experience, which I am prepared to furnish to enterprising journals at fifty cents per anecdote—a liberal discount being made to clubs. If desirable they can be brought down to our day and applied to modern personages. A few rare BEACONSFIELD stories on hand in assorted lots to suit Grit or Topy purchasers as desired.

Different Views of the Judicature Act.**THE GOVERNMENT.**

We must do something, so we will copy the English Land Reform Bill. It is very long and will show well before the country.

THE OPPOSITION.

We have not yet quite read the act through—but being introduced by MOWAT it must be wrong in most points. We therefore will make some great objections to it. The old names of the Courts should not be kept—it isn't original—it must be opposed.

THE LAWYERS OF THE HOUSE.

We think it will increase litigation, and occasion a number of judgments before any one knows what it means. Its general principles are good.

THE FARMERS OF THE HOUSE.

We don't understand it, and we don't want to. We'll go with MOWAT—or MEREDITH.

THE HON. WILLIAM MACDOUGALL.

If I were there I would show them a wrinkle or two about that bill.

THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

It looks as if the Fusion were going to turn out Confusion.

**TENDERS**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked "Indian Tenders," will be received at this office until noon of the 1st MARCH 1880, for supplying the following articles, or any of them, at the undermentioned places, or any of them, by the 1st JULY next, in such quantities as may be required; also, for supplying any of the same articles or others described in Schedule obtainable at this office, at any of the places in the Northern or Southern districts of the North West Territories, and at any date or dates between the 1st JUNE, 1880, and the 30th MAY, 1881, and in such quantities as may be ordered:—

MANITOBA.

St. Peters, Fort Alexander, Broken Head River, Rosseau River, Swan Lake, Sandy Bay, Long Plain.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, LAKE MANITOBA AND THE WEST OF IT.

Manitoba House, Ebb and Flow Lake, Lake St. Martin, Little Saskatchewan, Water Hen Lake, Riding Mountain.

LAKE WINNIPEG.

Black River, Berens River, Fishers River, Grand Rapids, The Pas Mountains, Norway House, Cross Lake, Dog Head, Blood Vein River, Big Island, Sandy Bar, Jack Fish Head, Moose Lake, Cumberland.

LAKE OF THE WOODS AND EAST OF IT.

Shoal Lake, Coutcheecheing, Lac Seul, Rat Portage, Mattawan, Ishington, Assabaskung.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Fort Ellice, Touchwood Hills, Prince Albert and Edmonton.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Fort Walsh, Fort McLeod.

Flour,	132,800 lbs.	Whiffletrees (for	
Tea,	6,736 "	ploughs)	130
Sugar,	5,075 "	Whiffletrees (for	
Tobacco,	3,999 "	harrows),	16
Bacon,	30,166 "	Scythe Stones,	144
Beef,	15,000 "	Sickles,	258
Pork,	20,850 "	Grain Cradles,	135
Woolen Shirts,	250	Scythes for do	135
Stout Trousers,	250	Flails,	292
Canvas Shirts,	250	Hose (steel)	
Canvas Trousers,	250	Garden,	458
Moccasins,	500 prs.	Do (to in. turnip)	178
Ploughs,	21	Shovels (steel),	58
Harrows,	45	Do Scoop,	28
Scythes,	209	Blacksmiths'	
Snails,	209	Tongues,	23
Hay Forks,	132	Pick Axes,	36
Axes,	865	Hay Knives,	23
Hoes,	1,134	Shingle Nails,	2,500 lbs.
Spades,	572	Borax,	92
Grindstones,	18	Blue Stone,	400
Cross Cut Saw		Fanning Mills,	22
Files,	144	Pit Saw Files,	180
Hand Saw Files,	130	Pit Saws,	24
Carts,	29	C. C. Saws,	24
Cart Harness,	29	Hand Saws,	96
Light Waggon,	6	Hammers,	12
Double Harness,	6	Augers,	120
Plough Harness,	38	Rakes,	171
Plough Harness,		Nose Bags,	84
Ox,	56	Plough Lines,	40
Do, Pony,	54	Tool Chests,	22
Sweat Collars,	88	Frowls,	28
Ploughs, break-		Single Barrel	
ing,	125	Guns,	45
Plough Points,	360	Double do do	45
extra,		Gun Caps,	800
		Ammunition and Twine.	

- 4 Hand Saws 26 in., } Equal in quality to 5 x 5.
4 Rip do 28 " }
4 Jack Planes, ordinary C. S., double irons with stand.
4 Steel Squares, 24 by 18, divided to 8ths.
4 Sets Augers, 1-1 in., 1-1 1/2, 1/2, short convex eye cut bright.
4 Drawing knives, extra quality, solid C. S. 13 in.
4 Cast Steel Hunch Axes, handled, best quality.
4 Adzes, handled, (house carpenters best C. S.)
4 Solid Steel Claw Hammers, Canadian patent.
Chisels (socket firmer) with ringed handles 1 1/2 in., 1 3/4 in.
Chisels, 1-1 in., 1-1 1/4, 1-1 1/2. 1-2 in. socket, cast steel handles.
4 Oil Stones.
4 Oil Cans.
4 Scratch Awls.
8 Gimlets 1 1/2, 1 3/4.
4 C. S. Compasses or Dividers.
4 2-Foot Rules, 4 fold arch joints.
4 Shoeing Pincers.
Forms of tender and schedules containing full particulars may be obtained on application at this office, whereat as well as at the Indian Office, Winnipeg, samples of some of the articles can be seen and descriptions of the other articles can be obtained.

Each party or firm tendering must submit the names of two responsible persons, who will consent to act as sureties, and the signatures of the proposed sureties must be appended to a statement at the foot of the tender to the effect that they agree to become surety for the due fulfilment of the contract, if awarded to the maker or makers of the tender.

By order,

L. VANKOUGHNET,

Deputy Superintendent General:
of Indian Affairs.

Department of the Interior,
Indian Branch,
Ottawa, 28th January, 1880.

xiv-12-4t

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A DESIRABLE DWELLING HOUSE, No. 2 Smith's Terrace, Seaton Street. The house (which is comparatively new) contains ten rooms, tastefully painted and papered, and is in excellent condition throughout. Hard and soft water on the premises; also a work shop suitable for a carpenter or painter. Will be sold on easy terms, or would be leased for a term of years at a liberal rate to a suitable tenant. For particulars apply at Grip Office, Adelaide Street.

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Wintercorbyn, 144 King-street West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-17



THE BABY-FARMER.

MRS. BROWN ENGAGING "FINANCE" TO SLAY THE RAG-BABY.



THE WELCOME OF THE PRINCESS.

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The Baby Farmer.

Auld Mrs. Broon has for some time been pestered with the troublesome Rag Baby—a most uncanny little creature, that has given her more trouble than she feels at all disposed to suffer. The bairnie was thrust upon her hands *volens volens*, and as it bore the unmistakable marks of Tory parentage, Mrs. Broon's first and natural impulse was to put it out of existence. This she has earnestly endeavored to do, but in vain. She has dosed it with ridicule, blistered it with sarcasm, whalloped it with logic, and starved it with thin wit—but the unspeakable youngster has continued to thrive to such an extent that Mrs. Broon has become decidedly alarmed. She foresees that in a short time, at this rate, the Baby will become one of the powers of Toryism, and so she has taken desperate measures. She has engaged a regular Baby-Farmer—a ruthless creature known as "Finance"—to murder the little wretch with the weapon of Argument. "Finance" has delivered three formal thrusts up to the present writing, but their effect upon the Baby has not been fatal. On the contrary the child seems livelier than ever. Mr. Grip holds himself in readiness, however, to chronicle its demise at any moment.

Nonsense.

It was a bad boy who pooh-poohed Propositions to have him tattooed Like the Princes have been :
"They must be deuced green."
Said that boy—Oh! how naughty and rude!

His mother and sisters declare That if the dear Princess did wear Tattoo marks like those On forehead or nose, They'd at once get tattooed—anywhere.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. FITZ G.—We cannot advise you to get your little boy's nose tattooed immediately. It would certainly be a fine thing to have him lead the fashion, but perhaps the noses of the young Princes are not done in fast colors. We do not yet know the size or the outline of the device adopted by the Royal youths. You had better wait till the exact truth has been ascertained by the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent.

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Or Exchange for City Property.

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Grip deserves increased prosperity, and should receive liberal support. It is one of the best educators we know of, and if taken into the family circle—as it can be with pleasure and profit—it would stimulate the desire of the younger members of the family to acquire a knowledge of public affairs. It should be in every house, so also should Grip's Almanac.—*Lindsay Post*.

Grip's Comic Almanac for 1880 is out. It's a buster. The man who advertises anti-fat medicine may sell out, for everybody is going to "laugh and grow fat" over this side-splitting little volume. It will bear reading all the year round. Don't forget to ask your bookseller for it, And if he hasn't got it, tell him to send for it.—*Fredericton Farmer*.

Happy is the individual who has received a copy of the *Grip* Almanac, from Toronto, Ont. As for ourselves we have done nothing but laugh since first looking into its contents. It is brimming over with good things, nonsensical and otherwise, and one must be sure their vest buttons are sewed on strongly before they commence reading the funny morsels it contains.—*Meriden (Conn.) Recorder*.

Try the - ALBERT COFFEE ROOMS for DINNER.
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xiv-8-to-131.

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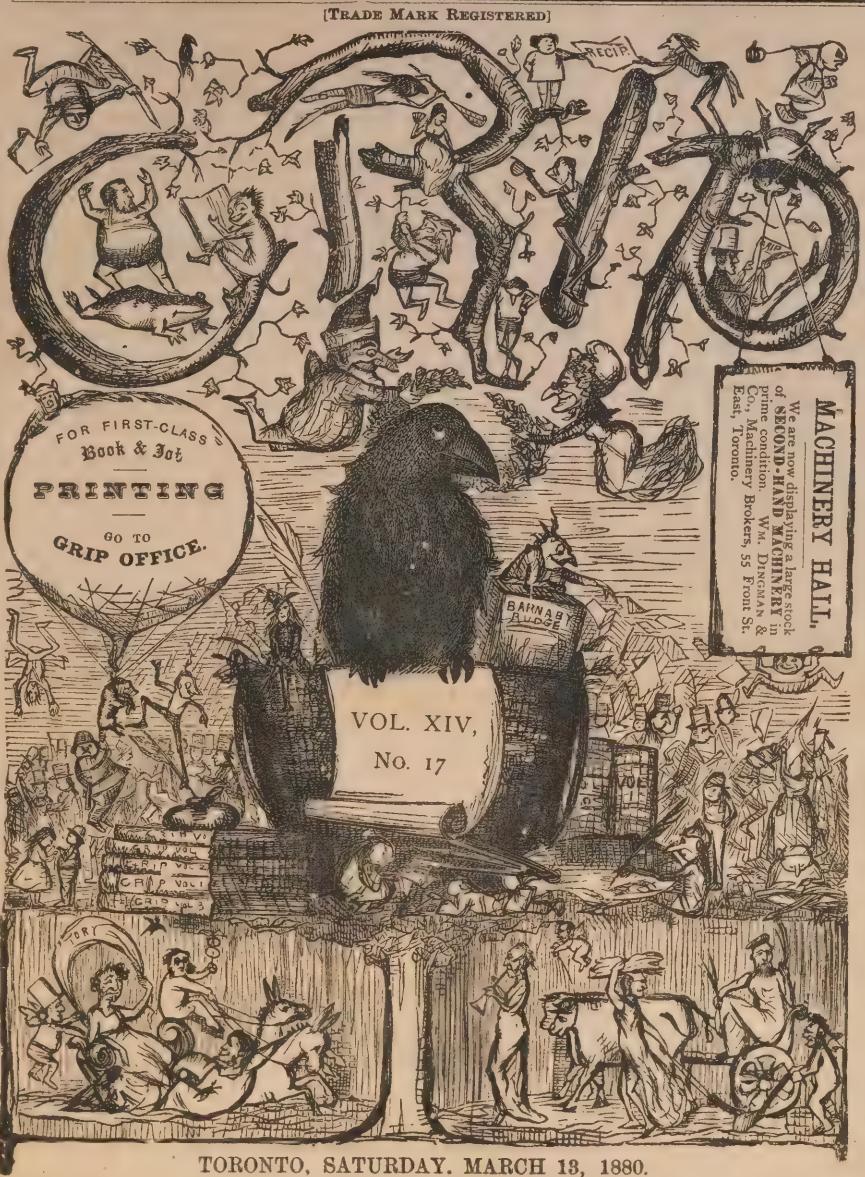
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EDITOR'S NOTE.
ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.
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Literature and Art.

SWINBURNE's new volume of poems will shortly be published. The entire collection is new. The longest of these poems has "Sappho" for its subject. Those who have seen the manuscript of this poem describe it as one of the strongest efforts of Mr. SWINBURNE's muse. The poet, who is suffering from ill-health, is now in the South of France.

Miss CLARKE, of Hamilton, made her debut as a reader before a Toronto audience, on Thursday evening of last week. She possesses a fine stage appearance and a good voice, but appears to lack the artistic instinct, or to fully grasp the idea of her authors. As an interpreter of Irish dialect she is superior to the majority of lady readers, though her best performance on this occasion was decidedly her reading of the "Fall of Pemberton Mill," an excellent pathetic composition.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS, on Saturday afternoon gave her positively last farewell performance till next time. Happy thought,—why not announce it as her positively *au revoir* appearance, seeing that she will be sure to take the advice of MINNIE PALMER's School-master and "come again." Of course on this occasion she was received with great enthusiasm, not that her reading is at all what it is "cracked up to be," but because she has such lovely dresses; such a glorious pair of eyes, such a classic nose, and such a fascinating business-like smile.

ROSA BOUHEUR is engaged upon a great painting representing horses trampling out wheat in the south of France. As yet it is only to be seen in its beginnings, though a French paper—perhaps finding prophecy catching in the almanac season—announced it last winter as a finished work. The picture is about three times as large as the famous "Horse Fair," and there are many signs that it is intended to be the artist's *magnum opus* in the figurative as in the literal sense. Every form and figure in it, every detail of the landscape will be studied from the natural object.

MACAULAY has pointed out that the first English author who really made a good paying business of literature was RICHARDSON, for the good reason that he published his own works. A statement has lately been made that SWIFT "had no pecuniary interest in his writings," but a correspondent of the *Athenæum* points out that in a letter to Mr. PULTENEY, in 1735, he says: "I never got a farthing by anything I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. POPE's prudent management for me." About eight years ago corresponds with the date of publication of "Gulliver," for which \$1,000 is alleged to have been paid. Probably it has earned for the booksellers by this time \$100,000.

The London *Athenæum* discusses whether men whose names are softened into diminutives often make a name in letters. We do not speak of FRANK BACON or JACK MILTON or SANDY POPE but in Scotland you hear of BOBBIE BURNS, and there is something endearing in the names of TOM MOORE, TOM HOOD, and DICK STEELE, especially. All the SAMUELS, of whom many are great—SAM JOHNSON, SAM WILBERFORCE, &c.—are called by the diminutive. Statesmen in England have often received this diminutive, not always justified by intimacy on the part of those who employ it. PAM, BOBBY PEEL, JOHNNY RUSSELL, TOM MACAULAY, TOM DUNCOMBE, are expressions still used, and profanity has gone so far as to call the present Prime Minister BEN D'ISREALI.

The Baby's Debut.

We have watch'd your infant years,
Baby mine, baby mine,
We have had our griefs and fears,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Now proudly we can own,
That you're stout and healthy grown,
And you now can "go alone,"
Baby mine, baby mine!

Though you waddled when you walked,
Baby mine, baby mine,
And you mumbled as you talked,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Yet now we can rejoice,
That there's music in your voice,
And you're bound to make a noise,
Baby mine, baby mine!

Though the *Globe* may rant and rave,
Baby mine, baby mine,
And has wished you in your grave,
Baby mine, baby mine,
We can laugh at all their spleen,
And their slanders vile and mean,
For now you're all serene,
Baby mine, baby mine!

Now kick out and let them see,
Baby mine, baby mine,
How lively you can be,
Baby mine, baby mine,
Though the Grits are looking blue,
And mischief wish to do,
Now Sir JOHN will see you through,
Baby mine, baby mine!



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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST OF RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 11th February, 1880.

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
XIV-14-6t.

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-corn, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-17

Stage Whispers.

LEVY will toot his horn at Manhattan Beach next summer, to the tune of \$500 a week.

MARSHALL JEWELL lectures occasionally on "A Russian Winter." A cool subject certainly.

When BRUTUS and CASSIUS were boys the girls used to say that BRUTE was such a nice fellow, but they preferred CASH. The girls haven't changed one bit.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The managers of the Aquarium in London fired a girl from a cannon and she hit a grocer and broke three of his ribs. If girls could be used in place of cannon balls the government would effect a great saving.

"Pinafore," translated into Russian, is to be performed simultaneously at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Nihilists are evidently going to try a new manoeuvre against the life of the poor old persecuted Czar.—Louisville Courier Journal.

"H. M. S. Parliament" is drawing large audiences to the Grand Opera House this week. The keen political hits and the likenesses of the leading characters to the great originals are very good and call forth frequent bursts of applause. We advise any of our readers at all interested in political matters to go and see this novel entertainment; take your ladies also, they will enjoy it. Monday and Tuesday 15th and 16th STRAKOSH's Grand Italian Opera Co., will appear at this house.

Mr. SMALLEY, The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in writing of the big dinner IRVING, the actor, gave to several hundred of his friends, says: "His festival was given in commemoration of an event unique in the history of Shakespearian performances, the hundredth consecutive representation of the 'Merchant of Venice.' I don't know that there is any record of any play of SHAKESPEARE's having had a run of 100 nights, 'Hamlet' excepted." The *Tribune* ought to know better than that. EDWIN BOOTH played "Hamlet" for a hundred consecutive nights in New York, while "Julius Cæsar" ran for more than a hundred nights.

HIS UNPREMEDITATED SPEECH.—"Ladies and gentlemen," said Colonel SOLON, pulling up a roll of paper from his jacket, "this call was entirely unexpected. I am not prepared to speak and didn't know five minutes before I was called on that I was expected to say anything here, so I merely jotted down a few remarks yesterday that I intended to make. You must excuse all blunders, as my speech is entirely impromptu and all the manuscript so poorly written I can hardly read it. Drunkenness is a terrible virtue. I have known men, after a short career of dissipation, fill a drunkard's grave before they were three years old. I have seen rich men pass the wine-cup around their well-filled tables and their poor children crying for a crust of bread. You see men on every corner who have filled drunkards' graves. You see men reeling about the streets, who, if they had died of cholera infantum, would have starved the saloon keepers to death. As SHAKESPEARE says: Oh, that men should put an enemy in his mouth to commit petty larceny on his brains.' My hearers, epury bus—epury bus—my hearers, the squire has rung in some Greek on me and as I don't understand Latin I'm obliged to quit."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Parliamentary Autographs.

The correspondent of the London *Advertiser* says that autograph hunters are always to be found at this time of the year hanging around the House of Commons, and pestering the notable members for contributions to their albums. It is mentioned that Mr. BLAKE has a mortal horror of these nuisances,—a feeling which is no doubt shared by many other distinguished representatives. This repugnance is easily accounted for. The autograph hunters expect something "original," and none of these great men possess the happy faculty of extemporizing poetry. A little hand-book containing epigrams and stanzas adapted to the circumstances and characteristics of our leading statesmen would "fill a want long felt." Mr. GRIP commends this suggestion to his friend Mr. CARROL RYAN, the bearded poet of the capital. It might be called the *Parliamentarian's Companion*, and the ready-made contributions might be modelled after the following:—

For Sir John A. Macdonald.

You ask me for something poetic,
An "original measure," you say,
I'll get the Grit party to make one,
And then bring it down (signed)

JOHN A.

For Senator McPherson.

One unaccustomed to write
May have a message to men,
Mine is—"don't wear silk stockings
On a cold winter night,
For bronchitis punishes the vanity
Of showing one's legs.

P.S.—This should be sent to my office if the rhyme is not correct.

D. L. MCP.

The poet's mind sees all things well,
The beauty of earth and air and sea,
And in political life the poet can tell
The great and glorious benefits of the N.P.

J. BURR X. PLUMB.
Mark.

How sad would life be to the earnest student if he did not look to future generations for justice.

R. W. PHIPPS.

'Tis truth—I've put it to the touch
In many a year of contest keen—
"No statesman can protest too much,
But he whose hands are really clean."

JOHN A. MACDONNELL.

I love the cold sequestered shades
Of opposition well, because
Therein the virtuous man parades
His rectitude, nor shows its flaws.

ALEX. MCKENZIE.

How sweet to hear the rude Reformers bray
Of contract frauds, and money thrown away;
I listen and I know they play my game,
And mark me as the heir of great JOHN A.,
Whom all good Tories love more for his shame.

The more the Grits declare that I'm Springhill
The more I'm sure of disappointing TILLEY.

CHARLES TUPPER.

Reflection profound is the Mother
Of deeds that will alter the Ages:
Action the turbulent Brother
Of Thought the maker of Sages.
'Tis good to think and to act,
A chancery practice is good,
So is a knowledge of fact.—
Long has a Great One stood
Scanning the universe wide,
After the glow worm fashion,
By the light of his own inside;
Now he thrills with passion
And fateful deeds betide.

EDWARD BLAKE.

Be pious in your youthful days,
Be temperate likewise,
Religious reputation pays
The man who wants to rise.
He who has character may quit
His principles at will,
With crooked chaps in office sit
And feel quite moral still.

S. L. TILLEY.

De Tale of De Spanish City.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I. CHAPTER I.**THE ASSIGNATION.**

"Meet me by moonlight alone."

—John Stuart Mill.

'Twas eve; myriads of stars flung a subdued, enchanting light o'er a grove of orange-trees, whose blossoms were gently tipped by the effulgence of the summer moon silently rising, and whose rich perfume stole on the enraptured senses like the sound of sweet music—soft and low. 'Twas eve, and through the groves of orange and jessamine the summer night winds sighed, sweet and soft on the cheek as is the breath of the dreamy Tarantula o'er the slumbers of a slumbering child.

Half reclining they sat on a rustic seat, arched over by the purple limbs of the luscious vine, whose heavy branches of ripe fruit hung dependent, almost to their heads. No sound was heard save the occasional cry of the Fata Morgana from some neighbouring thicket, or the quick, metallic chirrup of the Cantharides or Spanish fly, which made the air musical.

"Non e ver carissima!" he gently murmured, "SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD, donna e mobile."—"Why do you thus doubt me?" she rejoined, casting her eyes down, "is it not enough that I have promised? Per Baccho di tanti palpiti, il flauto magico e il BARBIERE DI SEVIGLIA. Nozze di Figaro! Will that not even satisfy you?"

CHAPTER II.**THE PROMISE.**

"Promises were made to be broken."

—Bollingbroke.

They were lovers.—*She*, dark as the beauty of the night shade, or the lithe *Cachuca*, scion of a princely lineage, daughter of the Hidalgo BOLERO COSPETTO STILETTO!!—*He*, fair as is the flaxen blue-eyed *Olla Podrida*, only son of GUANO MANUERO, the city scavenger!!! Their lips met. "Swear it," he gasped; "swear it, ISIDORA, on the graves of your ancestors!" Seizing the unresisting female by the voluminous mantilla or pull-back, which hung in heavy folds from her queenly form, he with mad haste dragged her to the aforesaid graves. Standing on them in the dim, weird, dreamy starlight, ISIDORA swore a very big oath.

CHAPTER III.**THE RIVAL.**

"At last I have thee! oh! mine enemy."

—P. T. Barnum.

He was tall and dark, his mustaches tied lightly behind each ear, slightly revealing

his pearly teeth clenched as though in rage. Dressed in black velvet *chiaro oscuro*, and with his trusty sombrero at his side, he was a nobleman of Hispaniola. He strode to and fro impatiently—a footstep—"Tis she!!! With an ecstatic *pas seul*, he clasped her in his muscular arms, and gazed fondly, longingly, and with a fierce love, on the face of—his grandmother! "How can this be?" pondered the blue-eyed MANUERO, who was secreted behind the arras.

CHAPTER IV.**THE MEETING.**

"But see! what light from yonder window breaks."

—Dr. Watts.

Night,—darkness,—black darkness envelops the city as in a shroud. No sound but the roaring of the tempest through the forest of chimney cans, or the wail of the torrent hurrying to the sea down the gutters. Night,—darkness,—a solitary light beams from her casement. The light twanging of a guitar mixes with the sound of the wrestling trees. The light twanging of the trees mixes with the sound of wrestling guitar. MANUERO serenades the Donna ISIDORA. So does the Rival. They meet in deadly combat, and MANUERO utters a piercing cry as his opponent cuts all the strings of his beloved mandolin with one trenchant blow of the afore-mentioned sombrero.

CHAPTER V.

"Water! water! everywhere."

—Petruchio.

Above the shrill fandangos and war shouts of the combatants, an ominous sound arises. "Hark! what's that?" said the breathless MANUERO. "Fish, and find out," gasped the Rival, as he hurled a cast-iron gas pipe at his opponent, who meditatively avoided it, allowing it to strike the Alhambra such a blow that the famous gridiron trembled. Again the sound, the ominous sound, made itself heard. "'Tis she," said the Rival. "Ah," said MANUERO, "it is, it is—" "Boiling water, you villains!" sang a feminine voice from the battlements, as a shower descended on the true lovers' heads.

The scene of the fight next morning presented a fine exhibition of cuticle to the curiosity spectator.

(To be Continued in our Next.)

The Mail on Mr. Dymond.

The *Mail* argues that because Mr. A. H. DYMOND reported Mr. HOOPER as guilty of defalcation, the report was worthless. Whereupon Mr. DYMOND writes to the *Mail* that he was not the Commissioner in Mr. HOOPER'S case. To which the *Mail* makes this remarkable reply:

"Of course Mr. DYMOND'S statement sets the matter at rest so far as he is concerned, but it is a little singular that he has been connected with the Lennox Commission by men and journals on both sides of politics. Probably the Lennox Commission has been confounded with the Cornwall case, in which he certainly was Commissioner. This does not, however, effect our argument in the slightest."

Our contemporary has possibly been reading *Middlemarch*. It will be remembered that Mrs. FAREBROTHER was once told that HYDGATE was a natural son of BULSTODES. She

"did not fail to tell her son of it observing, 'I should not be surprised at anything in BULSTODE but I should be sorry to think of Mr. HYDGATE.'"

"Why mother," said Mr. FAREBROTHER, after an explosive laugh, "you know very well that HYDGATE is of a good family in the North. He never heard of BULSTODE before he came here."

"That is satisfactory so far as Mr. HYDGATE is concerned, CAMDEN," said the old lady with an air of precision. "But as to BULSTODE—the report may be true of some other son."

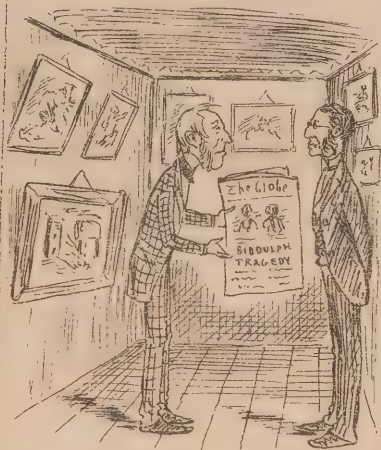
The explanation that the *Mail* got concerning Mr. DYMOND was satisfactory so far as he was concerned, but the partizan spirit might be true of some other Commissioner.



A Terrible Predicament.

These ladies and gentlemen are not devoutly engaged in saying grace before meal. They are members of Canadian Society, who have a veneration for Dr. WINTON'S Precedence Regulations; they are famishing with hunger, but are unable to take their seats, because in the absence of Mr. PONSONBY, who has the Regulation Book in his pocket, they do not know who should sit down first!

N. B.—PONSONBY is not expected to return for at least one hour.



Canadian Art.

SCENE.—The gallery of the Canadian Academy at Ottawa.

Hon. G. B.—(displaying illustrated *Globe* to the President) These pictures are specimens of Canadian Art; don't you think they are worthy of the notice of your hanging committee?

The President.—No, sir; but I think the person who published them deserves to be hanged!

Gross Injustice to a Rising Artist.

My Dear Grip:

I should like to know why my pictures are not admitted into the gallery of the new Canadian Royal Academy. Is it snobbery on the part of the Art authorities and critics of that institution, or is it because they are afraid of introducing subjects that are above the ordinary mannerism of modern painters that they refuse, point blank, to let me hang up works that have

cost me no end of anxiety, labor, and I may add—money? I send herewith a faithful sketch of my allegorical painting, which represents Canada receiving the congratulations of all the rulers on earth upon her prosperity under the N.P.

Of course this sketch fails to convey the magnificent effects of the original oil painting which is 18 feet long and 12½ wide and which took me nine weeks to complete. I showed it to Sir JOHN during the last election here and he vowed he had seen nothing like it in all his travels. The only fault he had to find with the painting was that the figure representing Canada had its back towards the spectator. I told him it was so because it was more appropriate for her to turn her back on adverse critics than on her Royal friends assembled to do her honor and congratulate her. Sir JOHN insisted that some part of her front should be seen, if it was only the extreme end of her nose. I, therefore, to please him, compromised the matter and placed the head sideways, showing the profile. This completely satisfied him, and I was told to send it to the Canadian Academy exhibition, now being held at Ottawa, with a view to its purchase by the Government.

Does not the prospectus of the new Art Association invite all Canadians to come forward and support it by contributions of their artistic work? It says nothing about being refused admission. I think it is the public who should judge as to the merits of the pictures submitted.

Now I got up my pictures expressly for this Art Association, or Royal Academy, or whatever it is called, and I would here emphatically swear that I was not assisted in the outlining by the use of photography. It is all freehand drawing and painting.

Here is an account of the expenses I have been put to in getting up my pictures:	
Canvas, brushes, paints, oils etc.	\$50 00
Express charges to and from Ottawa	\$10 00
Fare of self to and from Ottawa	
and a week's expenses	50 00

Grand Total \$110 00

What I want to know is this. Can I not sue for and gain this amount from the Art Association, and obtain heavy damages into the bargain, on account of my disappointment and damage to my artistic reputation.

By bringing my case before the country you will oblige

Yours truly and fraternally,

ARCHIBALD SLAPDASH.



SKETCH OF SLAPDASH'S ALLEGORICAL PAINTING REJECTED BY THE NEW CANADIAN ROYAL ACADEMY.

Explanation of Above.

Circle and rays represent the rising sun. Ship and train represent Canadian commerce. M.—The mining interest. T.—The agricultural interest. P.—The pork packing trade. A.—Cow represents the President of the United States. U.S.—Represents the President of the United States. P.R.—The Pope of Rome. E.R.—The Emperor of Russia. E.G.—The Emperor of Germany. A.A.—Ameer of Afghanistan. F.—The French Republic represented by an eagle. V.R.—The Queen of England. Other crowned heads are in rear of German Emperor but not visible in the painting. C.—represents Canada on a pedestal receiving the congratulations of all nations on her progress under the N.P. L.—Represents refreshments. Crowd to the left. Canadians exultant.



Another "Standard Elevator"

Mr. ROBERTSON, the able representative of Hamilton in the Commons, is again on the track in the interests of the pool-selling fraternity. He wishes to have Mr. BLA-IE's act repealed, and his line of argument is that the breeding of the better class of horses is a national advantage, which ought to be fostered; that is best encouraged by races; that races cannot be made interesting or remunerative without pool-selling. The honourable gentleman announces that his object is to "elevate the standard of equine stock." Mr. GRIP would suggest that as soon as this measure is carried through, Mr. ROBERTSON should introduce a Bill to provide for the Encouragement and Propagation of Black-legs and the elevation of the standard of Gambling. It wouldn't cost the able member much trouble to get up such a bill; in fact, if pressed for time, he could simply make a copy of his proposed pool-selling measure.



"The Harp That Wants."

It appears that, notwithstanding the prevailing distress in Ireland, the call from Rome for Peter's pence is made and responded to as usual. While we can respect the piety that prompts the poor, famishing peasant to honor such a claim, we cannot admire the generosity of the potentate who would receive the money under such circumstances.



"SYMPATHY!"

KIND GENTLEMAN.—"DROPPED ABOUT THREE MILLIONS SOMEWHERE. HAVE YOU? WELL, THERE, DON'T CRY; CHEER UP, MY POOR LITTLE FINANCIER, IT'S NO MORE THAN I EXPECTED."



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Nursery Tails—The laws.—*Ex.*

A Male Coach—A Velocipede.—*Ex.*

The great Ark-aid—At the Deluge.—*Ex.*

Brevity is the sole of it: A Chinese maiden's shoe.—*N. Y. News.*

A man without enemies is like bread without yeast; he never rises.—*Hiram Green.*

CHARLIE ROSS, if now alive, is old enough to find himself.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

DIAGNOS(E)IS.—ASINUS says he is certain it is cat-arrh, because of the mew-cuss.—*Ex.*

"I work on abstract principles," said a thief as he stole from the clothes line.—*Somerville Journal.*

A correspondent wants to know how long bees live. About the same as short bees we suppose.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

"There! let that end it!" as the shoemaker said when he fixed the bristle to the waxed thread.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

The Meriden Recorder speaks of a lady who knew ten languages; one was the German—which she danced.—*Somerville Journal.*

The thrifty man will always put something away for a rainy day, even if its nothing but a borrowed umbrella.—*Oswego Times.*

Be thou ever so amiable and disinterested, some hatched-faced misanthrope will swear thou hast an axe to grind.—*Erratic Enquire.*

Everybody can see where a plumber's job begins in these days, but when it will end passes all comprehension.—*Somerville Journal.*

I have finally got so that I ain't at all certain or wat I kno myself, and am gitting less certain of what others say they kno.—*Josh Billings.*

The reason that dog Tray remained ever faithful, and grief could not drive him away, was probably because they kept him tied.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Veteran joker reading proof at the next table—"I wrote Brown and it is set up in Black. The compositor must be color blind."—*New Haven Register.*

Why will many ships take the former route instead of going through the Isthmus canal? Because old sailors like to double the horn.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The best book reviewers are those who have the curiosity to read a book to see if it is anything like the notice they have written and published.—*Hartford Journal.*

Wooden ware has gone up 25 per cent. in the market and there has been a corresponding enhancement in the value of wooden headed politicians.—*Somerville Journal.*

There is only one thing prettier than a lady with her hair pasted on her forehead according to the present style—and that is a tattooed Indian.—*Yenkers Statesman.*

If a Chicago schoolmarm gets married that ends her usefulness, and the Board of Education will have her in the schools no more. It makes it very unpleasant for young men who are looking for support.—*New Haven Register.*

An Albany chap is courting a deaf and dumb beauty, and he says he enjoys evening recreations with his dumb belle.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and the same thing is true of a barrel hoop, if you happen to step on it just right.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Conductor (to Brown, who is pretty nearly pumped out with running to catch his express bus), "All right, sir, all right; don't flurry yourself, you're a-gaining."—*Ex.*

SOCRATES very late in life undertook to learn to play on several musical instruments. It would seem from this that there were some grounds for his execution.—*McGregor News.*

The days are longer now than they were a month ago, but we notice that the fellow who wants to borrow a quarter doesn't let that interfere with his calling around.—*N. Y. Express.*

It is said that a church bell is more agreeably disposed than a church organ; for when the former is tolled it'll go, but the latter invariably declares it'll be blown first.—*Somerville Journal.*

The new man at the cider press thought he could get along all right as soon as he got his hand in. When he got it in and had his fingers smashed off, he changed his mind.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Kleptomania was never more aggravatedly exhibited than in the case of the young Louisville thief who, upon being sent to the city jail, deliberately took the mumps from his cell mate.—*Kansas City Times.*

"These are indeed disgraceful times," said JOE SHUTTLE, as he smacked his lips dubiously after a glass of his favourite brand, "these body snatchers have been through the wine."—*New Haven Register.*

The Russians seem to be wasting a great amount of powder on the Czar. Great Guns! Can't all Russia produce a spring poet, and compel him to read a verse or so to the obnoxious sovereign?—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

It is not in good taste to show surprise or astonishment at anything, but the manifestation of such a feeling is entirely excusable in a man who finds a button on the back of the only shirt in the bureau drawer.—*Middleton Transcript.*

Scientists affirm that the bill of a snipe is of exceeding smallness at first, and gets larger in proportion to the bird's growth, they differ so materially from a doctor's bill that hereafter we shall call the snipe Rome, because it wasn't billed in a day.—*Uncle Luther Riggs.*

A Laplander will make three good meals of a tub of oleomargarine, his wife will take the hoops for a crinoline, and the boys will use the staves for snowshoes. So you see, children, how a little oil will smoothe the rugged edges of life's pathway.—*Hackensack Republican.*

A man claiming to be a "fit doctor" lost so many patients in a Nevada town where he was practicing, that some men took him out to hang him. He was saved by the interposition of friends. They evidently believed in the survival of the "fittest."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

SPILKER recently fell into the society of some severely scientific men, and by dint of much mental labor he managed to nail the word "cosmeal" and store it away for future use. A night or two ago he attended an uptown party, and was introduced to a fashionable young lady with a brow like lilies and cheeks of rose-hue. Wishing to impress her, SPILKER watched for a chance to bring out his treasured word, and at last eagerly ejaculated: "Miss d' SMYTHE, what do you think of the cosmetic theory?" That young lady says SPILKER is the rudest young man she ever met.—*Cleveland Voice.*

"Why am I made a sandwich?" said young SNOBSON plaintively, as a lady sat down on either side of him in the horse car. "Because we are better bread than you are," said one of the damsels sweetly, and SNOBSON mustered courage to squeeze out to the platform.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

There has been a clean looking man in the city selling waffles lately, from door to door. He called the second time in vain at one house on Warren street, and the hired girl didn't know she was saying anything cunning when she answered his query—"No, we don't want none. Go 'way, you waffle man."—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

A year old infant can clamber up on chairs and tables without falling, but when its mother puts it in a high chair at the table, and fastens it so securely that she thinks nothing less than a western blizzard can upset it, the youngster will manage, without the slightest effort, to fall out of its seat and break an arm or fracture its skull.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Detroit grocer had a patent money drawer attached to his counter the other day and it was no sooner in working order than his clerk tendered his resignation.

"You going to leave? Why, what's the matter?" asked the grocer.

"I don't want to stay where a person has lost confidence in me."

"Do you refer to that new till?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are very foolish. I haven't lost the least bit of confidence in your honesty, but I simply argued that if you had less change to squander outside I could have more of your time in the store! Loss of confidence! The idea is absurd!"

The satisfied clerk took off his hat and returned to duty.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MAUD.

MAUD MULLER on a winter's day,
Went out upon the ice to play.

Beneath her Derby gleamed her locks
Of red banged hair, and her crimson socks.

She straddled about from ten till two,
And then, a hole in the ice fell through.

On the bottom of the pond she sat,
As wet and mad as a half-drowned rat.

A man with a hickory pole went there,
And fished her out with her auburn hair.

And her mother is said to have thumped her well,
Though just how hard Miss MAUD won't tell.

And hung her over a stovepipe to dry,
With a thumb in her mouth and a fist in her eye.

Alas! for the maiden; alas! for the hole,
And 'rah for the man with the hickory pole.

—*Chicago News.*

Some of the papers are making a terrible blow about a doctor who made a nose out of a man's finger, just as if it was something new. The truth is, and any toper will vouch for it, a man's three fingers will soon make a nose if he follows it up close enough, without any professional aid.—*Des Moines Register.*

SHORT STOPS.

A scratch race—hens.—The miner works in vein.—A stowaway—the glutton.—Good as gold—greenbacks.—Stern necessity—the rubber.—Missing men bad marksmen.—The song of the sea—Nap-tune.—Ting-ah-Ling is a Chinese belle.—A taking person—the policeman.—Domestic cannibals—back-bitsers.—Sweet meats—sugar-cured hams.—Running for office—the office boy.—The song of the top—hum again.—An upstart—beginning to prosper.—Lawyers are getting out spring suits.—Contempt of court—breach of promise.—*Meriden Recorder.*

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NO. 4. A MISER-ABLE STORY.

I'll tell you a tale of a miser of old,
Who lived in a garret and hoarded his gold,
Denied himself fire, howe'er cold he might feel,
And seldom, if ever, indulged in a meal.

His fingers were bony, with nails sharp and long,
His arms they were skinny, his legs far from strong,
His features were wizened, his mien it was mean,
And his body was spare, with a leaning to lean.

No friend to console him, or loved one to cheer
The long dreary years of his lonely career.
No thought nor a care but to hoard up his wealth
While he lost his complexion and ruined his health.

He spent all the day time in counting his treasure,
It made him so busy he never had leisure
To accept invitations to parties or balls,
And was never "at home" to society calls.



At night he was nervous lest burglars should come
And take full possession of all the vast sum
He'd collected together, so thought it were best
To slumber at night with his head on his chest.

Now it chanced that a robber lived over the way
Who had watched the old miser for many a day,
And he guessed as he peeped through a hole in the blind,
By the stoop of his shoulders the bent of his mind.

So that robber he laughed a sardonic Ho ! Ho !
And made preparations a burgling to go.
And he muttered a joke, for he said, it is clear
I shall not want a cab, the old miser's so near.

'Twas night, and the miser was sleeping in bed
With his coffers as usual under his head,
When the robber emerged, by the light of the stars
Made notes of the windows and counted the bars.

With a crowbar, a file and a skeleton key
He effected an entrance, and shouted with glee,
Which awoke the old miser, who made the remark,
That he didn't like practical jokes in the dark.



The robber replied with a blow of his fist,
Which induced the old miser at once to desist
From expressing opinions so far from convivial;
His succeeding remarks were exceedingly trivial.

In fact I may say they were mainly confined
To gurgles, and gurgles and struggles for wind,
For expressing opinions so far from convivial;
His succeeding remarks were exceedingly trivial.

But crime never prospers; the ill-gotten wealth
Of the robber began soon to tell on his health;
So he gave himself up, and relinquished the pelf,
For he thought it his duty to tell on himself.

The judges and council were very much struck
By the straightforward honesty, candor and pluck
Of our hero's informing them all of his pranks,
So returned him his cash and returned him their thanks.

A. H. H.

Six and Half-a-Dozen.

The *Globe* finds fault with the Tory papers
for referring to the distressed working men of
Ottawa as "Chronic Whiners," and at the same
time itself refers to them as "Curses come home
to roost." The distressed sons of toil won't
know which way to vote, now.

Art at Ottawa.

Our special correspondent, a well known painter, (whose skill in the colouring of a nose is especially great) furnishes the following notes on pictures at the first exhibition of the Canadian Academy of Art in Ottawa. Though his descriptions run parallel with those of the eminent *Globe* critic, he will hardly be accused of wilful plagiarism.

"*Adulation*" is a large picture of many people under a tent on a lawn—"Under a Marquee de Lawn," a lower Canadian was heard to say in the inimitable *patois* of the Lower Province. The artist is said to be no less a personage than Herr Rial. I. Ness. The faces are rendered with remarkable fidelity, showing a thorough study of the subjects. The expression on each is invariable however different the features. Both sexes are represented. A fine test of the truthfulness of the artist is offered in the composition itself, the intention evidently being to show the nice distinction between "adulation" and flunkeyism. Several footmen are introduced, the countenance of each one showing distinctly a trace of personal pride which is absent from all the other faces. This remarkable picture is composed wholly of portraits of individuals in the very best Canadian society. It will be an historical piece of great value to our great grandchildren showing as it does how the eminent personages of to-day appeared to Herr Rial. I. Ness.

"A Study of Pairs" (vice-regal). Credited to the Premier artist of the Dominion. Displays much adroit management of material and knowledge of the principles of art. The pair immediately in the foreground are painted in bright colors. The face of the lady is charming, intelligent and refined. So is that of the gentleman just one remove from the foreground. Contrast is the *motif* of the composition.

"Study of Board" by an artist. There is partridge on it, "almost too well done" a critical *gourmand* was heard to say. It is unnecessary to say that the board is good when game is on the bill of fare. The bird is treated in a highly realistic manner, the trussing finely conceived, the stuffing I think somewhat spoils the composition, but the bread sauce is superb. When the Academy brings prosperity to the artists they can often have the opportunity of studying partridges, and will doubtless have even better taste in board.

"Sweet Sixteen." A large painting of the thirteen ministers at Ottawa together with the speakers of both Houses and the Sergeant-at-Arms. The propriety of clothing the figures in light *bleu* may be questioned, it should be of a darker shade. The background of starving workmen is well painted in. The hands of ministers are concealed, possibly they were not clean enough to be made conspicuous. But a dash of Chinese White (Jr.) would surely have made them presentable.

"A Summer Afternoon above Lake Superior." Understood to be by Mr. M—probably McMASTER. This is a large woodland scene with thirteen figures. Wild Hay is in the foreground. A stream of (bad) water gurgles past. One governing figure stoops to get some of the fluid in a flask cup. Beside him stands a military figure with a cork-screw. The background shows tents, cigar boxes, champagne cases, "appolinaris" bottles. The manner of their rendering is fresh. All possible accessories enter into the pictorial account. The painting admirably suggests silence (to Grits). Conservatives say that members of the Ottawa Cabinet saw a similar scene on their way to meet the vice-regal pair at Halifax.

"Friends." This picture is reported to

be an allegory concerning Messrs BLAKE and MACKENZIE. The latter is represented as a goat—a scapegoat it is said, about to disappear into the wilderness. The lamb, much out of drawing, is typical of his friend's purity and innocence. The Goat appears to me much the more sincere and amiable animal of the two.

Mr. A. D. PATTERSON contributes a very strong portrait of a Sheriff. For some occult reason members of the civil service avoid this very lifelike picture.

"The Ancient Mariner" of HAWKE's set. A colossal Brown figure, apparently a sketch of an original in "distemper." The subject is very strong in execution.

"On the Dessert," loaned by Mr. GILMOR. A small boy attacks the almonds and raisins with avidity. The red or copper colored oranges are painted with great dexterity. Near the zenith of the *epergne* the blue plums produce a startling effect.

"Falls on the Gattineau," an allegorical title. The picture illustrates the career of Father FAURE, who "falls" into the hands of justice. Two long-horned oxen with a cart typify the slowness with which he will be brought to punishment.

"The Poet." A painting of himself by X. X. X. B. J. PLUMB, as one knows by his mark.

"A Grenadier." This magnificent picture is properly described as a "reminiscence in oils" by McPHERSON. The same artist exhibits a series of pen and ink sketches of great merit, entitled "Dreams of the Hague."

A Correction.

A correspondent writes to us regretting that in our last number we caricatured Dr. OGDEN as an opponent of the suggested reforms in the Public School arrangements, whereas that gentleman is a most earnest friend of the movement. In reply we have to say that the picture in question was not intended to represent Dr. OGDEN. It was a purely imaginary sketch, and any resemblance it may have had to that worthy gentleman was purely accidental.

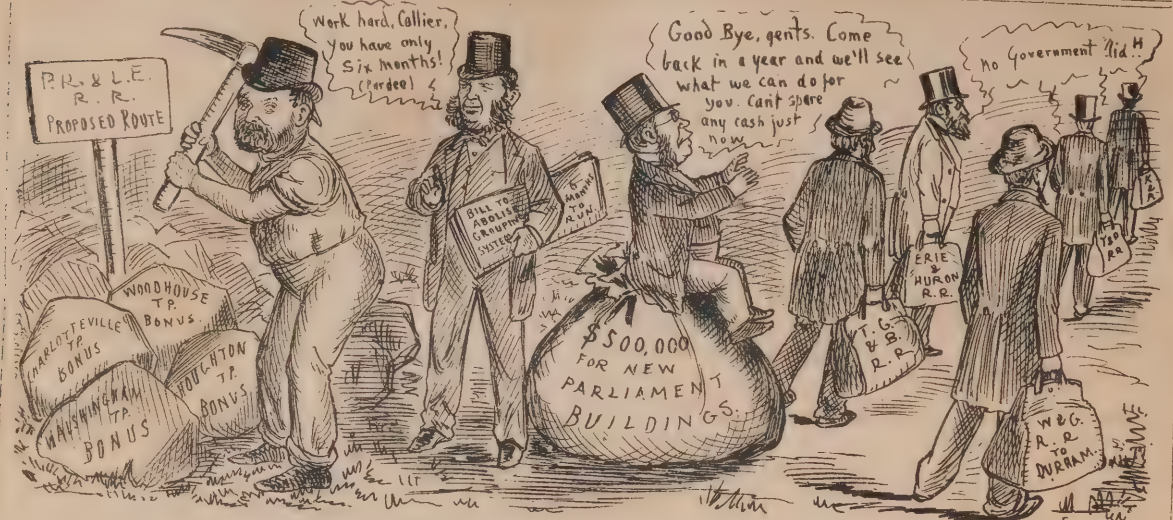
A Suggestion.

Some of the School Trustees object to the proposed shortening of school hours from four to half past three, because, they say, the teachers would then have too good a time—for the enormous salaries they receive. Surely it is too bad to make the children suffer merely on this account, when the end might be as well served by arranging to have the teachers devote the odd half-hour to cutting wood for the schools.

Vote of Thanks to the Ministry.

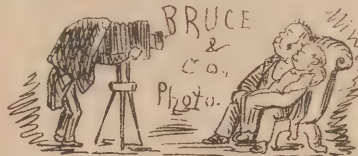
The cracksmen of the city held a meeting last Monday evening at which they passed a vote of thanks to Sir JOHN and Pietou MACDONALD, for preventing the passage of Mr. BLAKE's bill for the better prevention of crime. The men say that they have already lost directly and indirectly by the N. P. which has left the public with little worth stealing and raised the price of burglars' tools. They feared that the Government was going to monopolize all the plunder of the country. But the firmness with which the Minister of Justice resisted BLAKE's efforts to ruin the *chevaliers d'industrie* has filled them with gratitude and they look forward to a revival of business with some hope.

Appropriate scene for the close of the Bidulph "Tragedy."—The drop scene.



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Evolution Made Plain.

Once upon a time
There was a little bit of slime
In the deep, deep bottom of the sea;
And it commenced to breathe,
Without anybody's leave,
And that was the beginning of you and me.

It sucked the green sea water,—
It was neither son nor daughter,
But a little bit of both done up in one,
And from it soon evolved,
While the old world still revolv'd,
A being which we'll nominate its son.

The son the father hated,
And so "differentiated";
Its son in course of time just followed suit,—
So it grew by many stages,
Through fifty million ages,
Till in the course of time it reached the new.

The newt was awful gritty,
And *knew't* would be a pity
To leave the world no better than his *pater*
So he turned him inside out,
Knowing what he was about,
And, lo! became an animal much greater.

He, too, went on evolving,
The riddle ever solving
Of his destiny, and bound to solve it soon:
So he taller grew and fatter,
And one day commenced to chatter,
And found himself a bounding big baboon.

While his tail was long and growing,
He wore it quite off rowing
A la HANLAN on a patent sliding-seat;
Then he went and killed his brothers,
Made soup of some, and others
Served up with roast potatoes and some beet.

The "survival of the fittest,"
See! reader, as thou sittest,
Is the proper and most scientific plan—
This ape surprised the others,
Both his sisters and his brothers,
And in course of time became a gentleman.

The reason why **VENNOR** failed as a weather prophet, was because he forgot this was leap year, and that he could not have things all his own way.

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PRESS OPINIONS.

Every cartoon in the last number of *Grip*, alias the Canadian *Punch*, is provocative of laughter. We have, in the smaller pictures, an illustration of the story told in the House the other day that on the Intercolonial R.R. an anxious mother quitted a noisy passenger because she didn't want him to wake Tupper. The mother in the picture is Sir John, and a nice old dame he makes, pictorially; and the presser is Mr. Mackenzie, who is climbing for returns.—*Kingston Whig*.

Our lively friend *Grip* has an admirable cartoon on the visit to the Northwest. "The young man of Ontario" appears arrayed in the latest *strikes* of fashion, with half cocked hat, cigar rampant, corkscrew pedant, etc. The Hon. Oliver gravely points to the long bill for lush and receives a vacant stare. Judging from the excellent map of the route which adorns the background the visit may not be altogether fruitless, as the array of "old sagers" strewed along may yet bring forth a goodly crop of old rye.—*St. Catharines Journal*. (Conservative.)

"Grip."—The last issue of *Grip* is one of the best we have had for some time. Its leading cartoon represents the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, as "the fast young man of Ontario." His Honor is engaged in smoking a cigar, his cocked hat is carefully worn on the side of his head in regular "b'boy" fashion, and he seems to be listening in a sort of "don't care" way to the remonstrances of Mr. Premier Mowat, who points out the long array of wines, cigars and corkscrews in a particularly long bill. A map hanging on the wall shows the route of His Honor and his party, across Manitoba. The idea is excellent and the manner in which it is carried out is very clever. *Grip* improves regularly as it grows older. We couldn't do without the little joker now if we wanted to. It has become a kind of weekly sunbeam.—*Quebec Chronicle*. (Reform.)

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TO PHONOGRAPHERS.

We have in contemplation the issue of a MONTHLY PHONETIC JOURNAL, 16 p.p., at 10c. per copy, or \$1 per annum, and will be glad to receive the names of all persons engaged in the study, or who are in any way interested in the project. Phonographers will do us a favor by giving us their views, as the publication will depend on the interest manifested.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

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ANTHONY TROLLOPE has a high, round head, bald on the forehead and bordered by curly, fluffy hair. He is 65 years old, and is overbearing in his manner.

VICTOR HUGO drinks coffee continually, stands always while writing, walking up and down to rest himself, and does all his work in the morning.

EDMUND ABOUT, a Paris correspondent says, had two hundred thousand dollars bequeathed him; he married a rich wife: but for ten years he has not advanced one step save in increased wealth. He has grown gray, and wears a most disappointed face.

The first part of Mr. W. J. RATTRAY's work on "The Scot in British North America" has been published by MACLEAR & Co., and is commented on in favourable terms by the critics. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

Says BARTLEY CAMPBELL, "My progress for the last nine years has been through a purgatorial existence, and if I have reached the haven of success I think that I have fairly earned it, and any one who wants to get it at the same price has my condolence in advance."

The Students of Trinity College, not to be outdone by their confreres of the University, have started a quarterly journal, which they have named *Rouge et Noir*, after the College colours. The paper is a highly creditable production from both literary and typographical points of view, and will no doubt be *rouge* with much interest by all friends of the College. Messrs. A. J. BELT and E. VAN CARSON—the latter a clever Whitby boy—are the editors.

"Practical Instruction for Business Men"—is the title of a book from the pen of J. HENRY GOODWIN, of Chicago, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the best works on Book-Keeping in the market. The principles of Book-Keeping in Mr. GOODWIN's work are taught, not by means of abstract rules, but by examples of the various transactions common in actual business, and gives valuable hints for detecting counterfeit money, computing interest, rules for measurement of capacity, how to succeed in business, &c., &c. Price \$1.00.

Vanity Fair, a brilliant comic weekly which made its appearance in New York twenty years ago, was started by HENRY L. STEPHENS, a list, and FRANK J. THOMPSON, of New York, with WM. A. STEPHENS as managing editor. A few months afterwards it was purchased by Dr. WILLIAM CAMAC and HENRY BONSALE, of Philadelphia. It was successively—and successfully—edited by FRANK WOOD, CHAS. G. LELAND, ARTEMUS WARD and CHARLES DAWSON SHANLEY—all of whom, save LELAND, are dead. Its three years' existence cost the proprietors over \$25,000. It was doing well, and promised to be a success, but was prostrated—as were a great many other literary enterprises—by the breaking out of the rebellion.

"The Hog Swindle."

Such is the heading of a *Globe* article explaining how some of the pigs suffer under the N. P. The BIG DAILY may be trusted when it speaks on behalf of the grunTERS. It was bad enough for JOHN A. to swindle the Grits out of office, but to swindle hogs is even more wicked.

Canadian Literature.

Mr. ADAM says that the *Globe* has done nothing for Canadian Literature, and the *Globe* does not retort that Canadian Literature has done nothing for Mr. ADAM. It may be truly said that there is no Canadian literature for which anybody can do anything and none that can do anything for anybody. It is a real though a negative service to literature to refrain from puffing twaddlers. When one man or woman capable of writing decent fiction, verse or history shall go to work in Canada, the *Globe's* aid will not be needed to insure the success of that writer, nor will any literary midwife have to weep over a still born production. GRIP has the prophetic gift largely developed.

Stage Whispers.

N. C. GOODWIN, Jr., has secured a new play. Its title is "Ourselves," but the work is not F. C. BURNAND'S.

RUMMELL, the New York pianist, says, "There are but three pianists in the world, LISZT, RUBINSTEIN and RUMMELL."

Mrs. D. P. BOWERS will support EDWIN BOOTH during his spring engagement, and at the close of the season will retire from the stage.

MARY ANDERSON does not play during Easter week, but after that date will enter on a supplementary season through Canada and the Western States.

PATTI was thirty-eight years old last month. She made her debut in "La Sornambula" over twenty years ago, when she was little more than sixteen.

JULES VERNE's "Michael Strongoff" is being dramatized by D'ENNER, and will be played this year. Rightly handled it must make a powerful and effective drama.

BESSIE DARLING's real name is CARRIE CRUMP; LOTTA's is CHARLOTTE CRABTREE; LAWRENCE BARRET's is LARRY BRANNIGAN; and VENIE CLANCY's is LAVINIA GARDNER.

J. A. BUTTERFIELD has written a comic opera entitled "A Race for a Wife," the score of which is said to be bright and original. The libretto is by Mr. BERNARD, of *Scribner's Monthly*.

Mr. JOHN T. RAYMOND will commence a year's engagement shortly at the London theatres, having recently closed a contract with Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, the well known London manager.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—For the remainder of this week RICHMOND and VON BOYLE's Comedy Company present "Our Candidate," a new American comedy. On Monday next Mr. WILL GILLETTE appears as "The Professor."

ELIZA WEATHERSEY and her sister JENNIE are to visit England this summer, but though offered several engagements they will probably not appear in public, as they go out to rest and visit their home for the first time in several years.

The mother of Miss FANNIE KELLOGG, the singer, died very suddenly at her residence in Bambridge, Mass., of apoplexy. This bereavement is doubly sad, following so soon upon the loss of her father, who died only three weeks since.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—The HOLMANS, who need no words of introduction, are announced to appear at this house in an original nautical comic opera, entitled "Her Majesty's Ship *Pinafore*," Friday and Saturday evenings of this week, and at the usual matinee.

Mr. BANDMANN is still confined to his rooms at Dayton, Ohio, from injuries received by falling into an excavation in the sidewalk at Columbus, Ohio, some time ago, and will be unable to meet his engagements for some time. He has brought suit against the city for damages.

The Toronto Choir Company perform *Pinafore* in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Garden on Friday afternoon and evening of this week. This Company as we have before observed, gives a really excellent performance of the favourite Opera. The proceeds go to the City Charities, whose funds have already been considerably augmented by these generous ladies and gentlemen.

Toronto Church Choir Opera Co.

H. M. S.

"PINAFORE"

AT THE

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS,

Friday Evening next, March 19th

AND

GRAND SATURDAY MATINEE,

IN AID OF THE

CITY CHARITIES.

Tickets, 25c. Reserved Seats, 50c., May be secured at Nordheimer's. Matinee Prices 25 and 15cts. The building will be heated by steam.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST OF RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 20th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek. Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order.

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
XIV-14-6t.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 11th February, 1880.

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Wintercorbyn, 144 King-street West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-1y

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Currency Poetry.

The Rag Baby advocates are felicitating themselves on having secured ALEXANDER McLACHLAN as the poet Laureate of their cause. The venerable versifier has contributed a piece entitled "The Song of the Baby" to a late number of the St. Catharines *Journal*, whereof the following is a specimen verse:—

O come and listen to my song,
Ye tillers of the soil;
Ye've labored on, but where has gone
The fruits of all your toil?

CHORUS—A foe has got among you worse
Than either grub or weevil;
A most unconscionable curse,
The very soul of evil.

There is more "cannyness" than poetry about this. (Mr. McLACHLAN's muse has evidently not made up her mind on the currency question, and it will be observed that she takes care not to commit herself here. The chorus is delightfully vague. The "foe" *alias* the "inconscionable curse" referred to may be the present hard money system, or it may be ISAAC BUCHANAN. SHAKESPEARE wrote not for his own age, but for all time; ALEXANDER emulates this illustrious example by writing not for the Rag Baby but for all parties.

National Sentiment!

He sat on the topmost cross-bar of the barnyard gate, having just escorted the cattle to their nightly haven of repose. His eyes were turned towards the slowly sinking sun, whose roseate rays tinged the tops of the melancholy pines with brilliant hues. The whip-poor-will, in its eccentric flight, uttered its plaintive cry, while the bull-frog's clear baritone, wafted on the gentle evening breeze from the adjacent moorlands, ('twas early spring), lulled his soul to calm repose—or would have done so had GUSTAVUS SLASHBUSH not been possessed of a spirit far too proud and ambitious for his tame surroundings. No, his soul was not lulled to any great extent.—"Yes, yes," he soliloquized, "it cannot, must not, always remain thus. Oh, Canada! when I reflect on thy vast domain, stretching as thou dost from the broad Atlantic to the still broader Pacific, when I think of thy stupendous canals, bridges, and Parliament Houses, thy

colossal (projected and otherwise) Railways, thy magnificent water stretches, and illimitable wildernesses, I shudder at the thought of the possibility of thy children, the most hardy, the most brave and intelligent (probably) on this earth, through the machinations of false traitors, turned into basswood nutmeg-making Yankees! Perish the thought! And shall we be independent? Alas, our independence would be but a purgatorial stage preparing us for the grasp of the obscene and bald-headed U. S. Eagle! Mr. BLAKE is right, we must have confederation of the Empire. We must have our representatives in the British House of Commons, in the House of Lords. We must have a voice—"Get off'n that gate, you blamed lunkhead!" shouted SLASHBUSH *pere*, who had just debouched from under cover of the barn; "what in thunder are you ravin' about now? Get inter the woodshed and split that kindlin', or I'll fan you with this ox-gad!" GUSTAVUS sighed, slid down, and sallied slowly woodshedwards.

Something Like a National Song.

NOT BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

Oh, "poet" well-intentioned,
Thy verses we've perused,
And now it may be mentioned,
We're deucedly amused.
"Dominion" rhymed with "union,"
"Terrors" with "mirrors" matched—
Euphonious communion
As scribbler ever scratched!
Oh! bless our wide Dominion,
True freedom's fairest land,
Where "union," "onion," "minion"
Rhymed may hereafter stand.

"Nurture" with "hurt her" rhyming,
"Forest" with "sorest" found,
"Glory" with "o'er ye" chiming,
"Order" with "border" bound;
When we have known death's slumbers
Our poets shall prolong
Such "ground and lofty" numbers
As fill the "nation's song."
O, bless our wide Dominion,
And give us common sense
To squelch with one opinion
Flapdoodle and pretence.

De Tale of De Spanish City.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK II. CHAPTER I.

THE ARENA.

Bully pour vous! mi Lord!

Moliere.

A sea of heads;—an arena;—sawdust;—glitter, spangles.—The aristocracy of birth and beauty are assembled to witness "*Muerto del Taurro*." The Rival rides out into the arena, mounted on a cavalcade or Spanish jennet of great strength and beauty, whose sweeping mane and tail attest to the purity of his breed. In his right hand he bears a glittering *matador*, while from his shoulder a bright colored *chuto* hangs. On his head he wears a broad-brimmed *picador*, ornamented profusely with *bandilleros* of different hues. A huge bull, bred expressly for the arena among the marshes and wild mountains of Ireland, rushes out at the Rival, who dexterously avoids the shock; throwing a sharp-pointed *guerilla* or dart deep into his massive shoulder as he careers past. To the horror of the spectators the huge brute turns suddenly, and without apparent effort seizes the Rival and—swallows him! Nothing is seen of him save the *spagnolettos* or spurs on his boot heels.

A chill tremor prevades the crowd as MANUERO leaps lightly into the arena, and seizing the Rival's spurs, disentombs him with one gigantic effort.

The air is dark with caragas, caramdas, vivas and plaudits, and boquets of every description, as MANUERO sinks gracefully on one knee and returns thanks. "He is happy," he murmurs in a voice broken with emotion, "to have been enabled to save the Rival from digestion, though the primary process of mastication (mastication) and deglutition (deglutition) had proved too much for his (the Rival's) vital spark." (Loud and continued applause, which only dies away as the HIDALGO COSTELLO STILLETTO beckons with his right eye for him to approach.) Turning a few well executed demiveltes, MANNERO complies.

"Young man," quoth the haughty Don, "were it my heart's last blood thou should'st have it at the asking. Ask what thou wilt! never have eyes of mine beheld a more gallant *escapado* than this last of thine. Ask! my friend, and spare not in thine asking!"

"Your highness will confer a lasting favor on the subscriber by bequeathing him your daughter, free of legacy duty," said MANUERO, in accents of the profoundest respect and gratitude. "Young man," observed the nobleman, searching in his pockets for his note book, "your name in full, occupation, age, and present place of residence?" "My name, Sir, is MANUERO DE WHEELBARO, only son of GUANO MANUERO, the city scavenger, I am apprentice to him, and I live in the Plaza de Offalo." With a loud shriek the HIDALGO falls back senseless—dead. "These are hard times," said ISADORA, after a pitiless ransack of her parent's pockets for loose coin.

CHAP. II.

FINIS.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—golden bells.
Solomon.

Morning: roseate, balmy. The golden light steals o'er the tower and belfry of the Cathedral of Alcantara Valdepenas. As the day grows older, the haze of dawn is gently dissipated by the gentle rays of the sun. (A good many mornings are like this, it is not remarkable.) As the morn advances, crowds gather round the ancient Moorish doorway of the Church and block up the interior of the solemn aisles and chancels.

ISADORA appears upon the scene, and the bells ring out a joyous peal. Happiness pours from every pore as she leads the blushing bridegroom to the altar rails, where one of the minor canons stands pointed and primed. Supporting his trembling knees with one hand, she utters the responses in a loud and happy voice. His answers to the momentous questions are inaudible from extreme nervousness—how sweet to see a child-like bridegroom thus moved. MOODY and SANKEY couldn't have married them tighter. "Carissima," he murmured as they left the sacred edifice. "No cards," said she to the verger who ushered them out.

A. D. S.

Flattered Canada.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Boston *Post* says:—"Representatives from all parts of the Dominion are to be met here during the session, and among them may be found as intelligent men as one will meet anywhere in the States."

This flattery will soothe Canadians in general. But it would never have been uttered had not the correspondent heard Mr. WALLACE on the Rag Baby, CHARLEY RYKERT on the N. P., DELIGHTFUL MILLS on anything and B. J. PLUMB on everything.

**"Over Brain Work."**

1st Medical "Student"—Come on CHARLEY, the fellows are all going out serenading again to-night. We're going to have a howling old time, and we want you to sing the solo part in "GABRIEL blows his trumpet." Come on! 2nd Medical "Student"—No; I heard Dr. WORKMAN's lecture on "Over Brain Work," and I've made up my mind to stay in the house and read up my *Materia Medica* for a rest.

Quite Write!

It is well to be explicit. A professor of penmanship in this city has just issued a circular announcing the opening of his classes, and in that somewhat unique document he says:—

"Writing, as you all understand, is the means by which we express our thoughts, by written words, which are used to represent sounds and convey ideas."

The captious critic might say this explanation was unnecessary for those who already "understand," but the professor probably intended it mainly for the benefit of that large and influential class of the community who think a writing school is a place where they teach dancing.

**The Great Budget Speech.**

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT has been highly praised for his great speech upon the Budget, and quite properly, for it was a very able effort. But to give all the praise to SIR RICHARD would be a grave injustice to another worthy member. The speech has been described as eloquent and spirited. Now the orator himself may get credit for the eloquence, but SIR A. J. SMITH who acted as efficient bottle holder on the occasion, and kept his colleague's tumbler replenished, surely ought to get credit for the spirit of it.

Although it occupied a comparatively brief time in delivery, this speech will go down in history as the great two knight oration.

Unreasonable.

The Guelph *Mercury* makes a note of the alleged fact that "\$1,100 in cash were received at the Amherst Station of the Intercolonial Railway in one day for tickets to the Western States. Amherst is the chief town of SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S County." The *Mercury* comments on this in a way that is not at all respectful to the N. P., and argues that in the face of such a fact SIR LEONARD TILLEY has reason to feel abashed. Now this is very unreasonable. Any unprejudiced person would come to just the opposite conclusion—that it might be considered a feather in the honorable Knight's hat, or helmet (of course Canadian Knights wear armour.) Surely it shows plainly that under the fostering influence of the N. P. the railway business in Nova Scotia is enjoying a "boom."

**Wild Extravagance.**

We never did consider SIR CHARLES TUPPER a very economical man, although we were not always prepared to accept the *Globe's* picture of him as the Prince of Spendthrifts, as strictly correct. But now we begin to think that the organ was not far astray in its drawing; indeed, it is a question if the portrait is not altogether too flattering. It certainly is if we are to believe the story that reaches us from Ottawa, to the effect that Sir CHARLES has declined the generous offer of the Rag Baby to build the Pacific Railway "without expense to the country." Under the present arrangement it is estimated that that great—and, we may add, nonsensical—enterprise, will cost the people of Canada something like \$100,000,000, in hard money, which must be earned by hard work. But under the scheme proposed by the National Currency advocates, it would cost simply nothing, payable in paper. Surely a minister with half an eye for economy would jump at such a chance! Think of it, he would save \$100,000,000 at one stroke, and without so much as an effort! Why, that would provide for all the deficits that the most unfortunate financier could be afflicted with for the next ten years, and it would mean an indefinite prolongation of the Government's term of office! What in the world can TUPPER be thinking about! Perhaps he don't want his term of office prolonged. Maybe he has some contract jobbing on hand. Possibly he doesn't care about providing against further deficits. Or, peradventure, it may be just within the bounds of possibility—perhaps SIR CHARLES doesn't believe in the Rag Baby.

**A Natural History Lesson.**

This, dear children, is the vulture. It is a bird of prey. Its favorite food is governmental scandals, which it devours with a keen relish. It sometimes attacks grown up politicians, and when fairly aroused is very savage. It is not very much of an epicure, however, in matters of diet, and when there are no good fat scandals to be had, it seeks out the scene of a murder, and feasts itself on the harrowing details. It has been known to haunt the vicinity of such a tragedy for weeks, each day dragging forth some relic of the affair, much to the disgust of sober minded birds like GRIP. Vultures are divided by naturalists into several classes. The above engraving represents the species known as the Biddulph Vulture.

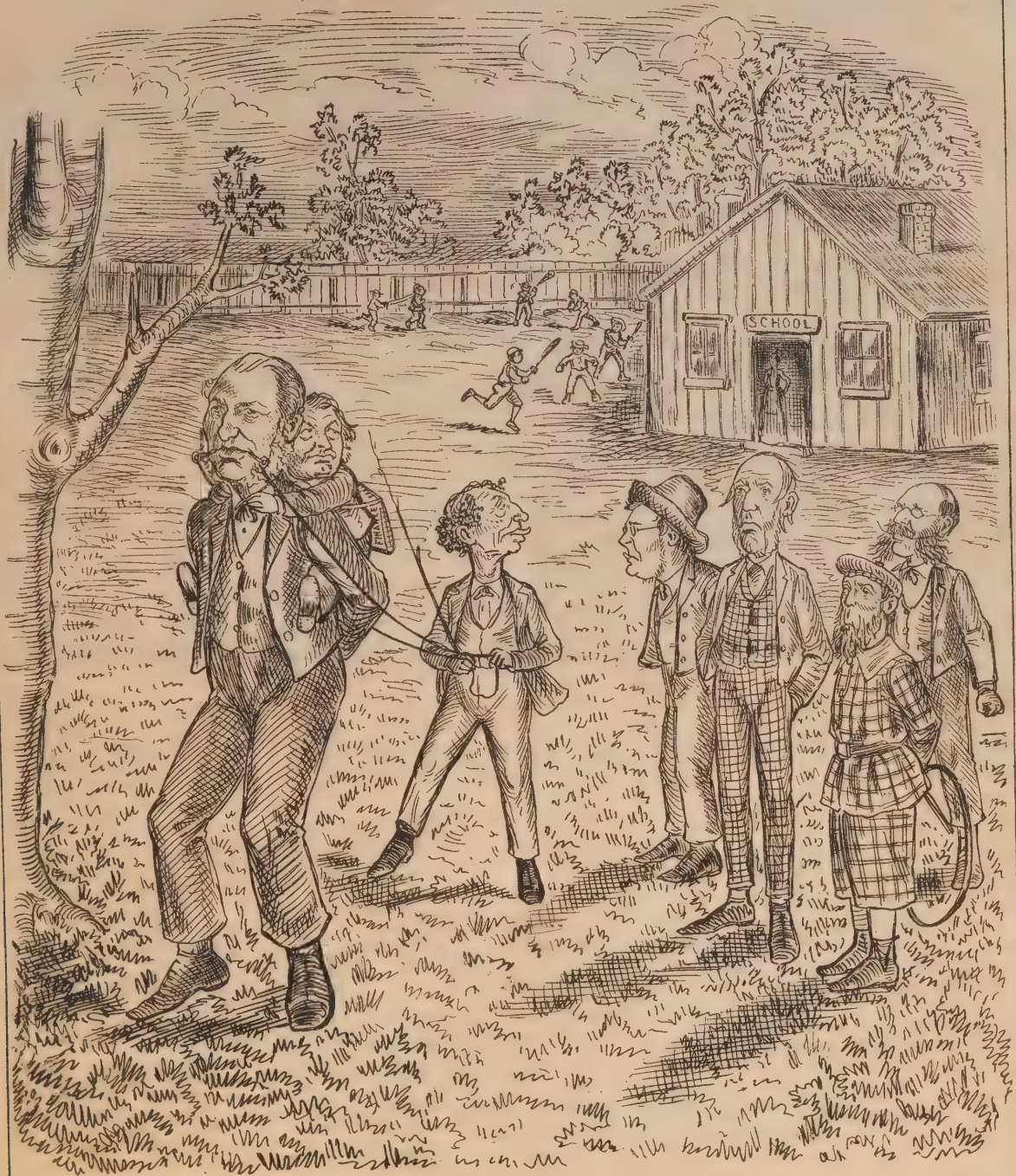
Uncertain Geography.

TEACHER.—What is the capital of New Brunswick?

SMART BOY.—Please, ma'am, I don't know yet. Fredericton used to be, but the wire-pullers are trying to get the buildings put up in St. John, so you'll have to hold on till the thing is settled before I can answer the question.

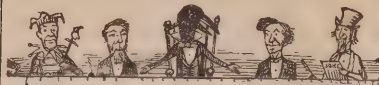
**"After you, Sir"**

The Canadian Minister of Finance at all events observes the rules of precedence in the matter of his deficit. He is a respectful distance in the rear of SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has an "aching void" in his account to the tune of £3,350,000.



“JEALOUSY!”

Chorus of Grit boys, who can't get Master GALT to play with them.—“HUMPH; HE'S NOT MUCH OF A FELLOW ANYHOW!”



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A drug on the market—quinine.—*Steuvenville Herald.*

When a man gets tight the Devil generally gets loose.—*Steuvenville Herald.*

Never lie to your lawyer—it is a waste of raw material.—*McGregor News.*

Catching the train—picking up the end of a lady's dress.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The shortest joke often makes the longest run.—*Hackensack Republican.*

The words of a Governor's reprieve carry wait with them.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Another good man gone wrong. He tackled the "fifteen" puzzle.—*N. Y. Express.*

Receipt for making your own eye water—stick your finger in it.—*Ottawa Republican.*

A question for bankers—Can a blind man be drawn upon at sight?—*Oil City Derrick.*

"Take care!" says a timid exchange. Yes, but take it in small doses.—*McGregor News.*

When is a book-keeper not a book-keeper? When he is an absconder, of course.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Of all the works of man, he has never discovered a way of getting out of this world alive.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A barber is always open to conviction. Tell him his razor is dull, and he will hone up.—*Boston Transcript.*

ADAM was not very fussy about his dress and we do not see why he is called the fussed man.—*Whitehall Times.*

About the time a statesman offers to sell his influence he suddenly discovers he has none left.—*Nat. Burbanck.*

Three scruples make a dram, and yet many a man takes a dram without any scruples whatever.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The grocer who persists in using broken and therefore inaccurate scales, ought to mend his weights.—*Ottawa Republican.*

The most uncomplimentary thing you can say of a weather prophet in the future, is that he is VENNOR-rated.—*Sandy Stone.*

The biggest men we have in this country are policemen and captains of ferry boats, they outrank a major general.—*Peck's Sun.*

An American tallow candle makes just four bites for a Russian peasant, and the wick is used for a collar for his cat.—*Proof Sheet.*

When you can hardly say enough for a man, say he is one of a thousand. It will be true as long as there are 999 other men in the world.

The best newspaper men, it is said, boil down their matter, which probably accounts for their work being so well done.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A circus never runs too long for spectators, but let a sermon run over forty minutes and a congregation can't sit still.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A perfumer whose wife eloped with another man, says he resembles a portion of an army—the left scenter, as it were.—*Des Moines Register.*

Color blindness is thought to be growing prevalent. For instance, a man with a red nose thinks that nobody sees it.—*Binghamton Republican.*

A Dakota girl has married a Chinaman. He had some difficulty in explaining the state of his heart, but she finally got his cue.—*Boston Transcript.*

What is the reason the man who draws the big prize in the lottery always lives in a town about five hundred miles distant?—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Waiter—"What will you have, sir?" Clerk—"Oysters." Waiter (to another clerk)—"And, you sir?" Second Clerk—"Oyster stew."—*Etc.*

The last words which would have gone down to history as the dying utterances of the Czar would have been, "Well, I'm blowed!"—*Oil City Derrick.*

In one of our exchanges we notice a lady gives "ten reasons for not dancing," and we'll bet if all her reasons were boiled down into truth she can't dance.

The young man who boasted of having been to three balls had only been to a pawnbroker's shop trying to borrow a second-hand dress coat.—*Picayune.*

In the stomach of a Pennsylvania cow, recently killed, were found seventeen wrought-iron nails. She had cowhide outside and oxide inside.—*Boston Transcript.*

When we see two fashionably dressed women pass one another on the street, we can't suppress the thought that they want looking after.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

It takes a butcher only thirty days to learn how to sell bones with the meat, while it takes a customer a lifetime to learn how to buy 'em separate.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Canada is trying to arrange matters so that a widower may marry his deceased wife's sister, thereby shutting out the chances of any girls outside the family.—*New Haven Register.*

The man who said he would pay his subscription as soon as his corn was all gathered is going to avoid payment by leaving a half dozen stalks standing till next fall.—*Salem Democrat.*

Division of labor—Aunt MARY: "Well, TOMMY, shall I carry your bat and cricket stumps for you?" TOMMY: "No, aunty, tanks. Me tarry bat and 'tumps. 'Oo tarry me."—*Punch.*

He told her that he loved her,
In tones so soft and mellow;
But she said she couldn't marry him,
For she'd asked another fellow.
—*Steuvenville Herald.*

The Czar is determined to keep book agents out of his winter palace, hence the stories about maniac commanders, paralyzed Governors, dynamite explosions, and the like.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A Connecticut widow, worth \$4,000,000, is ready to marry, provided she can "find a man who knows enough." Almost any man knows enough to marry such a woman.—*Norristown Herald.*

Bald-headed persons are recommended, by one who knows how it is himself, to have a spider painted on the top of their heads as a preparation for the fast approaching fly time.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"You can never wear those boots out," said the shoemaker.

"Then I don't want them," replied the customer: "do you suppose I want boots to wear in the house?"—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

A St. Louis lecturer calls his lecture "Around the Horn," although there are very few men in that city who go around a "a horn." They approach it fearlessly and sieze it by both dilemmas.—*Norristown Herald.*

An exchange says. "Doves quarrel more than eagles." No doubt of it—but then, from what may be seen of the doves, they have such a nice time when they make up, and that accounts for the quarreling.—*N. Y. Expressions.*

If, as we have been taught, grey hairs are a sign of wisdom, we know of some men who will live to be one hundred and forty-nine years old, and still carry about with them a head as black as the raven's wing.—*Rockland Courier.*

The Chicago Tribune has a streak of typographical economy, thus:

Rev. Douglas got inebri-
But denies he was intoxic-
And wants to be renom-
By way of being vindic-
ated.

"Yon gorgeously attired dame is the Duchess of what?" asked a Yankee spectator at a royal reception at Buckingham Palace. "She hisn't a Duchess hat all," said the gold stick in waiting, "but I ear as how she be the wife of han Hamerican plumber."

SETH GREEN says it is as easy to raise fish as it is to raise chickens; but it is not so. A man may sit on the river's bank with fishing tackle all day without raising a single fish, but he may go into his hen-house and raise a chicken—off its roost—in two minutes.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Pine, lovely flower, pine and die," sadly sings LEO C. EVANS in the *Yonkers Gazette*. But our flour don't need any such command as that. It pines away so rapidly without any special pleading on our part, that we are forced to roll in a fresh barrel about once a month.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A Danbury man resolved recently that he would conquer himself in all things for one whole day. He gave up about three o'clock in the afternoon. He says he did not know there was so much of himself, and when he again aspires to conquer anybody he will not take a man his own size.—*Danbury News.*

"Will you please pass the milk, Miss BROWN?" asked a young man of a fidgety old maid at the supper table. "Do you take me for a waiter, sir?" she answered. "Well" he added, "as no one has taken you thus far, and you've waited so very long, I should think you were one."—*Lovell Sun.*

A man of the tramp persuasion walked into the *Mail* composing room this morning and introduced himself thus: "I am the inventor of the gem puzzle." He was distributed so suddenly by the compositors that in four seconds and a half a button was the biggest piece of him that could be found.—*N. Y. Mail.*

When you hear a man, in the midst of an argument say, "Well, I don't pretend to be any judge of so and so, but, according to my idea, it is so and so," you can just bet that he does consider himself a judge of the matter under discussion, and calculates he knows all there is to know about it.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Further Particulars.

"Two men in Ohio claim to have discovered perpetual motion, and have sent a model to Washington for a patent. The machine consists of a large iron wheel containing a number of slides, inclined planes, etc. It will start itself."

MR. GRIP,

SIR.—I suppose many of your readers have noted the above paragraph in the papers, and I am sure they will all be pleased to hear some further particulars about this triumph of mechanism. I happen to be in a position to furnish this information, and submit the following brief account, which may be relied upon by all who see fit to rely upon it.

The motive force of this machine is now utilized by one of the inventors in doing the domestic work of his house, and has enabled him to dispense with the services of all his servants. When the first rosy tint of dawn gilds the front window, the machine with the aid of various ingenious automatic contrivances, turns out the electric lights in and about the house to which it has during the night supplied the electricity, shakes down the coal fires and heaves in several scuttles of coals. It then proceeds to build the kitchen fire, put on the coffee to boil, the beefsteak to broil and the bread to toast; dusts about and puts upon the breakfast table all the necessary dishes, and in fine performs in a perfect and satisfactory manner all the duties incidental to the preparation of the matutinal meal. A gong is now struck which summons the sleeping family to the smoking and delicious viands. Breakfast done, a touch by the lady of the house on something like the button of an electric bell sets in motion the machinery, which removes the dishes and makes everything straight again. In a similar manner are the other meals of the house prepared and disposed of, all that is necessary for human hands or head to do being to select and place upon a table the raw material for the feast. The inventors expect to render even this unnecessary after a time and to make the machine so perfect that it shall also select—and keep up a varied programme of—the necessary dishes. It is needless to say that it does the washing and churning, rocks the cradle and performs all the household drudgery. When a caller rings the front door bell the door is automatically opened and a neat tablet inscribed with a request to step into the parlor meets his eye. If a tramp, however, knocks at the kitchen door he gets such a terrific electric shock as prevents his return for ever and for aye.

Any further information that I can furnish concerning this remarkable and useful machine I shall be most happy to do.

Yours truly,

VERITAS.

"More of it."

"EDWIN" said MUNDOCHINA McCHANTER the witty lovely and only surviving daughter of old McC. as she rearranged her bright glucose auburn "bangs," while he brushed a few specks of pearl powder off his coat sleeve with his aromatic *mouchon*. "EDWIN," I am not going to be bored with Professor WARMINGPAN's instructions any longer and keep on practising "The Beautiful Daisies" for ever—I am going to learn the part of Josephine, do you know why?"

"Well dearest," replied EDWIN, "I hardly know what to think about it. I know the neighbors say that your 'beautiful daisy' is rather too self asserting, and as it were loud, for such a modest flower, and that they would like a change, even if they have to ask your 'poppy.'"

"That's pretty good (for you)" said the charming girl. "The neighbors may go to

Muskoka for all I care—now listen. The reason I am going to attempt the part of Josephine (here she playfully placed her taper finger on which glistened a superb Lake Superior amethyst, the gift of EDWIN, on his Albert chain of the purest goldine purchased at WILKES', while her lovely olive tinted eyes sparkled with vivacity) is, that all "Pinafore" music is so easy to a choir.

EDWIN for a moment reflected and then—"Easy to acquire—easy to a choir—church choir of course! ha! ha! Come again." Oh MUNDOCHINA! (Tableau—more disturbance of bangs, and more distribution of powder). And EDWIN on his homeward way, as he gently whisks the superfluous "bloom of youth" off his coat to the cold bosom of the unsympathetic night winds, murmurs to himself, "Dear girl! You are too clever by far for the home circle. Yes, dearest MUNDOCHINA you should be on the lyric stage!"

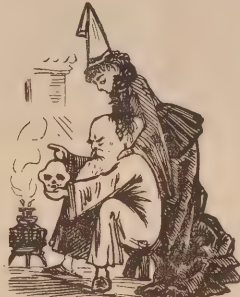
Idyls by Our Own Idylor.

NO. 5. A MEDEVAL EVIL.

Sir GASPAR was a valiant knight
Who had a sword and loved to wave it,
He also had a "ladye brighte"
Who stirred him up a stir-rup cup and gave it.

His ladye had a tender heart,
And wept, because it did so grieve her
To think her *portion* lay *a-part*,
And that her noble lover had to leave her.

Sir GASPAR was a warrior bold,
And though his eyes with tears were swollen,
He managed to appear controlled,
And tried to *steel* his heart that she had *stolen*.



And then he hied him to the fight.
Alas! 'tis much to be deplored,
That though his foes were in the right,
That right they *waived* when'er he *waived* his sword.

He slashed him here, he slashed him there,
(The foe was *hurt* as well as *nettled*)
Till *twenty* knights of valor rare
Had bit the dust and then the *score* was settled.

He wiped his blade and sheathed it, then
He dug a grave, and in it rolled
His vanquished foes; he'd found them men
Of metal so he cast them in the mould.



Meantime at home, his ladye fair
Being much concerned about her dear,
Consulted an astrologer—
And begged he'd try and make her knight a *peer*. (appear)

A weakly man this seer wise,
With shaking limbs and withered hair,
(He'd been more used to *ex'rise*
Th' immortal spirit than his body spare.)

A dwarfish man, and not the sort
Of man at all for wedded life,
But tho' he was so *very short*,
The lady made him *long*—to take a wife.

For ladies fair are really so
Inclined to coquetry, the while
She *measured* him from top to toe
She managed to *en-guage* him with a smile.

And then he had a *charming* voice,
And chanted incantations grim
So sweetly, she had ne'er a choice
But fall in love both with his *chant* and *him*.

And when the knight returned so wan
And travel stained, to claim his bride,
He found she'd bolted with that man
Of magic, so he smote his *breast*—and *sigh'd*. (side.)

Sir GASPAR fell upon his sword
And pierced his bosom in the fall,
No eye observed his life-blood poured,
Because the "*K*"night's dark mantle covered all."

A Capital Agitation Killed by a Seventhly.

The city of St. John, which dwells on the edge of the Bay of Fundy, has the capital fever.

It has had the plague, the small-pox, and the biggest fire the Dominion can boast of, and, thinking that all of these calamities have not been sufficient, it offers to receive the House of Assembly! The people not only cheerfully assent to the infliction, but offer to provide a residence for the Lieut.-Governor, and a site for the Legislative building.

It is urged, in favor of the change from Fredericton to St. John, First, that the chronic atmosphere of fog which envelopes the latter city, makes it a peculiarly appropriate place for Legislative deliberations.

Secondly, that the prohibitory liquor law which prevails in Fredericton, is highly detrimental to Members of the Assembly, who are obliged to use an inferior quality of liquor, or go without.

Thirdly, that neither JOHN BOYD nor ROBERT MARSHALL will ever accept the Governorship while Fredericton is the capital.

Fourthly, that St. John ladies are much more beautiful and attractive than their Fredericton sisters, and would save the Members from dissipation by drawing them into absorbing flirtations.

Fifthly, that WM. ELDER or EDWARD WILLIS can take the office of Provincial Secretary without neglecting their papers.

Sixthly, that the corporation of St. John would be saved the annual drain on its resources for the expenses of Common Council lobbying delegations to Fredericton.

Seventhly, that the debates would be reported *verbatim* if the session were held in St. John.

Everything went on swimmingly for the change until the seventh argument in its favor was announced, and then the managers of the "boom" suddenly discovered a falling off in the popular enthusiasm. People who had signed the petitions began to get up counter petitions, and speakers in support of the movement began to hear groans mingled with the cheers. "Seventhly" is too much for the St. John people. They are long suffering, but *verbatim* reports of the House of Assembly carries the joke a little too far.

And the capital will probably not be moved, and the unlucky mention of *verbatim* reports is responsible for the stopping of the agitation. If the leaders of the movement had only stopped at sixthly they might have succeeded.

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Content.

BY A CANUCK.

I.

I would not care to be the CZAR,
I'd rather be myself by far
Than run the chances day and night,
Of getting "raised" with dynamite,
Or visit the sweet By-and-By
By hand grenade blown up sky high,
Or fear to tread where e'er I list
For fear of shot from Nihilist;
I'd rather drive a Queen Street car,
Than rule all Russia like the CZAR!

II.

I would not care to be the KAISER,
(Some time I fear he'll get a "riser,")
Some Socialist will make him his mark
In spite of MOLTKE, FRITZ or BISMARCK;
And p'raps exclaim "Hail fellow, well met!"
And blow the top off his spiked helmet;
Or perforate his coat of blue
Remarking, "That will do for you."
For such distinction I don't sigh, sir,
I'd just as soon not be the KAISER!

III.

I do not envy DON ALPHONSO,
Intransigentes do go on so,
At him they keep a steady firin',
(I've stolen this last rhyme from BYRON)—
As he goes driving down the plaza
From visiting at his mamma's or
Calling at some country villa,
He's "waited on" by some guerilla,
All this is rough on the *don ton*, so
I do not envy DON ALPHONSO.

IV.

I worry not at the N.P.,
Nor at the Gov'nor's "little spree,"
I would not care a single dime
If Hay had drunk a "butt of wine,"
Nor if Sir JOHNNY's hands are clean,
Nor which way EDWARD BLAKE will "lean,"
Nor if the law courts all get "fused,"
I'm sure I'd not get much "enthusied,"
I am content to let things rip,
And rest content and read my GRIP.

An oaken chest, containing upward of a thousand original documents, some of which date back to the thirteenth century, has been found at the alms house at Wells, England.

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TO PHONOGRAPHERS.

We have in contemplation the issue of a **MONTHLY PHONETIC JOURNAL**, 16 p.p., at 10c. per copy, or \$1 per annum, and will be glad to receive the names of all persons engaged in the study, or who are in any way interested in the project. Phonographers will do us a favor by giving us their views, as the publication will depend on the interest manifested.

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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

The third and concluding volume of *Le Memoire de Madame de Remusat* was published recently.

Mrs. LEWIS (GEORGE ELIOT) has gone to Rome, where she intends to remain for the next two months.

Mr. JAMES PAYNE, the distinguished English novelist, has written a story for the Sunday edition of the *New York Times*. The tale is entitled "An Expensive Derby."

ALEXANDER DUMAS's hobby is to publish a magnificent illustrated edition of *L'Affaire Clemenceau*, each plate to be signed by some great name in art. The margins of the pages are already filled for the most part.

An anonymous volume has just been published which is likely to create some sensation. It is called *A cote du bonheur*. We understand that the anonymous author is the Comtesse d'HAUSSONVILLE, the wife of the Senator and the mother of the VIOLETTE OTHENIN d'HAUSSONVILLE, a writer in the *Journal des Debats* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The Comtesse d'HAUSSONVILLE, who is the grand-daughter of Mme. de STAEL, has written this volume under the inspiration of her mother-in-law.

Poor SARDOU has been much vilified since the production of *Daniel Rochat*. Some have even endeavoured to make out that he is a writer without either talent or ability. When SARDOU encountered his first defeat at Odeon, in 1852, he returned home and studied for eight years, during which he read and analysed all that had been written for the stage, both in ancient and modern times. In the mass he had chosen out all that could still please or interest. He had, in all, one hundred and fifty scenes of passion, eighty-two scenes of vengeance, three hundred scenes of love, hatred, and cupid-ity. It is out of this mass that SARDOU composes. He takes some subject of interest at the hour, and with a shread from this one and a patch from the other, he makes a whole, which generally pleases the public.

Mr. FOWLER is now about seventy years of age, and is as much an enthusiast in his profession as the most palette-struck stripling in the land. He came to Canada in 1844, and has since that time lived on Amherst Island. His beautiful and romantic home, "The Cedars," so called on account of the dense growth of cedars through which lies its land-approach, is situated on the western extremity of the Island, overlooking the Bay of Quinte, which, with its beautiful surroundings and scenery, is a meet home and a 'meet nurse for an artistic child.' He has shown his water colors at different provincial exhibitions with marked success. At first he exhibited in the amateur class, but the merit of his paintings was so marked that his competition was considered unfair to other exhibitors, and he was unhesitatingly relegated to the professional class, where he at once took the position of prominence he had occupied in the class from which he was promoted. In his paintings he affects quiet home subjects, two of his best known paintings in provincial galleries being of an old horse and horse-rake on his farm, and a painting of the wreck of the old 'Scotland' on Fish Point, a craft owned by Capt. J. C. MURRAY. Mr. FOWLER, though at the Psalmist's limit of life, is still hale and hearty. His disposition is kind and genial, and he is charitable to a fault, the refinement and feeling springing from a lifelong devotion to art seeming to have become mingled with the very fibre of his nature.

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WORKS—

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TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST OF RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order.

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DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
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XIV-14-6t.

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-corn, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-1y

Stage Whispers.

At the Royal the attraction just now is a "most riotous novelty" called "Our School Days; or boys and girls again," enacted by the Tragedians of Kalamazoo. Matinees on Friday and Saturday afternoons.

For the remainder of this week, with matinees on Friday and Saturday, the celebrated Berger Family and Mr. SOL SMITH RUSSELL occupy the boards of the Grand. These old Toronto favorites do not require a word of praise. On Monday, McDOWELL's company return with the great political hit "H. M. S. Parliament," which will easily stand repeating.

The London correspondent of the Baltimore *Every Saturday* writes:—I have authority to state that Mr. SIMS REEVES has decided to take his farewell of public life, and that he will in the autumn commence a final tour of the provinces. Rumors to this effect have for some time past been current, but the news I am enabled to announce to-day is authentic. At the same time, music lovers will not be in too great a hurry to take leave of the greatest of English tenors, and of an old public favourite. Mr. SIMS REEVES' "farewell" will probably extend over two years, and in the course of it there is every likelihood he will introduce to his admirers his son, who, in the opinion at least of his own people, is in possession of the family voice.

Mr. HENRY IRVING gave a supper to upwards of 300 gentlemen chiefly connected with art, literature and the drama, to celebrate the hundredth performance, during the present run, of "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. IRVING himself occupied the chair; but Lord Houghton proposed the toast of the evening, "The health of Mr. IRVING and the Lyceum company." Mr. IRVING, in the course of his reply, mentioned "that he had received a five act play in blank verse, called 'The After Life of Shylock' for which he had serious thoughts of asking consideration for one night, the last scene of which was the return of *Shylock* to Belmont with a basket of lemons. Being pathetically told, he thought something might be made of it, and it was certain that the sympathy of the tribe would go a great way towards insuring success, for they came now from all parts to see *Shylock*."

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS says: "I have three new plays, and several old ones, which are strangers to the public on account of the fact that no other actress of the present day is adapted to fill the characters of the heroines, and in addition there is my repertoire of SHAKESPERIAN characters, which, as you know, is extensive. A play entitled 'The Queen and the Cardinal' has been written for me by Mr. S. WALTER RALEIGH—a descendant, by the way, of the great SIR WALTER. It has been criticised as the best specimen of English prose writing next to SHAKESPEARE's works. ANNIE BOLEYN and WOLSELEY are the principal characters, and the great Cardinal has a magnificent part. Then there is 'Ordeal by Touch,' continued Mrs. SIDDONS, "a play in which the heroine was created by me in the Queen's Theatre, London. It was written by Mr. RICHARD LEE, and has recently been rewritten by him. It is a highly romantic drama, and I intend to open the New York season with it. 'King Rene's Daughter' and 'Valerie,' in both of which the heroine is supposed to be blind, will also be included in my repertoire."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

The Government Life Insurance.

Grip begs to acknowledge the receipt of one of the blank forms of applications for insurance under the proposed Dominion Government Life Insurance system. From the following interrogatories which we reproduce, the beneficial character of the scheme will be at once apparent.—

State your name, place of birth, age and politics.

For whom did you vote at last general election?

What is your opinion of the N. P.?

Have you ever been subject to heart disease, consumption, gritism, liver complaint, independence notions, gout, individual idiosyncracies, bronchitis, pessimism, rheumatism, annexation or any other serious ailment?

Are your vocal organs susceptible of a good healthy boom at election times?

Do you read the *Globe* or the *Bystander*?

Do you partake immoderately of intoxicating liquors excepting during political campaigns?

Are you troubled with deafness to such an extent that the hum is at times inaudible?

Do you hear it now?

Are you ever afflicted with muscular contraction of the pocket on the eve of a big push?

Are you subject to fits, and if so are you willing to give them to the other side?

Are you in any danger of insanity from too close study of the game of fifteen, the tariff, the character of SIR JOHN MACDONALD, or any other inscrutable problem?

How much are you out on last election, and will you in consideration of the policy if granted agree to forego any claims upon the Government for office or emolument by reason of your exertions in the interests of the party?

Can you give the name of some leading Conservative as reference?

Fame.

The *Chattam Planet* says of H. M. S. Parliament:—

"The oft reiterated 'hum' which had its origin in this connection in a *PLANET* headline, has been immortalized in a chorus."

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene.

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Fully many a *Planet* headline may have been

The origin of slang both rich and rare."

The Mysterious Wedding.

Have you heard the latest sensation?
The astounding event of the day?
No!—You don't even look interested;
Miss FITZMILLION was married to-day.

What of that?—It's nothing surprising!—
Well, you *are* a most curious woman,
To feel a live interest in such things,
Seems to me to be no more than human.

Don't you see, it was *such* a surprise!
She was *en route* for Europe, they said,
With her folks; but before reaching port
Changed her mind, and decided to wed

And they say she sent *three* telegrams,
And one was: "I'm ready, come on,"
And that each message cost her *nine dollars*;
Don't you think that is pretty dear fun?

But the worst of it all was, the pastor,
And even the bridegroom, they say,
Knew nothing about the arrangement
Till the day preceding the day:—

The bridegroom, you say? Why young RACKBRAIN,
Good-looking, but poor as a rat:—
Though a lawyer, and highly connected;
With cleverness, brains, and all that.

But as I was saying, they never
Said a word to anyone here;
And the pastor got such a short notice,
People think it most awfully queer.

There's all sorts of tattle afloat,—
Deacon STILLWATER says that he knows
Young RACKBRAIN, not three weeks ago,
Was engaged to MISS ANNA MELROSE!

Sister UNDERWAVE says it was sinful
For them to deceive people so;
And thinks the bride's mother to blame
For giving their friends such a go.

She has laid herself open to censure,
No doubt; you know people will talk;
The whole affair looks quite suspicious:—
And one shouldn't take too much stock.

You think it is nobody's business?—
And people had better keep still
About what doesn't concern them,
And let others do as they will?—

Why, my dear, is it true you don't know
That what is called nobody's biz.,
Is justly supposed to concern
The whole social fabric that is?

And if people don't want to be held up
As subjects of general reproach,
Let them then do as other folks do,
And from such deceit keep aloof.

But here we are at the Doctor's,
I really must give them a call;
Won't you come too? No? Well then, goodbye;
Don't forget Mrs. FLITAWAY's ball! R.M.

Soup Kitchen and the N. P.

The *Guelph Herald* says:—
"The Hamilton soup kitchen has been 'closed.' The late changes in the tariff are beginning to show good results."

The *Herald* strangely errs. The soup kitchen closed because of the new duty on oyster cans, which at once raised the price of bivalves beyond the resources of the charitable Hamiltonians. Thus the poor man has been deprived of nourishing oyster soup in the season of deplorable poverty. Score up another against the wicked N. P.

Dot's Domestic Discourses.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

"So that's where you were—is it. If that isn't the very worst excuse for stopping out at night I've heard yet! What earthly business have you men meddling with the education of women,—and what good do you expect to come from all your palaver? Oh! I know; you are desirous of developing the feminine mind, so that eventually women shall rise above the frivolities, etc., etc., in which she now takes pleasure, and become what she was intended for,—'a fit and intelligent companion for man.'—'An intelligent companion for man!'—You won't need to attend many meetings, then. It will not

take much education, *higher or lower*, to fit any women to be an intelligent companion for ninety-nine hundreds of the men of *my* acquaintance. But women themselves are anxious to have the question agitated? What women? A few poor, weak, foolish creatures, who let themselves be influenced by your high-sounding talk. You tell them you like clever women,—women who can discuss politics rationally; or talk sensibly on the current topics of the day.—Clever women! fiddlesticks,—you know you don't. It goes against your own interests. I defy you to show me a man who admires sense in a woman, when he has so little himself!

"Birds of a feather flock together," you say, "and a man's brain weighs more than a woman's?" I daresay it does; goodness knows it needs to—the quality is so bad! You'd better spend your time and money on yourselves; you need it. We don't—Charity begins at home.

I'll tell you something else you like; you're opposed to fashion and expense in dress—you like to see women plainly and neatly dressed,—like your mother used to be,—and if you or any other man were placed in a room filled with ladies, some arrayed in the height of fashion, and some in that "plain sensible style" you are so fond of talking about—I know in which part of the room these same men would be found before many minutes were over. No—it would not be among the plain, sensible girls.

Decrease of Game.

The *Montreal Gazette* mourns over the "decrease of game." No more Steel Rails Scandals to be hunted up, no Neebing Hotels rising from the ground, no scent of jobs on the Kaministiquia. It is sad that so keen a hunter should be condemned to inaction. But there is game enough if the *Gazette* would join the sport. Sir CHARLES TUPPER's preserves are full, Mr. POPE's emigration pamphlets are a good mark, the N.P. is afoot. But this is the close season as observed by the *Gazette*, and now only the Grits furbish up their hunting gear.

High-toned Journalism.

A few days ago the *Globe* printed the following sentence in an article on banking.

"The present banks may but local institutions can assist the extend their agencies it is true, development of the country by methods which the great concerns will not use."

It is evident to every newspaper man and compositor that the second and third lines have been transposed, so that the word *extend* should follow *may* and *but* follow *true*. On this manifest error in making-up the *Mail* jeers its contemporary's leader-writer. Such journalism as this should not be allowed to degrade a great newspaper. It is equalled by an recent exploit of the *Halifax Herald* which represented an opponent as saying in his speech,

"The men of the Light Brigade who rode into the valley of death at *Waterloo*."

He had really said "the men of the Light Brigade who rode into the valley of death."

It was proven on enquiry that the *Herald* editor had received the correct copy from the official reporter, and had altered it as shown in order to ridicule the speaker. Men who commit acts like these are the bane of journalism and execrated by the true gentlemen of a profession into which only decent men should be admitted.

See our Cartoon.

Now let this fight of tongues begin,
The man whose *Wright* is sure to *Wynne*.

**Equivocal.**

The Parson. (to inebriated parishioner)—
Drunk again, Johnston!!
Johnston—(in a semi-confidential tone)—
Sho' am I, parson!

**Grip to Alexander Mackenzie.**

MACKENZIE, while you stand alone,
Stout foes before, false friends behind,
Deserted, soon to be o'erthrown,
Feeling how thankless is mankind,
Let one impartial voice proclaim—
Would that its tones were stentor-loud,
Above the vilifying crowd,—
Honored shall be thy stainless name!

Full many a flout in bygone days
We put on thee in power and place,—
Satire may speak while lackeys praise—
No act of thine we jeered was base.
A homespun man, God's gentleman,
A character sound warp and woof,
Jest proof we found it—slanderproof
Thy enemies whate'er their plan.

And now, because the people turned
From thee in time of bitter need,
Because thy counsels wise they spurned,
And to thine enemies gave heed,
The men whom honor bound to stay
Thrice gallantly by thee when down,
Gibe at thy back, in secret frown,
And want occasion to betray.

Thy manners lack, they say, forsooth,
A something hard to be defined;
Thy truths are too austere in truth!
Thy way with knaves is thought unkind!
Not gently dost thou chide a fool
Who fain would guide the car of state!
These things offend the men of late
Who flattered all thy days of rule.

What matters it, thy work was good,
They cannot take the past away,
The future shall proclaim "He stood
Battling for right for many a day,
His was a steadfast, upright soul
That never quailed before a foe,
Ingratitude could strike him low,
But pure his name on history's scroll."

**Mr. Phipps' Reflections.**

This is a queer world. I have often thought this, though the form of words has been used by another. GILBERT puts them in the mouth of *Dick Deadeye*. Haven't any doubt GILBERT stole 'em from me. Saw 'em in some of my writings, and cabbaged 'em without giving credit, of course. They all do it. Have heard it affirmed that the whole character of *Deadeye* was copied from me. Don't doubt it. Never saw the play called *Pinafore*, but understand that this *Deadeye* is a man of brains whose words of truth and soberness fall flat on the mediocrities who surround him. Just my position. I am the only man of mind in the country, yet the people are so dull and insensate that they can't see it. However, if they can't see they can feel, and I fancy they are beginning to experience some of the effects of neglecting my counsels already. The country is being done to death by the N. P. and the groans of the multitude are a balm to my wounds. Let 'em groan! It will teach 'em to wink at JOHN A. when he plays a sharp game on me. If they had only known enough to put me into the place now occupied by the incompetent and butter-fingered TILLEY, everybody would have been laughing now instead of groaning. As it is, I am the only one who laughs. I have a policy—the Policy, which would transform this country in a twinkling, make it bloom and blossom as the rose, but they shall never get it. I will keep it in the privacy of my own writing desk, and just before I leave this cold and stupid world I will give orders to have it burned. Yes, sir, burned up! With my own hand I shall hold that precious document in the flame of a tallow candle until it is a black cinder, and then I will utter a grim ha! ha! that will fetch Canadians to their senses if anything will. Meantime I live only to amuse myself by roasting the Ministry over a slow fire in the columns of the *Globe*. I don't expect to purify them by the process—nothing could purify such a Cabinet. Nor do I hope to induce Sir JOHN to reconsider his decision, and give me TILLEY's portfolio. I wouldn't take it now. I will not under any circumstances lift a finger to get them out of the muddle they are in—and they know I could do so by simply lifting a finger, if I would. No. I live only for revenge, and I intend to have it by making them feel what it is to have a gigantic task on hand and no mind

great enough to grasp it. And when, in the near future, the people, having apprehended the full consequence of my absence from the Cabinet, shall rise in their might and hurl Sir JOHN headlong flaming from the heights of power, he shall know the truth of the poet's lines,

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are, it might have been.

The Why and Wherefore.

The *Guelph Herald* seems to take exception to the sentiment,

"Pour forth Thine hot displeasure
On all who seek our wrong,"
expressed in the Governor-General's Canadian National Poem. The editor thinks it is not a Christian sentiment. It is a significant fact that the *Herald* man is one of the chief promoters of the Rag Baby Scheme.

**John Chinaman at Ottawa.**

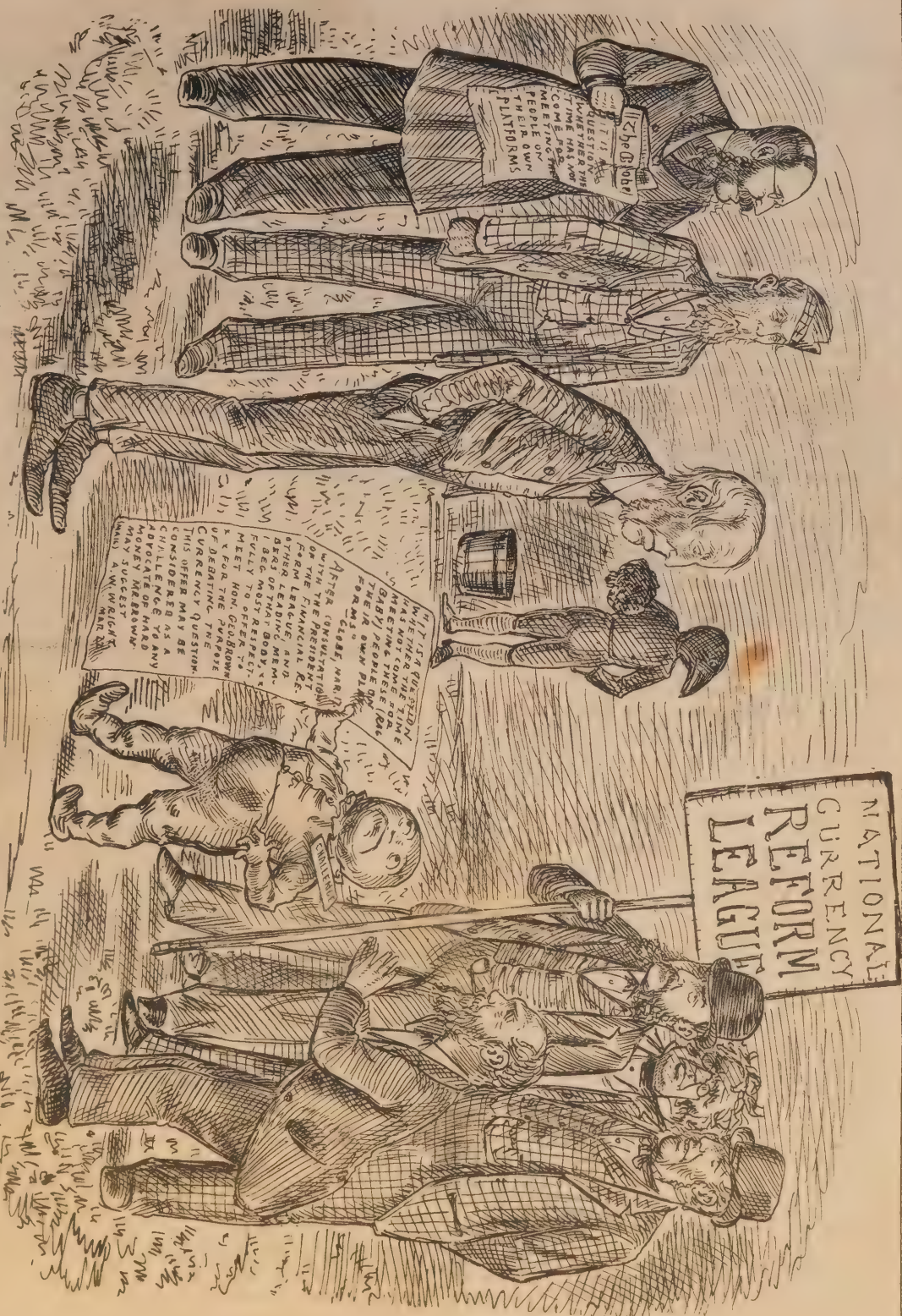
[The Celestial Washee Washee, just started in business at the Capital, interviews the Premier and solicits the patronage of the Cabinet.]

Sir JOHN: Sorry we can't patronize your laundry; we are strong on economy, you know, and your rates are altogether too high. This other chap washes all our dirty linen in the *Globe* free of charge!

**Rather Fresh.**

Fresh young city housekeeper, making her Easter purchases (to Grocer:)

Now, Mr. SORE, I trust to your experience altogether; are you quite sure that these eggs are well laid?



DARE HE KNOCK OFF THE CHIP?"

OR, THE RAG BABY'S CHALLENGE.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The Chinese are a rice ing nation.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A senses taker—whiskey.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

The teamster's favourite letter is "gee" of course.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

We all have our birthdays, while the sailor has his berth nights.—*Proof Sheet*.

BEN JONSON was the first Englishman who dropped his "h".—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Dead business men tell no tales in the advertising columns.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

Musicians should not drink; they might get into the habit of wanting to rest at every bar.—*Philadelphia News*.

The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up late with the daughter.—*Middletown Transcript*.

The Czar escaped being blown up by being late for dinner. Most married men meet with a different fate.—*Seth Spicer*.

Many people are like matches—when it comes to the scratch, they always lose their heads.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

If we could see others as we see ourselves, there would be more good-looking people in the world.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Old BEN FRANKLIN once said that widows were the only second-hand articles that went off at first cost.—*Somerville Journal*.

It has been discovered that the Dutch baby cries for its mudder and fodder at the same time.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

We sympathize with the man who has a sore thumb. Still, we don't want him to carry our plate of soup.—*Danbury News*.

Chicago makes \$15,000,000 worth of cloth a year, and many of her stories are made from the whole piece.—*Boston Transcript*.

You can't always tell by the fit of a young man's clothes how much of a mortgage the tailor holds on them.—*Steubenville Herald*.

The Shecawgo Trybune haz assumed the fonetic duty ov korektn the spelin ov the English langwage.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

He had evidently been through the alphabet of affliction and had an X S of it, for he looked D ejected, K-daverous and C D.—*Ec*.

VICTOR HUGO avers that woman is a conundrum. And this is why the best women stay most at home. Like good conundrums they are hard to find out.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The happiness of life does not depend so much upon the thoughts of your quality as upon the quality of your thoughts.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Country debating societies should discuss the question, "Is it really necessary to spoil good brandy by putting poor mince pies into it?"—*Herald, P. I.*

Has any paragrapher ever called a young lady speaker at a woman's rights meeting a wind-lass? He's "a real mean thing," if he has.—*Norristown Herald*.

What mean all these hairbreadth escapes of the Czar of all the Russias? Do they portend a starring tour through the United States?—*Boston Transcript*.

These Greenbackers might as well take in their sign and shut up their shop now. If paper keeps on going up it will soon cost about \$7 to print a \$5 greenback.—*Ec*.

When a woman sails along the street with a majestic stride, you admire her graceful carriage, but the charm vanishes after she has become a little sulky.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

We hope our readers will excuse our local columns this week, but really it has rained so much that nothing could happen out of which we could make a local.—*Winston Leader*.

SMYTHEKINS is such a bashful old bachelor, always running away from the girls that his, friends say that if CUPID ever does shoot an arrow at him it will hit him in the back.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

CHARLES READE says that all children should be taught to have presence of mind, but havn't they got it. Catch a boy in the sugar box, and isn't he looking for flies?—*Detroit Free Press*.

There is a man living at Canton, named DEAL. His daughter is a Miss DEAL. If the young man play his cards right, the deal will eventually come out all right.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A Connecticut woman has been appointed constable of her native village. If she does not catch a man now there is no virtue in writs of seizure and leap year changes.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

It is easy enough to advise a boy to tell the truth, even if it brings him a licking, but it comes hard to live up to the principle where one is trading horses two or three times per month.—*Belton Journal*.

There was certainly thrift on the part of that lady who made a dozen bed-spreads within the past two years out of the sample cloths she had collected during her shopping excursions within that period.—*Somerville Journal*.

When a California editor gets ready to call a contemporary a "prevaricator" or some other word of a little higher proof—he is always careful to tell the foreman the style of funeral notice he wants.—*Middletown Transcript*.

When a New Yorker has his house burgled he goes down to the detective headquarters and asks them if they've got any clues in stock that will fit his case, and if they have they send a man around to hitch 'em on.—*Boston Post*.

A medical journal has discovered that mental or physical labor before or after eating is one of the most exciting causes of dyspepsia. This must be the reason why so many people object to working between meals.—*Middletown Transcript*.

Some one says that good digestion will do a good deal more to keep a man straight than good resolutions. Did he ever test his philosophy in the face of having nothing to eat, and no money or credit through which victuals could be provided?—*Somerville Journal*.

Everybody is interested in the fact that the Russian newspapers think it probable that it will be necessary in the spring to ship grain into that country from America. Long live every Russian consumer, and may his appetite crave bread more than anything else.—*Fon. Du Lac Reporter*.

"My dear Mrs. Jones, won't you subscribe a little money for the relief fund of foreign sufferers."

"My dear Mrs. Smith, I just sent all my spare change to a poor family on Seneca street, who haven't anything in the house to eat."

"You don't say so? Why don't they go to the poor house?"—*Oil City Derrick*.

When you find a sun bonnet floating around on the surface of a pond, it is not always safe to conclude that there is a woman at the bottom of it. She may have eloped with the hired man and thrown the bonnet in there so as to get a good start, while the neighbors are dragging the pond and the husband is trying to beat down the undertaker on the price of a rosewood coffin.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

When the long-haired lunny poet isn't present,

When the wild-eyed office-seeker isn't there,

Their places then are filled with fiends less pleasant,

Oh, never can we find a vacant chair.

When the scandalized maiden and her father Are not present for to shoot you if they can,

There are other men and women then to bother—

The editor is not a happy man.
—[*Cincinnati Inquirer*].

AND MORE TO COME.

He was a well-dressed, pleasant-faced man, and he carried a small black box in his hand. He entered an insurance office on Congress street, with familiar air, walked up to the sole occupant, who was writing a letter, and began:

"Excuse me, sir; but I represent four different kinds of pads, viz: Lung—"

"I am busy," interrupted the letter writer.

"Viz: Lung, liver, stomach and kidney, and in a few days we—"

"Didn't I say that I was busy?" demanded the citizen as he put down his pen.

"You did, sir, and in a few days we shall bring out the heart-pad, the throat-pad, and the ear-pad. Excuse me if I sit down. Please let me feel of your pulse."

"I want none of your pads, sir! I am busy, sir, and I want my office to myself!"

"Nevertheless, you do want a pad, and I can prove it. A healthy pulse should not beat over eighty-five per minute. I'll bet your's goes to a hundred. Anyone can see that you are ailing. I can sell you a beautiful stomach-pad at reduced rates. How much do you—?"

"Didn't I say I didn't want any of your pads, sir?"

"Correct, you did. Do your lungs trouble you?"

"No, sir!"

"Heart all right?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Hearing good?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Ever have the back-ache?"

"No, sir!"

"Spleen all right?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Throat bother you?"

"No, sir! I tell you I don't want any of your pads! I want to be let right alone! I've got a headache this morn—"

"Eureka! Keep still—not a word! You furnish the capital and I'll put in my time, and we'll bring out a head-ache pad! Capital idea—rich thought! Go ahead and write your letter, and I'll be—"

The citizen ran for his cane in the corner, but the pads had walked out to hunt for ailing humanity.—*Free Press*.

The Wagnerianiac.

My wife was the sweetest of women
Till she took a musical craze;
But now she's a regular rum 'un,
And my home is a horrible place!

She murmurs with rapture of CHOPIN,
BRETHOVEN's her "darling adored,"
And ever her fingers are hoppin'
Con *energia* o'er the key-board.

But WAGNER's her musical hero,
She worships the cast of his head,
And she plays his "sweet jems" till I fear, O,
I fear she will WAGNER me dead!

I ask her in intervals lucid,
To play some old favourite o'er,
I tell her that WAGNER is deuced,
And I even prefer *Pinafore*!

She says that my ignorance exhibits,
And she calls me a thick-pated loon,
Not to know that dear WAGNER prohibits
The slightest approach to a "tune."

She turns in contempt and commences
To hammer *Tannhauser* like mad,
Thus drowning my wretched pretences,
And making me feel very bad.

In the evening Herr ROSSINIBREAU comes
With some more of her musical "set."
But I don't consider them my chums,
And I make myself scarce, you may bet.

In my distant and wall-padded study,
With cotton stuffed in my ears,
I gaze in the fire so ruddy,
And try to suppress my tears.

Yet I hear the piano and fiddle,
Like a duet of dog and cat.
And I try to guess the riddle
Of what WAGNER is driving at.

O, bachelors, my brothers,
You'll lead an awful life,
If you leave your doting mothers
For a WAGNER-loving wife!

Spelling Reform.**THE SCHOOLMASTER RISES TO EXPOSTULATE.**

I have been much grieved lately by seeing in several otherwise respectable periodicals articles on what they choose to call spelling reform. If they take the word "reform" to mean changes of form, they have probably some reasons for using it in this instance, but if the general application of the word, the application which has through the *Globe* been made general at least in Canada is to be taken, that of Progress, Improvement, Free Trade, &c., then the spelling reformers are far from being justified in taking that title. My experience in spelling is very great, particularly in bad spelling. I have been "plucked" several times on that subject, and have lost more than one situation by getting the wrong letter into the right place, and *vice versa*. It is, therefore, with much consternation that I now see those JOSH BILLIOUS reformers trying to level down the barriers over which I so often stumbled, and making the path of learning smooth for the rising generation. Who that has never been a bad speller and by constant perseverance and much suffering has acquired a proficiency in that art, will consent to see the rising generation gliding smoothly over the rocks on which he so often struck and so nearly foundered? Then, again, as has often been said, each word as it now is, is a monument, a history, a chronology—in fact one little word often contains volume of learning. To illustrate this let us take one word, a very striking word—I mean "Chillaley." What a storehouse of learning is that little simple word! Let us proceed to analyze it. In "chi," the student at once recognizes the old Anglo Saxon "chi," introduced from the Latin by ALFRED THE GREAT. At once a brilliant panorama opens to our view. We see our brawny Saxon ancestors, their hands reeking

with Danish blood, their huge battle-axes across their sturdy shoulders, as they return from victory, calling at every saloon on the way and quaffing flagons of amber ale and lager. We see their wise king burning tallow candles by the hour. We see—but stop, we must proceed with our analysis: "LI" next meets our view. What do the two I's tell us? One reaches far back to ancient Rome, the other informs us that the word has come to us through the French. In the one we see the patient ROMULUS dishing on the banks of the Tiber, we see the she-wolf, the forum, and CAESAR, with his mighty armies; the other transports us to the days of CHARLEMAGNE. We see knights in their armor, we hear the clang and clash of the tournament, we see gay ladies;—but stop, let us again proceed with our analysis: "AL" is Celtic. It is the real root of the word, the other parts being prefixes, suffixes, affixes, crucifixes, &c., &c. At sight of "al" the mind's-eye shows us the human sacrifices offered by the Druids; we see the white-robed priests cutting ox-gads from the sacred oak. The "ey," is different from all the other parts of the word: in fact it should not be there at all, it was put there by what is called false derivation. During that period in which some people thought they knew more than they did know, that "ey" was added. It is therefore a memorial of the age of confusion and ignorance. What a monument have we found in the little, simple word "chillaley." Shall the reformers throw it down? (I mean the monument, not the stick)—shall this memorial of past ages, this grand lexicon of knowledge, this—this *chillaley* fall to the ground without a struggle? No!!! NO!!! NO!!!

Nonsense.

Mr. County Treasurer HOOPER
A ministerial super,
Who was short in his cash
Now declares he was rash,
And has now become a recouper.

The Celestial Capital.

The little town of Fredericton, N.B., which is widely known as the "Celestial City" has such an affection for commercial travellers that she keeps an official solely for the purpose of watching for their coming and escorting them about town. He does not make known his office, but dawns on the traveller's horizon merely as a polite and attentive man-around-town, and accidentally, as it were, rushes into offices where he calls, happening to have business at the same places as the stranger. These accidental meetings result in the traveller being informed, after he has been seen to take an order for goods, that the city so loves him that it is ready and willing to accept about \$50 from him in aid of its finances. The \$50 is paid, and then the monthly arrears of the Police and Fire Departments are paid by the City Treasurer, and there is a surplus on hand for the payment of the Mayor's next quarter's salary.

Fredericton's other sources of revenue are the Legislature and the law courts. The meeting of the Legislature brings in some sixty young, middleaged, and old gentlemen, whose board bills for the six weeks' session, (this is the usual length) enrich various hotels and boarding houses. The profit on some of them cannot be large, however, if it is true they get boarded at \$2 50 and \$3 per week. It must not be supposed that they board at such cheap houses from motives of economy. Not at all. They learned by experience that the high living of the hotels and fashionable boarding houses

was bad for their health. The change was too sudden. Their digestive apparatus wouldn't stand it. From farmwork and farmhouse dinners to idleness and dainty food was not to be persisted in with impunity. But Fredericton loves them, notwithstanding the simple tastes of many of the number, and makes something out of them in the long run. A few of them flirt with the young ladies, accompany them on snow-shoe tramps, and skate with them at the rink. But the number of such is small. The venerable Legislative Councillors are famous for the forming of platonic friendships with widows and neglected wives, and are exceedingly useful in lessening regret for the absent.

The lawyers are a jollier lot. And why shouldn't they be? Can they help laughing at the folly of the litigants who give them five guineas a day to wrangle over technicalities? They go from St. John in droves, and have a gay time at the capital, out of the sight of their clients, in whose presence they speak of the issues at stake with faces as long as St. John's celebrated undertaker, POWERS usually wears.

Sounds from the Sea.

Mr. GRIP has received the following communication which he publishes, suppressing the somewhat objectionable expletives that the undersigned Captain makes use of.

MR. GRIP:—

Dear Sir:—Who the (sanguinary blank) is this here FLIPPS or FITTS, or whatever the (blank and blank) his name is, that is always writing about National Policies, Tariffs, and so forth? He means well, perhaps, but he don't know. I saw a letter of his in last Saturday's *Globe*. He says that "all that is required to make Toronto a great naval port, a harbor of refuge and a great distributing point," is to enlarge the St. Lawrence canals for the passage of 1000 ton vessels to the sea board. He argues that the vessel laden with grain will go to England, and return with "European manufactures of much smaller dimensions;" this homeward bounder, not being filled with cargo, will call at Nova Scotia and dump a lot of coals on her "rolling freight," and eventually arrive at the great naval port of Toronto. Now, this is what makes me mad. A ship from England don't want to go near Nova Scotia, if she wants to make a passage up the St. Lawrence, and if she did and was only partly loaded with manufactured articles, she could not pile coal on them without spoiling the merchandise. But of all things that seems so (blank, blank), queer about this here Mr. FLIPPS' talk, is, that Toronto should be the shipping place for Western products. Why, if we're a going, or any body else is a going to ship grain or any other Western produce direct to Europe, Chicago and Milwaukee will do the business, not Toronto. But it can't be done with profit. Sea-going ships even of 1000 tons (two small to pay in transatlantic trade), draw too much water, have too much out-rigging fixtures, and are altogether unsuitable for a chain of lakes and canals, which this here Mr. FLIPPS can see for himself by going to Buffalo, and viewing the vessels built for the Upper Lakes, in contrast with the canallers.

Now see here, Mr. GRIP—I don't mind political fellers writing about Treaties,

Tariffs, or anything that comes within their

line of understanding, but when they touch

upon nautical matters, they're all at sea—

that's what they are.

Yours truly,

Captain BUMSBY BROWN,
Of Halifax.

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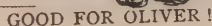
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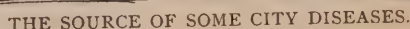
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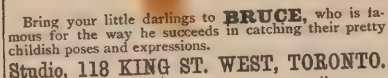


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His smile, the very mould and frame of hand
And nail, and finger.*



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Lines to the Majah.

By a Lady of Quality.

Who is it sits in Rideau's Halls,
And gives the "form" for routs and balls,
And scans the guests, on formal calls?

The Majah.

Who is it with perception keen
And jealous eye of fabled green?
Prevents the news from being seen?

The Majah.

Who is it with the heart of Nero,
(The temperature being down to zero,
Makes chilly ladies cry oh ! dear oh !

The Majah.

Why do you say that ladies—we
Must wear our frocks *decollete*,
We ask you in a minor key,

Now, Majah ?

We ask you humbly to reflect,
(Not that we are so circumspect)
But it's too cold to go low necked,
Kind Majah!

Kind Majah !

Or else, dear Majah, do a man get
To serve us each with a warm blanket,
We all will cry "the Laws be thanked,
And *you*, sweet Majah.

And *you*, sweet Majah.

Mr. Grip to Mr. Punch—"Shake."

MR. GRIP had occasion a few weeks ago, apropos of certain captious criticisms upon his cartoons, to define his position. He feels quite satisfied that the few words he then said proved a settler for the carpers, but it increases his feeling of self-compacency to observe that his venerable and esteemed contemporary *Punch* is obliged now and then to turn aside and administer a corrective kick to a similar class of yelpers at his heels. In a recent number he felt called upon to do this, and his words are so nearly an echo of what Mr. GRIP said, that it is worth while to quote them.

"There will always be minds so constituted as to be incapable of distinguishing irony from mockery, and satire from lack of seriousness. All *Punch* can say to these persons is that he does not address them, and that they had better not look into his pages.

They are quite distinguishable from another class of critics, who now and then cry out on *Punch's* comments, because they wince under them, and complain that his arrows are poisoned because they sting. To such critics, *Punch* has nothing to say. His best and only answer to them will be to follow the road he has followed from his birth—the road of right, by aid of the light of truth, as far as it is in his power to choose the one, and to recognize the other."

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xiv-3-12t

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xiv-8-10-13t.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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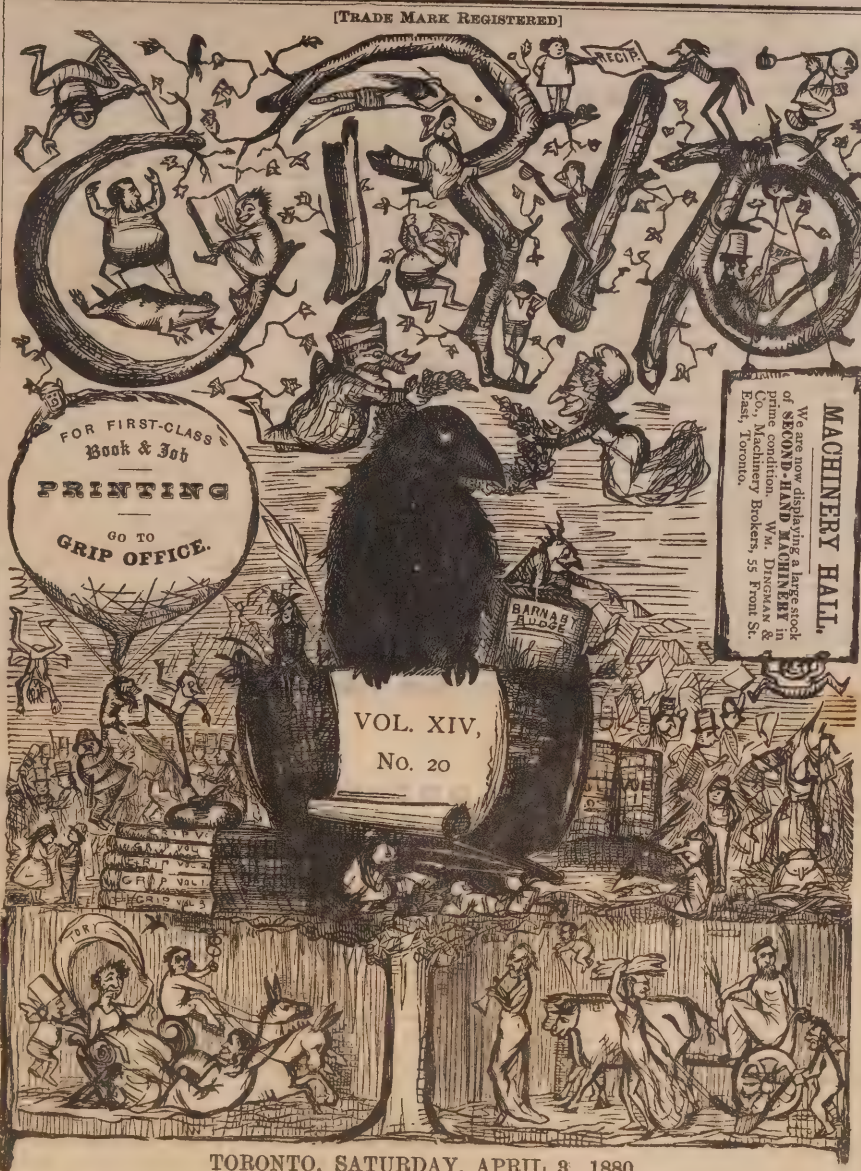
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TO PHONOGRAPHERS.

We have in contemplation the issue of a **MONTHLY PHONETIC JOURNAL**, 16 p.p., at 10c. per copy, or \$1 per annum, and will be glad to receive the names of all persons engaged in the study, or who are in any way interested in the project. Phonographers will do us a favor by giving us their views, as the publication will depend on the interest manifested.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1880.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

THURLLOW WEED is losing his eyesight and says that he can scarcely recognize faces.

THEODORE MARTIN, author of the "Life of Prince Consort," has been knighted and made a K. C. B.

ARCTIC FORBES, writer, rider, reporter and military man, will certainly, so he says, come to this country this fall to lecture.

The next volume of DICKENS' letters will be read with deep interest. It contains the much talked of correspondence between Mr. DICKENS and the late Lord LYTTON on the subject of "spiritualism." These two famous writers hold opinions on that subject precisely opposite each other, and their letters are understood to convey the grounds for their antagonistic beliefs. The mystical tendency early foreshadowed in "Zanoni," and which found confirmatory expression in "A Strange Story," was characteristic of a mind readily attracted by theories and their alleged illustration in facts which were repugnant to the author of PICKWICK and the creator of GRADGRIND; and it will be to many a subject of curiosity to see how the respective notions of these two celebrated men were set forth and upheld.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR has been writing to the New York *Herald* his opinions of THACKERAY and DICKENS, his criticism being evoked by the report of the interview with THURLLOW WEED. PROCTOR considers that neither of the novelists showed skill in their plots, though DICKENS excelled THACKERAY in this respect. In drawing character THACKERAY is said to surpass DICKENS, and to be far ahead of SCOTT. THACKERAY'S power of portraiture is especially marked, says PROCTOR, in his women, though it is the custom of women to say that THACKERAY'S creations are all alike. Each of these characters is strong and individual. DICKENS' women on the contrary are patchwork, being derived in some cases, from four models. In the same way DICKENS' men were combinations of different characters known to the author. PROCTOR is of opinion that DICKENS had little creative faculty, but excelled in both, and the authors wrote English about equally well. GEORGE ELIOT is as far ahead of THACKERAY as THACKERAY is ahead of DICKENS—a distance as great as that which separates BROWNING and TENNYSON—so says PROCTOR.

That many actors and actresses of the French stage devote considerable attention to literary pursuits is well known. MM. COQUELIN and MOUNET SULLY are lecturers. M. COQUELIN cadet writes in the *Tintamarre*, under the signature "Pirouette," and will shortly publish a volume, "Le Livre des Convalescents." M. TRUFFIER, of the Comedie Francaise, is the author of a volume of poems, "Sous les Frises;" MM. TRUFFIER and CRESSONNOIS, of the Odeon, are writing "Trilles Galantes;" M. DUPONT VERNON is the author of *L'Art de Bien Dire*," M. M. POREL and MONVAL are at work on a history of the Odeon. M. GEORGES RICHARD, of the Odeon, has had a hand in "Les Enfants," three acts, "Pierre Gendron," three acts, with LAFONTAINE, and in "Hoche;" M. PIERRE BERTON, of the Vaudeville, is the author of the "Jurons de Cadillac;" M. LAFONTAINE has written a novel, "La Servante." There are other less known actors who are also writers, but among the ladies Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT has written "Impressions d'une Chaise," for the *Globe*; Mlle. ROUSSEL, a novel, "La Fille d'un Proscrit;" Mlle. LEONIDE LEBLANC, "Les Petites Comedies de l'Amour;" Mlle. THERESA wrote ostensibly her memoirs, with MM. ALBERT WOLFF and ERNEST BLUM; Mlle. SUZANNE LAGIER is writing her "Confidences," and Mlle. THENARD is writing a monologue, "La Presentation."



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO

Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on THURSDAY the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications, and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to bring a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into the contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 20th March, 1880.

xiv-20-9t

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cornby, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-1y

TO PRINTERS.—We have a Hoe Cylinder double-demij, which can be run by either hand or power. It is a first-class press, and may be seen in working order at "GRIP" office. Our only reason for selling is to replace it by a larger press.

BENGOUGH BROS.

Fame!

Mr. GRIP'S triumph is complete. He has had a new brand of cigars named after him—a first-class, genuine, Havana-filler article, too, as indeed it ought to be, to deserve such a cognomen. Hereafter the joy of the intelligent subscriber may be complete, for he can sit in his pleasant home-circle, after dinner, and smoke GRIP'S jokes and GRIP'S cigars at one and the same time.

Mr. ROBERT IERSOLL, having declared that SHAKESPEARE was not a believer in the truths of Christianity, Dr. BOLLES, a Cleveland clergyman, a student of the great dramatist, has undertaken in a series of lectures to show that he believed, not only in a Supreme Being, but in the incarnation of the Divine in Christ, and in a special overruling Providence. He sustains his position by many quotations, proving that SHAKESPEARE drew largely from the Bible and had a full and sympathetic familiarity with the prayers, ritual and ordinances of the church.

Stage Whispers.

BAILEY, the Danbury *News* man, is writing a play for SOL. SMITH RUSSELL.

Evangeline, by "Our Photograph Party," is the attraction at the Royal this week.

M. RUBENSTEIN has gone to St. Petersburg to produce his new Russian opera, *Kalachnikoff*.

It is given out that SALVINI will act in America next season, under the management of Mr. HAVERLY.

MISS ANNIE PIXLEY made her first appearance in New York city last Monday evening, at the Standard Theatre, in *M'iss*.

LAWRENCE BARRETT will make a professional tour in England during the coming season, beginning an engagement in Liverpool.

E. F. THORNE has had a new play written for him by JOHN HABBERTON, author of "Helen's Babies." It is entitled *Deadwood Chimes*.

FRANK BANGS will bring out his new play founded upon Dumas' novel, "Joseph Balsamo," at the Walnut-street Theatre Philadelphia.

REMYNI, the prince of violinists, makes his second appearance here on the evenings of April 8th and 9th, in Shaftesbury Hall. Secure your seats now if you intend to hear him.

MISS BLANCHE DAVENPORT, in consequence of the inability of MAX STRAKOSCH to keep his musical craft fully manned, has come to a halt in her operatic career, and will teach music in New York.

The deadhead service for a first performance at the Comedie Francaise comprises 822 places; 223 for the press, 75 for the administration of the theater, 128 for the *sociétaires*, 60 for the employees, 85 for the authors, 50 for the artists playing in the piece, and the rest for the public generally.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The marvellous Wizard, HERRMANN, is at present performing at this house. Everybody has heard of this wonderful man, for his name has long been a household word; everybody should now seize the opportunity of seeing him. He brings several clever specialty artists with him.

H. M. S. Pinafore, with an amateur and fashionable crew, is about to be launched in Dublin under the patronage of the Duchess of Marlborough, in aid of the Irish distress. The performance is to take place in Dublin Castle. A member of the vice regal staff, well-known on "the boards," takes the part of "Sir Joseph Porter."

MISS ROSE COGHAN is studying up *Peg Woffington* in "Masks and Faces," in which she will make her first appearance in the Maddison Square Theatre, New York. It is to follow "Hazel Kirk." DOMINICK MURRAY is to be the *Triplet*, TOM WHIFFIN the *Colley Ciber*, and EFFIE ELLSLER the *Mable Vane*. THOMAS WHIFFIN'S wife and C. W. COULDOCK will also be in the cast.

The Dramatic Fine Art Gallery, of which a good deal has already been said, was opened to the public in London recently. The exhibition is of pictures, first by, and secondly of, dramatic celebrities. Few could have imagined that so many ladies and gentlemen connected with theatrical affairs are able to handle the brush and palette with more or less success; and when the idea was first mooted it was plainly asserted that, as an exhibition by dramatic artists it would probably prove a failure. That such is not the case is amply proved by a glance at the catalogue.

For a GOOD SMOKE

USE MYRTLE NAVY.

See T. & B. on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to

FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.

First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.—Original contributions solicited. All sketches and articles should be accompanied by the real name and address of the author. If payment is expected, a note to that effect should accompany the MSS. Rejected MSS. returned if postage is enclosed. Literary correspondence to be addressed to the EDITOR; business communications to BENGOUGH BROS.

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Special Notice.

Mr. W. R. Burrage's engagement as general subscription and advertising agent having expired, that gentleman is no longer connected with GRIP's business department. Our authorised canvassers are furnished with credentials signed by GEORGE BENGOUGH. Good agents wanted in every part of the Dominion, to whom liberal commission will be paid.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY I. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

An Unpublished Passage.

The following touching passage was, by some means, omitted from Sir A. T. GALT's speech at the farewell banquet tendered to that gentleman prior to his departure for England as Canadian High Commissioner:

"Gentlemen, I am sure you will excuse these tears. On an occasion like this, an effulgence of tender feeling cannot argue any want of true manliness; on the contrary, I cannot but think you must consider it greatly to my credit. In leaving the shores of this dear country of my adoption, I am severing many tender ties, and even the contemplation of the truly immense time I expect to have in London with the fellows at the clubs, doing Pall Mall on sunny afternoons, riding in Rotten Row with the lords and ladies—perhaps even in the near vicinity of Mrs. LANGTRY,—going out to five o'clock teas with dukes and duchesses, sporting my figure at select garden parties, and passing many a happy night at the Christy Minstrel's show,—I say, notwithstanding all these bright visions, I cannot suppress the feelings of grief which rise-up in my heart when I think of the ties I must sever. I must, for example, tear myself away from Mr. BROWN and the *Globe*; and I leave it entirely to your imagination to picture the distress this causes me. What a dear, devoted friend that journal has been to me! How graciously has it always spoken of me—when I have *pro tem* acted in accord with the Parity! In a moment like this, I think only of those occasions, and I dismiss from my recollection all the sharp and bitter taunts it has uttered against me on other occasions, when *pro tem* I have sided with the other fellows. I dwell upon those passages in which generous things have been said of my commanding intellect, my polished manners, and the unswerving rectitude of my public life; I forget all the articles in which my resemblance to the chameleon, politically, has been the theme. Yes, gentlemen, in parting with the *Globe*, I break a very tender tie indeed! Excuse these tears. But a still deeper depth of feeling is touched in my breast when I think of severing myself from TILLEY. Poor Sir LEONARD SAMUEL! I don't know what he will do

without me. I have been his guide, philosopher and friend, and have come to regard him as an affectionate father might regard his dear little toddling child. I do hope he may be able to get along without me, though I must confess I have painful apprehensions on the subject. I do hope, gentlemen, you will all keep a kindly eye upon him, and those of you who happen to know more about the National Policy than little Sir SAMUEL knows—I hope you will give him the occasional benefit of your advice. I could depart with a tranquil mind if it were possible to arrange that Mr. PHIPPS should step into the place that I occupied as *chaperone* to the Finance Minister, but, alas! that cannot be. The aid of that masterly mind is denied him. Mr. PHIPPS has become soured upon the Government, and he is now wholly given up to the contemplation of the "Conservative failure"—the failure to accept of his services when they were so generously offered. The only ray of hope I see is Mr. WALLACE, and I indulge the persuasion that under the paternal care of that distinguished gentleman the Finance Minister may be guided through the fog which envelopes his path. And now, gentlemen, I must close. You will hear my voice no more for a long time. My parting word is to be kind to Mr. BROWN and the *Globe*, and oh, take care of TILLEY!"

The Cost of Victory.

THE UPSHOT OF A RECENT GREAT LIBEL SUIT.

Enter.—THE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

I'm a bogus son of Mars, and I thank my lucky stars that I'm innocent of wars, excepting at home; I lately had a toss from a lubber big and cross, Who imagined he was boss wherever he'd come.

He thought he'd use his lash about some missing cash And knock me into hash with word'nous *clat*; But I made the fellow sport, for I hauled him into court, And provided lots of snore for the limbs of the law.

No dimes had I aboard, so I well could afford To let myself be floor'd, and lie upon my back; Then, to his great dismay, when he thought he'd gained the day, He had everything to pay with *Cheque*, *CHEQUE*, *CHEQUE*.

Ha! Ha! Ha! [Exit.—LT.-COLONEL.]

Enter.—KNIGHT-ERRANT.

Injustice and outrage my wrath do arouse, And the cause of The People I'll ever espouse: I'm no fear'd of JOHN BULL, nor of SANDIE, nor PADDY; But aye keep me clear of a sodger laddie.

To succour my neighbour by imposts oppress, My guid, trusty lance is ever in rest; I'll fight again leas, for the Deil is their daddie, (But no if they're tauld by a sodger laddie.)

Yin day I was sittin' an' suppin' my brose, When the smell of a swindle cam' into my nose; Up I joomps, and I says, 'Eh, sirs! I am ready,' But the culprit, alas! was a sodger laddie.

I kenn'dna my peril, but at him I went, And in hantlin' up proofs all my moments were spent; As became a Knight-Errant, my labour was steady, But I was gay rash wi' my sodger laddie.

Now, a' things were gathered and look'd vera clear, And I put them in print without ony fear: Gran' triumph an' joy I was feelin' a'ready, When a shock I received from my sodger laddie.

'Twas a writ or a summons, or somethin' like that, For libel, definin' an' goodness kens what: I beat him at la' but no property had he, So I'd to pay all for the sodger laddie.

My freens and my brithers! noo joost take a hint, 'Twas for you an' your pouches my money was tint. Come, pass roun' the bonnet, JOHN, SANDY an' PADDY, Make up what I've spent on the sodger laddie.

A Theory.

It is suggested that BENNETT's attempt at assassination was inspired by an ambition to have his portrait published in the *Globe*. We cannot accept this opinion. BENNETT was manifestly reckless, but not quite so insane as this would imply. We think he was actuated by a desire to get hanged.

The Grip Sack.

PACKED BY OUR OWN PARAGRAPHERS.

Spring fever,—Jumping a board bill.

A typographical error—a careless compositor. The charge of the light brigade—\$2,50 per 1000 feet.

DEAN SWIFT was witty, but CRANMER was martyr.

Who is this PETER SPENCE that is sent to His Holiness at Rome so frequently?

The Czar don't read newspapers any more. He is afraid of seeing daggers.

The paradoxical carriage builder makes many doubletrees out of one single tree.

Spring theatrical intelligence. Black Book companies are deluging the country.

HAYES believes in hanging.—*Detroit Free Press*. Yes, in hanging on to TILDEN's chair.

A large proportion of the patent medicine now in use is medicine-gular ingredients.

A man don't always love his wife in reality, but a bird generally loves his mate in 'er nest.

Men are sometimes pressed for cash, but all the girls we know are pressed for the fun of the thing.

It is not the square thing to arrest people for crookedness, and permit the Credit Valley Railway to go free.

The Wingham brass band has died for want of money. The members refuse to issue notes except on a gold basis.

A mean man, a cent with a hole in it, and a contribution box, are three things which invariably go together in this world.

If this nation should drink as much milk as whiskey, what would we do for water to wash our clothes with?

How do the busy Macabees
Delight to bark and bite;
They gather money from each tent—
Then o'er the pile do fight.

The compositor was told to set an advertisement for the opera, and as he took the copy he remarked: "If it has no *Patinitza* fraud."

A fellow took his girl out riding one day, and the carriage upset. Since then they are not seen much together, because, he says, they had a fall out.

If the blind of earth should be suddenly restored to sight, a significant amount of spurious shekels would have to seek a new haven of rest.

Spain wants to borrow \$150,000,000. Sorry we haven't the change about us; but the fact is, you see, we have just invested in a whole bunch of spring onions.

When you buy a glass of peanuts at the railway station, don't get embarrassed if the youth who superintends the place scowls at you. He is not president of the road, although he may be some day.

The night is growing late, and as the stars
Begin to stretch and nod and yawn and wink,

A basso voice the tranquil stillness mars,
With: "Bub, it's time for you to go, I think."

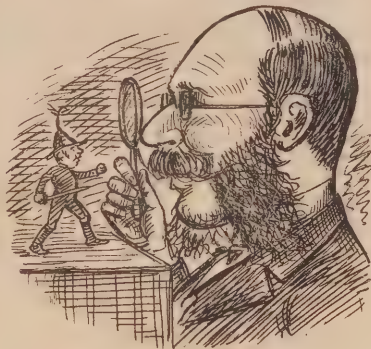
A man who says he is in destitute circumstances writes and asks us what to do. Keep right on being destitute, of course. Great guns! You wouldn't be so foolish as to thirst for work when there's such of lot of charity lying around loose, would you? Summer not far off, too!



Grip welcomes G. B. back to the land of the living!

The Tea Seizure.

The very latest illustration of the adage that "History repeats itself" is given on the last page of this number of *Grip*. Our Minister of Customs, emulating the heroic and now universally applauded action of the citizen of Boston, who hurled the British tea-chests into the waters of their harbour has seized and (figuratively speaking) disposed in a similar manner of a cargo of what he considers Yankee tea, lately arrived in the harbour, of Toronto. It is doubtful, however, whether future generations will give him unqualified praise for this deed. In fact already there are some who fail to see a complete parallel between the cases, but affirm that whereas the Boston incident was a display of patriotism, the Toronto affair was a display of ministerial stupidity. This question will be settled when it is officially decided whether Messrs. LAMBRE's cargo was a direct shipment from Japan, or a crooked consignment from New York. Meantime, Mr. Grip is not amongst those who speak of Mr. BOWELL's conduct with severity; in the temperate language of *DICK DEADWY* we are inclined to say, he means well but he don't know. It would be profitable for the Minister, however, for his future guidance, to study *DAVY CROCKETT's* maxim: Be sure you are right before you go ahead seizing things.



A Parliamentary Gulliver.

"After recess, Mr. FARRON resumed his remarks. He said that some hon. gentlemen might think he was too hard upon the ex-Finance Minister (cries of "Oh, no," and laughter) but he had no intention

of dealing too severely with that gentleman, for he of all men had been instrumental in returning the Conservative party to power."—*Report of Budget Debate, Globe, March 31.*

Aspiration.

She was a maiden of twelve summers. A far-off look of trust, of faith undimmed by the rude touch of time, lay in her dreamy eyes; her glad young life seemed to blend in harmony with the soft beauty, the tender melancholy of the scene o'er which she gazed. He was of maturer years, of radiant brow and "sapient eye serene." His arm was gently wound about her, her golden head was pressed against the collar of his coat. The vision of her fair young beauty passed before him like a gladsome dream and—he was happy. "AMELIA," he whispered, "will it ever be thus? Will the current of our love be ever suffered to ripple on as now like the smoothly-flowing numbers of some soft melodious song?" She said, "GEORGIE, how much better you look in your Sunday suit than you do in that odious butcher's apron! You won't always be a butcher's boy, GEORGIE, will you, dear?" "No, AMELIA,—a thousand times no! What? chain my lofty aspirations within the narrow circle of a plebeian occupation,—fetter the noble instincts of my soul by iron bands of rough, unwholesome toil? Never! dear one, never! hence base ambition, hence lowly lot and grovelling fear,—Creation's heir, the world is mine!" "Oh, GEORGIE, that will be so nice, and we'll make old Mr. GRIFFIN give us peanuts and taffy then, won't we, dear, and we won't have any naughty butcher's aprons that don't look nice on, GEORGIE, will we dearie?"



Suggested Peroration for Ingersoll's Lecture.

Ladies and gentlemen, you have given me a very patient and respectful hearing; you have good-naturedly received my jokes, albeit they must have grated harshly on the feelings you have hitherto spoken of as sacred; you have applauded my utterances of moral truth, and you have listened to my fiery invective against things you have all your lives considered holy. Now, let us brush all this aside, and put the whole matter in a nut-shell. I don't know any more about the hereafter than you do; there may be a hereafter, or there may not. We have to do with the present life, and the question is, which is better here and now—Christianity or Atheism? Is there any balm in either of them for the pains and trials of this weary life? Has Atheism any purity, strength, and beauty

which Christianity does not possess, and as a matter of fact, are Atheists better, purer and happier men than Christians? These questions each of you must answer for himself, and without any reference to the froth and chaff with which I have entertained you for the last two hours.



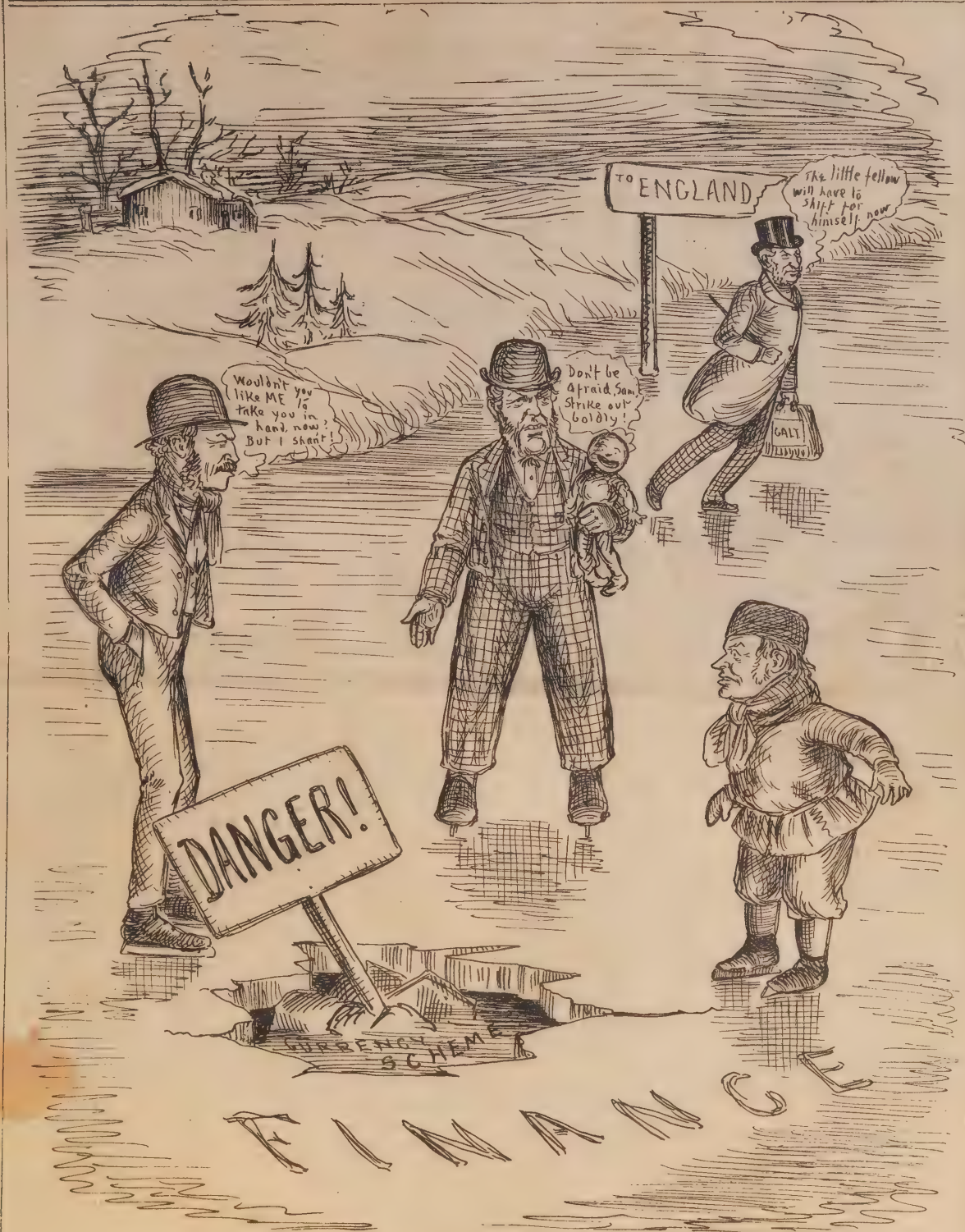
Lower House Inquisitiveness.

The other day old Madam Senate, at Ottawa, was requested to send in a full account of the moneys paid to her members on account of their valuable services last Session. She did so, but with a very bad grace. By the mouth of Sir ALEX. CAMPBELL, she gave the Lower House people to understand that although they had an undoubted right to look into these matters, she thought it highly impertinent of them to criticise anything they should find in the returns, for in the interest of the harmonious relations of the two Houses such critical examination was best left to the old lady herself. This may be very fine and dignified, but from certain alleged facts which have reached Mr. Grip's ears, it is by no means a work of supererogation to look into the purses of our Senators after pay-day.



Public Indignation!

Conservative Chieftain to the would-be Assassin Bennett.—What do you mean by attempting to put Mr. BROWN out of existence, you miserable wretch! Do you want to ruin the prospects of the Conservative Party and bring the Grits into office again!!



A LITTLE THING ON ICE!

OR, SAMMY TILLEY DESERTED BY GALT.



"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

A sickly argument is ill-logical.—*Ottawa Republican.*

The Gem Puzzle was invented by a block-head.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

The schoolmaster who sat on a bent pin got off a bright thing.—*Philadelphia Item.*

There is no home however watched or guarded but one 15 is there.—*Lockport Union.*

Selling 9 cent sugar for 10 cents is among the grocer pleasures of life.—*Marathon Independent.*

Fashionable young men are like theatre bills. They are posted on the waltz.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Some moralists tell us to keep our tempers; others advise us to get rid of them. Which shall we do?—*Lowell Sun.*

"Paper bricks" are spoken of in a Western article. We have 'em here—fellows that pay their subscription in advance.—*Boston Com. Bul.*

Since the girls commenced to wear bangs, it is impossible to tell one who has combed her hair and one who has not.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

Now that diamonds can be made by the process of chemistry, it will be harder than ever to distinguish the common people from editors.—*Rockland Courier.*

The reason a man does not listen to anything when he is mad, says CARLILE, is not because he won't, but because he can't, being on his ear at the time.—*Danbury News.*

The man who will wait two hours for his turn in the barber's chair, will get mad and thrash and scold if a shirt button isn't sewed on in just ten seconds.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

An exchange refers to the language of the postage stamp. But we do not think the postage stamp has any language that expresses anything. If it had we believe it would holler "enough" when it is licked.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

They talk about the weakness of our army, and the impossibility of putting one in the field at short notice, but let the government issue a call for 400,000 major-generals, and we'll bet they'll get 'em in two days.—*Boston Post.*

A New York weekly gives five rules for a reform in spelling, and in a postscript says: "No change in proper names." How are young ladies going to exercise their leap year privileges if there are to be "no change in proper names?"—*Norristown Herald.*

A lady in Louisiana demonstrates to her satisfaction that spring chickens can not be hatched from the alligator eggs. The venerable hen was as much astonished at the extraordinary result of her labors as the lady was.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

According to the *Oil City Derrick*, GILMORE has changed the last two lines of his "Columbia." They now read: "In awe and reverence we wait, for Thee to save the United States." If that won't do, try this: We've got the git, the vim, the sand, to make things boom in Yankee-land.

Leadville is rapidly becoming civilized. Six months ago a poor man who never kept his agreements went there and they roughly called him a low-lived liar. Now they use the more gentlemanly description of "a good fellow, but a little forgetful." He struck a rich mine about four months ago.—*Boston Post.*

A Tennessee man accidentally shot a dog, and in trying to explain to the owner how it occurred accidentally shot him. A coroner thought he ought to explain how he shot the man, but couldn't get a jury that was willing to listen to the explanation; they were kind of shy of him, as it were.—*Boston Post.*

A crimson rosebud into beauty breaking,
A hand outstretched to pluck it ere it fall;
An hour of triumph, and a sad forsaking;
And then, a withered rose leaf—that is all.—*Chambers Journal.*

An ancient tomeet on the summer kitchen;
A bootjack raised, a solemn caterwaul;
A moment's silence, and a quick departure;
And then, a wasted bootjack—that is all.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The spring stock is now beginning to arrive at the millinery store, and, while speaking of the fact, we are reminded that here is where the bachelors have the advantage of our married friends. The bachelor can go by a millinery display without his heart jumping to his throat.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

"How much are these goods a yard?" said a gentlemen in a dry goods store the other day, as he picked up and examined a piece of ruffled silk. "Good gracious!" cried the horrified clerk, "that isn't for sale! That's the end of a lady's train! She's just gone up to the third story in the elevator."

HIGHLAND SERVANT.—How much are your post-cards?

POSTMASTER.—Sevenpence per dozen.

H. S.—How much is a dozen?

P. M.—Sevenpence.

H. S.—Gie me twelve, and ho' much are they?—*Glasgow Bailie.*

Pleasure and business. Lady—"A pretty sight, isn't it, doctor? I don't see any of your little ones here! I hope you don't disapprove of juvenile parties?" Dr. Littlelums (famous for his diagnosis of infantile disease)—"I, my dear madam! On the contrary—I live by them!"—*London Punch.*

He axed if he might see her home;

She axed him in to tea;

He never hesitated, but

Axepited speedily.

Axminister carpets on the floor,

And things axessory;

"I wonder," thought he, "is this all

Axessible to me?"

Just then the Widow B. came home,

Quite axidentally,

And with her broom that young man's leave,

Axelerated she.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

"Porter," the fat passenger said, with just the intonation of ten cents in his voice, "Porter?" "Yes, sah," said the porter, with the clam, trustful inflection of a quarter in his reply. "Will you bring your brush for a few moments? Not that," he added, as the porter made a drive at him with a wisp broom, "not that; bring your shoe brush, I want to clean my gums." The porter's eyes walked out on his cheeks and looked at each other as he brought the shoe brush and stood staring to see the operation begin. But he was mistaken. The fat passenger only wanted to clean his rubber overshoes. And the porter heaved a sigh of profound relief when he saw it was so.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of the sort that comes in flashes—"and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.

"You are an ojus, hidjus, ijjit, my dear!" said a playful mamma to her daughter at dancing school the other day. "Oh, my dear Mrs. T—," sighed one of her neighbors, "what would'n't I give to have your knowledge of Latin."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man, who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus:—"Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er mud heads?" And this was the artist's reply:—"Er—er—not all of 'em; I didn't make yours."

It was a high school graduate,
Who biscuits tried to make,
Already having tried her hand
At a batch of pig-lead cake.
She stirred away quite faithfully
Until did ache her bones,
But the product of her long day's toil
Was sold for paving stones.
—[*Mount Holly Herald.*]

She wore the prettiest, frizzled hair,
Of yellowish, golden sheen,
Her style, it was so debonaire,
And haughty was her mein;
Her actions, grace in every move,
Her walk! oh, heaven's gift!—
In fact, a creature made for love,
But, alas!—her shoe was 8!

—*Derrick.*

R. J. BURDETTE, the *Hawkeye* man, has the following good word for the "commercial traveller":

"What would I do without 'the boys'? How often they have been my friends. I go to a new town. I don't know one hotel from the other. I don't know where to go. The man with the samples gets off at the same station. I follow him without a word or a tremor. He calls to the bus-driver by name and orders him to get out of this now, as soon as we are seated. And when I follow him I am inevitably certain to go to the best house there is in the place. He shouts at the clerk by name and fires a joke at the landlord as we go in. He looks over my shoulder as I register after him, and hands me his card with a shout of recognition. He peeps at the register again and watches the clerk assign me to 98. 'Ninety nothing,' he shouts, 'who's in 15?' The clerk says he is saving 15 for JUDGE DRYASDUST. 'Well, he be blowed,' says my cherry friend, 'give him the attic and put this gentleman in 15.' And if the clerk hesitates, he seizes the pen and gives me 15 himself, and then he calls the porter, orders him to carry up my baggage and put a fire in 15, and then in the same breath adds, 'What time will you be down for supper, Mr. BURDETTE?' And he waits for me, and, seeing that I am a stranger in the town, he sees that I am cared for, that the waiters do not neglect me, he tells me about the town, the people and the business. He is breezy, cheery, sociable, full of new stories, always good natured; he frisks with cigars, and overflows with 'thousand mile tickets'; he knows all the best rooms in all the hotels; he always has a key for the car seats, and turns a seat for himself and his friends without troubling the brakeman, but he will ride on the wood box or stand on the plat form to accomodate a lady, and he will give up his seat to an old man. I know them pretty well. For three years I have been travelling with him from Colorado to Maine, and I have seen the worst and the best of him, and I know the best far out-weighs the worst. I could hardly get along without him, and I am glad he is so numerous."

"Some Mistakes of Ingersoll."

To imagine that he is a profound reasoner, and an authority on matters that are "spiritually discerned."

To imagine that he would be allowed to deliver his lecture in the Holman Opera House, London.

To lecture for two hundred dollars a night, when he might be serving his country by stumping against TILDEN.

The Voice of the People.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE ?

To the Editor of the Evening Telegram:

Sir,—I would like, through the medium of your valuable columns, to draw attention to the disgraceful practice of throwing tin tobacco-stamps on the sidewalks. Several times I and the members of my family have been most heartlessly sold by mistaking these stamps for five cent pieces, and our feelings of humiliation and indignation have been augmented by the boorish laughter of bystanders, who have been witnesses of our mistake. Sir, I appeal to the *Telegram*, as the true friend of the people, to see to it that this outrage is no longer indulged in, and that the parties who perpetrate it are forthwith brought to justice and punished, as they so richly deserve. I enclose my card and remain,

Yours, &c.,

A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN.

City Hall, Toronto.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.

To be given by the

CITY-MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY,

In aid of the City Streets, on

MONDAY, 5th APRIL, 1880.**PROGRAMME.****PART I.**

Drum Solo.....ALD. DEARING.
He having been a "*Drummer*" for many years, a great treat is expected.

Hints on "How to get a free Lunch".....ALD. BAXTER.
This gentleman is thoroughly familiar with his subject, and will doubtless treat it ably.

Song—"The Dear Cedar Pavement".....ALD. McMURRICH
This exquisite song begins,

"Where the dear cedar pavement isn't wearing,
Or being cut to pieces by each dray,
You can bet your bottom dollar it's preparing
To make the City pretty steeply pay."

Song—"Willie brew'd a peck o' Maut".....ALD. WALKER.
Song....."Darkies come up".....ALD. PIPER.
INTERMISSION.

During intermission the audience will be allowed to examine the many curiosities of the Council Chamber, among them Auditor HUGHES.

PART II.

Quartette....."Heimrod's little Bill."
Messrs. HARMAN, CLOSE, MORRISON, TURNER.

Chemical Experiments with fire water and gas (especially gas).....ALD. FARLEY.

After an exhibition of scientific acrobatic tumbling, in which some of the members of the Council will show how easily and gracefully they can vault over election promises and vote for the Frontage Tax.

Bro. HALLAM will pass around the hat. Bro. LOVE will hold the door till the hat's full.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

JOHN TENNIEL, the celebrated cartoon artist of London *Punch* is 60 years old. He created his own style, and is considered self-educated.

Globular Reform.*Air.—The Meeting of the Waters.*

Oh, there's not in this land a journal so neat
As issues each morn from our long busy street:
'Tis the boast of the country, the toast of the town,
So brilliant its staff—and its studies so Brown.

How white is its paper, how glossy and tough!
Nor ever will tear though the handling be rough;
And to students of Nature its pages are feasts,
For the sketches they bear of the rarest of beasts.

Of the themes it discourses so vast is the range
That still there is novelty, still there is change;
Full six are in stock, and what more could ye seek?
There's one topic at least for each day in the week!

And what are the six? I shall tell you no myth:
There's "The Scandal," "Sir BOLUS" and "Bystander
SMITH."
"The Hum" and "Rag Baby," but still you may see
That nothing can match the eternal "N. P."

How harmless, how courteous, how polished the wit
That flows from the pen of the CHESTERFIELD Grit!
Though foemen in thousands upon him should fall,
He never will tarnish his weapon with gall.

Yet with all its perfections, absurdly he dreams,
"Still better that sheet may be made than it seems:
"If money and brains can illumine its page
"It shall shine above all the bright orbs of the age."

As the year just departed its terminus neared
A mighty and strange manifesto appeared—
"Oh, promise of joy! When the new year comes round
"More dear to your hearts shall that journal be found.

"The sheet shall be quarto, and doubled in size:
"So pasted and trimmed as to gladden your eyes."
But we feared lest its columns no longer should show
Those Christian epistles by LANGTRY & Co.

Yet bright were our hopes, and we said with a laugh,
"Can this fancied improvement extend to the staff?
On this earth are there scribes still more skilled to debate,
Who, instead of *six* topics can write upon *eight*?"

Vain, vain our surmises, the year rolled away;
All remained as before, but the luckless delay
Was blandly explained, and subscribers assured
That March shouldn't come ere Reform was secured.

Now the Ides and the Nones of rough March have gone by:
Can it be that the promise is all in my eye?
The "quarto enlargement"—"improvement"—"Oh, say
Can these be but phantoms to lead us astray?" T.

An Intercepted Letter.

The following letter was recently picked up—not in a spittoon—and sent to us for publication. It is evidently written by a good Reformer at Ottawa. We suppress all names not necessary to the proper understanding of the letter.

DEAR—,

Do you remember that day in Ottawa when we went into MACKENZIE's office together, I to use the influence which a Reform member should have had with the Premier for the purpose of getting you the contract we were after? Well, well, our revenge is near at hand, we're going to cut him to the heart at last. Little he cared for the loss of office, though I must say he seemed to feel hurt by the people going against him. And now we're going to leave him *en masse* and stick up BLAKE in his stead. I rejoice to have revenge after all. Let me go back to that day—recollection of the past will sustain the present.

He was sitting, you remember, writing, like a clerk; slaving, I may say, as he always would do, when it would have been better for the party had he been seeing people and winning, dining and poking bartenders in the ribs, jovially, like JOHN A. But he never could be taught these little arts—do you know I fear BLAKE never will poke a bartender in the ribs or play billiards in his shirt sleeves with a horse jockey? Oh, there is sad lack of generalship in our leaders—I often wish I had chosen the other side. But it did seem then that reason must tell in the long run, and it was certainly with the Grits then as now. But I digress. Let me see—I was talking about that day—yes—in his office, "This," said I, "is my particular friend, and a strong supporter of the party." And I mentioned your name. Do you remember his face?

"Mr.—, did you say? Mr.—, who tenders for the iron work?" said he.

"The same," I answered. "He would like to get that contract."

"His tender is too high," said he.

"They are all Tories under me," you remarked.

"I don't know any Tories in my official capacity, sir," said SAWNEY. Always that touchy he was—no *savoir faire* when approached. Dash me—he was like a girl of sixteen, ready to take offence at a little loose talk. Gruff and unsociable!—ah, yes, we may well complain and depose him! "But you know good Reformers in your official capacity, don't you?" said you. JACK,—that was a mistake. "I have the sorrow to know that some scoundrels call themselves good Reformers," said he.

Now how could he have known that we were in partnership? He must have had reason to believe that you were connected with me and I with you, else why should he have used the word "scoundrels." It was unmannerly—very—we are going to depose him on account of his bad manners. How many of his old followers have been insulted by him in the same way and for the same reason that we were!

Well, you remember he would not talk contract and we went out and got drunk on the sly as all reputable Grits must. Great inconvenience not to be a Tory and do the thing like men in public. So deuced hard to get a soda and brandy next day! I swore to be revenged in the morning for my splitting headache—he was responsible for it, most assuredly. And now we are going to depose him—because he didn't make friends! It does me good to repeat it. BLAKE is a great and good man—that's a subsidiary reason—and he will help us to raise the standard of purity to some practical purpose. There were never men more justified in making their public leader a scape-goat.

There was no gin and talk about Mac—, no gin to his friends and talk for himself. He wouldn't turn out BLONGETT to give M's uncle a Postmastership; he wouldn't buy land for canal purposes from LAFAMME, he don't dress well enough to suit. But what's the use of going over the reasons why we wish to get rid of him? The next time we get in we want to make something by it—that's the fact, and Mac is not the man to wink hard. You have no hopes that BLAKE will be better? Neither have I, but he will run off the track with some impracticable project, we shall get rid of him too, and sample round till we get the sort of leader we want. Will write again next week.

Always yours in purity,

X—.

To the Hon. George Brown.

Of-times with pen or pencil we assail,
In harmless play, some one whose "triple mail"
Guards like a tower a brave and noble heart
That never quailed at envy's venom'd dart.

When prospering breezes on his course may blow
Our steams of satire on his head may flow:
These may the cares of home or state beguile,
At these the man of generous soul will smile.

Limmer nor scribe would open here his breast
To hate or malice as a welcome guest:

The public action such may haply scan,
Whilst he can love and venerate the man.

Thou hast been taught with Reason's earliest light
To own the hand that guides the planet's flight.
With thee we join to thank the guardian Power
That wrought escape in peril's darkest hour.

This is the moment when each petty spite
Will cower abash'd and vanish into night:
All creeds, all races and all parties pray
For thee a lengthened and a happy day. T.

The gloomy and disappointed ice man will be glad to learn that VENNOR has the measles.

CHRISTOPHER WEIDENHEIMER, of Listowel, started girls fell into a tank of boiling water, and the local papers allude to him as "our esteemed citizen."

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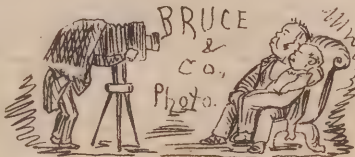
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T'was noon; the sun stood resplendant, high over the weather-cock on uncle EPHRAIM's barn. The dinner horn, like the storied instrument of the hunter, was heard on the hills. Thrice had his eldest sister, ELMIRA ANN, tooted her loudest and most prolonged toots, yet GUSTAVUS SLAS-BUSH heard them not. The patient eyed oxen at the plough had reached the extreme end of the furrow, and stood reflectively with their heads touching the rail fence of the dividing line. He sat on one of the yet remaining pine stumps musing: "Oxen," he murmured, "Oxen is essentially an Anglo-Saxon word. It has the only purely Saxon termination left unaltered in our language by the usurping Roman, Dane, and Norman. Shall the noble Anglo-Saxon race ever be as completely swamped as its sturdy original tongue? I think I can with confidence say No! Even the wretched Celto-teutonic Yankees has at last reluctantly admitted the power of us Canadians; of us, the purest and most brilliant minded branch of the great A. S. race. Yes, the vicious, grasping and insatiable bird of prey that typifies the character of the besotted nation it represents, distractedly tears his fussy feathers and screams wildly when he beholds from his mountain nest the mustering of our forty thousand volunteers at their annual drill, and reflects that we have "300,000 more" of hardy sons of toil ready to receive the invader, should any have the audacity to attempt it. Let 'em try it on! Ha! Ha! we would bring a hundred gunboats on the lakes, each armed with guns of the heaviest calibre. We would commence at Ogdensburg and blow it skyward! then Oswego, Rochester (with shells from the lake) then Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee and Chicago in succession, distributing a few shells here and there at minor points as we go along, by way of local freight. I would concentrate forty thousand men on the Niagara frontier! forty thousand at Detroit! forty thousand at Chateauquay! forty thousand at— "GUSTAVUS," said ELMIRA ANN, who with dinner horn in hand, had run down from the house, "You'd better get off that stump and hurry home to dinner, or father will be after you with his gad in about a minute!" "Geewhittakers!" said GUSTAVUS, as he hurriedly came to the ground, leaving a fragment of his attire attached to the stump— "Great Washington! I'll get it worse than a Yankee invasion!"

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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

A new poem by H. W. LONGFELLOW, entitled "Old St. David's at Radnor," will appear in the June number of *Lippincott*.

It is reported that an unpublished comedy by GEORGE SAND, entitled *Mlle. de la Quintinie*, is in the hands of the director of one of the Paris theatres, and is shortly to be produced.

Mr. JEFFERSON is to act *Bob Acres* in the course of his forthcoming engagement at the Boston theatre. JEFFERSON cannot learn any new parts.

Mr. PROU has acquired control of the pavilion at the Gardens for eight weeks during the summer season, and promises to bring on a succession of attractions for the patrons of amusements.

A grand concert takes place this Friday evening, in the Town Hall, Yorkville, in aid of the funds of the Infants' Home. The programme, which appears in the daily papers, embraces a host of attractive names.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has been playing in Hamilton this week before a delighted audience. We have often wondered why BARRETT systematically passes by Toronto. It seems to be one of those things no fellow can find out.

Prof. WHISH, of Hamilton, has prepared a lecture entitled "An Evening with SCHUMANN and CHOPIN, two great tone Poets," which he illustrates by selections of the piano-forte compositions of those masters. Here is a hint for some of our own accomplished musicians to improve.

"Pinafore" was revived in Philadelphia last week in grand style, and overflowing houses greeted every performance. Who says "Pinafore" is "played out?" We venture the remark that "Pinafore" will live to eat the hen that scratches over the grave of the "Pirates of Penzance."

Lecture Committees desiring to make engagements with Mr. BENGOUGH, the caricaturist, are informed that circumstances render it inconvenient for him to be absent from the city on the first three days of the week. At present he is under engagement for Thursdays and Fridays up to May 20th. Those wishing to secure his services should bespeak dates well in advance, to prevent disappointment.

The ever popular member from Cohost District, Hon. *Bardwell Sloc*, is amusing the town nightly at the Grand Opera House. Mrs. Gen. *Gilroy* makes a display of millinery which is well calculated to cause an epidemic of jealousy amongst the ladies in the audience. On Friday night Mr. and Mrs. FLORENCE appear in their new comedy *A Million*, which will be given for the first time in Toronto on that occasion.

Mr. TORRINGTON is giving a series of Saturday afternoon organ recitals at the Metropolitan Church. On Saturday last he gave the following choice selection:—Prelude and Fugue, D minor, BACH: Funeral March, CHOPIN; *Andante* from a quintette by BEETHOVEN; Kamaree from the D minor piano concerto, MOZART; Fugue, SCARLATTI; *Adagio* from the Sonata Pathétique, BEETHOVEN; Fugue, PERGOLESI.

Mr. BARTLEY CAMPBELL, the rising young dramatic author, has been staying in this city the past week, making his headquarters at the Rossin House. Mr. CAMPBELL's plays, *Fairface*, *Galley Slave*, &c., have achieved pronounced success in the United States, and much first-class work is expected from his pen in the future. *The Galley Slave* is being played at the Royal before large audiences, and the critics of the city endorse the high eulogies which the American papers have passed upon it.

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TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon on SATURDAY, the 15TH MAY next, for furnishing and erecting in place at the several watering stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway under construction, First-proof Tanks with Pumps and Pumping Power of either wind or steam, as may be found most suitable to the locality.

Drawings can be seen and specifications and other particulars obtained at the office of the Engineer in Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

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Dept. of Railways and Canals, }
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TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received up to noon on SATURDAY, the 15TH MAY next, for furnishing and erecting Iron Superstructures over the Eastern and Western outlets of the Lake of the Woods.

Specifications and other particulars will be furnished on application at the office of the Engineer in Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on THURSDAY the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, }
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880. } xiv-21-8t

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

The New York *Graphic* is now issuing a daily supplement filled with interesting reading. The cartoons and other illustrations appearing in its pages make the "only illustrated daily" very popular.

The Benedictines are about to start a magazine in German and Latin as the organ of their order in Austria, Italy, and Spain. The first number will be issued at Brunn on St. Benedict's birthday. In France the order was not revived after the Revolution.

The first number of the *Illustrated Canadian Shorthand Writer* has duly appeared, and presents a very attractive appearance. It is to be devoted to the interest of the stenographers of Canada, and will represent all the accepted systems of the shorthand art. The first number contains a great deal of carefully prepared literary matter, and contributions from many expert stenographers.

The London *Artist* is said to be making good its footing among the monthlies, and to be especially strong in its review department, dealing not only with art exhibitions, and what are technically termed "works of art," but with art literature. It makes a distinct claim to the attention of all who are interested in the development of higher criticism, and in what may be termed the literary side of the artist's life.

An "Arts and Literature Dillettante Society of London" is being formed for the cultivation and encouragement of arts and letters. The scheme includes morning lectures, music, literature, and other means of recreation in the afternoon, and periodical entertainments in the evening. The premises, comprising a concert and lecture hall, picture galleries, and club rooms, will be open in a few weeks.

It is much to be regretted that the meetings of the Canadian Institute of this city are not more largely attended by the general public. The Society embraces in its membership the very cream of Canadian scholarship, and the essays lectures and discussions held fortnightly are simply delightful to persons of cultivated taste and are popular enough to be appreciated by all. Now that the Institute possesses a fine building, it is a pity these learned gentlemen should continue to hide their light under a bushel. The lecture room ought to be crowded at each fortnightly meeting, and probably would be if it were generally known that a free intellectual treat is regularly dispensed by the Institute.

"A Refutation of Col. INGERSOLL'S Lectures, by a Rationalist," is the title of the latest pamphlet which has reached our table. We should think that Col. INGERSOLL, with his fine sense of humour, must chuckle at the idea of a "Rationalist" setting out to "refute" him. This effusion constructs a new species of specious heterodoxy, and by adding one more to the already too numerous "isms," aspires to conquer Ingersollism. It seems almost a pity that people cannot leave Ingersollism to defeat itself. It possesses within it all the elements necessary to that end. The martyr's crown has not been manufactured for mere negation, but for truth constructive and aggressive, living in and building up usefulness. Even this new development of pamphletism in its bold orthodoxy stands a better chance of attaining it than does the gallant Colonel so diligently ignored by the *Globe* and *Mail*. Martyrdom at two hundred dollars a night will be considered, by this practical age, vastly superior to the naturally evolved emolument resulting from "a refutation of INGERSOLL by a Rationalist" published at ten cents a copy. We have tried ten cent pamphlets. We know how it is of itself.

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First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

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USE MYRTLE NAVY.

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THE "CITY PHARMACY."

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VOL. THE FOURTEENTH, No. 24.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 1ST MAY, 1880.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.—Original contributions solicited. All sketches and articles should be accompanied by the real name and address of the author. If payment is expected, a note to that effect should accompany the MSS. Rejected MSS. returned if postage is enclosed. Literary correspondence to be addressed to the EDITOR; business communications to BENGOUGH BROS.

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Special Notice.

Mr. W. R. Burrage's engagement as general subscription and advertising agent having expired, that gentleman is no longer connected with GRIP's business department. Our authorised canvassers are furnished with credentials signed by GEORGE BENGOUGH. Good agents wanted in every part of the Dominion, to whom liberal commission will be paid.

To Subscribers.

The address slip shows the date to which your subscription is paid. Any subscribers in arrears will be made aware of the fact by a red mark.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

The Pavement Inspectors.

The long lost deputation has returned. Our city aldermen are themselves again. That their visit to foreign parts has been a success is amply proved by the number of luncheons, breakfasts, dinners and drinks they have consumed at other people's expense. It is a grand thing to be an alderman and represent a city ward. To drink American whiskey for the sole purpose of upholding the honor of Toronto is so noble and patriotic an achievement that the very gods themselves might howl with admiration. How the saintly BAXTER must have winced when he found stern duty requiring all this self-abnegation at his hands. Truly he will have his reward and may some day aspire to a seat in the Local House. The Americans are funny people and the Elijah Pagnans are not all dead yet. They can do very little without "screaming" and "spread-eagling" and to read of the after-dinner speeches, delivered in honor of those who composed the deputation, is enough to take one's breath away. So much hidden worth amongst our city representatives has been brought to light by American sharpness, that GRIP cannot help thinking that Torontonians are a very dull people. It appears "our city fathers are model men and fresh from natur's mould; they are true-born children of this free hemisphere, verdant as the mountains of our country, bright and flowing as our mineral licks, unspiled by withering conventionalities as air our broad and boundless pereaeries." GRIP congratulates Mayor BEATY and the other members of the deputation upon their success. The problem is solved and Toronto mud will soon be a thing of the past. In returning to their wives and infant popoloceums they enjoy the confidence of the people of two great countries.

What kind of a preserve is an ice jam?

Motto for the Czar of Russia.—Never say die.

THE GREAT IRREPRESSIBLE.—BOB INGERSOLL says he don't believe in Hull fire!

Why not introduce the English sky lark?—London Advertiser. Certainly.—Mr. Sky Lark, Mr. Advertiser.—Mr. Advertiser, Mr. Sky Lark.

The Toronto City Council.

(After Southey's "Battle of Blenheim.")

It was a spring-time evening:

The good man's work was done,

And in the City Council Hall

He sat to hear the fun.

And with him sat his little dears,

Young TOM and MAB of tender years.

They looked with open mouth and eyes;

They squeezed close to their sire.

They felt afraid and much surprise,

But still they did not tire;

"Please tell us what it's all about,

"And why they all cry out and shout?"

"Why these are city aldermen,"

The good old man replied.

"And 'tis a fashion that they've got,

To raise unearthly cries,

But why they wrangle so and shout

I never could just quite make out."

"They come down here just once a week;

(Least, so I've heard it said.)

They swear at times in shocking tones,

Enough to scare the dead;

But things like this you know must be

In every city of degree."

"But 'tis a very silly thing,"

Young TOMMY quickly cries,

They can't be honest gentlemen

Like you and more besides."

"Nay, nay, my little son; you know

It is a very decent show."

"Great praise have some of these good men

Wherever they may go.

Their language is set down as grand,

By those who ought to know;

And everybody says how prime

Is our great civic pantomime."

"And money has been freely spent,

In drink, and sundries."

"But what's the meaning of it all?"

His little daughter cries.

Quoth dad, "My dear, such things must be,

In every city of degree."

Grip Sermonizes.

Rev. Father CAUVIN, of Hull, is one of those clergymen who give mockers like BOB INGERSOLL chances to attack the churches. The Reverend Gentleman, no doubt with the best intentions in the world, told his parishioners that the Almighty, by way of punishing their sins, had burned down their houses! Perhaps the good priest would do well to ask himself the following questions:

(1) Were the people of Hull wickeder than those of other towns? If not, why was Hull alone punished?

(2) Did all the wicked people in Hull live in the burnt district and none outside? If not, why did the houses of any of the wicked remain unconsumed? Did no good people live in the burnt district? If so, why were their houses burned?

(3) Would an efficient fire brigade have been able to put out the fire? If so, what becomes of Father CAUVIN's theory?

But GRIP's readers all know that the good priest was talking absolute nonsense. The worst of it is that his teaching his apt to do no good and much harm. His poor, ignorant congregation are asked to believe, and the simple souls will believe, that a good man is comparatively safe in an inflammable wooden shanty. They will resolve to be good, and in the meantime pile up the materials for another bonfire. A sermon against the sin of crowding wooden houses together in a town unfurnished with plenty of good fire engines might have done some good in Hull. A clergyman does wrong to impute to the vengeance of the Creator the suffering caused by the reckless, blind folly of the sufferers.

Plumb Outdone.

The Yankee newspapers are wondering at Congressman DOWNEY of Wyoming who, having obtained leave to print in the *Congressional Globe* an argument in support of a bill, furnished the compositors with thirty columns of most amazing scriptural, moral, mythological verse! PMR. LUMB, Canada's Bard, has been imitated and surpassed. Let him "see DOWNEY and go one better" in the *Canadian Hansard*.

Very Queer!

When a cyclone lights down on a town out west it grabs a happy married couple every time. Mr. and Mrs. HIGGINS, of Meriden, were blown away "locked in one others arms." Mr. and Mrs. ROBINS, of Lycoming, were swept along for some miles "clashed heart to heart." Col. and Mrs. POLDER, of Illinois Township, and about twenty other couples in about as many widely separated localities, followed suit. Divorcees are common enough now out west, but these cyclones will increase the number. As soon as a couple begin to feel happy they will separate, for fear of a big wind. It is not uncommon for a breeze to spring up between man and wife, but in Canada it is always past before the hugging begins. They have a queer way of managing things out west.

Happy Thought.

MR. GRIP.

SR.—I ears as ow theres a good hopenig for a Covey of my pekuliar talents in the Dominion of Canada just at the present time, and I wants to find out if thats so. Businiss in Lunnun in my line is sufferin from a stagnation, and I woulnd av no objection to hemigratin and goin into the political biz. if the hopenig I allude to is really to be ad. Wot I ears is that there is a good hopenig of startink another political party in the Dominion at the present time. An old pal of mine, which went out there a good while ago has writ me to say as ow the *Mail* and *Globe* newspapers has both lately took hup a stand agin perlitical corruptionists, hofice-seekers, contract sharpers and general loose characters wot hangs on to the Grit and Tory parties, and after this they don't intend for to show any respect whatsomever to such people, it don't matter wot side they belongs to. Now, my pal hinform me that if the *Globe* and *Mail* sticks to this policy for a short time, the consequence will be that a tremendous large number of people will be drove out of both the parties, and, in a manner of speakink, they won't know where to find rest for the sole of their perlitical feet. Wot I propose to do is to go out to your Colony and start a party wot will take all these coveys in, and my pal informs me he believes we woud av a big enough majority to get into hofice at the next election, as the reglar Grit and Tory parties woud be thinned down to a mere shadder. Of course when we got into hofice I could make the speculation pay better than any businiss I can do in Lunnun. Now Mr. GRIP, I wants you to write me a few lines, and give me your opinion of wot the chances is, and if it turns out as good as I opes, you can count on something andsome when I gets my elaw on the treasury.

Yours confidentially,

THE ARTFUL DODGER.

Pickpocket's Tavern.

Seven Dials,

Lunnun, April 20.

Motto for French bibulists—"Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder."

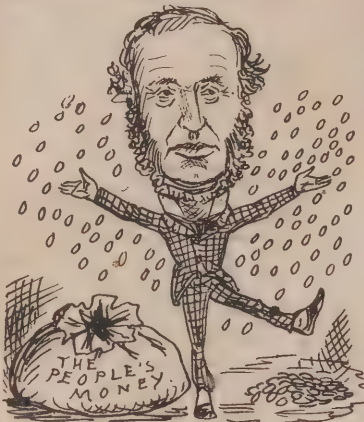
JMUEL BRIGGS and GEORGE B. BROOKS of Toronto, are said to be jointly writing a novel. Briggs are rather heavy craft for brooks.

Western Ontario papers tell of a female horse thief. What we want to know is whether she is a woman, or does she steal female horses?

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

E. HOWARD & CO'S Celebrated Key and Stem Winding Watches.

WOLTZ BROS. & CO., Sole Agents, 14 King Street West, TORONTO.



A "Mare's Nest."

We have often been puzzled to understand the meaning of the term "mare's nest," an expression which has become incorporated in the language of popular political discussion, but has escaped the notice of all the standard dictionary men. Our thanks are therefore due to the Hon. Sir ALEX. CAMPBELL, the leader of the Government in the Senate, for a recent official utterance, which quite clears up all perplexity surrounding the term. It was in the course of one of those bear-garden debates for which our Upper Chamber is now famous, that Hon. Senator ALEXANDER called attention to the fact that a highly respectable and aristocratic member of that Chamber, Hon. G. W. ALLEN, had received \$670 as sessional allowance in February 1877, when he had only put in eleven days of attendance, the rest of the time having been spent by the honorable gentleman attending to private business in Europe. This announcement was met with something like "pooh-pooh!" from the gallant knight, whereupon Senator ALEXANDER said, "Do I understand the Hon. leader of the Government to say that is a mare's nest?" "Yes!" promptly replied Sir ALEXANDER. It is clear from this that a mare's nest is something which don't amount to anything. In other words it is a perfectly proper and square transaction, in which a perverted eye may discover something crooked. But surely there is something wrong about this definition, for we are inclined to agree with Senator ALEXANDER that this little affair is by no means a Mare's nest in the opinion of the public.



"I Congratulate You Both!"

The denouement has at last been reached. On Tuesday good ALEX. MACKENZIE formally doffed the togger of the leadership of Her Majesty's

Opposition, and donned the habiliments of a "simple sailor lowly born." Sir JOHN, with an expression of affectionate sincerity, promptly stepped across the floor of the House and shook hands with the new "private member," warmly congratulating him on the auspicious event. Mr. RALPH RACKSTRAW BLAKE, in accordance with the well known plot of the piece, makes the opposite change from the fore-castle to the quarter deck, and Sir JOHN will, of course, congratulate him also, though he may not be able to do so without a sly twinkle of irony. GRIP is heartily glad the suspense is over, and now settles himself back comfortably to "see what he shall see." The members of the Opposition, too, must feel greatly relieved. Poor fellows, they have been stumbling along through the session after a most uncertain fashion, scarcely knowing to which of the leaders their allegiance was due. Now that this point is settled, we expect to see them form into line, dress up, and quick march to victory.



Retaliation Gone Mad.

OR, UNCLE SAM TRYING TO BITE OFF HIS OWN NOSE.

The world in general will be astonished, and the Managers of the Grand Trunk and Great Western railways in particular will be somewhat grieved, at witnessing the mad attempt which our hitherto-considered shrewd Uncle SAM is making to bite off his own nose by means of the Hurd Bills. If the proposed measure becomes law Miss CANADA's proboscis may also be seriously disfigured, and this consideration causes us to feel even worse about our Uncle's foolishness than we otherwise might. We have not space to give a lengthy summary of the Bill, but a fair idea of its true inwardness may be gathered from Section 3, which we quote:

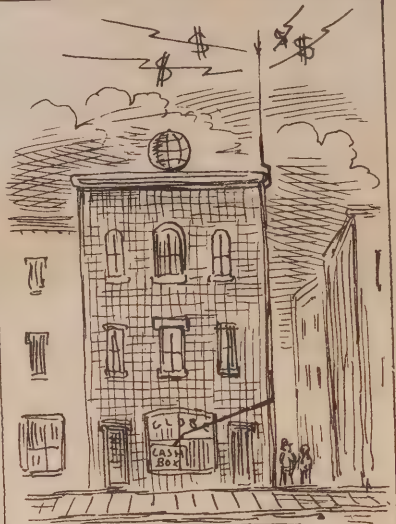
Section 3.—"That there shall be levied, collected, and paid a duty of 30 per cent. *ad valorem* on every railway car manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and brought into the United States, and on every railway car owned in whole or in part by any railway company in the Dominion of Canada and brought into the United States for the purpose of being used in the transportation of goods, wares, or merchandise from any point in the United States into or throughout the Dominion of Canada."

Conundrum for the Crews.

Why is this year like the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race? Because there are two eights in it.—Punch April 3rd.

Yes, and only one won.

An American paper says COURTNEY is working "like a horse." Probably a saw-horse.



The Globe Lightning Rod.

Anything from the pen of a *Globe* writer is sure to be deeply interesting, highly moral, slightly lugubrious and veracity itself. The press is a wonderful institution and there are some very wonderful fellows connected with it; not the least amongst the number being some of the gentlemen on the *Globe* staff. Genius, fortunately, is not confined to any country, and it fairly shines in the back sanctums on King street east, for it remained for a *Globe* writer to perform the very difficult feat of extracting money from the clouds. There is no longer any occasion for panics. Tightness in the money market will be a thing of the past. The national currency men are heavily discounted, for all that remains to be done is to purchase a conductor from the London Copper Lightning Rod Company (this is not an advertisement) and dollars will immediately run down it into what ever receptacle may be placed to receive them. GRIP admires enterprise, even in the person of a lightning-rod pedlar, and when he read that a Canadian company—under the blighting influences of the N. P.—could actually furnish its agents with credentials and carry out its agreements to the letter; could really increase its facilities for manufacturing and only employ the services of the best workmen, turning out an article which is imperishable and not affected by gases, when we were assured of all this in a *Globe* editorial (?) we could only rush out and embrace the first copper lightning-rod man we met. However much the suspicion may haunt vulgar minds that the *Globe* has introduced a new system of financial advertising, it must be conceded that this London company is under the most distinguished patronage, and that brokers, bankers and money-lenders will make advances, if required, upon the most favorable terms. The N. P. has much to answer for, for here is a Toronto daily newspaper of high standing, actually indulging in the droll eleemosynary freak of opening its editorial columns to advertisers. People have often remarked that, a plodding, cautious, Conservative mind is rarely receptive of new ideas, or of variations upon what already exists. The *Globe* dispels these illusions, and for the future advertisers will be able to reckon the cost of editorials by merely estimating the number of lines they contain at so many cents per line.

"Anxious Engineer" asks us how he may "learn to write well." Write it w-e-l-l, my son. There be those who write it with one l; but the best authors double the final consonant.



TILLEY'S EXTENUATION.

"PLEASE, SIR, IT'S ONLY A LITTLE ONE."



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Frogs have opened the season of croak-eh?—*Waterloo Observer*.

"Dissolution"—a return to your original constituents.—*Punch*.

Can a bow-legged man be said to be in limbo?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Bad habits are formed by inexperienced garment makers.—*Ed. Adams*.

An eagle on a five dollar gold piece is worth a hundred in the air.—*Erie Herald*.

In many modern marriages Cupid is conquered by cupidity.—*P. I. Man*.

Footpads are said to limber up rheumatic joints amazingly.—*Cin. Star*.

If a ship arrives in port a second too late they dock it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The bricklayer frequently has an arch-way about him.—*Boston Transcript*.

Some of the sweetest music comes from the sourest men.—*Ky. State Journal*.

The only profanity good deacons indulge in is a little circussing sometimes.—*Cin. Commercial*.

The *Norristown Herald* thinks that the game of from twenty-five to forty will puzzle the census-taker.

"I'll take the responsibility," as JENKS said when he held out his hands for the baby.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly*.

Racy.—Little Maggie (in a railway carriage) —"Mary, dear, if there is a collision, I hope our train will win."—*Fun*.

The reason a circus clown cracks jokes is because they are so old they won't bear handling.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

A man with fame is like a man with a corn. The larger it grows the more apt it is to be stepped on.—*Whitehall Times*.

Some women who can run from neighbor to neighbor a whole day are too weak to stand two minutes in a street-car.—*Ky. State Journal*.

A good many of us admire most in others the visible effects of our smartness upon them. It is strictly human nature.—*McGregor News*.

A boy must decide upon his profession before he leaves college, whether it is to be law, medicine, divinity or base-ball.—*N. O. Picayune*.

Special artists secure their battle-sketches by talking with men who started out for a canteen of water as the firing commenced.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Nihilists are evidently at work on the Gem Puzzle. No attempts have been made during the past week to assassinate the Czar.—*Kokomo Tribune*.

"Like father, like son," as the young lady remarked, when she decided to accept the young for the sake of the old man's money.—*Rockland Courier*.

It looks real easy and home-like to see the baby at the table invariably eat its bread with a spoon, while it picks up molasses with its fingers.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

Mrs. Southworth, the lady who writes a novel between each meal, has never known a well day. This accounts for the quality of some of her books.—*Steubenville Herald*.

"See, mamma!" exclaimed a little one, as puss, with arching spine and elevated rudder, strutted around the table, "See, kitty's eat so much she can't shut her tail down."

If Bismarck insists on his resignation, the Emperor William knows our address. Up two flights of stairs, and knock at the right-hand door. Don't kick the panels.—*Burdette*.

Paraphraser generally have a good deal of fun at the expense of the women; but then they don't have a bit more than the women do at the expense of the men.—*Ky. State Journal*.

When a man's wife comes in and sees him razor in hand and with his face all lather, and asks him, "Are you shaving?" it's a provoking thing in him to answer, "No, I'm blacking the stove!"—*Strayed*.

"What struck you as the most touching thing in the academy?" asked a lady of a youth who had just been expelled from boarding school. "The teachers rattan," sadly replied the boy.—*Hackensack Republican*.

One of our dry-goods dealers advertises "something new in corsets." We do not know what it can be that is any better than what was in them before. Not any new thing in corsets for us, if you please.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun*.

Behold that man with lordly gait: Why does he hold his head so straight? 'Tis not for pride of wealth or fame, nor glory of ancestral name, nor yet that gems his garments deck—He's got a boil upon his neck.—*Cincinnati Star*.

A lady subscriber writes a poem for our paper which for private reasons we must decline. She says: "The sunshine is stealing my youth and beauty away." Why don't you begin an action for petty larceny, you goose, you.—*McGregor News*.

The average young lady of the period will pierce her ears, bang her hair, and pinch up her waist until she resembles an attenuated wasp; yet if asked to wash the dishes or sweep out a room, she will reply that she cannot possibly stand such violent and torturing exercise.—*Waterloo Observer*.

When spelling is "reformed," she'll write:

"I'm sailing on the oshun;

The se is hi, no sale in site,

It filz me with emoshun."

But ore "spell" will not change its name,

For she'll be se sik just the saim!

—*American Queen*.

A man out West obtained a divorce from his wife, and married again within three days after the decree was granted. An Irishman commenting upon the man's action, remarked: "Bedad, he couldn't have had much respect for his first wife, to be marryin' again so soon after lavin' her."—*Rome Sentinel*.

When you see a mother of a ten-year-old boy making rapid progress in the direction of the river with a good stout bean pole in her hand, you will not be far out of the way should you conclude she is going fishing. She is going on a "whaling" voyage, providing she can find the boy.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

COLONEL INGERSOLL says he doesn't see "how it is possible for a man to die worth \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000 in a city full of want." Nor do we. Editors should club together and resolve not to die worth \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000. We would rather not die at all than to leave this world worth that much money.—*Norristown Herald*.

The English language is rich in synonymous terms. A mechanic in search of work is "out of a job;" a clerk in the same predicament is "disengaged," and a professional man similarly placed is "at leisure." The mechanic "gets work," the clerk "connects" himself with some establishment, and the professional man "resumes" practice.—*Philadelphia News*.

A 5 year-old-daughter of one of our citizens observed to him, in presence of company, at breakfast, "You musn't go off without kissing me, papa?" "I never forget to do it, do I?" he asked, surprised. "You may not forget it but sometimes you go off mad, you know," she artlessly replied. The company consulted their coffee.—*Danbury News*.

In front of an avenue residence in this city is the carved figure of a black boy who does duty as a conduit to a spouting stream of water. The other day as HAREBRAIN and a friend were strolling up the avenue they caught sight of the dark-skinned lad, and HAREBRAIN instantly ejaculated, "I declare, there's HEBER's Affric's sonny fountain," as sure as I'm alive!"—*Cleveland Voice*.

The mule stood on his off fore leg,

Whence all but he had fled,

And kicked a fierce gun cotton keg,

Right on its bottom head.

The keg it burst with grievous sound,

The mule, oh! where was he?

Go, ask him, for he stood his ground,

And still kicks mulefully

Brooklyn Eagle.

"After all," remarked the young man, skimming lightly over the gravel walk in the general direction of the front gate, "after all, what boots it?" And the muscular looking old gentleman at the top of the porch steps, with his spectacles jostled a little crooked, said that if the young man himself didn't know, he didn't know anybody in that township that did.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

That old sun bonnet will soon be brought to light again, and the fond wife and devoted mother may be seen delving in the dirt, and the sickly consumptive-looking plants in tomato cans and broken cups, that have been an eyesore to the husband all winter, will be carried out from their position on the window shelf and mantelpiece, and jammed into the ground, with the exclamation, "You won't grow in the house, see if you will grow out here."—*Yonker's Gazette*.

He stood twirling his hat in his hand in the hallway. It was about time for the morning stars to begin their song together. "Well," and he moved one step nearer the door. "Well," she replied, as she stepped toward the door also. "Well, I—I—must be going. If—" "That's right, John, if," and she leaned her head on his shoulder, "if—you have—any—conundrums—to—ask—ask—them now." He was measured for a new plug hat and a pair of kid gloves that same day.—*Andrew's American Queen*.

There is a man in our town, and he is wondrous wise; whenever he writes the printer man he dotteth all his i's.—*Toledo Commercial*. And when he's dotted all of them with great sang froid and ease he punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his t's.—*New Haven Register*. Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves; and from the men of ink a smile, and mark "insert" receives.—*Cincinnati Commercial*. And when a question he doth ask, (taught wisely he hath been,) he doth the goodly three-cent stamp, for postage back, put in.

HARPER'S *Draver* gives the following anecdote concerning the recent registration of female voters in Boston, and says its accuracy is vouched for: Enter old lady of certain age. "I wish to register, sir." "Your name, please?" "ALMIRA JANE SIMPSON." "Your age?" "Beg pardon." "Your age?" "Do I understand that I must give my age." "Yes, miss, the law requires it." "Worlds, sir, would not tempt me to give it! Not that I care. No; I had as leaf wear it on my bonnet, as a hackman does his number; but I'm a twin, and if my sister has a weakness, it is that she dislikes any reference made to her age, and I could not give my own because I don't wish to offend her."

Anxious to Please.

My wife ELIZABETH said to me,
She had not a doubt I wished myself free
From the matrimonial halter,
My dear, I replied, supposing I do,
I think you'll allow it is equally true,
My condition such wishes can't alter.

Not many days after ELIZABETH ran
Away to the States with another man,
His name she informed me was FISHES;
She wrote me, she'd not been a dutiful wife,
But hoped I'd consider for once in her life,
She now had consulted my wishes.

Soliloquy of a Free-luncher.

Men are but oysters of a larger growth. Man certainly is a shell-fish creature, and often he's a green-horn. Occasionally we find a human oyster who contains a pearl, like generosity, but the majority are remarkably close. The best men like the best oysters are usually found deep. Another point is that a little seasoning makes a man go down better with the community—he's always thought more of if he has a good deal of pepper, salt and vinegar about him. I myself am an oyster, and so I'll now shut up.

The Isthmus Canal.

The morning sunbeams finding their way through the yet scant foliage of the tall elms surrounding the house, at length entered the window of his chamber, causing the dried apples in the two barrels stored there for spring use to shine like so many golden nuggets from the Antipodes, and "bringing out" the colors of the rag carpet of the room like unto those of Persia—or elsewhere.

"Shall the canal be built?" mused GUSTAVUS, as one of the many chanticleers belonging to the SLASHBUSH family sounded his first clarion note in response to the *reville* in Uncle EPHRAIM's barn. "Shall the canal be built, and if so, who shall build it? Mossou DeLESSEPS is a great man—a very great man—for a Frenchman; but who is to supply the money?—the funds?—the collateral?—to go on with it. We could of course, but here again the jealous and presuming Yankee steps in with his "MUNRO doctrine," and says we shan't. Now, who is MUNRO, that is to interfere with the commerce of the world! Am I, because JIM MUNRO objected to European interference, to send my ship all the way round the Horn to Valparaiso for a cargo, when I can make a bee line through the Isthmus? Am I, when I wish to bring a cargo of willow pattern plates from Hong Kong or square-nosed tea-pots from Japan, to go about 20,000 miles out of my course because old JIM MUNRO says I must! Guess not. Not if I'd my way! If the Yanks won't agree, let's have war! Let us and France say the canal must be dug, and it shall be dug, even if we have to destroy all the American cities from Portland to Galveston. Confound MUNRO and his—"EPHRAIM!" shouted ALMIRA from the foot of the stairs, "Dad's a comin! You'd better hurry up and feed them hosses." "Thunder," said EPHRAIM, as he hurriedly jumped into his clothes, "Thunder! It's near six o'clock!"

There He Spouts!

The St. Johns (Newfoundland) *Star* says:

"We stand upon the brink of a new revelation, upon the shore of an unexplored sea, on the confines of a new world; we are all suddenly converted from a condition of listless apathy, almost sad enough to serve for stygian depths, into one of hopeful, healthy and inspiring activity. We have all assumed fresh life and new vigor, and it is not at all unlikely that we shall all soon become a very daring and fortunate set of adventurers."

Which, being translated, means that Newfoundland is about to build its first railway. Fish is a splendid brain food, but the Editor of the *Star* got tired of fish when he was very young. He blows like a first-class whale for all that.

The Pacific R. R. Wrangle Epitomized

"The rail! the rail! I'll no more assail;
It must be built," sings the *Globe* with the *Mail*.
"Awake! awake!" cries great ED. BLAKE,
"The country's finances are all at stake!"
"Lie down! lie down!" thunders great BROWN,
As o'er his countenance flashes a frown!
"I rise! I rise!" Sir JOHN then cries,
"To say my joy is mixed with surprise!"
"Forgive! forgive!" Sir CHARLES he cries,
"I forgive the *Globe* for all of its lies!"
"Those terms! those terms! CARNARVON terms!"
DE COSMAS and WHITE howl out by turns.
"Hoorah! hoorah!" shout the Tories all,
"The Grits have split and soon must fall!"
"The *Mail*! the *Mail*! has us on the nail,
But still we're Grit, and still we'll rail!"

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.****TENDERS FOR FENCING.**

THE undersigned will receive Tenders for wire fencing to be erected, where required, on the line of Railway in Manitoba. Parties tendering will furnish specifications, drawings and samples of the fence, or different kinds of fence they propose to erect, and also of the Farm Gates and fastenings proposed to be employed. The prices must be for the work erected and in every respect completed.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Fencing" will be received up to Noon on Tuesday, the 1st of June next.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 26th April, 1880.

**WELLAND CANAL.****NOTICE**

TO

BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY THE 15th DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for high-ways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, THE 31st DAY OF MAY next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and the residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within *eight days* after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

xiv-21-10t

Nonsense.

Reformers should tender a dinner,
To their one honest member old SKINNER;
He gave a straight vote,
For it stuck in his throat
To oppose all his past like a sinner.

There are two reasons why we know,
That Mr. THOMAS WHITE spoke well
In answer to the speech of BLAKE:
First—his own paper tells us so;
Second—it didn't need to tell,
For better speech did no man make—
He really spificated BLAKE.

M. E. MUCHALL.

He Frankly Admitted It.

PEDAGOGUE. (to small boy, who is somewhat dull).—"Have you no brains, JAMES?"

JAMES. (a doctor's youngest, with tears glistening in his eyes).—"Please, no, sir; Ponto got into Pa's study yesterday, and put his paws right up on the table, and it all fell over, and the bottle with the brains that Pa was going to give me when I get to be a doctor, was all smashed, and Pa had to throw my brains away—boo! bah! oo!"

BOGUS AND COUNTERFEIT.—There is no genuine Hop Bitters made in Canada, except by Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., of Toronto, Ont., nor can there be, for the sole and exclusive right to use the name Hop Bitters is secured to said Company by the laws of Canada, by two registered trade marks, and it is a heavy penalty for any one to use the name Hop Bitters or make or sell anything pretending to be like it. Druggists and consumers should remember this and shun all spurious, injurious stuff made by others or elsewhere. Hop Bitters is the purest and best medicine made.

**WELLAND CANAL.****NOTICE**

TO

Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on THURSDAY the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications, and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into the contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within *eight days* after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

xiv-20-9t

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY.

See T. & B. on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.
First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

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Shirts,
AT
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\$1.25
\$1.50
\$1.75
\$2.00
To order.

283

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St. West
Toronto.

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and make her
happy.

WILLIAMS' SINGER SEWING MACHINE.
uses the



OUR ALDERMEN ABROAD INSPECTING PAVEMENTS.

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His smile, the very mould and frame of hand
And nail, and finger."



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vii-22-1y.

To Phonographers.—Revised Price-List of Isaac Pitman's Publications.

Compend of Phonography	5 cts.
Exercises in Phonography,	5
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Reporting Exercises,	20
Phrase Book,	35
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Common Prayer morocco, with gilt edges	75
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Phonographic Dictionary	\$2.50
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Pilgrims Progress, cloth	.55
Æsop's Fables, in Learner's Style	90
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EXTRACTS.	60
No. 1. Ten Pounds and Other Tales, cor. style	30
No. 2. That Which Money cannot Buy, &c.	30
No. 3. Being and Seeming, My Donkey, A Parish Clerk's Tale, &c., cor. style	20
SELECTIONS.	
No. 1. Character of Washington, Speech of Geo. Canning at Plymouth, &c., with printed key, rep. style	20
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No. 3. Max Muller on National Education, &c.	20
Sent post-paid on any address on receipt of price.	
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No. 4, KINGSTON.—A BIG GUN.

The soda water man's fizzeal year begins May 1.

One swallow may not make spring; but one spring makes many swallows.

A bold, bad man—the one whose centre stump goes down before the first ball.

The young ruralist who boasts of the number of acres of wheat he has put in, tells a harrowing tale.

The Reform ship of State seems to have avoided the Sandy shoals; but is whirling around an Eddie.

Rev. NEWMAN HALL, having been divorced from his first wife, has married Miss KNIFE. Mr. HALL is said to have been the author of the following charming couplet, which, it is said, was addressed to Mrs. HALL number one:

If you love me as I love you,
Miss KNIFE can cut our love in two.

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A DESIRABLE DWELLING HOUSE, No. 2 Smith's Terrace, Seaton Street. The house (which is comparatively new) contains ten rooms, tastefully painted and papered, and is in excellent condition throughout. Hard and soft water on the premises; also a work shop suitable for a carpenter or painter. Will be sold on easy terms, or would be leased for a term of years at a liberal rate to a suitable tenant. For particulars apply at GRIP Office, Adelaide Street.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Adelaide St. West Mr. AUG. PITOU, Manager.
Open for the Season. Saturday Matinees.

PRESS OPINIONS.

The facile pencil of the *Grip's* cartoonist has been busy this week, and it has most excellently illustrated the leading current events of the week. A perusal of the little comic journal will leave a more lasting impression on the mind than much talk.—*Kingston Whig*.

VICTORIA TEA WAREHOUSE.
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and mixtures in stock.
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93 KING ST. EAST.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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We will send to subscribers of "Grip" any of the following magazines and papers for one year at prices annexed.

- Scribner, \$4.50, Grip \$2, both, \$5.50.
- St. Nicholas, \$3, Grip, \$2, both \$4.50.
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- Harper's Weekly \$3, Grip \$2, both \$6.
- Harper's Bazar \$5, Grip \$2, both \$6.
- Scientific American, \$3.20, Grip, \$2, both \$4.75.
- Detroit Free Press, \$2, Grip, \$2, both \$4.25.

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Opinions of the Press on the Initial Number.

It is a serial which is calculated to be of great public utility as well as of benefit to the fraternity. It exceeds the liberal anticipations of its merits.—*Toronto Telegram*
The contents and mechanical make up are creditable to the enterprising publishers, and it can hardly fail of success.—*Brantford Expositor*.

We have no hesitation in saying it is the most newsy, chatty, ably edited phonographic publication yet published on the continent. It contains editorial and other notes, with phonographic gossip and no fewer than ten articles in shorthand. It is also ably illustrated by *Grip's* artist.—*Hamilton Times*.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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\$300 A MONTH guaranteed. \$12 a day made at home by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can do right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address **TRUE & CO.,** Augusta, Maine. xiii-10-17

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

MME. MODJESKA is giving readings in private drawing-rooms in London, Eng.

Mr. TORRINGTON's Saturday afternoon organ recitals at the Metropolitan Church are growing in popularity, as is evinced by increasing audiences.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS is to appear on the stage in Hamilton on the 25th, assisting the Garrick Club of that city in the plays "Valerie" and "Woodcock's Little Game."

Dr. MACLAGAN, a well known Montreal musician has composed an opera which is to receive its initial performance before the Princess and the Marquis at an early day. This is the first Canadian production of the kind.

Mr. SOTHERN's name is drawing crowds to the Grand this week, where that great actor is appearing in his famous roles. GILBERT & SULLIVAN's new opera, the "Pirates of Penzance," is underlined as the next attraction.

The way we live, now being produced at Daly's, New York, ridicules fashionable women who spend their time in ostentatious projects of benevolence, and the moral of the play is, how husbands are driven away from homes by their busy business wives.

Mr. F. C. BANGS, an actor well known to the public, has decided to give up starrng. He has been engaged by the Union Square Theatre management to fill the leading place in 'The Banker's Daughter' travelling company, and will be one of the pillars of that strong combination next season.

The readings given by Mrs. T. CHARLES WATSON at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening were attended by a distinguished and appreciative audience, and the fair performer acquitted herself in a highly pleasing manner. The effect of her elocution was much enhanced by the tastefulness of her stage arrangements.

At the last meeting of the Ministerial Association Rev. J. B. SLOCOX read a paper on "The Theatre." The conclusion reached was that the stage in its present condition—which there seems no prospect of improving—exerts a bad influence upon the manners and morals of society. This conclusion was unanimously concurred in by the members of the Society present.

Mr. DUDLEY BUCK, the composer, was born in Hartford, Ct., March 10th, 1839. His musical schooling was of the highest order; he concluded his studies in Europe. Among his fellow students were ARTHUR SULLIVAN, S. B. MILLS, J. F. BARNET, WALTER BACIE, CARL ROSA, MADELINE SCHILLER and EDWARD DANREUTHER, the latter from Cincinnati. Besides a large number of pieces for church choirs and some organ studies, he has composed several works similar to though not so great as the prize composition, "Scenes from Longfellow's Golden Legend," which has received the prize and will be presented during the May Festival.

In a notice of a recent concert in Hamilton, the *Times* makes the following remarks on a new singer: Probably the greater amount of interest centered in Miss ANNA D. HUNTER, who made her first appearance at a Hamilton concert. She chose CHERUBINI's 'Ave Maria' as her first solo, and at once captivated the audience, and had to respond to an enthusiastic encore, which she did with 'We'd better bide away.' Miss HUNTER's voice is a pure soprano; her low notes are full and round, her high notes mellow and clear, and the medium ones deliciously musical. Possessing great power, her voice is yet under most perfect control and her execution gives evidence of careful culture. Her first appearance has been a decided success, and we are sure that Hamilton musicians will welcome Miss HUNTER as a great acquisition.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Tanks and Pumping Machinery.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon on SATURDAY, the 15TH MAY next, for furnishing and erecting in place at the several watering stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway under construction, Frost-proof Tanks with Pumps and Pumping Power of either wind or steam, as may be found most suitable to the locality.

Drawings can be seen and specifications and other particulars obtained at the office of the Engineer in Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }
Ottawa, 1st April, 1880. } xiv-21-6t



Canadian Pacific Railway.

Tenders for Iron Bridge Superstructure.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received up to noon of SATURDAY, the 15TH MAY next, for furnishing and erecting Iron Superstructures over the Eastern and Western outlets of the Lake of the Woods.

Specifications and other particulars will be furnished on application at the office of the Engineer in Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }
Ottawa, 1st April, 1880. } xiv-21-6t



WELLAND CANAL

NOTICE

TO

Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on THURSDAY the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications, and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into the contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, }
Ottawa, 20th March, 1880. } xiv-20-9t

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Our clever contemporary, the *Hamilton Times* appears in a new dress, which is a decided improvement. We are glad to note this evidence of prosperity.

Mr. G. W. CHILDS is proposing to build a new home for his *Ledger* newspaper, the plan of which is to be selected from a number submitted by the best architects in the country.

Aurora has a new paper called the *Borealis*. It is to be hoped its views will not partake of the "northern lights"—or like the borealis race that flit ere you can point their place.

The *Ottawa Citizen* says:—There is a rumor that the Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE will become chief editor of the *Globe*, but it is not credited. There is also a rumor that the *Liberal* is to be re-suscitated.

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS will contribute an article to the April *North American* entitled "McClellan's Last Service to the Republic," which, it is said, will be replete with facts hitherto unknown to the public.

Mrs. FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT, the novelist, has gone to Niagara Falls, to have her foot on Canadian soil when her new novel, "Louisiana," is published in London, so as to get the benefit of the British copyright law. She will stay only as long as this object requires, and, on her return, she proposes to take her first glimpse at New England, staying for a few days with friends in Springfield.

Mr. MANN, manager of the Li-Quor Tea Company's house in this city has started a monthly journal which he has named *The Magnet*. The Li-Quor Tea Co., it may be noted, are the originators of the admirable idea of uniting literature with tea drinking, by presenting every purchaser of three pounds of tea with a valuable book which may be selected from an extensive stock kept on hand. Their Toronto branch is at 295 Yonge Street.

GRIP'S VISIT.—Our comic contemporary is always welcome, and those who are blessed with a sense of humour can enjoy its comic sketches. This week's issue is more interesting than usual to some of our citizens, who have been tickled by the appearance in the gallery of celebrities of "A big Gun(n)." The visit of the Mayor and Council of Toronto to Detroit and Chicago is made the subject of a very laughable sketch; and "TILLEY's Extension" is the title of an excellent cartoon on the National Currency question. Mr. PLUMS is given with great fidelity.—*Kingston Whig*.

Mr. GRIP reads the following paragraph with sympathetic feelings:—*Judy*, the comic Conservative paper, making sure beforehand that the general election was to turn in favor of the Beaconsfield Government, had prepared an elaborate cartoon, in which were set forth the grief and rage of the Liberal leaders at the failure of their efforts to convince the country. A picture of this description, even though it be no great work of art, takes some time to prepare, and so it happens that the paper was not able to express the actual situation of affairs, and had to publish, at so late date, a cartoon ludicrously out of harmony with what had happened.

CHARLES DE YOUNG, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, recently murdered by KALLOCH, was about 34 years of age. He was ignorant of English composition, could scarcely write a grammatical sentence and was in no respects a scholar. But he had Napoleonic qualities which counterbalanced his lack of education. He understood how to use the brains of others. He was a commander, not a workman. He could organize a campaign and select with unerring judgment the men best fitted to work out the details.

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By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S NOTICE.—Original contributions solicited. All sketches and articles should be accompanied by the real name and address of the author. If payment is expected, a note to that effect should accompany the MSS. Rejected MSS. returned if postage is enclosed. Literary correspondence to be addressed to the EDITOR; business communications to BENGOUGH BROS.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

Special Notice.

Mr. W. R. Burrage's engagement as general subscription and advertising agent having expired, that gentleman is no longer connected with GRIP's business department. Our authorised canvassers are furnished with credentials signed by GEORGE BENGOUGH. Good agents wanted in every part of the Dominion, to whom liberal commission will be paid.

To Subscribers.

The address slip shows the date to which your subscription is paid. Any subscribers in arrears will be made aware of the fact by a red mark.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

The Political Economy Club.

The Montreal Political Economy Club has brought its meetings to an end, and the country breathes freely once more. The favorite battle-horse, Annexation, is once more stalled in his stable, where he will eat his head off for some little time to come. What are the prophets to do with such facts as these? To think that all GOLDWIN SMITH's philosophy; all the *Globe's* denunciation; all the *Mail's* cynicism, and all the *Telegram's* terrible editorials, haven't hatched out one solitary egg amongst them, impresses one with a distressing sense of luke-warmness somewhere. The social traditions of the Political Economy Club will no doubt remain, and reminiscences of gorgeous feasts at the Windsor will be referred to as mementoes of its past glories, but where are the converts? The managers of the club made a grand mistake from the very first. They ignored PHIPPS. PHIPPS was their man. PHIPPS was the persuasive orator who would have had a phalanx of young men about him within a week, for PHIPPS is used to saving countries, and knows all the points in the game. It is all very well for men, who have a taste for novelties and who like to be bizarre, to get together and make political geography; but there is only one man in Canada who has had practical experience in the matter, and he was ignored. GRIP knew how it would end from the very first. Directly he missed the name of one from the list of members, whose efforts in managing his own property have been crowned with such success, he knew the whole business would collapse in a state of paralysis. Genius isn't an every day affair, and Canada cannot afford to slight it. If PHIPPS had only been asked to run that Political Economy Club we should have had Annexation by this time, and Hurd's Bill, the fishery embroglio, the Pacific Railway, and a whole host of minor matters would have been peacefully settled. GRIP endorses PHIPPS. He is one in a million, and what he doesn't know about political economy isn't worth learning.

Carpets and girl's hair are both banged about now. The only difference is that the carpets are banged with a switch, and the girl ought to be.

Senatus Populusque.

It appears to be the will of the people of Canada that marriage with a deceased wife's sister shall be legalized. This opinion they have expressed through their representatives in the Commons, "by a large majority." But the will of the people is one thing, and the pleasure of their lordships of the Canadian Senate is quite another. These venerable and rather amusing old gentlemen, feeling that of late they had not been quite so obstructive as the law allowed, and thinking, moreover, that the general cry for their abolition had become somewhat faint, peremptorily pitched out the bill which had been sent up from the Lower House. It is too bad that the people of this country will persist in treating the Senate with indifference. Anybody with a grain of perception can surely see that the Upper House is dying to be abolished. It has given no end of broad hints to this effect, and yet it is allowed to drag out its painful existence, and drain millions from the public exchequer every year. By impeding legislation, by discreditable exhibitions of partizanship and still more disgraceful exhibitions of bear-gardenism, it has time and again pleaded to be put out of existence, but its petition has not been heeded. It has demonstrated its uselessness and its expensiveness long ago—but it will perhaps require a few more emphatic acts of folly like the rejection of GIROUARD's bill to bring the general public to a proper state of mind.

Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

GRIP notices with some surprise that a few Canadian newspapers are ridiculing the old women—he means the Hon. Senators—at Ottawa, for having thrown out the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. This is very wrong. Has it never struck the editors of those papers that the Senators are married men, and that they have very unpleasant reminiscences of all women's bills? It is very easy to account for the passage of the measure through the Lower House. Amongst members of the Commons there are many bachelors; men who don't know how women love bills, both those bearing a government and bank imprint, and those which are ruled in dollar and cent columns, and which latter are constantly turning up when least expected. But amongst the Senators there is no such ignorance. Those very estimable and cautious old gentlemen have had considerable experience with wives and daughters, to say nothing of mothers-in-law, and the remembrance of their experience has set them against all bills with which women are in any way connected. Another phase of the question, and one which shows what really clever fellows the Senators are, is the wonderful proneness of women's bills to increase. A milliner's bill, for instance, will be a dollar in the morning, and before evening it will have grown into a hundred, and no one ever expected it. Dress-makers' bills have been known to accumulate in amount to such an extent that they have knocked many a man clean out of his senses, and if this particular bill was once allowed to pass it would soon include our sisters, and our cousins and our aunts before we knew where we were drifting. The Senators have acted with their customary wisdom in throwing the thing out altogether and washing their hands of it entirely. It is true they only did so by a majority of one, but that only proves what a narrow escape the country has had and for how much we have to be thankful. The folly of teaching one's grandmother an easily acquired art is insisted on by the proverb, and therefore those who complain that the Senators set themselves against public opinion in this matter should look at the question from all sides. The Senate is one of the bulwarks of the country, and the Senators themselves are philosophers, and for editors and journalists to speak of them as a "grubby lot" is reprehensible in the extreme. The Senators must do something to show their utility, and

that they are worth the money they cost the country. If they never disagree with the Commons what is the use of keeping them? Have those gentlemen who run over whenever the Senators are mentioned ever seen one of SEYMOUR's caricatures? It represents two chimney-sweeps, one of whom, pointing to a passer-by, said to the other, "BILL, that's CHARLES KEAN the hactor," and the other replies, "Don't holler like that! You shouldn't be 'ard on him. He can't help it, poor cove!" Just in the same manner we shouldn't be hard on the Senators, for they can't help it, poor men.

Political Amenities.

The Conservatives appear to be in a most amiable frame of mind just at present. First we have Sir CHARLES actually forgiving the *Globe*, and now the *Mail*, not to be outdone, forgives Mr. MACKENZIE. The springs of love and hate lie proverbially close together; and the vindictive ferocity and venom which politicians and party newspapers have been in the habit of using towards each other is forthwith to be turned into a dove-like chirrup, and all that has been said is to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. It is a very pleasant to reflect upon. Mr. MACKENZIE, after all, hasn't got hoofs or horns, but is a charming, dear, good soul, of whom the country may well feel proud, and of whose genius the *Mail* has really never had doubts. GRIP hardly knows what to make of it all. To think that all the *Mail* has said for so many years was nothing but playfulness, mere striking with a feather and stabbing with a rose, and that the paper actually weeps for what it has been obliged to do in the past, is such a sudden conversion that he is completely taken aback. It is much to be hoped that in this case DAMON will find his PYTHIAS, or in other words, that Mr. MACKENZIE will have a change of heart and forgive the *Mail*. It won't do to let the Conservatives have a monopoly of this sort of thing. Why can't Mr. HUNTINGTON forgive Sir JOHN, or Sir RICHARD forgive Sir LEONARD? Let the public have the satisfaction of witnessing a good round game of hand shaking, just for the mere novelty of the thing, and not a one-sided reconstruction. The party leaders would be ashamed to say in private conversation what they have no hesitation in saying publicly. It is unfortunately true that many of the debates in Parliament would be unendurable unless they were from time to time enlivened by personalities which the dullest members can understand and relish. Invective is often a great ornament of debate, and many of the parliamentary debates have been of a highly decorative character, but still no one has been specially hurt by the explosive bullets which have been shot off; there has been more smoke and noise than real damage done, which only makes the whole thing the more ridiculous. GRIP offers his services as a mediator between the different belligerents and will duly publish all reconciliations which may take place.

Dr. SIPPI, the famous tenor at London the Little, claims to be a Canadian; but we have it on excellent authority that he is a son of Mississippi.

The late Government made a great mistake when they issued that light summer clothing to the volunteers. When a man has serge on he is very likely to be a Sir John man.

An alderman, returned from the block pavement excursion to Detroit, says the lager of that city is wonderfully seductive, and that the paved streets are very wide. Put that and that together.

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world," is it? The hand that use to rock the cradle now handles the reins while its owner sits comfortably on the seat of the reaper.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

E. HOWARD & CO'S Celebrated Key and Stem Winding Watches.

WOLTZ BROS. & CO., Sole Agents, 14 King Street West, TORONTO.



A Useful Senator.

It is reported from the capital that Senator BORD, of St. John, N. B., has become very popular, and is a great favorite among the gentlemen of both parties. Any one who has ever had the good fortune to meet the Senator, or even to see his beaming countenance, will find it easy to credit this announcement, for a more merry and genial Irishman never landed on these western shores. Sour-tempered cynics may say that Senator BORD shows bad taste in being happy while St. John continues to suffer from the financial depression which drew tears of sympathy from the tender-hearted Sir LEONARD, just before the general election, but it should be remembered that he can't help it. Good humor, perennial mirth are constitutional with him, and the facial conformation technically called a smile is a circumstance over which he has no control. Senator BORD's forte is telling good stories, of which the hero as well as the moral is invariably PAT. In the illustration above is depicted what we suppose is by this time a familiar sight on Sparks Street, and we hope Mr. BORD may long live to act as a mollifying bond of union between the parties. If he fulfils this mission he will at once gain the unique distinction of being a Canadian Senator whose usefulness is not entirely gone.



The Pacific Slough.

Then I saw in my dream that Sir CHARLES TUPPER went on and first thing he knew he found himself in the midst of a big slough of Despond, and the burthen on his back became so heavy that he thought he would never be able to keep his head above water. Then Bystander, who perforce had accompanied him, got very impatient indeed, and inveighed against the whole project in the most chaste and forcible English, declaring that, so far as he was concerned he would go back, as he was quite positive that the City of Destruction lay on the further side of the Slough. But Sir CHARLES kept a steadfast

eye ahead, and struggled manfully on towards that side. [When our informant left the scene the gallant knight was still struggling. We must leave it for future chroniclers to tell whether he ever succeeded in getting out or not.]

Correction.

The Markham *Economist* refers to the *Globe's* valuable diatribes against "distillery fed milk." We wish to inform our rural contemporary that he has got the subject all mixed up. The *Globe* does not charge the dairymen with feeding their milk on distilleries, but with feeding their cows on swill.

The Canada Temperance Act—the act of putting three gallons of water into one gallon of whiskey.

A Waterloo county paper tells of a boy having been "accidentally shot near the brickyard." A narrow escape.

BILL DONNELLY, of Biddulph, has declined an offer from the manager of a roaming theatrical company, to lecture for \$5 a night. BILL says he's not in the Roman Line now.



The Gladstones.

In the late general election in England no fewer than three GLADSTONES—father and two sons—were returned amongst the representatives of the people. Illustrated papers usually take advantage of remarkable incidents of this kind to give portraits of the persons involved, and that is Mr. GRIP's only apology for presenting his readers with the above faithful sketch of the Right Hon. WM. EWART and his two boys on their way to Westminster. It is only right to say that the portraits of the juniors have been evolved out of Mr. GRIP's inner consciousness, though the closeness of the family likeness leads him to believe that they cannot be far from accurate.

The Height of Familiarity—Calling a hen Biddy.

When BULWER LYTTON wrote the "Coming Race" he must have been thinking of the Hanlan-Courtney affair.

"It may be sport for you, but it is death to us," said the conversational frog of the fable. And every time we hear of a switchman being caught by the foot, and held till the locomotive superannuates him, we can't help thinking that the "frog" has turned the tables on us humans, and that, now, we know how it is ourselves.



Jingo!

BEACONSFIELD needn't feel entirely desolate, if it would be any consolation for him to know that his genius, so emphatically reprobated in the old world, is manifesting itself more and more in the new. If the reported debates of the Canadian House of Commons reach him in his retirement at Hughenden, he will no doubt be delighted to find in a recent speech by his alter ego, Sir JOHN, a delightfully Disraelian expression, to wit, "an auxiliary kingdom." This term the Premier used in the debate on Sir A. T. GALT's appointment, applying it to Canada. Now if the Dominion is an auxiliary kingdom, the Governor-General is an auxiliary king, and the great question arises, why shouldn't Lord LORNE have a crown? Mr. GRIP anticipates Sir JOHN's next move in the game by giving an illustration in advance of the next interesting event which will probably take place at Rideau Hall. BEACONSFIELD is dead; long live BEACONSFIELD! Canada is going to have a standing army and a navy as soon as Sir LEONARD's till gets full again; and next summer Sir JOHN proposes to go off for a few weeks to the western wilds of Ontario to look for a scientific frontier. We are to be a great people and all we hanker for is a crown for the MARQUIS:

We don't want a king,
But, by jingo! if we do,
We've got the very ministry
To put the matter through!



Dosed, pro. tem.

MR. TILLEY.—There! I've given the brat a good dose of Soothing Syrup: I don't think it'll trouble me agin for a few months.

A correspondent asks to be informed "if VENNOR is dead?" VENNOR—VENNOR—let's see? The name is familiar, but we can't place the man. Hold on, wasn't he defeated at the last general election—or had his boat sawed—or something?



A BIT OF FATHERLY ADVICE.

SIR JOHN.—NOW, EDWARD, BE STEADY, SOBER, STRAIGHTFORWARD, AND KEEP YOUR HANDS CLEAN, AND YOU MAY BECOME AS GREAT A SUCCESS AS I AM.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Money in it—everybody's pocket-book but ours.—*Marathon Independent.*

If you would reach the people's eyes, arise, be wise, and advertise.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

The good mother and the accessible slipper always make a spanking team.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

A gap in the carving knife betokens that a spring chicken has been in the house.—*Boston Transcript.*

A gamster calls his fortune "E pluribus unum" because it is won of many.—*Marathon Independent.*

The foraging of a pig in a strange garden may be referred to as the root of evil.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

A great many men who start out to reform the world leave themselves off for the last job.—*Middletown Transcript.*

A Quincy man blew into the muzzle of a shot gun "to see if it was loaded," the other day. It was not.—*Modern Argo.*

Now they say the real grievance of the Cincinnati people with THEODORE THOMAS is that he would not beat time with a ham.—*Exchange.*

A man will complain of his wife's extravagance, and yet treat a crowd to a dollar's worth of cigars without a murmur.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A correspondent asks: "What will cure an actor of ranting?" Rant back at him; for will not *simila similibus curantur*?—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Postage stamps must not be used more than once. To go through the mails a letter must bear the stamp of originality.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

When a fond parent sees a boy walk through a gateway instead of climbing the fence, he is worried for fear the lad isn't quite himself.—*Boston Post.*

A Whitehall lad, complaining of sore gums, was told that he had a gum boil. "Oh, no," said he, "for I hain't chewed any gum in a month."—*Whitehall Times.*

Birthplace is not comparable to intrinsic worth. Flowers bloom as gloriously in an old tomatoe can as in the richest and rarest Etruscan vase.—*Bloomington Eye.*

Household decoration makes great progress in tenement quarters. We notice that old hats have taken the place of cast-off clothing in broken window panes.—*Puck.*

"You look good enough to eat," said he, looking over her shoulder into the mirror. "Food for reflection," she replied without a smile.—*Boston Transcript.*

Dr. HALL says that every blade of grass contains a sermon. We can understand now why some people shave their lawns down so close. They want the sermons out short.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

A drunken Scotch parishioner was admonished by his parson. "I can go into the village," concluded the latter, "and come home again without getting drunk." "Ah, meenester, but I'm sae popular!" was the fuddled Scotchman's apologetic reply.—*Ec.*

"If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck he cannot strike you," says a western paper. "To be perfectly safe," remarks the *Elmira Free Press*, "it will be well to let the hired man do the grasping."

There is a possibility that in the near future the American Indian may become a citizen of his native land. Foreigners and the descendants of foreigners are talking about it very seriously.—*Philadelphia News.*

A "sum" in arithmetic. If you can get one towel out of one yard of cloth, how many towels can you get out of two yards? It depends altogether on how many there are on the clothes line.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

It is claimed that a man never loses anything by politeness, but this proved to be a mistake. As an old Philadelphian lifted his hat to a young lady the wind carried away his wig.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

The editor who wrote his editorials with stolen chalk on the soles of his shoes, and went barefooted while the boys set up the copy, has purchased a ream of second-hand envelopes, and engaged a girl to turn them out.—*Ec.*

A writer says when JEFFERSON became president he carried his simple manners and tastes into official life. There are lots of men like JEFFERSON; they carry their tastes into official life, but they taste rather too often.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

It will soon be time for rattlesnake stories, and the newspaper office that hasn't already in type an account of a reptile ten feet long, with sixteen rattles, killing the farmer's hired man and two cows, is neglecting the best interests of its readers.—*Norristown Herald.*

Agitators who are crying loudly for equality among men are more willing to rise to the equality of a millionaire than they are to seek that equality below their present standing. Human nature preserves a fair average among all classes.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Why don't he come when the moon is full?" is the first line of the sentimental poem. We can only conceive two substantial reasons why he don't. The first is that probably it is not his desire, and secondly, it is possible that he is in the same condition the moon is.—*Riley.*

A father told his charming daughter lately that she must not listen to flatterers. "But pa," she replied, "how can I tell they flatter me unless I do listen?" "Tur-rue-tur-rue daughter." And he leaned over the end of the piano and commenced to think.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

The lady who has invented a method for women to put on their clothing without the use of pins deserves to have her name inscribed head and shoulders above every other name in the temple of fame. She probably knows something of the dangers that beset a fellow who gets too near the pin-protected female.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Well," said an old maid, "things have come to a pretty pass with these nice young men always flirting with their handkerchiefs. Why, a girl can't wipe her nose on the street unless she starts a whole line of signals from every corner!" "Then let her wipe her nose on her sleeve," sung out a dirty little urchin sitting on a fire-plug.—*Ec.*

The close-fisted man is confident the generous man has plenty of money or he wouldn't give it. A well-known giver in one of our churches was solicited for a contribution to an organ fund. To the surprise of the committee he flatly refused. He said: "I've made up my mind that I shall not give another cent to anything till I get me some new shirts."—*Danbury News.*

She had a pretty diploma tied with pink ribbon, from one of our best young ladies' colleges. In conversation with a daring and courageous young man, after he had detailed the dangers and delights of riding on a locomotive, she completely upset his opinion of independent education of the sexes by inquiring, "How do they steer locomotives, anyhow?"—*Rochester Express.*

An insurance agent seeing a would-be insurer had, in filling up the proposal form, answered the questions, "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" by making the one 112 years and the other 103 years old, congratulated him on coming of a long-lived family. "Oh," said the applicant, "my parents died many years ago; but, if living, would be aged as there put down."—*Ec.*

The *New York News* got the following from a small boy: The cat which we had afore we got Mose was yellor, and didn't have no ears, and not eny tail, too, cos they were cut off to make it go away from where it lived, for it was so ugly, so it cum to our house. One day my mother she sed wudent my father drown it, cos she knew where she cud git a nicer lukin one. So my father he put it in a bag, and a brick in the bag, too, and threw it in the pond and went to his office, my father did. But the cat busted the bag string, and wen my father cum home it was lying under the sofa, but come out to look at him. So they looked at one another for a long wile, and bime by my father sed to my mother, "Well you are a mity poor hand to go shoppin for cats. Thisn is a site uglier than the other."

He barked as though his throat was all the ram's horns of Jericho. He was after that squirrel which was just as far out of his reach as the clouds. And the squirrel wasn't paying any attention to the dog, and indeed, didn't know what he was barking at. I am not positive that it had not gone off into another tree, an hour ago, and was away off in another part of the woods, down near the country line. So I patted the dog's head as I came away, and said to him: "Carlo, keep it up. It seems to do you a heap of good, and doesn't bother the squirrel a particle. So keep it up. You never can climb the tree; you never can catch the squirrel; when he wants to come down, he will come down another way, and you will not see him. He will live just as long and be just as happy with your noise as without it. It occupies your mind and doesn't distract him, and it shows a very human trait in you, Carlo. I have known men just like you; men who spend their lives doing just what you are doing—barking at people who are out of their reach. Keep it up Carlo, good dog."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

We have "the" smart boy in Centreville. To explain all I must first tell you of his father. Like many gentlemen here he takes his cod liver oil and whiskey each morning. Of course such an opportunity of impressing temperance principles upon the youthful mind could not be lost. So—each dose went down with a shiver, terrible frown and exclamation, "Boo! I could stand the cod liver oil, but this whiskey"—another shiver—"is dreadful."

Our boy listened and stored it all up in his youthful mind. The other day he was cleaning out the top shelf of a closet for his mother.

"Ma, what's this?"

Mother looks cautiously and smells. "Oh! rancid cod liver oil." Soon another bottle is handed down, another and another; contents varying from a teaspoonful to half a cup, all "spoil cod liver oil." At last the youngster raised his eyebrows and gravely remarked:

"Ma, it's funny that pa let's all this good cod liver oil spoil, but never a drop of the whiskey!"—*Alameda Reporter.*

A Testimonial to Mr. Mackenzie.

There is—or ought to be—some talk of getting up a fitting testimonial to Mr. MACKENZIE, on the occasion of his retirement from the leadership of the Reform Party—something more substantial than a column of eulogy from the *Globe*, or a gracious certificate of good character from the *Mail*. It is presumable that the delay in bringing this project forth is due entirely to the difficulty of deciding upon a suitable present, and Mr. GRIP therefore comes to the aid of the Party with a few suggestions.

As testimonials are always given and accepted, not on account of their intrinsic value, but as a slight acknowledgement, &c., &c., it will not be necessary to go to any great expense in the matter. Something cheap will do. It is desirable, however, that the present, whatever shape it may take, shall be symbolical, emblematic, allegorical and typical of the sentiments of the Reform Party towards the distinguished gentleman in question, and something decidedly cheap would, in Mr. GRIP's opinion, best fill these conditions. Any of the following articles might therefore be appropriately selected.

A mahogany *What-Not*, suggestive of the question, *what* would the Opposition *not* do to get back into office?

A gorgeously embossed copy of BURNS' poem about "*Man's inhumanity to man*," typical of the peculiar circumstances under which Mr. MACKENZIE "resigned" the leadership.

An oil painting entitled "*JONAH cast overboard*," typical of the roughness of the political sea.

A jar of *honey*, typical of the sweetness of disposition which an official position is apt to beget in a man who is not naturally a CHESTERFIELD.

These hints are thrown out in the most humble and kindly manner, and the list might be greatly increased if Mr. GRIP only had time.

The "Safe" Man.

We all know some one who is invariably mentioned as a "safe man," and if our acquaintance with him is intimate we also know that he is a very dull person. The reputation of being "safe" is gained by a total absence of originality coupled with a capacity to hold firmly the prejudices and opinions of the majority of one's acquaintances. Long after a new idea has been knocked into the public head by some enthusiast, the safe man finds himself in possession of it and gains additional reputation for safety by cautiously announcing it as his own. He could never have been convinced that the earth is round by argument, and believes it only because everybody says so. He is certain that honesty is the best policy, but suspects himself of dangerous ingenuity when he asserts that one should be honest on other than political grounds. Uncommon sense he supposes to be a denser kind of common sense—a sort of double distilled stupidity, and therefore very admirable. He is the natural enemy of clever people, resents their humor and sprightliness, asserts that they are "given to notions," and feels dimly that he thus hints that they may take a notion to steal, or commit burglary. He is essentially the creature of routine and only loses a reputation for good judgment when something unusual requires to be done. It would be impossible for him to cheat except in a strictly legal and moral way, and he goes to church twice on Sunday with the utmost regularity. He is neither a bad man nor a good man, nor a very mean man, but simply an average person, except in reasoning power, of which he has not an atom, relying solely on his memory of other men's conclusions for guidance. He is seldom found out to be a humbug, lives greatly respected, and no one cares a button when he dies except some other dull man in his office who succeeds to his place, and by many years of cautious stupidity gains a great reputation for being safe.

Fables.**THE UNLICENSED PRACTITIONER.**

An unlicensed practitioner put M. D. on his sign and was immediately summoned by the regular Physicians to appear before the Police Magistrate for punishment. But that functionary refused to fine, saying "Proof of an overt act is required, and in this case I can infer only an intention to kill."

Moral. The worst intentions are not always at fault (legally.)

THE DISAPPOINTED MILKMAN.

A dealer in pure country milk reflected, as he fed his cows on swill in a back street, "This swill will make one hundred gallons of milk, which I shall sell for \$16. By twenty days sales I shall get \$320, enough to buy a hearse, with which to bury the children of my customers. Knowing just where deaths are likely to occur I shall have a great advantage in competing for funerals. It is evident that there are millions in the combined swill-milk and hearse business." But that morning no one would buy from him because of the *Globe's* articles.

Moral. Advertise extensively in the newspapers.

THE SCOTCH TERRIER AND THE IRISH POODLE.

An alert Scotch Terrier and a discontented Irish Poodle, being chained together set out in search of a Place where Loaves and Fishes abound. For a long time the Terrier led the way, but at last the Poodle demanded to go first.

"Will ye be gaun strecht on?" inquired the Terrier.

"No," answered the discontented Poodle, "I'll show you a trick worth two of that."

"Ay now, but what'll the master say?" "Divil a hair I care," answered the Poodle. Let me speak now. Instead of going slowly to the Loaves and Fishes let us stop a Pacific Railway train, and by thus saving the country the expense of running it, we shall gain the gratitude of the people, be fed at their expense and no longer require the master's assistance." "Siccan a plan I neer thoct on," said the Terrier, "but gang your ain gait. I'm with ye for once, though not wi' gude will."

Whereupon the Poodle invited his companion to stand with him whining on the track before a train bound through for the west, and both were cut up into pieces just the right size for the sausage machine.

Moral? No—there was nothing moral in the whole affair.

A Niagara hackman has committed suicide by jumping into the river. The fact that he charged a passenger only \$10 an hour, a few days before the jump, is conclusive evidence of his insanity.



WELLAND CANAL

NOTICE

TO

BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY THE 15TH DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, THE 31ST DAY OF MAY next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless

made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and the residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within *eight days* after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

XIV-21-10



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS FOR FENCING.

THE undersigned will receive Tenders for wire fencing to be erected, where required, on the line of Railway in Manitoba. Parties tendering will furnish specifications, drawings and samples of the fence, or different kinds of fence they propose to erect, and also of the Farm Gates and fastenings proposed to be employed. The prices must be for the work erected and in every respect completed.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Fencing" will be received up to Noon on Tuesday, the 1st of June next.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 26th April, 1880.



LACHINE CANAL.

NOTICE

TO

Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on THURSDAY the 3rd day of JUNE next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY the 20th day of MAY next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within *eight days* after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

XIV-21-8t

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Carbo lean must be some relation to Aunt Fat.

Harrowing reflections—A farmer's after dragging a field.

Archery and trout fishing come in together, and the devotees of the one will vie with the experts at the other in drawing the long bow.

Some people are always saying that there is not time in this life for quarrelling, but it is astonishing how much time they find for and devote to that object.

"Can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion.—Rabelais."

Our funny contributor says that a firm belief in the above nearly always prevents the breakfast bell getting him out of bed in the morning.

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PRESS OPINIONS.

The facile pencil of the Grip's cartoonist has been busy this week, and it has most excellently illustrated the leading current events of the week. A perusal of the little comic journal will leave a more lasting impression on the mind than much talk.—Kingston Whig.

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COLLIERIES

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied BENGOUGH BROS.

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It is a serial which is calculated to be of great public utility as well as of benefit to the fraternity. It exceeds the liberal anticipations of its merits. —Toronto Telegram

The contents and mechanical make up are creditable to the enterprising publishers, and it can hardly fail of success. —Brantford Expositor.

We have no hesitation in saying it is the most newsy, chatty, ably edited phonographic publication yet published on the continent. It contains editorial and other notes, with phonographic gossip and no fewer than ten articles in shorthand. It is also ably illustrated by Grip's artist. —Hamilton Times.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1880.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

The Widow Bedott is convulsing with laughter the patrons of the Royal Opera House this week. If you fail to see her you miss a rare treat.

The "Pirates of Penzance" have amused the audiences of the Grand this week, with their pretty costumes, ludicrous adventures and mellifluous music.

BIERSADT, the American artist, is a guest at Rideau Hall, Ottawa. He visited the cricket grounds on Saturday in company with the Princess and Lady PELLY.

The eighth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now open. The display of pictures is as usual very good, though the chief excellence is undoubtedly in the department of work in oil.

Mr. JAMES PAYNE, in a recent Magazine article on "Sham Admiration in Literature," tells of a young lady who confessed to him tremblingly that she didn't see much fun about "John Gilpin," though she had never before dared to say so openly.

"The Lambs" club, of New York, has just gone into handsome quarters, and promises to be a formidable rival of the Lotus. Its membership is composed chiefly of actors, artists and men about town. It courts seclusion rather publicity, and journalists are therefore debarred from joining.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS told a Cincinnati *Gazette* reporter that she strongly resembled her grandmother, the great Mrs. SIDDONS; she has the same face and the same eyebrows. What a pity it is that there all resemblance ceases. As a Boston editor once remarked, Why can't she act as she looks as though she could act?

Mrs. WATSON came off badly with her Matinee readings at the Pavilion last Saturday afternoon. It appears to be impossible to get a good day-audience at that place unless the attraction is something extraordinary. By the way, we thought the Directors of the Gardens had a cast-iron rule to the effect that musical entertainments only would be permitted under their management.

DAN RICE has not yet given up lecturing, as we perceive by the following notice in a recent number of the New Orleans *Times*: "Colonel DAN RICE will deliver a lecture to-night at Grunewald Hall, upon the New Departure, being a humorous treatise made up of incidents in his eventful life as a showman. This will be the only opportunity to hear Uncle DAN lecture as he leaves on Wednesday for Morgan City to attend the State convention of Good Templars."

At last we are to be favored with a visit from the world-renowned JOE JEFFERSON, and to have an opportunity of seeing his immortal creation of *Rip Van Winkle*. He appears for the first time this Friday evening, and it may be safely anticipated that the "standing room only," notice will have to be brought into requisition at an early hour. Mr. PRYOR deserves a cordial vote of thanks for bringing us what our hearts have often hankered after. Secure your seats early.

A writer in the *Telegram* combats the arguments of Rev. Mr. SILCOX against the Theatre, given in the essay to which we referred last week. His view of the matter is briefly summed up in the following sentences: The stage, like any other occupation, simply caters to the demands of the public; therefore, if Christians would purify the stage they must mingle with its occupants and the audience. They must go there, to support what is good in it and make it pay, to repress what is evil by hisses, criticism and moral suasion exerted upon its frequenters.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Tanks and Pumping Machinery.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon on SATURDAY, the 15TH MAY next, for furnishing and erecting in place at the several watering stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway under construction, Frost-proof Tanks with Pumps and Pumping Power of either wind or steam, as may be found most suitable to the locality.

Drawings can be seen and specifications and other particulars obtained at the office of the Engineer in Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }
Ottawa, 1st April, 1880. } xiv-21-6t



Canadian Pacific Railway.

Tenders for Iron Bridge Superstructure.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received up to noon on SATURDAY, the 15TH MAY next, for furnishing and erecting Iron Superstructures over the Eastern and Western outlets of the Lake of the Woods.

Specifications and other particulars will be furnished on application at the office of the Engineer in Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }
Ottawa, 1st April, 1880. } xiv-21-6t



WELLAND CANAL

NOTICE

TO

Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on THURSDAY the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications, and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into the contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, }
Ottawa, 20th March, 1880. } xiv-20-9t

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

"Across the fair Blue Sea, Marie," is an effective song of BRANSON, the tenor.

The last issue of *Grip* has interesting points. It would be a new departure were it otherwise. —*Kingston Whig*.

DITSON, the music publisher, has sold in all 65,000 copies of the complete "Pinafore" score, and has netted a profit of something over \$30,000 therefrom.

An early number of the London Magazine of Art is to contain a paper on "Queen Victoria and Art," which by her express permission, will be illustrated by copies of sketches by the Queen and the late Prince Consort.

BESSIE DARLING had an interview with SARAH BERNHARDT, in Paris, the last time she was abroad. During the conversation, the great French actress remarked: "Had I your face and your figure, I would never play any part but that of Lady Macbeth."

Mr. SAMUEL ALEXANDER, of Capetown, has sent out the prospectus of an Album it is his intention shortly to publish, and which will contain at least one hundred photographs of natural objects of interest, striking landscapes, prominent institutions, and distinguished men, belonging to South Africa.

The sale of J. H. DOLPH's studio effects took place last week. One hundred and twenty-one paintings by Mr. DOLPH and seventeen by other artists brought \$4,554.00. The proceeds of the entire sale were over \$10,000.00. Mr. DOLPH leaves soon for Paris, where he will open a studio and remain two years at least.

Canadian Scenery shown last year at 33 Piccadilly, London, England, is now on view at 172 New Bond Street, with the addition of many most interesting views in British North America. The artist, Mr. ALFRED SCHORCK, whilst representing very truthfully the virgin state of the country, has done so with a classical and poetical feeling that appeals to the educated taste of the learned critic and delights the general admirers of nature. The society newspaper, *The Queen*, speaks very highly of the exhibition, and there is no doubt Mr. SCHORCK has done justice to the scenery of our picturesque Dominion.

It is said that KATE GREENAWAY's "Under the Window" has had a sale far in excess of what its well-known popularity would indicate. The London house, in a single day, has sent out 60,000 copies, of which 20,000 were in Russian, 20,000 in German, and the same number in French and Spanish. About 10,000 copies were exported for the American market, and everybody knows how soon they were sold, with no more to be had at any price. The American edition, recently published, consisted of 20,000 copies. Altogether, it is believed that 150,000 copies have been disposed of during the six months that have elapsed since the book first came out.

Mr. EDWARD EVERETT HALE finds that his training in journalism on his father's newspaper was of great value to him in the formation of a concise style, and in making a ready writer, a journalist often being compelled to send away his work sheet by sheet to the compositor, hungry for copy, and, therefore, to avoid repetition, he is obliged to keep what he has already written fresh in his mind, there being no opportunity of turning back to refer to the previous pages. He makes use of an amanuensis to some extent, often finding it a relief to be free from the mechanical exertion of writing, but, whether written by himself or dictated, there is no distinction in the quality of his work.

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By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S NOTICE.—Original contributions solicited. All sketches and articles should be accompanied by the real name and address of the author. If payment is expected, a note to that effect should accompany the MSS. Rejected MSS. returned if postage is enclosed. Literary correspondence to be addressed to the EDITOR; business communications to BENGOUGH BROS.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

Special Notice.

Mr. W. R. Burrage's engagement as general subscription and advertising agent having expired, that gentleman is no longer connected with GRIP's business department. Our authorised canvassers are furnished with credentials signed by GEORGE BENGOUGH. Good agents wanted in every part of the Dominion, to whom liberal commission will be paid.

To Subscribers.

The address slip shows the date to which your subscription is paid. Any subscribers in arrears will be made aware of the fact by a red mark.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Specimen Doggrel.

(Reviewed by our Literary Editor.)

It isn't often that we inflict upon our readers the doggrel which is sent to us by aspiring poetasters. We usually consign it to the waste-paper basket and oblivion. But we feel like making an exception in the case of the following "poem," just to let our readers see the extent to which editors sometimes have to suffer. Kind reader, imagine the feelings of a man whose profession obliges him frequently to read stuff like this:

FIRST VERSE.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Where all that was to be in all that was,
Whirled for a million æons through
The vast waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light.

Now the spelling and grammar of this is all right, for a wonder, and if it had any meaning at all it might pass. But so far as we can see it is unmitigated bosh, and couldn't be made intelligible if it were whirled for a million æons through "multitudinous eddying light" or anything else. But enough; let us pass on to the

SECOND VERSE.

Out of the deep my child, out of the deep,
Thro' all this changing world's changeless law,
And every phase of every heightened life,
And nine long months of anti-Natal gloom;
With this last moon, this crescent, her dark orb,
Touched with earth's light thou comest darling boy—
Our own, a babe, in lineament and limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man,
Whose face and form are her's and mine in one—
Indissolubly married like our love.
Live and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race, thy kin, so well,
That men may bless thee as we bless thee.

Worse and worse, if possible. Evidently this is the raving of some rag-baby advocate, whose mind has become a little unsettled by the patronage the Finance Minister has lately been bestowing on their cause. At least there seems to be something about a baby in it, though its meaning is even more obscure than the average run of soft-money speeches. Perhaps Mr. BUCHANAN will kindly put this verse under his microscope and let us know what the "poet" is driving at. Meantime we pass on to the third, and, happily,

LAST VERSE.

O, young life, breaking with laughter from the dark,
May the fated channel where thy motion lives
Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy course
Among the years of haste and random youth.
Unshattered, their full current through full man;
And last in kindly curves, with gentles fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly dying power,
To that last deep where we and thou art still.

We give it up. "Breaking with laughter from the dark," is good. It describes exactly the frame of mind in which every reader will throw down this piece of trash, for anything more "dark" than the meaning of this we cannot imagine. It is well for the author that he disregarded our rule that the real name of every contributor should be enclosed with his copy. Perhaps he was ashamed to put it to such verses; if so, he has more sense than we would be inclined to give him credit for. If the writer intended it as a ridiculous burlesque on Mr. BURR. PLUMB, he has entirely overshot the mark. We hope he will never inflict us again, at all events.

APOLOGY AND EXPLANATION.

[The editor-in-chief rushes in to repudiate all responsibility for the above criticism, which was written by a junior in his absence. As to the justice of the strictures passed upon the poem he says nothing, but considering that it was written by ALFRED TENNYSON, and printed in the *Nineteenth Century*, he feels that this apology is due to the admirers of first-class poetry.]

He took the Loan of a Knocker.

DAWKINS went to a swell supper the other night, and on returning home about 2 a.m., he, as cautiously as his condition would permit, ascended the steps to the door, with the fixed determination of admitting himself noiselessly with his latch-key. Once inside the hall, he would take off his boots and ascend to his room. He turned his finger around in his vest-pocket, where it was his custom to keep the key. But it wasn't there. Urged on by the critical state affairs had assumed, he set to work and diligently searched every pocket on his person, when he became painfully and disgustingly conscious that there was no key about him, if he excepted the now useless and inconvenient whis-key. "Ah!"—he moralizingly mused, as he dug his hands deep down into the pockets of his pants, that he might the better steady himself—"whiskey can unlock a man, but I'll be hung if it will admit him unheard through the door which separates him from his longed-for bed."

He was a mad man, DAWKINS was; for he must now do that which he had firmly made up his mind he would not do: arouse some one to admit him. It was very seldom he broke his word, when once given—to himself; it was seldom he changed his mind; but he must do both now, though he, as he reached up to that part of the door where knockers are usually kept, but there wasn't any knocker there. DAWKINS, feeling himself beginning to shake, as the air was damp and chilly, was about to resign himself to his dismal fate of walking about the lonely streets, until those in the house would be astir, when the thought struck him to ascertain if the next house's door was also knockerless. So reaching the next door in the terrace, he ran his hand over it as he had done on the other, when he suddenly came in contact with the object of his search, and taking hold of it, he rapped vigorously and continuously, the sound echoing up and down the silent street. This soon aroused the inmates; who, no doubt, supposing the house to be on fire, or that some such terrible thing was happening, flung up the windows, as perhaps they had never gone up before, and from one came a strong, yet frightened female voice pitched in a high key to get above DAWKINS rapping,—which said:

"Who's there; what in the name of mercy do you want?"

"Want to get in;" deliberately answered DAWKINS, resuming his work on the knocker.

"What do you want to get in for?" asked the voice—of necessity loud, but in a decidedly changed tone.

"What do I want to get in for?"—and rap-tap-r-rap! went the knocker again, loud and shrill,—“do you think I want to stay out here shaking with the cold?”

"But you don't belong here, sir; go away with you!"

"I didn't say I did, did I?" followed with knocks even louder than before.

"You have made a mistake, I say! Be off with you!"

"No I haven't; no, you're out there;" and he again applied that knocker as though he would bring the door down.

"I shall send for the police, and have you arrested, unless you immediately desist, sir, and go away!"

"No, don't; don't put yourself to any trouble that way, ma'am; it's all right now; very sorry to disturb you though, very sorry; but I'm exceedingly obliged, and shall ever be grateful to you, for the loan of your knocker," said DAWKINS, observing that he had accomplished his end; as the windows in his boarding house, with those of the whole terrace were hoisted up—the result of his last application of the knocker—by parties who anxiously peered out into the dense darkness, to discover the cause of the loud and continuous knocking. DAWKINS going to his own door, and his request for admittance being granted, the clamorous sound of the borrowed knocker was heard no more; and the echo faintly dying away in the distance, quiet and peace reigned again in the vicinity of EDWIN DAWKINS' boarding house.

Paragraphing is like the 15 puzzle, it looks easy—try it.

Ministers are very polite, they are always studying the amenities.

If honey is bee ware, then "Beware" ought to be a sweet song.

Motto for a crows' convention, "Success to the Caws."

On Stoves.

Being in the act of going into summer quarters, I lent a hand to move my stoves out into the wood-shed the other day. The unusual exercise somewhat exhausted me, and when the task was done I sat down on a convenient ash barrel and fell into a reverie.

I reflected on stoves, and mused upon their many resemblances to humanity. As with men, it requires a good many dampers to shut them up. Moreover they need to be constantly fed, and naturally prove to be dull, though a little rubbing up occasionally will cause them to shine. They are unmanageable at times. When you want them to stay in they go out; when you try to conciliate them with little fondnesses and allow them to have all the fat, they get beyond themselves and blaze away—just to annoy you—and yet they must have the delicate touch of a gentle creature to manage them. The drawing-room stove, how pleasant and cheerful it becomes when tickled by the young ladies; the small faults gently removed, no harsh measures ever allowed, and don't he repay you for the care bestowed? Then there is the bedroom stove, only allowed in the domestic privacies of a happy home. What would the house be without that stove, or what would the children do? And now the hall stove, like a host or hostess, gently breathes the kind welcome that softly melts the soul of the weary with gratitude and thankfulness. Though the parlor stove is less respected than its drawing-room companion it has an amount of importance, but "familiarity breeds contempt," and the parlor stove like the jolly little man, gets more stirring about than is good for him.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

E. HOWARD & CO'S Celebrated Key and Stem Winding Watches.

WOLTZ BROS. & CO., Sole Agents, 14 King Street West, TORONTO.

In Memoriam.

HON. GEORGE BROWN.

Born Feb. 29, 1818; Died May 9, 1880.

The varying noises cease,
And pining men, jaded or jubilant before,
Pall 'neath the common grief.
The cortege passes now in princely circumstance,
'Mid quiet thousands in the city's streets,
While the aspiring throb of anxious hearts,
Busy and buffeted in life's rough way,
Is mute in conscious widowhood.
Ah! he was noble who lay cofined there—
A peer in Nature's aristocracy;
Bearing the unction of that generous grace, which in the
life

Wins love from toiling men,
And, dying, summons them like children round the tomb.
So pass away, great spirit,
But thy work, so well and truly done,
Shall stand a witness to thy goodness and thy gifts.
On that enduring pile a superscription
Written in letters that shall ever glow
May tell the rugged grandeur of his life
In simple narrative:
How homespun worth and royal honesty
Braved the distempers of ambition's path,
From youth of filial love and lofty thought,
To sterling manhood and vice-regal place;
How on that height he bore a manly front,
Lending his pen to Freedom's sacred cause—
Counseling wisely for the Nation's weal;
And snuffing down the ills that menaced her;
Then how at eventide his light was quenched
By base assassination, and his star
Went down mid clouds of pain and weariness,
While in its fading rays, ere yet 'twas gone,
Sad-visaged friends, drawn by the bonds of love,
And generous foes who knew and prized his worth,
Paid, side by side, the tribute of their tears.
His faithful fight is o'er; his work is done;
He lived sublimely, and his footsteps mark
A noble course upon the sands of time.
"He was a man, take him for all in all,"
But only man, and therefore had his faults,—
Not weaknesses that rise from recreant heart.
But such as mark and mar the best of lives:
He hated falsehood with a burning scorn,
But may have erred, mistaking true for false;
His nature was a rushing mountain stream,
His faults but eddies which its swiftness bred.
Yes, carve his name on marble monument—
'Twill mark his resting place to reverent eyes
Perchance of generations, until Time,
The tireless sculptor, with relentless hand
Has written an inscription over it.
In weird, grim characters of mildewed moss,
A grander line upon life's fitful dream.
Yet is his name deep graven in our hearts,
A more abiding record, that will pass
From sire to son as proudly-guarded pearl,
So long as Canada shall have true men,
Who love the memory of the great and good.
And may that ever cease? Shall ages come
When man's frail memory is shrivelled into dust?
And history's page is shrivelled into dust?
Comes there a day when all the lives of earth,
The thoughts and actions, yea, and earth itself
Shall vanish in eternal nothingness?
So be it—yet our Statesman's name shall live!
There's an eternal tablet in the skies
Where names are written that shall never fade;
Perish, then, record on ephemeral stone,—
Fade, trivial ink on human history's page,—
For with the blood of God's anointed Son,
'Mid all the names of humble, faithful, ones,
His name is written in the BOOK OF LIFE.

GRIP lays aside his cap and bells this week, and mingles in the universal expressions of regret at the untimely death of GEORGE BROWN. The late political leader and journalist was one of GRIP's favourite subjects, and by pen and pencil his peculiar physical and mental angularities, as seen from the artist's and satirist's standpoint, have been developed, that the world might be amused and educated. That Mr. BROWN had weaknesses, the representation from time to time of his particular failings and foibles is evidence; but, as a compensating element, GRIP's pages contain many a cartoon in which the deceased gentleman is presented in the character of a stern rebuker of folly in others.

Now that Mr. Brown has left the stage upon which he always played a leading part, whether

before or behind the scenes, GRIP has no personal reflections which add poignancy to the grief which he shares with his every reader.

A contemporary—one of the bitterest opponents of the deceased gentleman in the past—sensibly remarks that neither friends nor foes form a proper estimate of the character of our public men while they are with us. GRIP has an advantage over party journals, and over partizans, in this respect. Peering down from his comfortable basket, with feathers unruffled by the breezes which fan into fury the flames of political strife, GRIP looks for motives and for principles, and, having seen these, presents them in the most telling form for the comprehension of people of all creeds and classes, of all sections and shibboleths.

In the busy crowd of active Canadian people GRIP saw GEORGE BROWN, and as it saw him so it pictured him. The impetuosity and energy which characterized the late Senator, constantly provided new subjects for the artist's pencil, and made the eye and hand so familiar with the characteristic form and features, that a few rapid strokes brought them into prominence, and a few touches finished the portraiture. So numerous have been GRIP's representations of this many-sided man, that the draughtsman's ingenuity was taxed to devise modes of dealing with him which, while effective, would be at all times original.

A glance through the fourteen volumes which GRIP has published excites a decidedly pleasurable sensation; for in the various cartoons the treatment of the deceased gentleman, though at times severe, as it needed to be, was never characterized by bitterness or anger. In an interview with one of the artist's brothers a few weeks prior to the tragic event that terminated in death, Mr. BROWN alluded in a pleasant way to this feature of GRIP's cartoons, and remarked that as men grow older they enjoy with keener relish the good-natured liberties thus taken with them. It is well known among the intimate friends of the deceased journalist that he was not only willing to be impaled upon the pencil-point for the delectation and edification of the public, but that he positively enjoyed the martyrdom. In the interview alluded to—sitting in the room and in the chair where the assassin found him—he expressed a strong desire to meet and converse with the person whose cartoons excited his laughter. This desire, however, was unfulfilled, and so the artist and his distinguished subject never met, although the former was a member of the *Globe* staff in the early days of GRIP.

The sharp report of the murderer's weapon reverberates through the land, and is re-echoed from across the ocean. For GEORGE BROWN was an honest man and a true patriot, and his virtues will shine with greater lustre after the noise and dust of political animosity shall have vanished. Looking out upon the weeping multitude, GRIP reads in the faces of the Canadian people their sentiments regarding this man. There is not one, however rabid a partizan, to say aught of him but what witnesses to his nobleness of nature and purity of purpose.

The sad and surging crowd, remembering the cause of their affliction, cry out for swift and condign punishment upon the wretch who scarce dare claim fellowship as man with the object of his revengeful passion; but through all these

threats and expressions of revenge we can hear the echo of the words of the dying one, pleading for mercy upon his murderer. Few men spoke so strongly in the heat of political warfare as GEORGE BROWN, and few were so unsparring as an opponent; and this marvelous exhibition of tenderness in one who usually presented a rugged exterior is one of the bright spots in the dismal picture. Like SAMSON of old, this hero has subdued a greater number of persons in his death than he did in his life. Dying, he has left a lesson which all need to learn.

GRIP looks into the future and sees other veterans from the contending political armies leave the field. The gray heads are growing less numerous among the foremost men. The old issues have died with those whose names have ever been linked with them. A new spirit takes possession of our politicians. The new leader of the Liberal Party proves to be a statesman in the highest and best sense—pure in language—lofty in aim—high-minded in method—successful in carrying out every good project.

The Conservative leader, unwilling to be outstripped in patriotism and gentility, any more than in statecraft, inbreathes the same spirit, and Parliament becomes a pleasant assemblage of wise gentlemen whose energies are given to the expediting of public business, and that alone.

A country happy and prosperous, and rejoicing in the great achievements of the past. The new elements coalescing and working together with the sentiments of patriots, not of partizans, and quitting present miserable party moves and methods—despising the vituperation and slander which have come to be inseparably linked with the names of the two opposing parties,—the eyes of the common people are directed away from personalities and quibbles to those great national questions on which hang the future of this Canada of ours.

With this number of GRIP the Fourteenth Volume closes, and it is a melancholy coincidence that with it closes the life of a public man who has occupied our pen and pencil perhaps more than any other in the past. We lay our sprig of kind remembrance upon the bier of the Honourable GEORGE BROWN, and say Farewell!

But GRIP's work is not yet done. He hopes to live on to serve his country, and he will endeavour to do so as faithfully in the future as he has in the volumes gone by. It gives him great satisfaction to have evidence that his work is really effective, and no doubt it will give all his friends equal pleasure to learn that for the past year the circulation of this little journal has been increasing at a rapid rate. This is certainly due in part, at least, to the N. P., which has furnished Mr. GRIP's pen and pencil with material for comment for several months, and will continue to do so, as he trusts, for many more to come. It is also due in part, he would fain believe, to the fact that he has permanently established himself in the affections of the Canadian public, and that he has proved himself worthy of their confidence and support.

Not only have many subscribers been added to our list since the enlargement of the paper, but many advertisers have enrolled themselves as our regular patrons. Shrewd business men have discovered that a paper of limited dimensions, enjoying a large circulation amongst the most intelligent classes, and the copies of which moreover are in most cases carefully preserved, furnishes the very best medium for advertisements. The consequence is that, of late, Mr. GRIP has found the space at his disposal too limited to accommodate all who would avail themselves of it. He has, therefore, determined to make room by removing the large frontispiece which now graces the first page, and to substitute for it the smaller cut with which he started in life. This change will be effected in the next number, with which GRIP hopes to start on a fresh career of success, under the inspiring influence of the mystical number "Fifteen."



IN MEMORIAM.

HE WORE THE WHITE FLOWER OF A BLAMELESS LIFE.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The early circus catches the quarter.—*Whitehall Times*.

A good writer's maxim: "Have some style about you."—*Monthly Union*.

Air castles, we presume, are built of sunbeams and here-rafters.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The ship that often carries its passengers into troubled waters—courtship.—*Whitehall Times*.

A devout friar knows but little of the mysteries of the frying pan.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Carpenters should be honest. Their life is a plane one, and they do things on the square.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

The world owes us all a living, but she is just as hard to collect from as any other debtor.—*Philadelphia Item*.

Every cloud has a gilt edge. Even tight boots make us forget other cares and troubles for awhile.—*McGregor News*.

An American lady recently said that she was going to Europe in a thorough artistic way to attend "the saloons of Paris."—*Boston Globe*.

They have a race-horse out west called "Chicago Girl." Of course the horse-shoer has a double rate price for shoeing it.—*Somerville Journal*.

You can't suit a man anyway. He will scoff at the microscopic bonnet on the street and growl at the aspiring one in the theatre.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Come John, do get up. This is the second time I've awakened you." "A plague on both your rouses! go 'way, and let me sleep!"—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Help from an unexpected quarter, as the tramp remarked when a twenty-five cent piece was handed him by the "lady of the house."—*Boston Traveler*.

A dealer in fruit trees should understand the business in all its branches, and then make his little bough in behalf of the public patronage.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

When a woman runs after a street car, waving her handkerchief wildly, the conductor knows well enough what the wild waves are saying.—*Fat Contributor*.

It is upheld that the proverb, "Two heads are better than one," only applies to a bass drum. But what about the innocent game of kissing, eh!—*Somerville Journal*.

Can you call a woman who laughs while she has her seven-year-old across her knee and is giving him fits with her shoe, a Lady Gay Spanker.—*Vallejo Chronicle*.

A disappointment.—EDWIN: "Dull paper this morning, ain't it ANGY?" ANGELINA: "Yes! Not a soul one knows mentioned?—not even in the deaths!"—*Punch*.

Speaking of the sudden variations of the weather and the danger of taking cold, a friend says it isn't safe to change a pocket handkerchief now a-days.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Whenever the mail from Ontario brings us an illustrated weekly journal, brimful of spice, instinctively we tighten our Grip upon it, while our sharpest scissors goes for its best jokes.—*Meriden Recorder*.

The man who went into a newsroom and asked the proprietor if he had a Chaucer, was informed that gentlemen bought their tobacco, and didn't beg it.—*Waterloo Observer*.

There are two kinds of oranges grow in this country; one is the kind that is good to eat, and the other is the kind that is sold on the railroad trains.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

There are seven different names for a whale, but the small boy says that a "whale" by any other name would raise just as big welts, and smart just as much.—*Naugabuck Enterprise*.

That Canadian weather prophet VENNOR now peers ahead into May, and says he doesn't like the looks of it. Got a three-months note coming due then, doubtless.—*Rockland Courier*.

A small pox convalescent upon being questioned as to how he felt, said as he passed his hand across his furrowed brow, "I feel a marked improvement."—*Bolt, Every Saturday*.

Why is a white child reaching for a desired object like a colored infant? Because it's an eager baby. (The point to this master-piece is barely visible to the naked eye.)—*Modern Argo*.

It may be that the reason why they put such a pretty red blanket over the back of the big elephant is to cover and keep from sight his totally dirty old hide.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

You can capture and utilize the lightning as it leaps from the angry heavens, but you can't make a boy stop sucking his thumb when he goes on a visit to relatives.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

Few barbers shave their own faces. This is explained by the perfectly reasonable fact that no barber is foolish enough to make himself the voluntary victim of his own stories.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

Her maid of all work, broom in hand,
Playing truant at the labor,
Beside the front gate takes her stand,
To scandalize her neighbor.

—J. S. Watkins.

"What shall we do to keep our girls at home evenings?" asks an anxious mother. Why, give them the key to the front door, a hunk of chewing gum, go to bed at dusk and ask no questions.—*Waterloo Observer*.

If you want to get an idea of what is the meaning of the term "confusion worse confounded" just take a look into the cellar after the servant has had the run of it for the entire winter.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

You can't have everything as you want it in this world, boy, but when you succeed in getting a tin can in one hand and a dog's tail in the other it's your own fault if you don't have some fun.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

And now as spring is coming on,

The season fresh and sweet,

The housewife takes a big, long stick

And doth the carpet beat.

—Danielsonville Sentinel.

Frosted cakes and cookies are a desirable side dish for the youth of the land, but he doesn't seem to take half the enjoyment devouring them as he does demolishing a fruit cake cut in the shape of an elephant.—*Fulton Times*.

For at least one half of the ills to which human flesh is heir, there is more real curative power in well regulated doses of wood sawing than there is in physic enough to fill a gas reservoir—and don't you forget it my friend.—*Modern Argo*.

Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder. In this country some girls are believed to have no hearts, but if a jilted young man was to kill one of them, the law would make as much fuss about it as if she had a heart as big as a water bucket.—*Norristown Herald*.

"An Indiana girl who was suddenly kissed at a party has become insane." This paragraph was read by SKINNER to his girl the other evening, and then he queried: "Do you s'pose that's true?" She blushed slightly, and then like a true girl replied: "I don't know, but I think I'd risk it."—*Oil City Derrick*.

Nothing is more pathetic than to see a gentleman rise in a street car and offer his seat to a lady who has been standing for a mile, overcome her protestations and finally receive her gratitude, and then, with a benignant and satisfied smile hop right off at his own store.—*Andrew's American Queen*.

A poor up town man fairly danced with joy when the doctor told him he had BRIGHT'S disease. "What will the SMITH girl say now?" he exclaimed triumphantly. "She always said there was nothing bright about me! O, I guess not; but the doctor's certificate will show what sort of a hair pin I am."—*Burbank*.

You see that boy? How timidly he approaches every dark spot as he hurries through the night! how warily he watches every tree box! how he jumps aside at the slightest rustle! Well, that is the same boy who is just dying to go out West and slaughter the pesky redskins. You wouldn't think so, to see him now; now, would you?—*Boston Transcript*.

"A Mother of Girls" asks, in a London newspaper: "The question is, what is to become of the girls who are not (and perhaps never will be) perfect in the trois temps?" "A mother" shouldn't worry about such a trifle as that. If the girls are perfect in cooking, are good conversationalists, can sew on trousers buttons, and have a few thousand pounds, sensible young men will not care if they haven't got a trois temps to their backs.—*Nor. Herald*.

To make a two-cent newspaper, take one part money, one part brains, one part friends, one part fighting material (highly colored,) one part brevity, two parts independence; stir well together over a hot fire, and just before it comes to a boil add sufficient pluck to outlast the money and friends. Then find a place needing the mixture, and apply as hot as the patient can stand. Circumstances being favorable, the advertising will be attracted to the concoction without much effort on the part of the doctor.

LORD BEACONSFIELD once said of Mr. GLADSTONE that he was a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, etc., etc. It is now Mr. GLADSTONE's turn to style LORD BEACONSFIELD a meretricious mereator sublimated with the efflorescence of his own medulla oblongata, who has precipitated an avalanche of contumelious obloquy upon the devoted pericrania of his compatriots, and who is now about to be relegated to that Acherontic oblivion which, in the gorgeous imagery of his own Oriental vernacular, fits him like the paper on the wall.—*Puck*.

"Oh, Mrs. BLANK!" exclaimed a Philadelphia woman, rushing into the house of a neighbor, "your son has gone off to fight a duel!" "Gracious! you don't tell me?" shrieked the mother, throwing her arms wildly over head. "Has—is—oh, dear!—has he gone—tell me quick!—has he gone as a second or is he one of the principals?" "Why, he's the challenged party, and he's one of the principals, of course." "O, what a shock you gave me," said the mother, becoming calm in an instant. "I feared he had gone as a second, and would be brought home badly wounded. If he is only a principal, of course he's safe from all harm," and the sensible woman dismissed the duel from her mind, and entered into an animated conversation about the spring fashions.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Our Brothers."

Who make themselves such general pests
To those at home and all our guests,
The truth indeed must be confessed,
Our Brothers!

They never pick up any chips,
Unless we give them sundry tips
To spend in candy, gum and whips,
Our Brothers!

They love to persecute the cat,
But never see the front-door mat,
Oh, no, they can't remember that,
Our Brothers.

They leave their towels lying round,
Their hats and coats upon the ground,
Their mits are never to be found,
Our Brothers.

They tease us girls and call us swells,
And say we're nothing but dumb-bells;
They grin and give such Indian yells,
Our Brothers.

They make remarks about our clothes,
And laugh and mimic all our "beaus,"
Or tell Papa if they propose,
Our Brothers.

They really have as much to say
As our Prime Minister JOHN A.,
They'll surely rule the world some day,
Our Brothers.

Marine Intelligence.

During the last week the wind has been light and variable.

The first propeller *Hanlan* has sailed for the South to pick up a \$6000 freight.

At Ottawa rates show no signs of improvement, the quotations still being \$1,000 per season for small craft and \$8,000 for vessels of a larger size.

The new temperance barge *Alfred Boulton* after discharging cargo in Ottawa and receiving ballast has returned, and is open for engagements.

The staunch, well built, but slow sailing barque *Oliver Mowat*, after taking in ample supplies, sailed with her tender in attendance for Europe. It is expected this steady craft will return with a cargo of new ideas.

Rumour says that there is likely to be great activity in the port of West Toronto very shortly. The old election barges, stonehookers, scows and mud barges are being caulked in anticipation of high freights.

The barque *Cameron* which was recently fitted out by the opposition in South Huron, broke from her moorings at the Parliament dock, Ottawa. After colliding with several ministerial craft she was secured. Further investigations will decide whether the vessel sustained any material damage or not.

The lugger *Bunster*, of British Columbia is reported faulty in her upper works. Notwithstanding the great breadth of beam possessed by this vessel, she is reported very crank and difficult to manage. It is reported that she is too lofty and that reductions will have to be made in her upper works if she is to continue serviceable.

The schooners *Platt*, *Hay*, and *Robinson*, have returned to this port light. The latter is preparing for dry-dock where she will, in all probability be laid up for some seasons to come. This schooner is very old fashioned and a slow sailer. In bad weather it is not unusual in order to save the vessel, that her deck load has to be thrown over board.

The new Government tug *Mason* is going into dry dock for a thorough investigation. It is reported in marine circles that the government intend swapping her off for a more serviceable vessel. The craft was only recently purchased by the Dominion authorities after considerable delay, and that she would prove faulty after only two seasons' work, is commented upon unfavourably by vessel men.

Straight Loans.

The Bill which Dr. ORTON, M.P., introduced into the Commons, has started a discussion regarding straight loans. Some editors appear to be more or less in a fog, apparently not understanding the nature of a straight loan. GRIP, anxious to enlighten the masses, hastens to explain. Lending a man \$500 just for a day or two, which he never returns is a straight loan. Endorsing a friend's note merely to oblige him and which the endorser has ultimately to meet, is another straight loan. Running a newspaper and having three dead head subscribers out of five is a very straight loan indeed. Buying stock in some bogus company, and never realizing anything in return besides losing the principal, comes under the head of straight loans. Paying politicians who never attend to their business a large sessional allowance; buying patent medicines, warranted to cure any disease; taking everything a book agent, pedlar, or lighting rod agent says for gospel, are all straight loans. The list could be extended, but it is enough to add, that whenever the lender finds no return coming in from his investment, he has made a straight loan.

Mr. Boulton and the Scott Act.

MR. BOULTON, M.P., is not only a wag but is an adept in casting the horoscope of the future. Indeed, so much has he divined that there is very little left on which he can exercise his prophetic office, and he is bound to make the most of it. Driven to extremities he has taken the Scott Act under his careful consideration, and the result is, that the cause of temperance will be retarded if its provisions are adopted. As a temperance advocate Mr. BOULTON has not made his mark. In this respect he is a graduate in buckram. He preaches from an old text and it can scarcely be pretended that he has imported any novelty into the sermon. Commonplaces are clear to a large class, and the member for East York goes with the crowd, displaying much liveliness of faith in the virtues of "bunkum." When those who love to sneer at the honest efforts of noble men and women to mitigate some of the disastrous effects of drink, can point to some action of their own in the same direction, their divinations will have more weight. Prohibitionists and total abstinents may sleep over occasionally, but they are on the right track, and the mere vaticinations of erratic seers should be estimated at the mere nominal figure which they are worth.

An American gold dollar is a mitey dollar.

If that race doesn't come off this time HANLAN will be getting riley.

The most dangerous of all medical pads—a foot pad.

WELLAND CANAL

NOTICE

TO

BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY THE 15th DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, THE 31st DAY OF MAY next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless

made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and the residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

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**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.****TENDERS FOR FENCING.**

THE undersigned will receive Tenders for wire fencing to be erected, where required, on the line of Railway in Manitoba. Parties tendering will furnish specifications, drawings and samples of the fence, or different kinds of fence they propose to erect, and also of the Farm Gates and fastenings proposed to be employed. The prices must be for the work erected and in every respect completed.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Fencing" will be received up to Noon on Tuesday, the 1st of June next.

By Order, F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 26th April, 1880.

**LACHINE CANAL.****NOTICE**

TO

Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on THURSDAY the 3rd day of JUNE next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

xiv-21-8t

For a GOOD SMOKE

USE MYRTLE NAVY.

See T. & B. on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to

FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.

First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

361 YONGE ST.

Queen
St. West
Toronto.

Get one for yours,
and make her happy.

MY WIFE
WILLIAMS'
SINGER SEWING MACHINE.



EDWARD LAWSON,
93 KING ST. EAST.

EDITOR'S
NOTE.

ORIGINAL communications will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

PUBLISHER'S
NOTE.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

BENGOUGH BROS.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

VOLUME XV.
No. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.

Phonographic Publications.

ISAAC PITMAN'S PUBLICATIONS.

Compend of Phonography	\$ 25
Exercises in Phonography	05
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Selections in Reporting Style	20
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Reporter	75
Key to Reporter	20
Reporting Exercises	35
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The Book of Psalms, cloth	2 80
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Pilgrim's Progress, corresponding style	90
Aesop's Fables, in Learner's Style	20
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Vicar of Wakefield	60

EXTRACTS.

No. 1. Ten Pounds and Other Tales, cor. style	20
No. 2. That Which Money cannot Buy, &c.	20
No. 3. Being and Seeming, My Donkey, A Parish Clerk's Tale, &c., cor. style	20

SELECTIONS.

No. 1. Character of Washington, Speech of Geo. Canning at Plymouth, &c., with printed key, rep. style	20
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No. 3. Max Muller on National Education, &c.	20

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F. H. Torrington, Organist Metropolitan Church,
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Teacher of Organ, Piano, Violin,
Vocal Music and Theory.

Will Resume His Lessons on September 1st, 1880.

Terms, upon application to 23 Elm street, Toronto.

IMPORTANT TO PROPERTY OWNERS.

The undersigned wish to negotiate for special accommodation, in the business portion of the city, for their Printing and Publishing Business, by the erection of a new structure or alteration of one now existing. The accommodation is required by January 1st, 1881. Full particulars on application

BENGOUGH BROTHERS,
30 Adelaide Street East.

"The Beaty-Ryan-Wright-lad,"

AN EPIC OF THE ELECTION.

Fierce was the conflict that raged in the Western wards of Toronto.
When BEATY and RYAN and WRIGHT waged the dubious war for election.
"High Tory" and "Grit" and "Rag Baby" his banner each party wrote on to,
And claimed that he was (only more so) the veriest pink of perfection.

Quoth BEATY, the keen-nosed, the prudent, as, true to the cue of his party,
He rose from his chair where he's wont to distribute his "ju-ices" justice
To "vags" and "sichke":—"Friends, you don't think I am scart, eh?
I'll sit in the forum at Ottawa ere the lake carries its lust ice!"

I stand by the N. P. and JOHN A., I stick by the Railwa Pacific,
"I don't care a cent for the Grits, and I'm perfectly charmed with Protection.
I'm in love with the policy followed by that potentate Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, the Premier, and I'm sure I can count on election."

Then RYAN rose up in his armour—his Erin-bred blood could not stand it,—
"By the powers of MOLL KELLY! I tell ye, we can't have you spakin' such lang'age here,
I'll lav my shillelagh about you, you dirty political bandit, An' tache you that FADDY's improved when he is born in the county of Lancashire."

WRIGHT rose, and he nursed at his bosom a bantling—"twas limp and saw-dusty;
His gaze at his breasts was maternal, and thus he addressed the surroundings,
"Peace babblers!" he said, for the baby I hold here completely will bust ye,
And send you adrift on a sea of defeat where none will discover the soundings."

The battle raged hard where the leaders were ranged—

And that is all GRIP knew about it till the polling wa over and then he unhesitatingly declared BEATY elected. Which he was, and this shows that a prophet poses bes who vaticinates *ex post facto*.

THE COMING DRINK
K-A-O-K-A

DESTINED TO
ENTIRELY SUPERSEDE
TEA AND COFFEE.

In addition to being an excellent table beverage, it is at the same time an infallible cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Sleeplessness and all complaints arising from derangement of the stomach and digestive organs.

Sold in half-pound tin-foil packets, at ten cents, by all first-class Grocers and Druggists.

AUGUST NUMBER NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN
Illustrated Shorthand Writer.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER.—The second number of this journal, under the editorial management of the Bengough Bros., has many valuable features to commend it, especially to the profession and students in Canada. It gives about all that is interesting in the way of news in shorthand circles, well written articles, with clever illustrations from the pencil of Grip's cartoonist, upon timely topics, and numerous specimens of shorthand written in the different standard systems, which makes the magazine more than usually interesting to those who like to know what can be done in systems with which they are not acquainted. The Shorthand Writer is a first-class phonographic magazine in every respect.—*London Advertiser*.

We are in receipt of a monthly magazine entitled "The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer," which, as its name implies, a paper devoted to the advancement of the art of phonography, which has now become almost an essential feature in a common English education, and without which the newspaper fraternity, the railroad companies and our courts, as well as other businesses and organizations, would proceed and move forward slowly. The "Canadian Writer" is illustrated each month with well engraved facsimiles of the leading systems of the day, including those of Pitman, Graham, Munson, Cross and others, and the publishers, Messrs. Bengough Brothers of Toronto, Canada, certainly have filled a long-felt want among the "swift writing" fraternity.—*Daily Nonpareil, Council Bluffs, Iowa*

"I have returned to St. John this A. M. [July 14] after an absence of ten days. On my arrival I found your gem of a monthly awaiting my return. Had I known it was here I should have made a short cut through the fields and would have had the pleasure of feasting on the Writer several days earlier. Perhaps you will receive the statement with a smile, but I am guilty of offering you nothing in the form of an exaggeration when I say that since the last No. of the Writer with its funny pictures came to hand, I have gained 25 lbs avoirdupois, so heartily have I laughed over the cartoons. Tell Bengough I am indebted to him for being instrumental in securing for me a new lease of life, for I was one of the most consumptive looking bipeds that ever existed on the crust of this terrestrial sphere. The Miscellany will always be on hand to assist in extending the circulation of its Ontario chum."—*T. W. Bell, Editor Printers' Miscellany St. John N. B.*

SHORTHAND LITERATURE.—The second number of the "Canadian Shorthand Writer," illustrated in the most humorous manner, has just reached this country from Messrs. Bengough Brothers, of Toronto. It is quite a remarkable production, combining both common print, cartoon portrait of James Crankshaw, formerly of Manchester, who has established a branch of the English Phonetic Society in Canada; pages lithographed in different systems of stenography and phonography, including shorthand articles on Shakespeare and Shorthand, Napoleon's shorthand secretary, phonographic numerals, &c. An Irishwoman is picturesquely represented in a scolding mood, speaking to her husband, the extraordinary rate of "three hundred words a minute!" The great Napoleon is represented as sitting contemplatively on the rock of St. Helena and saying, "I wish I had somebody to take me down now!" The get-up of the number is good.—*Newcastle, Eng. Courant, July 6th.*

Subscription \$1.00 per Annum, Single Copies 10c.
Send for Sample Number.

BENGOUGH BROS., Publishers.

For Superior Book and Artistic Job Printing, Bengough Bros. are unsurpassed. Send for estimates.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

Our Music Editor, "SHARP SIXTH," will furnish critiques of performances of high class music for this column. Managers are requested to enclose programme with tickets, which should be forwarded on the day preceding the concert. Critical notices will also be given of music publications sent to this office.

JOHN. B. GOUGH is to lecture in Woodstock on Friday, 22nd October.

Professor YOUNG has been lecturing on Music at St. John, last week.

FLORENCE MARRYATT is going on a reading tour, and is expected to visit Canada.

HAVELEY will establish a Theatre at Honolulu. The Sandwich Islanders are said to have marked dramatic appreciation.

At his farewell benefit, Mr. IRVING announced a new play by TENNYSON and a new tragedy by Mr. W. G. WILLS. The name of the latter is "Ricuiji."

EDMOND LEATHES, an English actor, has written a book entitled "An Actor Abroad" relating experiences of professional visits to Australia and elsewhere.

The Grand Opera House will be re-opened next Monday, Sept. 6th, when JOSEPH MURPHY, the eminent Comedian, will appear in Kerry Gow and Shaun Rhue.

The KATE CLAXTON Comedy Company played with success to large houses at Fredericton. "The Orphans" and "The Double Marriage" were the dramas performed.

SARA BEERNHARDT has added to her popularity in Paris by her now famous retort to the German Ambassador who proposed the health of France, telling him to give "France Reunited."

The times are changed since it was said in England, "Who cares to see an American actor?" Mr. EDWIN BOOTE, it is now known, is engaged for the Princess Theatre, London.

The HOLMAN Spectacular Company will appear at the Horticultural Gardens for six nights beginning Sept. 6th. This is an excellent company, and will do credit to the manager's enterprise in securing them.

The Musical Convention at Guelph last week, had a concert at the City Hall, with chorus of 150 voices, and was a great success. Such conventions in our leading cities would consolidate musical talent and much improve the musical taste of the public.

The Toronto Telegram forebodes a hard dramatic season in the States on account of the absorbing interest of the elections. Our contemporary has visions of this country being pervaded by "wandering stars" and combination companies of doubtful excellence. Only too possible. GRIP has noticed with pleasure the good dramatic criticisms in the Telegram.

Figaro censures Colonel HAVELEY of the Mastodon Minstrels for in a rather spiteful way withdrawing advertisements of the "Mastodons" from Figaro. That clever and spirited paper makes the following just comment, which all dramatic critics will endorse:

I wish my brethren of the American press to know this, and to consider the estimate placed by this stupid showman upon the fair criticism of the newspapers of the English capital.

ILLEGALITY OF SUNDAY CONCERTS.—His Lordship Chief Justice HARGREY delivered judgment in the Court of Queen's Bench yesterday in the case of the Queen v. BARNES, involving the question of the observance of the Sabbath. He dismissed the appeal, and allowed the conviction to stand. The case will, consequently, not be likely to be carried any further.—Mail.

GRIP applauds the decision. As a comic journalist, to put it on the lower economic ground, he knows the value of the Sabbath.

MILTON NOBLES and his company in the Phoenix and Man of the People, have enjoyed a good share of patronage at the Royal this week.

They depart on Friday night for St. Louis, to be succeeded next week by HAVELEY's Monster Minstrels, a company which is announced to be 100 strong, and no doubt is so, as HAVELEY generally produces just what he promises. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

TO HANLAN'S POINT, ISLAND.—Steamer *St. Jean Baptiste*, and *Provost Beyer*, running every 15 minutes from Tinning's wharf.

TO LORNE PARK.—Steamer *Marxwell*, 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. Church st. wharf; Queen's Wharf. 15 minutes later. Returning leaves Park at 12 noon and 6 p. m. fare 25cts.

TO VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. 2, 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m. from York st. wharf; Church st. wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park at 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts.; 50 tickets for \$5.

TO PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, &c.—Steamer *Pictou*, daily at 2.45 p. m. Custom House Wharf.

TO HAMILTON VIA OAKVILLE.—Steamer *Southern Belle*, 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., fare 75cts.; return fare; (good for season) \$1.25.

TO NIAGARA.—Steamer *Chicora*, daily at 7 a. m.; *Rothsay*, 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Afternoon fare for round trip, 50c. Yonge st. wharf.

TO MONTREAL.—Steamers daily at 2 p. m. Yonge st. wharf.

TO CHARLOTTE AND OSWEGO.—City of Montreal, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 p. m. Returning Mondays and Thursdays from Oswego 1.30 p. m. Charlotte at 8 p. m.

INSURE AGAINST ACCIDENTS in the *Accident Insurance Company of Canada*. Travelling Tickets at the rate of 25c. a day, and Policies issued for stated terms granting indemnity for bodily injury and loss of life. Apply, BUCHAN & CO., General Agents, 32 KING STREET EAST. "Buy a ticket before you start on your journey."

BENGOUGH BROTHERS'
Shorthand Employment Bureau
30 Adelaide street East,
Next door to the Post Office. TORONTO, ONT.

FOR several years we have been identified with shorthand writers of all schools, in the way of supplying phonographic literature, conducting manuscript phonographic magazines, and—by virtue of the official position of one of the members of the firm—in conducting negotiations between phonographers on the one hand, and Insurance Companies, Newspaper Publishers, Lawyers, and the Professions, on the other, with the object of furnishing the former with employment and the latter with assistants. Our relations with the fraternity in all these branches have been most pleasant, and we have been enabled to secure permanent and lucrative positions for phonographers who, without the assistance proffered them, might to-day have been plodding on in small towns at poor salaries.

The extending of a helping hand to Phonographers striving for positions in which they might both utilize and increase their knowledge of the "beautiful art," has been in the past a labor of love—no attempt being made at a system of registration; and the endeavor to meet the wishes of employers and employees has, therefore, been made under many disadvantages, which have now been removed by complete organization.

PLAN.—We shall keep a register of names of all applicants for employment, each one furnishing us with full particulars as to speed, education, salary required, etc., upon a blank form prepared for the purpose. A nominal charge of \$1 will be made for registration. This fee will include all expenses—correspondence, advertising, etc., until the applicant is settled in his situation, when a nominal commission on the annual salary secured will be received—payable on receipt of the first month's salary.

PROSPECTS.—The field for the employment of Shorthand Writers who can bring to their work a thorough knowledge of the art, a clear head, energy, and will to work, is unlimited, and we have unsurpassed facilities for finding out vacancies and learning just what kind of men are wanted.

Shorthand Writers who are out of employment, or desire to improve their positions, will be furnished with blank form for registration on receipt of a 3c. stamp. All correspondence confidential.

Address

BENGOUGH BROTHERS,
Shorthand Employment Bureau,
30 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Canada.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

France and Spain have just concluded a copy-right treaty.

WHITTIER has written a beautiful lyric on ROBERT CURNS.

The Napanee Standard has a good Temperance lyric, "Be a Man."

The Collingwood Messenger comes out as a neatly equipped evening daily.

Literary Ladies are rapidly coming to the front. Witness, Mrs. K. A. SANBORN; appointed to the chair of English Literature at SMITH'S College, Mass.

The new Toronto World is making its mark for vigorous writing. It is a BLAKE Liberal. Another new Toronto evening journal has been announced, but will not appear.

The Peterborough Examiner extracts from GRIP an account of "Canadian Statesmen in England." The Examiner is a live sheet and a credit to Canadian journalism.

The St. John Telegraph complains of the Sun of that city applying language of fulsome adulation to the respected editor of the Telegraph. Our friends should be more careful, in this hot weather. Sun strokes are dangerous.

There is a fracas between SWINBURNE the poet, and the Shakesperian Society as championed by Mr. FURNIVAL. Both use the strong personal language generally supposed to be peculiar to rate opposition editor of country papers. "Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true."

The Guelph Herald has a good editorial on classical plagiarism. It reminds us of an epigram which has pathos as well as point:—

The thieves they came to the Parson's door,
They stole the wine he drank, the clothes he wore,
But they could not steal his sermons, for they were stolen before.

The September Magazines have come to hand. Harper and Scribner are both good numbers, with the usual excellent illustrations which constitute a new departure in art, partaking in some degree of the features of English and of French engravings, the finish of the former, the lightness of the latter. Principal GRANT's chapters on the Dominion are admirable.

GRIP gets off an excellent cartoon anent the press excursion in its last issue. The editor of the Era is represented as enjoying a dance with one of the dusky maidens of the forest. Mr. AYMON, who had charge of the party, does not appear to get along so well upon the water as on the railroad. From his position at the side of the boat, we should judge that he was trying to "hear what the wild waves are saying." Aurora Borealis.

We always like to get hold of GRIP. Our humorous contemporary has now a grip on his readers, and every week he tightens it. His political cartoons are replete with commentaries on events as they rise, and they always hit off their subjects cleverly. GRIP gets no end of fun out of JOHN A. and the N. P., and he has made the face and figure of our Premier as familiar to the Canadian public, as Punch made that of his great prototype, BEN. DISRAELI, Earl BEACONSFIELD, to the British people. If RABELAIS, the great French humorist, (to whom, by the way, his countrymen raised a statue, after the lapse of four centuries, the other day at Tours) is right, when he says, (and the sentiment is engraved on the monument,) that "laughter is the chief end of man," then must such a mirth-compelling organ as GRIP be as necessary as it is amusing, and it should have the widest circulation.—Maritime Farmer.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.
First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY.
See T. & B. on each plug.

VOL. THE FIFTEENTH No 16.

GRIP

SATURDAY, 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1880.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

CAUTION.

Mr. W. H. Carman has no authority to take subscriptions or collect money for this office.

To Correspondents.

A Grit.—You write to us proposing to unseat Mr. BEATY by a petition. We have informed Dr. CLARK at the Asylum of the fact of your being at large.

A Student.—You ask if McLELLAN'S Mathematical books convey any new ideas about curves. Scarcely, but they do teach us something about *Crooks*. We fear you incline to go on a bend.

Etymological Student.—"Potato" is derived from the French word *peut-etre*, which means "perhaps" and signifies the uncertainty of the potato crop. "Butterfly" is formed by transposition from "flutter-by."

The Novelty Department.

The Fair ground is at present a scene of great activity. The whole enclosure echoes with a hum of industry which it would do even Sir LEONARD TILLEY good to hear. Workmen are putting the finishing touches on the various buildings, and enterprising exhibitors are scouting around making arrangements for space in what is going to be without doubt the greatest Exhibition Toronto has ever seen. In addition to the usual departments, we understand there is to be a unique Exhibition of Novelties, to which many distinguished persons are likely to contribute. Amongst others it is said that,—

Rev. Dr. RYERSON will show his new book on the "U. E. Loyalists," accompanied by GOLDWIN SMITH's "recommend" of the same, beautifully embossed on parchment.

Hon. Sir S. L. TILLEY will exhibit a new and ingenious contrivance for diminishing deficits.

Mr. G. B. BROOKS will exhibit a working model of the Reformed Monetary System, shewing the working classes reclining on couches of paper money and quaffing nectar and lemonade.

Mr. JAS. A. LIVINGSTONE will show a superb series of volumes containing his complete speeches on Financial and Political questions, illustrated with perspicuous drawings on canvas ten yards square.

Mr. GORDON BROWN will exhibit an extraordinary collection of sour grapes, labelled "Fruits of the N. P."

Hon. A. CROOKS will exhibit a unique assortment of Educational Apparatus, embracing imported Professors, and book-peddling Inspectors, also, paste, scissors, and other raw material used in the authorship of School Manuals.

The ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS will shew a magnificent painting, the joint production of all the members, representing Her Majesty the

Queen graciously granting permission to the Canadian Academy of Arts to call itself the *Royal Canadian Academy*, if that will do it any good.

The MARQUIS OF LORNE will honor the Exhibition with an original National Ode on the subject of salmon-fishing.

Mr. HENRY J. MORGAN, of Ottawa, will exhibit a striking collection of autograph letters from distinguished merchants.

The London *Free Press* Co. will shew a miniature model of its machine for extracting coppers out of moral garbage, the working of which will be fully explained by its Ambassador.

Time would fail us to enumerate all the other curious things which the public may expect to find in this department; the above are but a very few of them.

Canadian Statesmen in England.

It is to be regretted that the visit of those great statesmen who a few months ago left their country so very much for that country's good, should from untoward circumstances be drawing to a close. The true inwardness of the facts is as follows. At a breakfast given by Sir WILFRED LAWSON, our own TUPPER so far forgot his accustomed caution as to indulge in a strain of reckless fiction respecting his support of the Temperance cause in Canada. He soared to such a wild height of metaphor as to commit himself by saying that he, TUPPER, had supported the SCOTT Act. Of course he might as well have claimed to be the original author of the eighth commandment, but the Tupperian audacity was productive of the most disastrous consequences to poor Sir JOHN and Mr. POPE, who were thus much, against their will, compelled to pose themselves as Temperance Advocates. Sir JOHN's face is said to have worn its most tragic expression—some have even gone the length of saying that our Premier was heard to swear at TUPPER. The result however has affected all parties concerned—for the liquor interest in London at once shut down on the Canada Temperance Statesmen. Not a drink could they procure. This lamentable state of things is entirely owing to TUPPER's giving himself away as a Temperance man. The illustrious party will soon return to Canada, accompanied by GALT, but not by the *attache*, who by the sale of his sword and red coat, has been enabled to get set up in the peaceful occupation of a member of the shoe-black brigade.

The "Bystander" on Woman's Rights.

Professor GOLDWIN SMITH may be clever; but he is very unwise. He has insulted us—we, the fair sex—by plainly intimating that he considers us unfit to be entrusted with a vote. "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer" is to him our implied vocation. No wonder he and other men think so, considering the number of "fools" we have suckled, who are foolish enough to think no "small beer" of themselves in comparison to their mothers, their sisters and their aunts. We who advocate women's right to vote are strongly of opinion that men are such weak creatures, so amenable to flattery and home influences, that it is absolutely *unsafe* to entrust them with the franchise. What man is there who *dare* vote contrary to the will of his sweetheart, or, in late years, to the expressed opinion of his mother-in-law? Echo answers—none. "Lives there a hath with soul so dead he never to himself hath said, 'I'll vote the ticket my darling pled?'" Were it not for innate horror of *shams*, we women would never ask to be allowed to vote openly. We do the most of the voting as it is—that is, we let the men hold the reins but we show them the way to go. It would be quite easy for us to continue to work it in that way; but we don't think it is good for the men that we should "always" gammon them thus.

We want no secrecy of the domestic ballot, we want to come out openly and set them the example they so specially need. We think the time has come when men should be taught to respect women as well as obey them, and therefore feel impelled to show them that they are not so really our guides as they fancy. We are almost compelled to this course when we find even such learned men as the Professor trying to separate "sins against our sex" in its holiest relationship with them, from "sins of malice"—as if there could exist a longing to gratify self at our expense which had not its root in malicious intent to injure. Love injures no one, Malice does. By their fruits we can discern the one or the other. When we vote, we vote against malice in any of its numerous forms. Till the malice between the sexes ceases, and is replaced by real love, we shall not cease to advocate our right to vote, for women's rights are the only cure for women's wrongs. So at least thinks

ANGELINA.

Plain Words from Truthful Edward.

Which I wish to remark—

And my language is plain—

That for ways that are dark

And for tricks that are vain

Sir SAMMY L. TILLEY's peculiar,

Which the same I would rise to explain.

Which his new balance sheet

For the year that's just past,

Is a regular treat,

And it can't be surpassed

As a piece of financial cooking—

And I'll tell you for why it's so classed.

The amount he had spent

Of the people's bright tin

Was—well, several per cent.

More'n what he'd got in,

And the consequence was a Deficit

Of a million-and-half to a pin.

Now, how do you s'pose

He gets over this count?

Why, he placidly goes

And takes an amount—

One million and three hundred thousand

From the previous *annum's* account.

Which cash had been spent

In the year it was got,

And this financial gent

Knows it's all gone to pot,

And his counting it in again this year

Is what's called in Parliament—*rot*.

Which is why I remark—

And my language is plain—

That for ways that are dark

And for tricks that are vain,

Sir FINANCE L. TILLEY's peculiar,

Which the same I am free to maintain.

Punscitorial.

1st Fisherman.—Say, we've perched here long enough; let's pike!

2nd do.—Heaven *succor* us from such puns; give me my *bass-ket* and let me *scale* the fence!

Scotland Yet!

PAT and BULL once with SANDY

Dry humor did bandy,

When SANDY replied with a whistle,

Wi' the shamrock and rose

You may blow your proud nose,

But ye dare na' do that wi' the thistle!

The majority of the Montreal policemen must have fine moral perceptions. They have decided not to pay anything out of their benevolent fund to the widow of MOISE COURURE, a member of the force who committed suicide. She and her children are starving.—*Globe*.

GRIP endorses the first paragraph of the above extract from his witty contemporary the *Globe*. If "The Policeman's lot is not a happy one" the Montreal Policeman's lot is made harder by his unchristian and unmanly conferrers. We suggest to our trenchant friend of the Montreal *Spectator*, what a fine field is here presented for those strictures on the conduct of other people.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 201 King Street East. As a condiment for the table, has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quantity and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.
50 Patterns. The Noblest Things in the market. WOLTZ BROS & Co.
29 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



Our Big Show.

Next week on the 6th, Toronto's Own and Only Greatest Show will be opened by his Deputy Royal Highness, Hon. J. B. ROBINSON, and for the ensuing fortnight the city will be crowded with our esteemed country cousins, together with innumerable visitors from our beloved sister-cities of Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton, London etc., who will come to get hints as to what constitutes a first class Exhibition. The above imperfect design is submitted as a bird's eye view of the great Toronto circus and the various side-shows in other places. Next week GRIP will celebrate the opening with a fine double number, amply illustrated; and the week following he will make a similar extraordinary effort to please his thousands of readers. He will, moreover, be glad to see all his friends at his department in the main building during the progress of the Exhibition.

The Fruits of Love.

By her marriage with Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT, an American, the Baroness RUSSETT COURTS would forfeit, it is said, £100,000 stg; that amount being left her on the condition that she would lose it by marriage with an alien.—*London Paper.*

De gustibus non est disputandum, I trow,
And tastes very much as to fruits, we all know,
But the relative values of plum and of pear,
To our Baroness maid is a thing very clear.
Two plums and a half, just, she'd give every year,
To possess the one-half of a BARTLETT pear (pair.)



On His Muscle.

Dr. McLELLAN does not feel disposed to allow the critics to go on abusing his poor little Algebra any longer. So he has taken off his coat in good earnest, and made a display of his ability in the many art of self-defence. In other words he has written a long letter to the *Globe*, in which his censors receive a rather severe handling. The Doctor emphatically denies that there is any "ring" existing in connection with the Education Department, but alleges on the other hand that there is a veritable and more villainous "ring" amongst cer-

tain sore-heads outside, who are devoting themselves with all the zeal and craftiness of Jesuits to the task of ousting the present occupants of desirable berths, with a view to securing the same for themselves. According to the letter in question Dr. McLELLAN is a most worthy and efficient educationist, whose efforts have been singularly successful in the great work to which he has devoted his life, and his Algebra is an able and admirable work which fills a want long felt. Of course GRIP feels bound to accept this view of the situation, in the absence of evidence in rebuttal, and therefore he takes pleasure in paying the learned doctor the compliment conveyed in the above representation of his prowess as a gladiator.



Consolation for the Reformer.

In view of the unexpected and painful result of the election in West Toronto, the Reformers no doubt stand much in need of consolation, and Mr. GARE is not the bird to stand by and witness their sorrow without attempting to alleviate it. He therefore hastens to present a little balm which he trusts may prove effective in taking away the sting. This balm is to be found in the following reflections:

1. The election of BEARY is in no wise significant of public opinion, as it is altogether likely that his votes were basely bought, or else the ballot boxes were stuffed.
2. Mr. RYAN would not after all have made a very good member, as it is well known that he is subject to colds in the head.
3. The election of BEARY means another rise in the price of coal, and those who voted for him will—ha! ha!—have to bear the additional burden all by themselves.
4. It is but three years to the general election, when not only West Toronto, but all the other constituencies are going to return Reformers.
5. The Rag Baby suffered more in the fray than the Reform party, and yet it comes up smiling. Surely Reformers are not going to be surpassed in bravery by a Rag Baby!
6. Never mind West Toronto; the party carried North Ontario, which unmistakably shows that there is a reaction against the N. P. and the Government.
7. At all events, we've probably heard the last of the Huron & Ontario Ship Canal for a while.
8. Violent changes are always bad, and it would therefore have been a misfortune to have elected a man of much intellectual force to succeed Mr. J. BEVERLEY ROBINSON.
9. This additional coal tax will have to be balanced by a corresponding addition to the flour tax, and thus poetic justice will be done by punishing the people of Halifax for the defeat of RYAN.

10. Lastly, it is consoling to know that Mr. PATULLO did not put forth any official prophecy as to the result.



Handing over the Belt.

We understand that the Hon. Sir CHARLES TUPPER is about to formally hand over the Belt to his Chieftain, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. The belt we allude to is, of course, that held by the *Champion Stretcher*. Sir JOHN has fairly won the trophy by a recent brilliant display of exaggeration at one of those complimentary dinners in London. In alluding to the military matters of the Empire, he told his auditors that every man in Canada between the ages of 18 and 45 was a soldier. This amply sufficed to secure the Belt, but we fail to see why the astute Premier didn't take full advantage of the occasion and further state that this enormous force was drilled and disciplined up to the highest point of efficiency, that it was thoroughly armed and equipped, and ready for active service at a moment's notice; that the towns and cities of the Dominion were strongly fortified and provisioned for a long siege, and finally that it was all owing to the great N. P.



Still At It.

That naughty little *Globe* boy is at it again, bespattering Prof. SMITH with dirt. It appears to be quite hopeless to wean him from this very discreditable practice by moral suasion, for only the other day his scandalized brother of the *Mail* read him a most admirable lecture, on behalf of journalism in general. GRIP has also frequently expostulated with him, and endeavored to let him see pictorially that his conduct is not only mean and unmannerly, but also highly ridiculous. Notwithstanding all this he loses no opportunity of attacking the unfortunate gentleman in question—sometimes using mud balls of his own manufacture, and sometimes borrowing them from other sources. A policeman appears to be the only alternative, and if this little *Globe* boy doesn't mend his ways forthwith, GRIP will shout for one.

THE WEST TORONTO STAKES—THE FINISH!

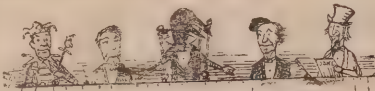


NOTE
FOR
WRIGHT

TWO
ONE
BEAT Y!

POOLS
FOR
SALE

DISTANCE



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A HANGING business—papering.

A Net-'em-all-ogist.—A dog-catcher.

A LYING institution—the lodging house.

The chief end of man—that where the head is.

The "sectarian issue" people leaving church on Sundays.

The Chinese plank—an ironing board.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

A man of morbid tastes—the auctioneer.—*Yanvob Strauss.*

Free of charge—an empty gun.—*Philadelphia Transcript.*

An Iowa woman has invented a spank-aphone.—*Exchange.*

Actors do not like criticism when critters hiss 'em.—*Whitehall Times.*

Why does a hangman never read the papers? Because he is a nooseman already.

The band of a regiment is a pla-toon of itself.—*Marathon Independent.*

The temperance campaign this fall is a spiritless affair.—*Waterloo Observer.*

To make a good monkey-wrench, feed him on green apples.—*Fremont Herald.*

A Chesnut street firm advertise mosquito canopies at a net price.—*Philadelphia Item.*

With the average widow the deeper the mourning the sweeter the smile.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Butter would make a good political candidate. It always runs well at this season.—*Syracuse Herald.*

If bores afflict you learn to lay bore and wait for the next who drops in.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Our funny contributor says he is not proud and the only time he feels stuck up is after eating raspberry jam at tea.

Of all the dangers which beset the ship of matrimony, the most frequent and annoying are squalls.—*Lockport Union.*

We never fully realized how much more there is in anticipation than realization, until we attended a picnic.—*Lockport Union.*

The darkey's tour is just before the dawn. Especially if there be a good robust hennery in the vicinity.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When your mother-in-law comes to make a three months' visit you may say she's well come, but we doubt it.—*Waterloo Observer.*

"Landlord this egg is old." Impossible sir; it was laid by a very young hen only last spring.—*Bobbygeon Independent.*

"What are the wild waves saying?" do you say. Why, give us another boat load of excursionists.—*Bloomington Eye.*

"It's nice to be a parent," said JONES to SMITH as he dandled his two year old on his knee. "That's very apparent" rejoined SMITH.

A tramp was drowned while bathing, over in Jersey, a few days ago. Now if we could induce other tramps to bathe.—*Middletown Transcript.*

In some respects the gentler sex far surpasses us. No man, for instance, can deliver a lecture with a dozen pins in his mouth.

Rows in time is something that a police man rarely reaches. He may be having a rousin' time somewhere else.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

If Mrs. LANTRY don't come over pretty soon, General HANCOCK will have a clean walk-over as a professional beauty.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

There is a great deal of biting sarcasm exhibited by a bulldog in a midnight interview with a young man and a guitar among the roses.—*Wild Oats.*

A lightning rod peddler having died recently his widow had him cremated. She sifted enough brass out of his ashes to make a door-knocker.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

The Toronto *Telegram* explains that her name is SARAH BERNHARDT. Allow us to correct our esteemed contemporary. It is SARA BERNHARDT.—*National.*

The Corset Pressers' Association of New Haven has had its annual picnic. The corset pressers of this section have a picnic every week—or oftener.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"Don't sit so far away from me, Harry dear," she said to her lover, while they were steaming up the river with the excursion; "don't sit so far away and turn your back to me that way; people will think we are married."—*Bobbygeon Independent.*

She yawned, and told him she wished he was a fire. He wanted to know why, and she said, "Oh, fires go out late in the night." Then he looked at her, and she looked at him, and he said he had to be at the store early to-morrow, and gassed he would go.—*Peoria Transcript.*

A merchant whose time for the past year has been so much taken up that he has been unable to remain at home except at meal time, concluded to take a vacation. A friend asked him where he intended to go, and he thought he would go home and get acquainted with his family.—*Rome Sentinel.*

DARWIN tells us that some flowers enjoy a porter house steak. If there is any one sight in life more exhilarating than another, it is to see a delicate moss-rose bud sitting down to a restaurant table and calling for a bit of porter-house steak, cut thick and rare done. Mr. DARWIN is right.—*Rockland Courier.*

If Mr. MARK TWAIN and the *Atlantic Monthly* could contrive, for one single month, to get along without letting us know that when Mr. CLEMENS was in Europe, on his Yurrupean tour, he learned a little German, it would be a great relief to the many persons who passed through that period of complacent culture in their early childhood.—*Puck.*

The *Phila. News*: "The maa with a cork leg can snap his fingers at a steamboat accident." Not unless he can quickly remove his cork leg and tie it around his neck. When a man with a cork leg is thrown into the water, he floats with that leg up and his head down, and that is very unhealthy. The water runs into his ears.—*Nor. iston Herald.*

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL."—Irish landlord (in distressed district, who had paid compensation for not receiving his rents, and was sinking his capital in drain works, and otherwise "disturbing" his tenants)—"Well, Pat, I hope, with a good harvest, we shall get on without all this 'relief' next season."—Pat (an optimist)—"Och, please Heaven, yer honor, we'll have another bad year yet!"—*Punch.*

There is a tight in the affairs of men, which taken in too frequent floods, leads on to the j.ams; and while wrestling with the subject we may remark that there is a tight in the aft airs of women which—but we must not ridicule the fair ones.—*Argo.*

Just before visiting the menagerie, JOHNNIE had a passage at-arms with the young aunt who assisted at his toilet, and with whom he flew into a rage. Arrived at the menagerie, JOHNNIE was immensely interested by a strange foreign animal, with a long, li-be body. "What anima' is that, mamma?" he asked. "It is called an anteater, my son." After long silence—"Mamma, can't we bring Aunt MARY here, some day?"—*Amherstburg Echo.*

"Grauger." You are right; the wagon jack is used to raise wagons. And the screw jack is used to raise buildings; but it is a mistake to suppose you can raise apples with apple-jack. It isn't in the pins.—*Marathon Independent.* It would be well to observe that the wagon jack alluded to above is not a jackass, although "jacks" of this class have been known to raise wagons, and the drivers also. It is true you cannot raise apples with apple jack, but you can raise apple-jack with apples or if the wife objects you can raise a row anyhow. Eh, t'other ADAMS?—*Chas. F. Adams.*

A maa was yesterday pushing an iron lawn roller around a yard, when an old lady came along, leaned up against the fence and watched him for a while, and then c-lled out: "Say, Mister, what are you pushing 'that around for?" "To roll the lawn," he answered. "What do you want to roll the lawn for?" "To make it level." What do you want to make it level for?" she continued. "That's what I was ordered to do," he answered, as he wiped away the perspiration. "But what did they order you to do it for?" "Why they think a smooth lawn looks the best, I suppose." "Why do you think a smooth lawn looks the best," she persisted. "I haven't time to talk," he said as he started on again. "Why haven't you time to talk?" she shouted. "Go'n ask the boss!" he yelled. "Why shall I go'n ask the boss?" she screamed. He disappeared behind the house to get rid of her, and after waiting five minutes for him to re-appear she slowly sauntered off, muttering: "Some folks are so smart and stuck up that you can't get within a mile of 'em unless you blaze all over with diamonds."—*Collingwood Messenger.*

That wicked comic journal, *Grip*, has been making naughty caricatures of distinguished members of the Press Excursion party, and among others the beaming countenance of our venerable Queen street contemporary is held up with startling distinctness. He is first depicted as seated alone in his glory on a bare-backed construction car, his glossy plug tilted back at an angle of forty-five degrees (which is a glaring misrepresentation), and gazing with meditative eye and solemn aspect upon the surrounding scenery. He has still further the extreme audacity to outline our revered cotem, as seated behind a table with a "lone hand," and enquiring with a puzzled air "What's trumps?" We throw back upon this traducer of true worth with unspeakable scorn the base insinuation that our esteemed confrere has a sneaking fondness for poker, euchre or seven-up—no, not even on Sunday would he indulge in such sinful and demoralizing pastimes. If that wicked boy, *Grip*, does not mead his manners, we will head a subscription to send the military editor of the *Times* down to Toronto to spank the naughty urchin, and inspire him with a proper respect for virtue and gray hairs.—*Banner.*

The West Toronto Tragedy.

AS PERFORMED AT THE "GLOBE" THEATRE.

Dramatis Personæ.

DON PEDRO DE RYAN—Favourite of the people.

GORDONIUS FUSCUS—a patriot—the last of the *Gritti*.

Lord Mayor BEATY—De RYAN's unscrupulous opponent.

RIGHT—an eccentricity—a man capable of anything, called RIGHT became always in the wrong.

Chorus of good citizens.

Chorus of Toronto Burglars.

Mr. Grip, a beneficent spirit.

Chorus of lovely Toronto girls and visitors to Exhibition.

ACT I.—PLACE OF NOMINATION.

Chorus of good citizens—Chorus of Burglars—enter Lord Mayor BEATY.

L. M. BEATY—Ye galoots, dead beats and scalawags, hearken! Lend me your ears—full long are they I trow. If ye elect me then shall the N. P. reduce your rents and pay your water rates, add strength to rye and fire to forty-rod. Elect me and support a Government, of which the head is the illustrious statesman Sir John, the ascetic, the immaculate.

Enter l. Gordoniuss Fuscus.

GORDONIUS—Sayest thou so, oh thou axe-grinding cantiff! Take this, and this, and this! (throws mud).

L. M. BEATY—Woe's me! my spotless shirt front, alas! my go-to-meeting coat is ruined.

Mr. Grip—Hold, enough, GORDONIUS!
GORDONIUS, [sotto voce]—A D. D. degree be given to him who says, "hold enough" (holds enough.)

Enter l. Don Pedro de Ryan.

DON P.—I ask your suffrages as honest men who, though to this Dominion it may seem impossible, desire an honest Government.

(Cries of execration from chorus of Burglars)
Peace, knaves, I ask the votes of honest men.

GORDONIUS.—Bless thee, my son!
GRIP.—Bless not and thou art wise. He whom thou bleesest oft is euchered badly.

(Chorus of Honest voters: Hurrah for Ryan.)

*Tableau.***ACT II.—CAVE OF DESPAIR, CITY HALL, TORONTO.**

(Enter chorus of Burglars r. Lord M. BEATY l.)

L. M. BEATY.—If those honest voters vote,
Then, as you and I suspect,
Tis on RYAN that they dote,
That Reformer they'll elect!

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—Right you are, right you are!

But since you and I are set,
Dead on this, my glorious gang,
No Reformer hence shall get,
To the Parliament shebang.

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—Right you are, right you are.

When I give the word obey,
And put heads those voters on,
Send their souls some other way,
Throw their bodies to the Don.

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—Right you are, right you are.

ACT III.—STREET NEAR POLLING PLACE

CHORUS OF BURGLARS AND CHORUS OF HONEST VOTERS.

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—We will have, will have be-lud!

CHORUS OF HONEST VOTERS.—Oh, pray don't, oh, pray don't.

CHORUS OF BURGLARS.—Will smash heads with horrid thud.

CHORUS OF HONEST VOTERS.—No you won't, you won't. [Burglars kill honest voters, put on their clothes, go to the polling places and declare Beaty elected.]

*Tableau.***ACT IV.—THE POLLING PLACE.**

GORDONIUS, (weeping)

BEATY elected, oh my blessed eyes!

My lights and liver, O goroo! goroo!

GRIP.—My good old friend, now do not so take on.

GORDONIUS, (frantically),

I blame myself, the vain deluded triplet,

My gray hairs go with sorrow to the—

GRIP.—Shucks!

Listen, and list ye too, the million-fold
Readers of GRIP from ocean shore to shore,
Both men are good, and good is therefore
BEATY,

Nor CAESAR is to POMPEY the more like

Than to great RYAN is the new M. P.

Ah would that M. P. did not mean N. P.

Forget you strife—and see the glorious prospect,

Toronto's Exhibition—and the forms
Of fair Toronto girls, bright-eyed, brown
haired

With skirts of many hues—and radiant-hosed
And clad with lustre like the gold-green
leaves,

The wind waves in the woods of all the
world,

Whose smiles shall humanize these gentle
burglars,

Whose lips shall comfort the o'er thrown
Reformers,

Whose winning ways shall make Mayor
BEATY better.

Doth this content ye?

[Loud Applause.]

[Vision of Exhibition arises to soft music.]

CHORUS OF ALL—It contenteth us.

GORDONIUS—Bless ye, fellow-citizens

CHORUS OF ALL—Pray thee keep thy bless-
ings to thyself, they are, we think, un-
canny.

GORDONIUS.—Then will I go and curse
GOLDWINIUS SMITHUS.

*Tableau.***Letter from Phil Mulrooney to Mrs. McGladherry.**

ME OWN DARLINT MARY JANE,—I have
gotten a few mippies to spare so i rite you a
l etter.

imso nervous on accout o the wither an
Lightnin an tunder etcetera, i mind spellin
this word kaws i studied the maynin iv it,
it manes somethin like the Apercean's we
used to make at Skool, do ye mind.

Now to begin. i was beginnin to say,
this is the Splendidst country at all. the
people Stand sittin at the doore step a smok-
ing av their pipes, afther their work is done
of an evenin. What with wooden Pathways
and thim sort o things, not like dear ould
Kilkenny there's no komparison. Talking o'
that it makes me ax a quistion is your
uncle's ould cow Kitty alive yet. she was a
beautiful Baste God bless her i forget to
tell ye i met Mik flanagan out here wan day
he's thwiven grand by all that's lovely his
mother often told me he was her Bye But
i think he Tuck afther his father Bat luck
to me but you wudnt no 1 from the other
if they were sober

Gim hootahan has got a wagin out here,
they call it express, but it isnot. he works it
all himself, he pays no rent at all at all, for
we both of us sleep in the wagin we git our
vittles for nothin, the way we do is this,
keep a 10 dollar Bill in our hands and offer
it wherever we go, an begorra Mary Jane

they'll give you what you want sooner than
change it, change is scarce you se, and it's
wonderful too, it's the country for
min, wimmin is plirty anywheres. Talking
of wimmin Dit Biddy O'Sullivan settle that
little account of hers, whin Father Mooney
tould me ant about it. i knew there would be
news. What's another thing i wanted to say,
mind, do ye mind let everybod know, that i
dont want them to know where i am, show
them the l etter if ye loike But dont tell
them anything. Direct your l etter to,

PHIL. MULROONEY, Esquire,

The like respectability out here,
Toronto, Canady!!!

My Cousin Kate and I.

We found the pic-nic crowd a bore,
Our souls were cloyed with cake and pie—
Oh never, not again, no more—
My cousin KATE and I.

We sauntered by the sweet lake shore,
Beneath the maples arching high—
Oh never, not again, no more—
My cousin KATE and I.

The utmost heights of passion's lore
We scaled, and how is that for high?—
Oh never, not again, no more—
My cousin KATE and I.

Oh golden summer hours of yore!
Oh, voice of love that shall not die!
Oh never, not again, no more—
My cousin KATE and I.

C. P. M.

Triumphal Song.*Respectfully Addressed to the West Toronto Tories*

Sing ho! for the Mayor of Toronto town,
And how is that for high?
For the Tories have fought by brave BEATY's arm,
And have won the victory.
For GORDON BROWN and the men of the Globe
Are like to the men that comforted Job,
CAPREOL hath a wound that none may probe,
And defunct is the Rag Babie.

They told grandfather BLIMPIN that old Mr.
JONES was dead. "Ah, well," said he resignedly,
"I've noticed that people have been dying ever
since I can remember."—*Stuebenville Herald.*

What a sad commentary on our boasted
christianity is it that the name of the most
obscure hamlet in the country is honored
with a capital letter, while "heaven" is al-
most invariably spelled with a small "h."—
Modern Argo. Well, Norristown is always
spelled with a capital "N," and that comes
very near Heaven.—*Norristown Herald.*
Aye, true, but it's the tail end.—*Bloomington
Eye.*

He who takes poison and is pumped out
right away, may live to suicide some other day.
—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.* And he who
pops the question, and his girl elopes away,
may live to pop the question to another girl
some day.—*Oil City Derrick.* And he who
pops the question, and she does not say him
nay, may wish he had skeddaddled before the
wedding day.—*Stuebenville Herald.* And he
who did skeddaddled perhaps ere long would say:
"She's worth ten thousand dollars,—oh, why
did I not stay?"—*Breakfast Table.*

"William, do you know why you are like a
donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed William,
opening his eyes wide, "no I dont." "Do you
give it up?" "I do." "Because your better-half
is stubbornness itself." "That's not bad.
Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get
home." "My dear," he asked, as he sat down
to supper, "do you know why I am like a
donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his
wife to give it up, but she didn't. She looked
at him somewhat commiseratingly as she an-
swered: "I suppose because you were born so."

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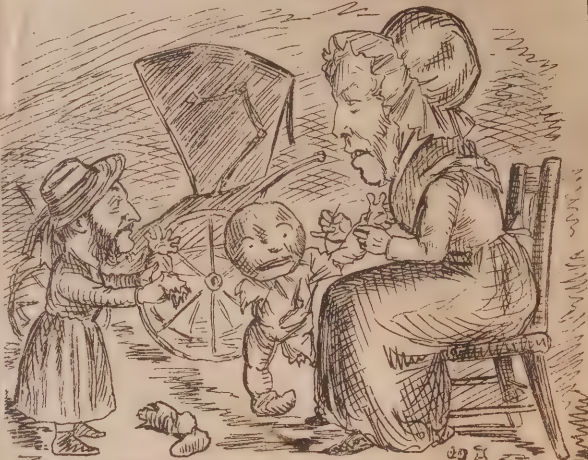
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Cooks are said proverbially to have tempers, and the rival claimants for the most successful cookery of the public accounts exemplify the proverb. "You know you cooked them, you hussey," said Mrs. CARTWRIGHT to her rival, Mrs. C. having had the misfortune to lose her place as cook to Mrs. Canada, was very ill-tempered, and having the best command of language was too much for her in this dialogue. "And if I did, you mean thing, you were the first to begin it," retorted Mrs. TILLEY. There was a sad use of bad language and a grievous loss of temper on the part of the two respectable old ladies.

TO PHONOGRAPHERS.

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Ace Handle Machine, new, eight knives 5 in. long, 2 1/2 in. wide, on a circular head; machine 8 ft. long, bed 1 ft. wide, bottom of frame 2 1/2 ft. wide. This machine will do any kind of a handle. Made by Richardson Mirian; cost \$600. Price \$325.
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

VOLUME XV. }
No. 2. }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1880.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE INITIAL NUMBER.

"The copy of Shorthand Writer received. Like it first rate and desire to see it prosper."—*H. A. Aumont, Business and Photographic College, Sterling, Ill.*

"I like its style and the cosmopolitan spirit in which you have started. I shall be glad to do all that I can to support such a magazine as you claim this will be and as number one is."—*Dan Brown, Secy., Chicago Bureau of Phonography.*

"Your publication is in all respects first-class, and if conducted in the manner proposed, should receive the hearty support of all wide awake Phonographers. I hear nothing but the heartiest commendations from my friends who have received the first number."—*Theo. C. Rose, Secy. New York State Stenographers' Association.*

It is a neatly printed and well illustrated magazine, in which specimens of Isaac Pitman's, Munson's, Graham's and Benn Pitman's systems are exhibited. We trust that those who are interested in the subject of phonography will feel it their duty to support home enterprise by subscribing to this periodical, which will only cost them the comparatively small sum of one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy.—*Montreal Gazette.*

We are quite sure that the expectations of Canadian shorthand writers have been more than realized by the initial number of this publication. The appearance of the first number will at once dissipate any misgivings as to the manner in which the publishers intend to do their share of the work, for so far from fearing competition with American shorthand publications, it is far superior to any of them that circulate in Canada. Typographically it is all that could be desired both in letterpress and phonography, while every line of its editorial and contributed articles will prove interesting to all shorthand writers, whatever their grade of experience. The *Canadian Shorthand Writer* is edited by a well known practical reporter, and it numbers among its contributors many of the leading phonographers of the Dominion. To the student of phonography it will, on that account, be invaluable; for everyone who has gone through the experience of acquiring a knowledge of the art knows that he has much to unlearn which he has learned amiss from the text books, when he comes to apply his knowledge to practical purposes. The subscription price is \$1 a year, and the address of the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto.—*Sarnia Observer (edited by Mr. Geo. Eyrol, of the House of Commons Gallery).*

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BENGOUGH BROS., Publishers.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

WILHELMJ, the violinist, made \$16,000 this season, under the skilful management of HENRY WOLFSOHN.

The composer, VERDI, has received on his return from Paris to Italy, the order of the Crown of Italy.

Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY will sail for Europe on May 29 to sing under a contract with Mr. MAPLESON.

BRET HARTE's lectures at Brighton, Eng., and other points are growing upon the English people, and the attendance is increasing.

The St. Andrew's Choral Union, under the leadership of Mr. FISHER, announce a concert of Mendelssohn's music at the Gardens shortly.

Baldwin's Babies have been giving *Pinafore* at the Royal this week. The company is large and clever, and give the well-worn opera in a very acceptable manner.

Signor CAMPOBELLO and Madame SINICO have made highly successful appearances at the Opera House, Copenhagen, where, by the way, Signor CAMPOBELLO first started in life as an attache of the British Embassy.

JAMES MEADE served an injunction last week upon a queer party calling themselves the Tragedians of Kalamazoo, restraining them from using that title and certain lines upon their posters. The company died promptly and without a struggle.

JOSEPH BRANDISI, the old time tenor of the Holman Opera Troupe, was re-united to his family at Three Rivers, Quebec, lately, after an absence of twenty-five years. His family had long since mourned for him as dead, and as Joe left home when a mere boy, he was not aware that he possessed a living relative until this romantic meeting.

BOUCICAULT had a great reception on his recent appearance in England, where he is now playing *Conn*. The moment he appeared in his tattered scarlet coat there was a shout of recognition, which subsided into a continuous applause that for some time hindered the progress of the drama. It seems very probable that *The Shanghairs* has taken a new lease, and that it may once more have a lengthened run.

Lecturer J. B. WATSON, pretty well known in this country, is accused by the *Milbrook Messenger* of having neglected to pay his printing bills, and other little accounts. WATSON once proposed to do some business with this office, and all trouble was avoided by a request for advance payment. He didn't get the work done.—*Guelph Herald*. A little account of \$8 or \$10 awaits his payment at this office.—*Acton Free Press*.

"The Tourists," at the Grand Opera House, give what is generally considered the most mirth-provoking and clever entertainment that has been offered to our citizens this season. The whole idea is strikingly original, and in carrying it out the author has concocted, in the words of the *Troy Times* editor, "the greatest piece of wit that ever emanated from the mind of man." A chance yet remains of witnessing the funny—not too funny, but just funny enough—Tourists.

Our readers are reminded of the complimentary concert to Mr. WM. REDSTONE, the popular tenor, to be given at Albert Hall, on the 31st inst. The programme embraces the names of Miss SALLIE HOLMAN, Mr. DALTON, and several other well-known vocalists, and we have no doubt the affair will be a great success artistically. It is to be hoped it will be equally successful from a financial point of view, for the *beneficiare* is a gentleman whose gifts deserve recognition.



Grenville Canal, Ottawa River.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Works, Grenville Canal," will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails, on THURSDAY, the 3RD DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of two Lift Locks and other works at Greece's Point, or lower entrance of the Grenville Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specification of the work to be done, can be seen at this Office, and at the resident Engineer's Office, Grenville, on and after THURSDAY, the 26TH MAY, instant, at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms—and in the case of firms—unless there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited, if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose Tender may be accepted will be required to make a deposit equal to *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract within *eight days* after the date of the notification. The sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part of the deposit.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.

xv-1-2t



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3RD OF JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:

Tenders will be received until

Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.

St. 15-5.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS FOR FENCING.

THE undersigned will receive Tenders for wire fencing to be erected, where required, on the line of Railway in Manitoba. Parties tendering will furnish specifications, drawings and samples of the fence, or different kinds of fence they propose to erect, and also of the Farm Gates and fastenings proposed to be employed. The prices must be for the work erected and in every respect completed.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Fencing" will be received up to Noon on Tuesday, the 1st of June next.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 26th April, 1880.

REID'S PATENT SEAMLESS WATER TRAP, the best because the strongest trap in the market. We invite the inspection of Plumbers, Architects, &c. Wm. Dingman & Co., Agents, 55 Front St. East, Toronto.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

SWINBURNE calls his new volume of poems "Songs of the Springtides."

MAYBRICK, the writer of the song of 'Nancy Lee,' has received nearly \$8,000 for his royalty.

The *Art Critic*, a journal devoted to music, art and literature, exemplifies the truth of the old saying, that treasures are often done up in small packages. A small journal, its contents are nevertheless rich and rare. The *Art Critic* is published every month. Terms, \$1.00 a year. Frederick A. Mollenhauer, 717 Broadway, New York.

The latest addition to our exchange list is the Dublin comic journal *Pat*, a handsome little eight-page paper, illustrated with colored cartoons, *a la Puck*. The principal artist is JOHN O'HEA, who handles the pencil in a masterly manner. The literary matter is very good, and taken altogether *Pat* does credit to the Metropolis of the Isle of wit and humor.

The freakishness of the "old book" mania was well exemplified at a recent New York auction, where a copy of PURCHAS'S "Pilgrims," which lacked a title page, one of the original maps and several pages of text, and was otherwise imperfect, sold for the handsome sum of \$165; while a much better copy had been disposed of at the same place shortly before for only \$20.

The *Art Autograph*, "a memorial offering of the artists, litterateurs and public men of the United States to Suffering Ireland," is now ready. It is filled with autograph sketches by the leading artists, and original poems, letters and sentiments in *fac-simile* by the greatest writers and poets of the Republic. Copies may be had by sending 25c. for the plain paper edition, or \$1 for the heavy plate paper issue, to the Art Interchange, 140 Nassau Street, New York.

Miss LOUISA ALCOTT is said to be a capital natural actress. The *Herald* of Boston says that she once came very near going on the stage, having secretly made arrangements for doing so, and intending to surprise her friends. Through a delay in her expected debut her family found out her project and it was nipped in the bud. A good while ago she wrote a farce for Mr. WILLIAM WARREN, but as the other characters had greater opportunities for amusing "business" than his, he did not play in it, though it was performed several times. She afterwards wrote a romantic drama, which was so quarrelled over by the two leading ladies of the Boston Theatre that Miss ALCOTT took it back for revision, and finally threw it impetuously into the fire, having no manuscript ready for Mr. BARRY when he sent for it to put it in rehearsal.

The comments of the Press in reference to the late Senator GEORGE BROWN have been exceedingly eulogistic of the many elements of manliness, patriotism and true Christian worth that have marked his eventful life. Of all the tributes to the illustrious Senator none have been more generous and hearty than that of GRIP. For seven years our *Punch* has in almost every imaginable style of cartoon set forth the editor of the *Globe* for the delectation of Canadians. It is pleasing to note that no malice ever inspired these caricatures, and that now GRIP, robed in mourning, shows its appreciation of departed worth by an expressive representation in which both the genius of Conservatism and Reform come with wreaths to cast upon his tomb. The subscriptions reads: "He wore the white flower of a blameless life."—*Christian Visitor*, St. John, N.B.

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Special Notice.

Mr. W. R. Burrage's engagement as general subscription and advertising agent having expired, that gentleman is no longer connected with GRIP's business department. Our authorised canvassers are furnished with credentials signed by GEORGE BENGOUGH. Good agents wanted in every part of the Dominion, to whom liberal commission will be paid.

To Subscribers.

The address slip shows the date to which your subscription is paid. Any subscribers in arrears will be made aware of the fact by a red mark.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Tabitha on Art and Education.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Ever since I took up my residence in the city last winter, I have intended seizin hold of various opinions floatin loose in my head and puttin them on paper for the benefit of your valuated periodical. This very day my feelings have been worked up to such a pitch that I felt obliged to take my pen in hand and say my say.

I went this mornin, in company with MARTHA BLANK, (only daughter of Mrs. BLANK, my landlady,) to visit the Exhibition of the "Ontario Society of Artists." My expectations were frustrated. I discovered on arrivin, that there was not an artist on exhibition. I had expected to see them standin in front of their weasels, in the attitude of paintin an embroilo picture, but I suppose they had got tired of bein there for show and had gone home. I asked a young gentleman, who was settin at a table takin the entrance money, when he expected the artists back; but he only stared at me in a frustrated manner, and didn't give me any satisfactory answer. However they had left three rooms full of paintins and as I always had a hankerin after picters, though not an art cricketer, I took a stroll round. It was a very respectable show. I can't crystallize all the paintins, but there was one that took my eye. It was called "Alice," from DOMBEY and Son. I think it was very kind of Mr. DOMBEY and his son to lend their picter to the show, and if I knew where the old gentleman lived I would make bold to ask if I might see it again, for something in that young woman's face kind o' haunts me; such a wild, hunted, pitiful look; as I stood gazin at her, I almost thought there was a livin soul lookin out of the great, sad eyes. In the course of my wanderins around the room, I saw the picter that started me to write this letter, it was called "After Tea," and was a nice lookin young girl washin up the tea things, with her dress neatly pinned back to keep it out of the wet—"MARTHA," says I, lookin at Miss BLANK in my fixedest attitude, "isn't that a deal better than the fizzy-oilery and match-matics, and other new fangled abominations that you are addin your brains with at the Norman School?"

I spoke feelinly and severe, rememberin the breakfast I had sot down to that mornin, which MARTHA was obliged to get through, her mother bein laid up with rheumatics; there was fried potatoes simmerin in grease and half cold, and

pouched eggs, every egg bein broke and so mussy lookin as wasn't fit for a Christian to eat. The natral result of eddycatin women above their spear! However, my words was lost on MARTHA; she tosses her head in a rilein manner and says, "Our curry-coolum embraces a course that is elevatin to the mind." "I wish you had made some of your curry-coolum for breakfast then," says I, "though I'd preferit hot. And MARTHA," says I, "I hold with givin a woman a sound eddication, but not to the seclusion of domestic economy, in all of which VICTORIA's daughter, wife of His Excellent Marquis of Lorne, agrees with me, as you may see, if you read her remarks at school openins etecetera. If I was a artist myself, just to encourage sensible Canadian girls, I would paint a sort of transportation scene, first, there would be a neat lookin young girl busy in the kitchen, gettin a good comfortable dinner ready for her pa and brothers when they come home tired and hungry, and then the same girl ready dressed for a party, lookin as sweet and pretty as I've seen some of the hardest workin look, and just fit to be the belle of the ball. I feel that my words is far from bein exhausted, but will not persecute the theme at present, and sign myself, as our late lamentable minister would remark, in a Latin frase,—current-tea-calomel,

Yours Respectfully,

TABITHA TWITTERS.

Relic of the late SAMUEL TWITTERS of "Twitter's Clearings."

We Told You So!

LONDON, May 22.—The Canadian cricketers and West of Scotland Club yesterday played one inning. The Canadians scored 162, their opponents 69.—*Cablegram.*

Hip, hip, hip, hooray! hurray!! hurray!!! Tiger—Hurrray!!!! Now we feel able to approach the subject. Can anybody doubt, after this, that Canada is the greatest nation on earth? We should think not! At least, Great Britain ought to be convinced. For ages Britannia ruled the waves with the oar; a Canadian oarsman went over there, and left the British champion a mile, more or less, in the rear. British supremacy at the bat had never been doubted, until the scorer ran up the placard announcing the above sweeping victory for Canadian cricketers. And recollect this is only the first of a series of great successes to come. Our team has only reached Scotland as yet. Wait till they meet and vanquish the All England Eleven, the Rugby, the Harrow, and all the other crack clubs, and then we will be able to appreciate our own prowess. Meantime, let us not forget that Canada is indeed a great country.

Royal Patronage.

In a newspaper account of Lord LORNE's recent visit to the Rysdyck stock farm near Prescott, we read:

On His Excellency's return and on his way to the depot he visited the immense plateau stables of 1,100 heads of fat beefs, fed from the distillery, and expressed great pleasure in seeing such an exhibit. After a hasty inspection of the paraphernalia of distillation and machinery in the buildings, he left for Ottawa by the evening train.

Mr. GRIP regrets very much that the Governor-General's good nature should have led him into the mistake of expressing "great pleasure" at such a sorrowful spectacle as this. Surely His Excellency cannot already have forgotten those columns of startling facts and figures on the subject of "swill milk" lately printed in the *Globe*, and yet it seems improbable that in the face of such an *expose* he would put the vice-regal imprimatur on the atrocious system. Vice royalty cannot be too careful in such matters. Perhaps on his next visit to this city Lord LORNE may find all our swill-milk-men's carts emblazoned with the Argyle arms and the legend "By special approval of the Marquis of Lorne." How will he like that, we wonder?

A Poplar Theme.

Again the organ grinder grinds out spasmodic waltz,
Again the truant school-boy around the corner halts;
Again the pleasant poplar sheds his verdant showers
Of undeveloped foliage, like flowers
By loyal subjects thrown into swill carriages,
At the vice-regal shows, or old-time marriages;
Great pity they're not roses, for fall incessant
Of damp and worm-like sprigs is far from pleasant,
Especially to maid with Gainsboro' hat,
Whose roof is quickly covered as with a mat
Of moss and pollen, spoiling its new lustre—
No wonder the young person's in a fluster!
But she—oh, she who doth affect a train,
Declares the tree a nuisance and her bane.
"Alas, alas," she wails in accents wild,
"I do declare my new silk dress is spoiled!"
But still the stately poplar waxeth stronger,
Its form grows more robust, its branches longer,
It grows apace in spite of voice of spinster,
And spreads its carpet softer than Axminster.
The poplars yet are popular, although with faults they
tax 'em,
Which faults could be removed, especially if you'd ax 'em.

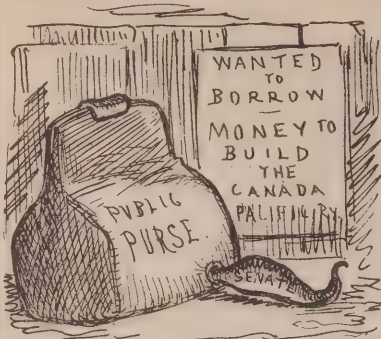
Emigration.

"Is it not a great pity," said GUSTAVUS SLASHBUSH to his sister ALMIRA, as he sat at the breakfast table and gazed at the strings of dried pumpkins hanging in graceful festoons from the cross-beams of the kitchen ceiling, "Is it not a great pity that the tide of emigration should flow steadily from Europe, to widen out and distribute itself from Minnesota to Texas enriching and building up the neighboring Republic, while our lands—Muskoka with its trout streams and fertile vales—especially its trout streams—our vast valley of the Saskatchewan, and our world-renowned fertile wildernesses, should only attract, let us say, a few Mennonites, a race almost unknown to the majority of mankind, and who don't even know, or don't want to know how to shoulder a rifle for their own defence. "Don't know and don't care," said ALMIRA, as she skilfully inverted a buck-wheat slap jack on the frying pan.

"Nobody even thinks of going there," continued GUSTAVUS, "except Mennonites or scallawags from Ontario, who expect to make a good thing there out of land speculations. Now who's fault is it? I believe it's Ed. BLAKE and MACKENZIE who've caused all this by their extolling Texas and running down our own possessions. *That's* what I think. Texas, of course, has its advantages; it is warm enough any way; not much danger of freezing to death there. The trouble is that the natives have an unpleasant habit of making things altogether too hot for the ordinary emigrant, who would no doubt find the coolness of Manitoba an agreeable exchange. Now, if BLAKE and MACKENZIE have caused this state of things, and by their wild harangues kept the toiling millions of Europe from settling under the meteor flag of England, where peace and plenty awaits them, then I say that both BLAKE and MACKENZIE should be impeached. Yes, they should certainly be impeached for high treason! People in the old times have been executed for less—Look at Lord Lovat! Look at——" "Has that lazy bunkhead not got through his grub yet, ALMIRA?" roared SLASHBUSH the elder from the front gate. "Durn him, he eats so much it makes him poor to carry it around!" GUSTAVUS arose and departed by the back door.

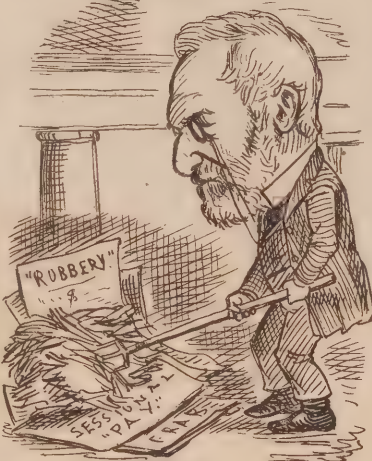
Hints to Cricketers.

Dentists should make good bowlers, as they have great experience in taking the stumps. Musical composers are generally good for a score. Never dispute an umpire's decision *openly*; it is considered ungentelemanly; but you can insinuate quietly among the crowd that a friend informed you that he himself was informed that the opposing umpire was a thorough-going partizan. Finally, never forget to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow," at a cricket dinner. Everyone wants to hear this song, and no dinner is a success without it. Don't you forget it!



The Senate Must Go!

GRIP rejoices to see that the *Globe* has at last come squarely out for the abolition of the Dominion Senate. He felt sure the powerful arguments, pictorial and otherwise, which have from time to time appeared in his columns would sooner or later have their due effect, and now that his big contemporary has fallen into line to second his own efforts, the Senate is practically abolished. Its usefulness is gone, if it ever had any, which, with all deference to the Father of Confederation, we very much doubt. Not only is it a useless institution, it is monstrously expensive, being, in fact, just what is represented in the above cut—a leech upon the public purse. And these objectionable features are not mollified by marked ability, honor or dignity. The present Senate displays what limited talent it possesses in obstructing legislation; honor it cannot claim until it has purged itself of the presence of those salary-grabbing Members of whom mention is made elsewhere; and as to dignity, the scenes enacted during last session testify to its almost total absence. The Senate Chamber is now regarded by both parties as a receptacle for old partizans, whose services are supposed to deserve a money reward. This is a paltry idea, to say the least of it. If Grifts or Tories want to reward their old allies let them do it out of their party funds; there is no good reason why the country in general should be taxed for such a purpose.



A Senatorial Hercules.

Senator ALEXANDER appears to have come out in the character of HERCULES, and to have undertaken a task analogous to that of the ancient hero in cleaning out the Augean stables. The honourable gentleman, in the latter part of the session just closed, made himself odious in the

eyes of some of his colleagues, also (by courtesy) "honourable," because he expressed his indignation at certain pieces of palpable crookedness which came to the surface, and announced his intention of cleaning out the Senate Chamber, so far as he was able to do so. One of the things which excited the ire of the Senator, and which is well calculated to have the same effect upon any honest man, was the discovery that not a few of the "grave and reverend seignors" had been taking advantage of the wording of the Act governing the payment of sessional indemnity, to pocket more of the public money than they were at all entitled to. Senator ALEXANDER called this *stealing* and *robbery*, which nasty words made the highly respectable culprits very angry. Of course he should have termed it "business irregularity," or something of that sort. Strong language, however, is one of the Senator's weaknesses, and he may have other faults, as his pay-grabbing colleagues allege, but that does not improve their case. Senator ALEXANDER appears to be an honest man, at all events, and GRIP will give him every assistance in making the Senate Chamber very warm for those who practice ways that are dark.



H. R. H. Prince Leopold.

Mr. GRIP, feeling certain that his readers would all be looking forward anxiously for a portrait of H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD in this issue, secured the above life-like sketch. Being a loyal subject as well as an enterprising journalist, Mr. GRIP felt bound to respect his Royal Highness' wish to remain *incognito* during his visit to Canada, and hence the umbrella, as a sort of compromise.

Nursery Rhymes.

[BY THE POET OF THE POTOMAC.]

There once was a Union Springs blower,
Who reckoned himself a boss rower,
But what between spills,
Wires, saws, and such ills,
His colours he oft had to lower.

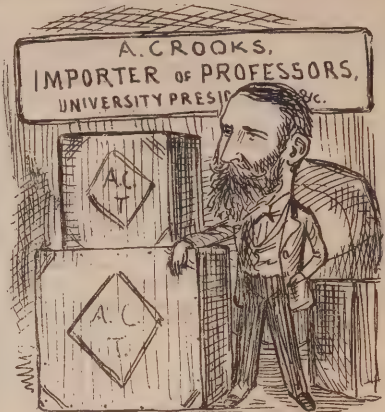
There now is another called RILEY,
The hinge of whose tongue is too 'iley,
In his own estimation
He "can lick all creation,"
But others don't hold him so highly.

A "boy" whom they termed "little Ed,"
Put on both of these duffers "a head,"
Or rather a *scull*—
And they're now feeling dull—
RILEY's moaning and COURTNEY's in bed.

Why is the Government organ at Ottawa unlike *John Gilpin*? Because the latter was a "Citizen of credit and renown."

"Look at this coat," said Mrs. SNODKINS, holding up a garment rather gone in the seams. "It's in a nice state."

"Ah, yes," said SNODKINS, solemnly, "sew it's seams, sew it's seams."



Adam Crooks,

EDUCATIONAL IMPORTER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Begs to announce to his friends and the public generally that he is constantly importing

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENTS, PROFESSORS, ETC.,

direct from the Old Country, and is thus able to supply a first-class article at very moderate prices.

A. C. wishes his friends and the public generally to observe that he does not deal in professors of Canadian manufacture, as he entertains serious doubts as to the value of that description of goods. The tariff arrangement being very favourable, however, he is able to import the genuine Old Country article at very slight advance on the native commodity. A call is respectfully solicited from the managers of Canadian colleges and universities who may be in need of competent teachers.

A. CROOKS,

Local Warehouse, Front St., Toronto.

"It's a long race that has no turning."

A live Injun on the war-path—The Ticket Scalper.

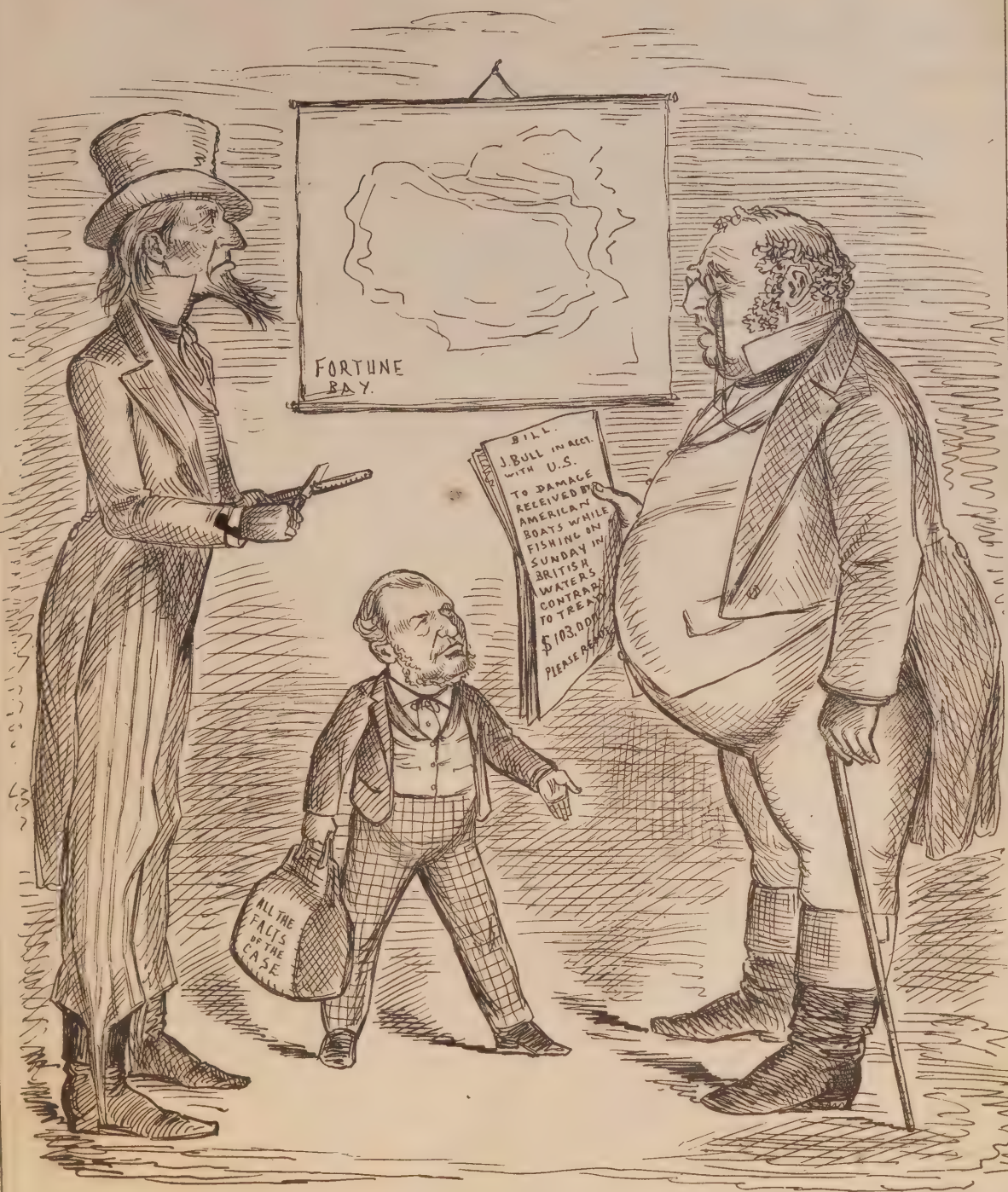
The *Globe* of the 22nd advertises for eight deaf and dumb shoemakers. It will now be in order for some municipality to offer a *bonus* to a dumb barber.



On Canadian Soil.

BRUISER. (*log.*)—What do you mean by fetchin out all them soldiers, and interferin with us like this? Prize-fighters? Naw! We're members of the Canadian House on the way home from Ottawa!

(Officer begs pardon and orders a retreat.)



THAT FISHY CLAIM AGAIN.

OUR BOY GALT.—DON'T GIVE HIM A CENT, MR. BULL; THIS IS A DEAD-BEAT GAME, AND HE KNOWS IT!

VOL. THE FIFTEENTH, No. 2.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 29TH MAY, 1880.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Howling swells—Operatic stars.—*Pat.*Fare fighting—Disputing with Jarveys.—*Pat.*
Strikers are popular in no business but baseball.—*Meriden Recorder.*It is the impecunious toper who always has a glass sigh.—*Whitehall Times.*The cash drawer is the main feature of the lecture bureau.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

In peace prepare for war, particularly where it is a single piece of pie and two boys.

Merchants are generally noted for being peculiar in their weigh.—*Keokuk Constitution.*The best frame of mind for a man to possess is a well developed skull.—*Every Saturday.*It is funny but true that it takes a ten dollar rod to catch a ten cent trout.—*Lowell Sun.*Every rural school house is a whaling station where blubber is extracted.—*Naugatuck Enterprise.*A western journalist says he always gets one article without pay—he gets bored for nothing.—*Proof Sheet.*The young woman who put butter on her hair said she believed in the Greasian style.—*Steuvenville Herald.*"To arms! to arms!" said the young soldier when he opened his to unfold his lady-love.—*Salem Sunbeam.*Raising a structure is like raising a baby—great care should be used in the underpinning.—*Meriden Recorder.*The spots on the sun do not begin to create such a disturbance as do the freckles on the daughter.—*Ed. I. Torialle.*It is said that the most unhealthy position a man can hold, is that of being "the oldest Mason."—*Somerville Journal.*On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small lad asked, "Man, if you please, are you going to shave that house?"—*Proof Sheet.*An inquisitive correspondent is informed that cremation is a recently adopted method of firing people out of the world.—*Oil City Derrick.*The young lady who dresses to be looked at shouldn't get angry when a fellow takes a good square look at her.—*Kentucky State Journal.*"Grammar don't amount to nothing noway," said the man with the greasy vest; and we see no reason to doubt his sincerity.—*Lowell Sun.*A man never realizes how plenty mustard is and how scarce are bread and meat, until he tackles a railroad eating house sandwich.—*Fulton Times.*When the girl sang to her lover, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," it was a sly way she had of getting him to become a teetotaler.—*Salem Sunbeam.*If the ladies wish so much to vote, let a law be passed permitting all of the fair sex over 26 years of age to do so. It will be a safe experiment.—*Meriden Recorder.*"Why is spring beautiful?" asks HERBERT SPENCER. We can't tell you, HERB., unless it is the halo of interest cast about this season by house cleaning.—*McGregor News.*The New York *Express* announces that hotel clerks will not wear diamond pins this year. Diamonds are not brilliant enough, and the Edison electric light will be used instead.When a back bay Bostonian gets raving and goes home and breaks up statuary and kicks the vases off the shelf, the highly cultured people say that he is in an iconoclastic mood.—*Lockport Union.*We cannot be too grateful to the Naugatuck man who has invented a rubber shoe that can be carried in the pocket. This will obviate leaving it in the hall for some one to drain his umbrella in.—*Danbury News.*WASHINGTON was a very busy man. He scarcely knew what an idle moment was, and when you read IAVINO's Life you begin to understand why GEORGE the Great never told a lie. He never had the time.—*Proof Sheet.*YOUNG must have been a rich man. He says nothing in his "Night Thoughts" about waking up at three in the morning and wondering how you are going to meet a four hundred dollar note due that day.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.**First Irishman.*—"Ah! bejabbers, I have a pain in me stomach."*Second Irishman.*—"Shure an I shud think ye'd have a bay-winder there by the number of glasses ye tuk this morning."—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*A young lady complained to her escort at the hotel that she had lost a fan and silver chain attached which he had given her. "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the gentleman to a friend, "she has lost her presents of mine."—*Meriden Recorder.*When SMITH went to a physician to be treated for heart disease, and was asked if the palpitations were violent, he replied: "You bet they are! why, when she gets down to her work she sometimes palps a hundred flaps to the second!"—*Naugatuck Enterprise.*Philosophers are fooling away their time with the spots on Jupiter, and chasing up long lost comets, and not one of them are trying to enlighten the world upon that question which has bothered mankind for nearly 6000 years, viz: Why are all women fond of pickles?—*Middletown Transcript.*

A member of one of our learned clubs returned to the bosom of his family one night sadly "under the influence." As he cautiously steered himself upstairs, he met his wife, who at once upbraided him with his condition, and declared that he exhaled a strong odor of spirits. "Taint that," pleaded the sufferer. "Had my hair cut. It's bay rum you smell!"

A little fellow of five going along the street with a dinner pail is stopped by a kindhearted gentleman, who says: "Where are you going, my little man?" "To school." "And what do you do at school? do you learn to read?" "No." "To write?" "No." "To count?" "No." "What do you do?" "I wait for school to let out."—*Albany Times.*The other day several people stood before a show window looking at a classic medallion. "What is that?" inquired the smart boy, who had elbowed his way to the front. "That," replied a good citizen, "is ACHILLES wounded in the heel." "Oh, yes," said the boy, sententiously, and gazing at the picture with new interest, "stone bruises."—*Proof Sheet.*A guest was eating more butter than buscuit, while the landlady looked on and fidgeted and hinted until she fairly went into a nervous fit. Finally she said: "Do you know butter is up to sixty-five cents a pound?" The hungry guest reached out and took what there was left. "Well," he drawled, approvingly and reassuringly, "good butter is wuth it."—*Rochester Express.*"Vell, vell," says ISAACS of the Prospect House, Niagara Falls, "I vonder vy it ish dot Brince LEOPOLD doand answer my ledder about boarding mit my hodell."—*Hotel Mail.*"Oh, yes, yes," the old gentleman said, rather dubiously, when LAURA was telling him about Tom's ability and prospects; "oh, yes; good enough prospects, I reckon, but he lacks energy. There is no get up about him; it takes him till one o'clock in the morning to get started." But she only murmured that it showed he was a "laster" with great staying qualities, and then the committee rose.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

'Ma,' said the boy, 'that man's like a baby, ain't he?' pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

'Hush.'

'Why must I hush?'

After a moment's silence: 'Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?'

'Hush, I tell you. He's bald.'

'What's bald.'

'His head hasn't got any hair on it?'

'Did it come off?'

'I guess so.'

'Will mine come off?'

'Sometime, maybe.'

'Then I'll be bald, won't I?'

'Yes.'

'Will you care?'

'Don't ask me so many questions.'

After a moment's silence the boy exclaimed:

'Ma, look at that fly on that man's head.'

'If you don't hush I'll whip you when you get home.'

'Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em.'

'Madam,' said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, 'what is the matter with that young hyena?'

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

'One fly, two flies, three flies,' said the boy, innocently following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

'Here, you young hedgehog,' said the bald-headed man, 'if you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you off the train.'

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

'Ma, have I got red marks on my head?'

'I'll slap you again if you don't hush.'

'Mister,' said the boy, after a short silence, 'does it hurt to be bald-headed?'

'Youngster,' said the man, 'if you'll keep quiet I'll give you a quarter.'

The boy promised and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

'This is my bald-headed money,' said the boy.

'When I get bald-headed I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?'

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose and exclaimed: 'Madam, hereafter when you travel leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto I have thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here.'

'The bald-headed man is gone,' said the boy, and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

Marine Intelligence.

The propeller *Hanlan* previously reported having gone south for a \$6,000 freight, was successfully loaded on the 19th inst. Owing to the heavy blowing, the propeller has remained another week to take on a \$2,000 deck-load.

Despatches from Ottawa state that the government craft, *John O'Connor*, will not proceed to Manitoba as surmised. This vessel is to be relieved by the *Alex. Campbell*, and will retire from active duty, though still flying the pennant.

The different vessels employed searching for the missing ship *Conscientious Manufacturer* have all returned without tidings. At the King Street head-quarters no information can be obtained, and the vessel is given up for lost by those best posted in marine matters.

The Government have decided to dock the old steamer *Joseph Northwood*. This old craft was built in Chatham several years ago, and has done good government work in the past. There is a strong feeling expressed, that instead of docking these old craft they should be broken up and sold. They are unfit for modern warfare and keeping them in commission makes a big hole in the navy grant.

Several gun-boats are about proceeding to England to take part in the annual review at Wimbledon.

H. M. S. *Leopold*, flying the Royal Standard, arrived at Quebec last Sunday. This is the first visit this well known liner has made to any Canadian port, and is consequently attracting considerable attention. Salutes were exchanged between the vessel and the batteries. Competent judges acquiesce in stating that the *Leopold* is a remarkably steady craft, a good sailer, stiff under canvass and handy to manage in bad weather. It is hoped this vessel may visit Toronto before returning east.

"Newsboys' Strikes."

It would seem from the *Mail* reporter's story that the happy news boys who sell *Grip*, and other light reading, such as the *Globe*, are soon to become acquainted with the "Hughes of adversity," if they won't go to school. Mr. HUGHES, the Inspector of Public Schools, has, in a gushing moment, confided to the *Mail* reporter his absolute faith in the "birch," as the true incitement to a love of school and school-teachers. This is a view of the question novel enough to be quite refreshing. It is a flight of poetical fancy one could hardly expect to find in a matter-of-fact Inspector of schools. That semi-brutalized street Arabs are to be made less so by a course of legalized brutal treatment is an idea not only novel but comic. It may be fun for the Inspector or for the "Public officer" whose appointment to this special office of news-boy flagellator he advocates; but in view of the peculiar tastes and Arab propensities of this class of youth it would seem likely to promote a truancy not only from school but from our city. As many of them are capitalists in a small way, such a measure would seriously assist the exodus so much deplored by the *Globe*. Our newsboys would work their way—after one victim had been offered in sacrifice on the altar of the "birch"—so set up—to Hamilton, and thence to Buffalo, New York and other cities in the United States where the right to personal liberty which springs from earning an honest livelihood receives a little more respect than it would under the reign of "birch" desired by the beneficent school Inspector of Toronto. Any land which desires to cultivate a love of knowledge must first learn that knowledge comes by the love of it, and that love is most frequently waked to life by the love of some person who is wise enough to direct the personal love he has gained towards worthier and higher things than himself, stooping, not to inaugurate a reign of terror, but a reign of love. Will some one please try this with the news boys.

Fashionable Intelligence.

As the season is rapidly approaching when the upper crust takes its annual holiday, a *Grip* reporter waited upon several distinguished members of the bon-ton with the object of eliciting from them their probable movements during the summer.

Mr. HARRY PIPER having been requested by a special deputation, will pass several weeks with his constituents. Great preparations are being made on their part to entertain him suitably, and already the price of whitewash and water-melons has advanced.

Doctor POMPEY WASHINGTON SHEPPARD is afraid he will be unable to extend those courtesies to Massa PIPER he could wish. He considers it highly probable that he may be called upon to spend a portion of, if not all, the vacation over the Don at Castle Green. Further inquiries resulted in the information that a suite of apartments in that hospitable mansion are in readiness for this distinguished gentleman.

The distinguished journalist and author, Mr. JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON, will go south as far as the Island as soon as the warm weather sets fairly in. It is his intention to take with him several of his 30c. editions, which, with back files of the *Telegram*, will serve to invigorate his brain for next season's work. This gentleman is determined that his paper shall have something readable in it before another year. Another edition of Egyptian hieroglyphics is in process of manufacture.

His worship Mayor DWAN intends passing the vacation along the Esplanade. His Worship has been advised by his family physician not to mix his nourishment. Being well used to Esplanade forty-rod, he thinks it would be most sensible on his part to remain in its vicinity.

Mr. E. KING DODDS anticipates a busy summer's work, and will grant himself no holiday. He has been training for nearly two years as a temperance lecturer, and expects several engagements this summer in that capacity. Associations and the trade liberally dealt with.

The Fortune Bay Claim.

UNCLE SAM's cheek continues to develop. It has now reached magnificent proportions, and fairly deserves to rank as the eighth wonder of the world. The figure he is at present cutting in connection with the Fortune Bay "outrage" fully sustains his bad reputation of the past. He occupies a position which no individual or nation possessing the first elements of honour would be willing to take, and he holds it with an assumed air of dignity which is simply sickening. Everybody who is cognizant of the facts knows that if there was any "outrage" at all in Fortune Bay on the occasion alluded to, it was committed by the American fishermen, who were in the first place violating the Sabbath laws, and in the second place pirating in waters forbidden by the stipulations of the Treaty of Washington. That they were attacked and punished by the Newfoundlanders, whom they were pillaging, is no more than they deserved, and probably expected. And now UNCLE SAM has the effrontery to demand \$108,000 for the injury inflicted on the pirate boats, and this while his pockets are bulging out with the surplus British cash which he filched out of the Geneva award. It is to be hoped JOHN BULL will administer a proper snub while he has so good a chance, for if this outrageous demand is seriously entertained, the imperturbable Yankee will next be putting in a claim for a few millions on account of the injury done to national pride in connection with HANLAN's late trip to Washington.

Our Music Interests.

GRIP has great pleasure in announcing that he has secured the services of a thoroughly competent musician to furnish his pages with critiques of such performances as may be deemed worthy of attention, and also to review any musical compositions that may be sent in for that purpose.

ST. ANDREW'S CHORAL SOCIETY.

EDWARD FISHER—CONDUCTOR.

SECOND GRAND CONCERT.

MENDELSSOHN'S LAUDA SION AND SELECTIONS.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1880.

PAVILION,

Horticultural Gardens.

ADMISSION—Reserved Seats, Fifty Cents. Tickets may be obtained from Members of the Society and at A. & S. Nordheimer's.

**LACHINE CANAL.****NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3RD OF JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—
Tenders will be received until

Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By order,

F. BRAUN

Secretary

Department of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.

4t-15-5

**WELLAND CANAL****NOTICE**

TO

BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY THE 13th DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, THE 31st DAY OF MAY next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and the residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge for which an offer is made, must accompany each Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 20th March, 1880.

xiv-21-10

For a GOOD SMOKE

USE MYRTLE NAVY.

See T. & B. on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to

FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.

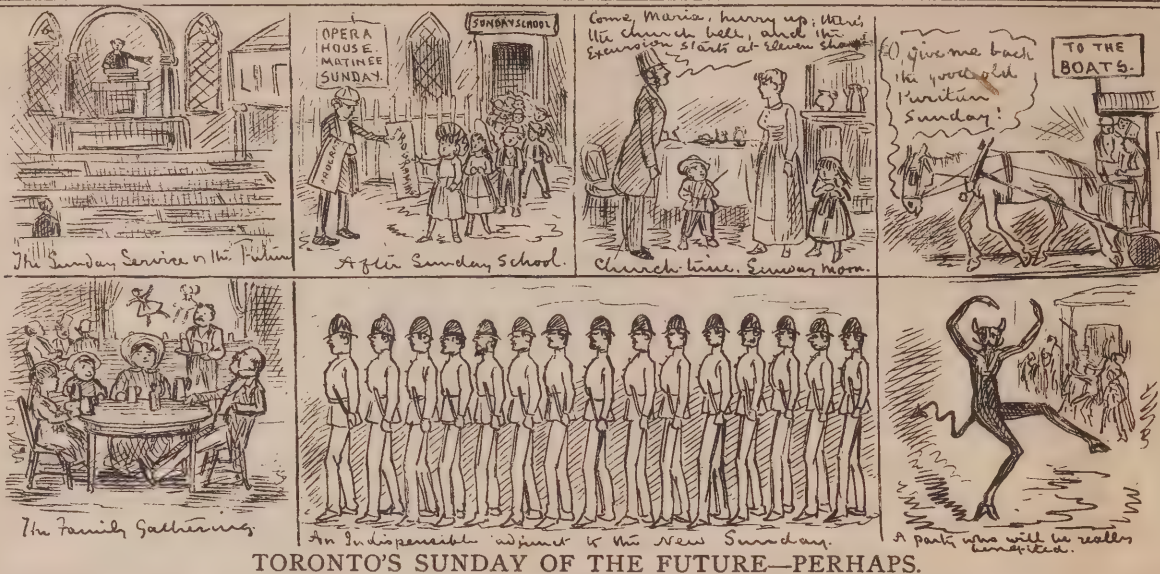
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TORONTO'S SUNDAY OF THE FUTURE—PERHAPS.

"The very dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smile, the very mould and frame of hand
And nail, and finger.



Bring your little darlings to **BRUCE**, who is famous for the way he succeeds in catching their pretty childish poses and expressions.

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The Story of Walterson Lee.

Full often I've stated convictions in print,
No scoundrel could equal in deepness of tint
That prince of rascality—WALTERSON LEE,
Who hailed from the savory town of Dundee.

As a child he exhibited curious traits,
Encouraged his son's playing hooky from school,
And even on falsehood and larceny smiled,
Instead of chastising that promising child.

His father—a reticent, kindly old fool,
Encouraged his son's playing hooky from school,
And then he'd repair, would this desperate sinner,
Instead of chastising that promising child.

"I'll pizen my gov'nor—I'll do it, begad,"
Was the happy resolve of this WALTERSON lad;
And so this unlicked and detestable cub
Determined on cooking his governor's grub.

At times when that sweet recreation would flag,
He'd take off the tail of some woe-begone nag;
And then he'd repair, would this desperate sinner,
And make a nice soup for his governor's dinner.

Again, he'd lay hands on some poor little cat,
So sleepy and sleeky and purry and fat,
And then his poor father (unconscious) would munch
That sacrificed pussy for dinner or lunch.

He treated his father to fox and to dog,
And times without number to toad and to frog,
Oh, anything nasty did WALTERSON see,
'Twas immediately nailed for his governor's tea.

He would serve up a mouse, or a hawk, or a bat,
No matter to him were it weasel or rat,
Or tadpoles or kittens—he did not regret it,
So long as he saw that his governor ate it.

He gave him a savory morsel of whale,
Which was cast on the beach by an easterly gale;
And things had arrived to a pretty fair pass,
When he served up the head and the hoofs of an ass.

Now the conduct of this most unnatural lad,
Was slowly but certainly killing his dad;
Imagine it, reader, and weep, if you can,
At the woe of that stupid but reticent man.

But everything earthly must come to an end,
And death came that ill-treated man to befrend;
He was eating boiled owl at his comfortable tea,
When he died! on the bosom of WALTERSON LEE.

And WALTERSON—ah, that detestable cad,
Affected no grief at the death of his dad;
It troubled him not. He is settled in life,
And is doing his utmost to poison his wife.

But let me remark—Mrs. WALTERSON LEE
Is strong and robust to a startling degree;
So WALTERSON's dreaming of pistols and knives,
And an active treatment for obstinate wives.

Full often I've placed my conviction in print,
No rascal can equal in villainous tint
That king of the scoundrels, young WALTERSON LEE,
Who hails from the savory town of Dundee.

A dandy no one is fond of—Dandelion.

Signs of the times—Promissory notes.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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VOLUME XV.)
No. 3.

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"Your publication is in all respects first-class, and if conducted in the manner proposed, should receive the hearty support of all wide awake Phonographers. I hear nothing but the heartiest commendations from my friends who have received the first number."—Theo. C. Rose, Secy. New York State Stenographers' Association.

It is a neatly printed and well illustrated magazine, in which specimens of Isaac Pitman's, Munson's, Graham's and Benn Pitman's systems are exhibited. We trust that those who are interested in the subject of phonography will feel it their duty to support home enterprise by subscribing to this periodical, which will only cost them the comparatively small sum of one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy.—Montreal Gazette.

We are quite sure that the expectations of Canadian shorthand writers have been more than realized by the initial number of this publication. The appearance of the first number will at once dissipate any misgivings as to the manner in which the publishers intend to do their share of the work, for so far from fearing competition with American shorthand publications, it is far superior to any of them that circulate in Canada. Typographically it is all that could be desired both in letterpress and phonography, while every line of its editorial and contributed articles will prove interesting to all shorthand writers, whatever their grade of experience. The Canadian Shorthand Writer is edited by a well known practical reporter, and it numbers among its contributors many of the leading phonographers of the Dominion. To the student of phonography it will, on that account, be invaluable; for everyone who has gone through the experience of acquiring a knowledge of the art knows that he has much to learn which he has learned amies from the books, when he comes to apply his knowledge to practical purposes. The subscription price is \$1 a year, and the address of the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto.—Sarnia Observer (edited by Mr. Geo. Eyvel, of the House of Commons Gallery).

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The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer,

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Portraits of Mr. W. J. FLORENCE as the *Hon. Bardwell Slope*, have recently been exhibited in London as the likeness of Mr. JOHN T. RAYMOND in *Col. Sellers*.

MISS ADA ARTHURS, formerly of this city and granddaughter of JAMES AUSTIN, president of the Dominion Bank, has passed a most successful musical examination, and was admitted at once to the study of grand Italian opera at Milan.

MR. PITOU the enterprising manager of the Grand, engaged WILHELMJ for two additional performances at the Gardens, on Tuesday night and Wednesday afternoon respectively. The great performer was on each occasion welcomed enthusiastically.

MODJESKA has achieved a brilliant success in London. Her first appearance in that city was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and she was honored with the heartiest manifestations of appreciation from an aristocratic, cultured and critical audience.

Our young friend Mr. W. BRAYBROOKE BAYLEY, composer of *La Belle Canadienne* has received a graceful compliment from Prince LEOPOLD, His Royal Highness having stepped into NORDHEIMER'S and purchased a copy of that popular piece, remarking that he had heard it played by the band at Quebec.

MR. JOE POLK snaps his fingers at the critics' taunts, and manifests the most unbounded faith in "Christopher Columbus Gall" and its setting. The public is familiar with the play through the descriptions, and need no introduction to that score. POLK believes firmly in JESSOP, who wrote it, and describes him as a remarkable man—able to dash off a scene in a few moments' time.

The terribly sudden death of Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, senior, cast a gloom over all the artistic reunions held on Saturday. On that evening Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH took the chair at the Savage Club house dinner, his second son, WALTER, being also present. He had just recited "An incident in the life of the late Sergeant TALFOURD," and amidst the applause of his friends he was, to the horror of all present, observed to fall in the first seizure of an apopleptic fit.

WILHELMJ.—This great violinist, who gave his first concert in Toronto on Thursday evening, 21st inst., made his first appearance in New York on the 26th Sept., 1878. Comparatively unknown there, excepting to those who take an interest in foreign musical matters, his performance took his audience quite by surprise, and was of such a character that before he played many bars he fully proved the correctness of the high encomiums passed upon him by the first critics in Europe, as being not only one of the greatest violinists of the day, but almost without a compeer. We have only to say that his performances here have had the same effect upon all who have heard him, and were capable of judging. Without entering into further criticism, his chief characteristics are his pure, strong and beautiful tone, grand and imposing style, with highly intellectual rendering of the music he plays, the effect of which is heightened by the ease and grace with which he performs the greatest difficulties of technique. Madame SALVOTTI, soprano, sang several first-class number in a truly artistic style. This lady possesses a voice of great power and flexibility, which she uses with great taste. She gave much satisfaction. Herr VOERICH proved himself to be a first-class pianist and accompanist. We know him to be a good musician and a rising composer. All who attended any of the three concerts admit it was a great treat.

SHARP SIXTH.

Sir John "At Home."

So rich a vein of absurdity has traversed recent proceedings at the U. E. Club, that it is only fair to let the public share the fun. It is no violation of any confidence to say that this notorious resort of the faithful has been disorganized by a serious row. The beefsteaks in the kitchen have been outdone by the broils in the parlour, and the noble gentleman they call the "Chieftain" has been having a pretty lively time of it. So soon as this illustrious personage reached this aristocratic lounge, instead of enjoying the exclusiveness and the conviviality in which he so much delights, he was assailed by an ill-favoured multitude clamoring for office. All the stock characters were there. The high tragedians and the low comedians; the ward politicians and the wire pullers: the briefless barristers and the political speculators—a motley crowd with greater claims to be considered demagogues than to be regarded patriots. Never did a public character have so many callers in a single day as the "Chieftain." From the back kitchen to the garret, the building was full of them. They gathered from drawing-room and pot-house, overflowing with praise of the great man before their interview, but cursing him silently, but deeply, after it. It was a time of anxiety and excitement, for there were three loaves to be distributed, and a hungry, gaunt-looking rabble, each expecting one a-piece. The fun commenced by a free fight between two noted old party men for the collectorship. It was followed by a lively scramble for the nomination for West Toronto. No one felt tongue-tied. Epigram and sneer were bandied about, nor were threats forgotten. The Chieftain was fairly cornered. PETRUCCIO had a simple task in taming KATHERINE compared with the task of taming these vehement patriots, and like a wise man, the Chieftain gave it up, turned tail and ran. By degrees the building emptied, and assumed its wonted appearance. The victims of misplaced confidence retired to their haunts, feeling that the great Canadian sopher had once again done them uncommonly brown.

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Some studies by GAINSBOROUGH in chalk and pencil were recently sold in London for from \$4.00 to \$10.00 a pair.

The *Mirror* is the latest addition to Hamilton journalism. It is devoted to Art, Literature, etc., etc. The writing is very fair, but there is plenty of room for improvement in the artistic department.

GRIP entered upon its fifteenth volume last week with a diminution of heading space to accommodate increasing business. The next volume will probably see this spicy sheet a rival of *Punch* in size, and, as it is now, superior to it in the ability displayed through its columns.—*Elora Express*. Ahem! thanks.

The *Chicago Advance* opines that THOMAS NAST's pencil has lost its cunning, or else he has forgotten how to use it, as many of his recent productions have been anything but happy hits. Perhaps the *Advance* editor doesn't know how much harder it is to keep up a high reputation with the pencil than with the pen.

BURNARD, of *Punch*, is puzzled to know why BRET HARTE should have been selected to reply to the toast of "Literature" at the dinner of the Royal Academy. He might have fairly represented American literature, but certainly not literature in general. But, adds this witty person, seeing that BRET read his oration from manuscript, it was not a *speech* by Harte, after all.

We have been favored with a view of a proof-print of the first engraving made for the forthcoming work "Picturesque Canada." It is a reproduction of one of Mr. J. A. FRASER's sea shore subjects, and when we say that the engraver has faithfully interpreted that artist, no higher praise will be asked for. It is an exceedingly fine piece of work, though no better than the whole series is expected to be.

Brisbane, Queensland (Australia), has its *Punch*, a sixteen-page weekly journal of an exceedingly readable character, profusely illustrated. The cartoon in the number before us represents JOHN BULL giving notice to Brother JONATHAN that "this little girl of his (Australia) says she can keep her old father supplied with meat." The publisher of Queensland *Punch* is Mr. J. EDGAR BYRNE, Brisbane; price 6d.

A New Brunswick contemporary says the volume of poems by AMOS H. CHANDLER and CHAS. PELHAM MULVANY, announced some time ago, has at last appeared, and more than fulfils all expectations. It is an achievement of which all Canadians have cause to be proud, and contains poems that rank with the mature work of the leading English and American poets. Mr. MULVANY's writings have long been held in the highest estimation at Dublin University and at Oxford, where they have enjoyed an extensive private circulation.

Society in Australia retains much more of the spirit of the motherland than here with us. Amongst other home institutions, the Antipodeans must have their *Punch*—the literary, not the liquid article. Melbourne has a humorous journal of that name, which in point of artistic ability is undoubtedly the peer of its English namesake. It is strongly Conservative in its politics, and exerted a powerful influence against the BERRY (protection) ministry, whose decline and fall it commemorates in an extra edition containing reprints of the chief cartoons. Canadians will find these pictures interesting. Copies may be obtained by addressing the publishers, J. MCKINLEY & Co., 69 Queen Street, Melbourne; price 6d., postage 1d.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

The Model Official.

ACT I.

Scene—Office of Hon. C. F. FRASER, Commissioner of Public Works.

Enter Deputation of respectable Canadian Architects.

Spokesman of Deputation.—Good morning, Mr. Commissioner; hope you are quite well, sir.

The Hon. Com. (rudely.) What do you want?

Spokesman.—We called, sir, as the representatives of a respected profession—that of Architecture—to politely request you to make a few amendments in the terms and conditions governing the competition for designs for the new Parliament Buildings. Our requests are very reasonable and cannot but commend themselves to your judgment, we believe. May we proceed, sir?

The Hon. Com. (pulling his soft felt rowdy down over his nose, and dropping back in his chair with an expression of contempt and impatience.)—Go on!

Spokesman.—Thank you, sir. Well, then, firstly, considering the great importance of the proposed work, we would suggest an extension of the time allowed to competitors to prepare their designs. There are but ten weeks now remaining, which length of time is utterly inadequate. Will you kindly extend it to December or January?

The Hon. Com. (fiercely.) No!! you insolent upstarts, no!!

Spokesman.—We beg your pardon, sir, if we have unintentionally wounded your feelings. May we proceed?

The Hon. Com. (savagely.) Go on!

Spokesman.—Secondly, we would respectfully suggest that instead of asking competitors to state the amount they will ask for their services,—and thus making it a competition of professional charges instead of designing skill, you should adopt the plan of offering the usual rate of five per cent. commission; and also that the successful competitor shall be engaged to superintend the erection of the building, if found competent in all respects.

The Hon. Com.—No, you presumptuous pettifoggers,—no!!

Spokesman.—Thirdly, we humbly suggest that the judges of the work sent in shall be competent Architects chosen from different points outside of the Dominion.

The Hon. Com. (contemptuously.) Humph!—Go on.

Spokesman.—Fourthly, we would suggest that competitors be permitted to finish their perspective drawings with sepia or India ink, so long as they use no colors.

The Hon. Com. (roughly.) I'll do no such thing, you miserable bitches. Get through with your palaver as soon as you can, and clear out. Go on!!

The Spokesman (considerably agitated.) Fifthly and lastly, honourable sir, we would wish you to alter the condition that the persons to whom the second and third premiums are awarded, shall be compelled to sell their drawings to the Government for \$400.

The Hon. Com. (rising and opening the door.)—Now, if you've got through, dig! I'll grant none of your absurd and preposterous, not to say cheeky and impertinent requests, you wretched crowd of scallawags! Get out!

[Exit Respectable Deputation, with expressions of sorrow at having given the *Hon. Commissioner* so much annoyance.]

ACT II.

Scene—as before. Enter office Boy.

Boy.—Hon. Sir, there's another deputation of Architects waiting to see you.

Hon. Com.—Maledictions on—! More noodles who think they know as much about building Parliament Houses as I do, I suppose! Tell them I won't see them!

Boy.—Here's their card, sir; they asked me to give it you.

Hon. Com. (with sudden change of manner.) From the United States? Ah! Show the gentlemen up. [Exit Boy.]

Enter American Architects.

Hon. Com.—Ah! how do, gentlemen? Delighted to see you, I'm sure. Be seated; what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?

Spokesman.—Much obliged for your kindness, sir. Will you have the goodness to read this little petition?

[Hon. Com. politely takes petition and carefully reads it over.]

Hon. Com. (pleasantly.) Why, this is very remarkable, gentlemen. I had a visit from a number of Canadian Architects proposing these very things. Of course I shall have the greatest pleasure in making the alterations you suggest. It shall be done forthwith. Anything else I can do to oblige you? Will you drink a glass of wine? (Treats Deputation.) Good day, gentlemen, delighted to have met you; good day.

[Exit Deputation, deeply impressed with the amiability of the Hon. Commissioner.]

Tabitha Abroad.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Though I have objections to argufyin females, there are times when I get a sort of inspirin spell, and feel that I must say my say. My late lamentable pardner, SAMUEL, has sometimes endeavored, in an ineffectual manner, to cut short my observations on weighty subjects, by remarkin that any simpleton could get into deep water, but a considerable number couldn't swim when they got there. "SAMUEL TWITTERS," I would reply (feelin my tongue sharpenin up sufficient to make a cuttin answer). "SAMUEL TWITTERS, as our respectable pastor remarks, in a Latin phrase, *he speary-ensha doze it*, so I suppose you have often felt yourself sinkin when you headed into argyments that could swamp any man of your metal qualities." SAMUEL was mostly always silenced by my observashuns, knowin that diskreshun is a better pardner than valor, or somethin to that effect. But I am digressin, digresshuns is my weakness.

As I propose to decant on currant topics, I will remark that I took considerable pleasure in readin the statement that Her Graceful Majesty VICTORIA's youngest boy, LEOPOLD, honored this city with a visit, and was likewise pleased to observe that town councils, and settera, have

had respect to his wishes, and though it must have evolved much self design, have refrained from presentin him with any addresses. He has done a good deal in the speechifyin and corner-stone layin line in England, and perhaps a spell of rest will retrooperate him.

I spent a very pleasurable evenin last week at a rehearsal of St. Andrew's Koran Society. I was taken in superstitiously by one of the members. They performed a sacred canter of the late Mr. MEDDLESOME. My friend told me that it was one of his—works, I don't remember the name, it was something about post and mouse, but if folks will use outlandish words instead of speakin good, plain English, they must expect other folks' minds to get confused.

I felt touched and uplifted by the performance. It was quite inspirin to see the head musishun flourishing his batong, and evincin a manner brimfull of Anniemashun. The young gentleman who resided at the piano-fort looked serious and minded his business, which was the musical implement, as folks should, and the Augustra performed with eksellent armoury. I will go to the performance at the Haughtycultural Gardens on the tenth day of this month, so that I can then cricketize with great satisfakhun.

I am also goin to attend the meetin of the Anglinecan Sinod, beginnin on next Tuesday. I hope I shall not be necessitated to see any delicats at logwood heads, or looking dragons at each other. I hold that it is unbecomin for ministers of the Gospel of Peace to be flingin spiritooal wepuns about in a unspiritooal manner, and leavin hard words and bitter feelins as stumblin blocks in paths that are too rough already for some feet to walk strait ahead on them. So hopin to see a whole Sinod full of eyes beamin brotherly love all round, I will put a v 2 on my remarks, subscribin myself,

With much respek,

TABITHA TWITTERS,
Relic of the late S. TWITTERS, of
Twitters' Clearing.

A Sensible Letter from a Workin' Man.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—I've been a-readin of the paper a good bit lately, and see a deal of talk about doin way with the Senate—squelchin of it out altogether. I don't want for to take and give no opinion bout that, cause I arren't sure that I proply take in all the facts of the case. But there's one pint I see through, and that is about them Senators as takes more pay than wot is right, bein that the Act allows 'em to do so. GRIP showed this up strong to my mind. Now, wot I says is, this is wrong, ~~but~~ still I don't see as them Senators is to be blamed, bein made out of the sort of human nature as other folks, and I shouldn't wonder if I would do the same thing myself, if I only had the chance. Well, if it is wrong, wot makes it so? The law that allows it, to be sure. Them of course all you've got to do is to change the law. Then Senators and members of Parliament, when they makes speeches, often calls themselves workin men, and if they are so, why they be paid the same a workin' men, namely, accordin to the amount of work they do, just like the rest of us? If this was only attended to we wouldn't hear no more about salary-grabs and such things. You can print these remarks for the good of the country,

And oblige yours respectfully,

A WORKIN MAN.

In one of our exchanges we read that,

LOUIS WATSON, the Indian Chief, who is over 100 years old, and who lives at Lake George, has just received a long-expected pension from the British Government, for war-like services rendered as Chief of the Abenakis in the contest of 1812.

Now this will probably serve as a text for philippics against governmental ingratitude, in some quarters. But no doubt the Government purposely postponed the payment of the money until LOUIS WATSON had reached years of discretion and was not likely to squander it on circuses and such like.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

E. HOWARD & CO'S Celebrated Key and Stem Winding Watches.

WOLTZ BROS. & CO., Sole Agents, 14 King Street West, TORONTO.



Gull River and the Trent Valley Canal.

The Peterborough *Review* excuses the brevity of Sir CHARLES TUPPER's visit to that town on the ground that it was "of the greatest importance that he should get a good look at Balsam and Cameron lakes, and their feeders, Gull and Burnt rivers." In the above illustration Sir CHARLES is taking a particularly good look at Gull river, and judging from the expression of his countenance and the present state of our national finances, he is a mentally soliloquising: "Gull river. What an appropriate name! I cannot conceive of any word which so aptly expresses the true inwardness of my present undertaking; though, when the people around here who believe I am going to build the Trent Valley Canal right away come to realize that I am only on a little pleasure trip, I shouldn't wonder if they were to change the name of Gull river and call it—Tupper!"

If some unforeseen calamity should rob the world of the watermelon, the small boy, the mule, the parental boot and the front gate, the American paragraphers' occupation would be gone.



The Great "Family" Journal.

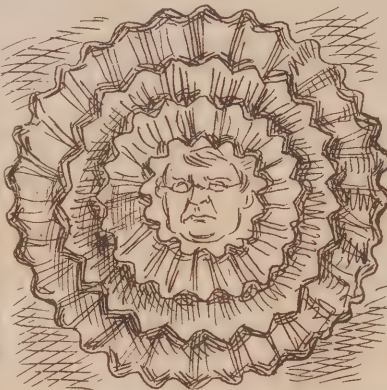
Mamma.—Don't be so selfish, SAMUEL; read out your *Globe*.

Papa.—No, JANE; it's all about the brutal Ryan-Goss fight; it wouldn't do to read it out before the children!

(Similar scene in *Mail* patron's house.)

Royal Selfishness.

Prince LEOPOLD, being of opinion that it is no fault of his that he belongs to the Royal Family, has determined not to allow that unfortunate circumstance to interfere with his pleasure and comfort on his present visit to Canada. He has elected to travel as a private gentleman, without any banquet or address accompaniments. Now, this is very cruel of him. A large section of the Canadian people are burning for a chance to show that they are truly loyal to the British throne, and the constitutional method of doing so is to read and present elaborate addresses to scions of the House of Brunswick. This glorious opportunity will be lost through the obduracy of the Prince, and the world at large may not be convinced that the Canadian people really are loyal. Again, there are hundreds of mayors and councilmen, clad in a little brief authority, whose hopes of doing the grand at royal receptions will be dashed by the Prince's decision. We are afraid His Royal Highness has not taken these matters into consideration. He is said to be a very affable and thoughtful young man, and there is every likelihood that if he was made aware of the serious consequences which this regard for his own comfort may have, he would readily change his mind, and tranquilly submit to the torture which our gushing people would be only too delighted to inflict.



The Conservative Pen-Wiper.

GRIP, ever ready to encourage the growth of industrial art in this fair Dominion, has much pleasure in presenting the above sketch of a neat little article which is at present greatly in vogue in the editorial rooms of Conservative newspapers. It is a new pen-wiper, known as "The Blake," and is said to have been originated by the clever Premier, and distributed to the faithful journalists under the auspices of the Government. Like all pen-wipers, it is intended to be used for cleaning dirty pens, though we understand the Cabinet "instructions" accompanying each one recommend that only such quills as are befouled with personal attacks on the present leader of the Opposition are to be used upon it. Considering the short time the BLAKE Pen-wiper has been in use, it is remarkable what an amount of editorial ink has already been smeared upon it. In fact, a casual visitor to the office of any leading Conservative paper who picked up the portrait in the centre as that of the honourable EDWARD at all.

Our funny contributor says that when his tailor presses him for that little account, (now several years over due), he in reply sings the tailor a verse of that beautiful song, "O loving heart, trust on."



Vox Populi.

The old lady is beginning to get agitated, and not without cause. Since our last issue the Press of the country has been talking about little else than the abolition of the Senate. The journalistic followers of the *Globe* are of course *en masse* in favor of the proposition; and, as might be expected, the Conservative organs are nearly all the other way. Time will have to decide the matter, but in the meantime the venerable dame has received unmistakable "Notice to quit."

The Political M. Loyal.

FOREPAUGH's big circus is coming, as everybody knows, and the dead walls of the city are flaming with gorgeous pictures which delight the heart of the small boy and the elderly deacon alike. Among these faithful illustrations of what is actually to be performed, is a cut representing the thrilling act of Mons. LOYAL, who allows himself to be shot from a big gun away up into the air. GRIP takes the liberty of reproducing this picture on his eighth page, not for the purpose of immortalizing the name of FOREPAUGH, but because another great manager is about to perform the same sensational act in the political circus. It is believed (though there are no coloured posters announcing the fact) that Mr. J. BEVERLEY ROBINSON is about to emulate the daring of M. LOYAL. He has proclaimed himself willing, nay anxious to allow Sir JOHN MACDONALD to fire him into the high position of Lieutenant-Governor, and there is every probability that Sir JOHN is going to accommodate him. GRIP only hopes the affair may pass off successfully, and that when JOHN B. reaches the dizzy height he may not lose his head altogether.



Our Cricketers Abroad.

The "spare man" of the Canadian team.





THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

It is believed that the word "never" has been crippled for life.—*Danbury News.*

There are few men who can catch a six-inch trout and not lie about it.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Since the foot produces ache-corns, what kind of fruit will the negro?—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Speaking across a garden fence admits of a good deal being said on both sides.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

"My work's dun," remarked the collector as he started out in the morning.—*Marathon Independent.*

A Rockland man calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.—*Rockland Courier.*

The politician wanted the newspapers filed because they were so rough on him.—*Waterloo Observer.*

An authority in such matters says love levels all ranks, except rank butter.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

"Farewell, my hone," sang the barber, as he saw a thief making off with it.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

JOAQUIN MILLER is said to be busy writing a war poem. Mr. MILLER was very recently married.—*New York Commercial.*

The marriage of a deaf and dumb couple is always the result of a mutual admiration.—*Philadelphia Item.*

The old M. Ds. see to it that graves are occupied, and the young M. Ds. that they are emptied.—*Lockport Union.*

The circus times are upon us, and already there is a noticeable falling off in the church contributions.—*Kbokuk Constitution.*

Authors are spoken of as dwelling in attics, because so few of them are able to live on their first story.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Once more the busy bumble bee
Bumbleth his bumbling song;
And the small boy arm seeketh he
'Bout 40,000 strong.—*Augusta Mail.*

Figures can not lie, but if a bad man knows how to use them they will help him cover up an embezzlement for a long time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A young Darwinian. JACK (to his married sister)—"Hi! POLLY!! Look!!! Here's your baby trying to walk on its hind legs!!!!"—*London Punch.*

Eleven million dollars was spent in this country last year for hair restoratives, and we can't see one more hair than the year before.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is suspected that when the great buzz went up from assembled thousands on the occasion of HANLAN's victory, COURTNEY the great buzz saw.—*Corey Press.*

We see at last that we must cease making jokes. When it gets so they are liable to explode and scare horses it is time to stop.—*Rockland Courier.*

All things are ordered wisely. No sooner does the grass get robust enough to soil light pants than the tailors begin making the article.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

The need of many an editor,
From long time immemorial,
Is a pair of double action shears
That can write an editorial.
Hackensack Republican.

As far as we are informed, there is nothing in the appearance of a church contribution box to derange any one, but it is well known that it turns men's heads—the other way.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

When you see a man take off his hat to you it is a sign that he respects you. But when he is seen divesting himself of his coat you can make up your mind that he intends you shall respect him.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When lovely woman hears strange news,
What form of speech so efficacious,
To give expression to her views,
As this plain English—"Goodness Gracious!"
Chicago Journal.

VANDERBILT is worth over fifty millions. He can go to the first church strawberry festival of the season, treat half a dozen young ladies, and have enough money left for next morning's marketing.—*Norristown Herald.*

Did it ever occur to you why a lawyer who is conducting a disputed will case is like a trapeze performer in a circus? Didn't? Well, its because he flies through the air with the greatest of fees.—*Unidentified Exchange.*

A five cent piece and a foolish man dond hafe an ackwaindance pooty long, then, it vas pooty good to been foolishness and hafe plenty five cent pieces introduced to you, and it?—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
He loves not new-baked gingerbread?
Who, stepping through the kitchen door,
On baking day, sees goodly store
Of fragrant, amber-shadowed cake,
And—half unconscious—does not break
A ragged chunk?
California Paper.

Here is the way a Valjejo girl puts up her back hair: "Ri tum de iddle, de iddle de lay; where is a hair pinny de hiddle de lay; oh, ain't I killing rum tidde de hiddle de lay; and I'm going to the picnicky er rickety de lickety de lay."—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

A Georgia man in California was boasting of the size of southern productions. Pointing to a barrel he said, "We raise larger watermelons than those." "Watermelons!" exclaimed the Californian, "why, those are only huckleberries."—*New York Herald.*

This is the time of year when the industrious young man resolves to get up very early every morning and take a walk, or read history, or do something awfully commendable, and then oversleeps himself and is late to business twenty-seven days in the month.—*New York Mail.*

A teacher asked a bright little girl, "What country is opposite us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir," was the answer. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in it at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.—*Lowell Sun.*

She has, as usual yearly, commenced work on the front spring flower garden. She can't find the hoe, rake and trowel used last year. She never can. She buys a new hoe, rake and trowel. She has done this for nine successive seasons. Also, garden gloves and a new watering pot. Yesterday the old ones were found where they were safely put away last fall in the barn loft. Now there are two sets to work with.—*New York Graphic.*

"Sir," roared a man out in Nebraska, striding up to a neighbor, "Sir, you are a liar." "I am?" exclaimed the astonished neighbor. "How do you know I am?" "Because I know it; because I have found it out." "How long have you been living here?" "Six weeks." Neighbor, tranquilly nodding his head: "Oh, well, probably you do know it then. I didn't think you had been in town so long." There was no fight.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

She painted on china and silk, she talked science and art day and night, she read RUSKIN, CARLYLE and that ilk, and combed her hair like a fright. She wrote essays and papers and such, on the cosmic, the real, and ideal, she was linguistic from English to Dutch, and her stockings were out at the heel.—*Steubenville Herald.*

If the person who called at this office some time ago and had the following verse printed upon a display card, and who failed subsequently to call for the job or to pay for it, will now lend his doleful presence to this establishment he will learn something to his advantage.—

"Since man to man is oft unjust
I do not know what man to trust.
I've trusted some, and to my sorrow,
You pay to-day; I'll trust to-morrow."
Rome Sentinel.

MRS. PARTINGTON AT THE SOCIABLE.

[B. P. SHILLABER in the Cambridge Avenue.]

There was no mistaking the costume, and the fact that the venerable dame led a small boy by the hand confirmed the impression that Mrs. PARTINGTON was indeed in the assemblage. There was a momentary lull in the buzz of conversation, and the party gathered around the new comer, eager to shake her by the hand. "Bless me!" said she, with a beaming smile, which played over her face like sunshine over a lake. "Bless me! how salutary you are!—just as you ought to be at a time like this, when nothing harmonious should be allowed to disturb your hostilities. You are very kind, I'm sure, and I am glad to see you trying to enjoy yourselves. We had no church sociables in my young days, but we had huskin' bees, and quiltin' bees, and apple bees, and—" "Bumble bees," said IKE, breaking in like a boy on thin ice—"and though we had good times, and sociable enough, goodness knows, when the red ears were found, they were nothing to the superfluity of this." There was a slight disturbance in the circle, as IKE in his restlessness placed his heel on a circumjacent toe, but it was stilled as the master of ceremonies came up to introduce the minister. "Glad to see you, madam," said the minister. "I hope you may find the hour spent with us a happy one." "I know I shall, sir," replied she, "for happiness depends very much on how we enjoy ourselves, and enough of anything always satisfies me. Why shouldn't I enjoy myself in a scene of such life and animosity as this?" "Very true, madam." "And then the lights, blazing like consternation, and the music and flowers make it seem like Pharaoh land." The minister was called away, and the master of ceremonies asked Mrs. P. if she would like "an ice," which she faintly heard. "A nice —?" she replied, looking at him and hanging on the long—, as if it were the top bar of a gate; "oh, very." A rush by the contestants in a game here broke in between them, the band gave a crash which seemed to start the roof, the mass of people waved to and fro, IKE started off with a new crony in quest of some suggested peanuts, and Mrs. PARTINGTON backed into the seat. She looked pleasantly upon the moving spectacle through her own parabolas, her fingers beat time to the music, and her olfactories inhaled the breath of flowers and the smell of coffee from an adjacent room, till she was becoming "lost," when she realized that a figure was standing before her, and a cold spoon was being thrust into her right hand. It was the attentive manager again with an ice cream, which he invited her to take. "You are very surprising, sir," said she, smiling. "I was unconscionable at the moment. Thank you. I will. I am very partially fond of ice cream, and this is manilla, too, which is my favorite." She ate with a sense of enjoyment caught from the scene, and went away soon after, when IKE had joined her, with plethoric pockets, bidding the manager convey a good night from her to the party, saying she had enjoyed a real sociable time.

An Unworthy Quibble.

GRIP notices with dismay the shock of surprise which many are experiencing, simply because our Ottawa M.P.'s charge their tobacco bills to the country. Surely each and every laborer in the vineyard is worthy of his hire, and when the loaves and fishes are so few, it is niggardly meanness to make a fuss about a tobacco bill. The difficulties that beset statesmen in making laws, the wear and tear on the mind, to say nothing about the muscles, certainly deserve an adequate remuneration from the public. What delicacy of mind can be expected from a man who has to bother his head about a tobacco bill? Commonplace individuals may be forced to economise, to live sparingly, clothe themselves with frugal care and try to gather together a few dollars in preparation for a rainy day. But an Ottawa M.P. ought to have a soul above buttons and should be troubled with none of these cares. Considering the vast amount of work they do, their devotion to their country, their self abnegation, it is surprising that anyone can be found willing to deny them a little self-indulgence. GRIP is surprised at the selfishness of the masses and the utter absence of sympathy for the individual. Let the M.P.s enjoy themselves and their tobacco, and so far from carping over a few paltry pounds of smoke, let the country come forward generously and pay for their beer, their shaves and shampooings, their washing and toothpicks. No man can be a successful M.P. without these things, and now that we have protection we should first protect our protectors.

Marine Intelligence.

Great preparations are being made by the sporting fraternity for the Grand Regatta in West Toronto. Several well-known boating men have entered, and the struggle is expected to be severe. Up to a late hour last night the following boats had been entered: the *Beatty*, *Bickford*, *Morrison*, *C. Robinson*, *Kerr*, *Davin* and *Canavan*. Some of these are expected to withdraw, but enough will compete to make the race a most interesting one.

Despatches from the U. E. Club report heavy squalls of wind at that port. The *Chieftain*, with the Commodore of the station on board, anchored there for a few days a short time ago, and experienced the full force of the wind. Beyond coming into slight collision with some of the small craft which infest that harbour, the *Chieftain* sustained no damage, and rode out the gale with safety. The *Commodore* sailed for the east on Monday last.

The Government vessels *Bowell* and *Tupper* left Ottawa on a cruise westward last Saturday. Both vessels reached Belleville in safety, where they parted company; the *Bowell* remaining at that harbour, and the *Tupper* proceeding to this port.

The phantom ship, *Protection*, which has been spoken of so much by owners and masters of vessels, has been sighted again. This time this mythical craft has been seen in the vicinity of Allan's Dock, Montreal, where the labourers became so alarmed that they quit work, and refused to resume, unless an advance was made.

Shameful!

It is only a sense of duty* to society at large which could possibly induce us to notice the slighting allusion recently made in the editorial columns of a most esteemed contemporary. Speaking of the Lieutenant-Governor, a Toronto daily compares him to a "tin-pot." Only a depraved imagination could possibly make a comparison between "His Honour" and a despised article of kitchen use. To mistake a provincial dignitary with his cocked hat, his state robes of chaste splendor, his court suit and his sword, for a "tin-pot," is to be guilty of disloyal flippancy. It is a mistake to imagine that the country will be satisfied with this com-

parison. We have so many noble men in Canada, who make it the ambition of their lives to fling their vast influence into politics, and to suffer for their country, that to belittle the very few rewards that can possibly fall to them, is well calculated to cool their unbounded patriotism. What inducement is there for unfledged patriots to serve their country if the only reward is a "tin-pot?" There is something which impresses one with a distressing sense of familiarity in this comparison. If there was ever a time when the Lieutenant-Governor should be spoken of in a dignified manner it is the present. A bran new article is about to take up his abode in this Province, and how can he be expected to strike out in new paths if he is only a "tin-pot." GRIP is surprised at the wrongheadedness and shortsightedness of the paper which could make such a comparison. Fortunately the evil is not irreparable, and even "tin-pots" are useful articles in their proper place.

The March of Progress.

MR. JAMES YOUNG, M.P., has written an interesting book on the early history of Galt, and in it we get a description of the Grand River country, when it was the hunting ground of the Six Nation Indians. On page 11 we read: The locality abounded in fish, game and fresh water. These were the chief objects of Indian pursuit, and they lingered long in places where they were plenty." What an idea this simple statement gives us of the vast improvements time has wrought in our beloved country! The locality of Galt at present abounds in factories, foundries, and Grit politicians, and there is no game there to speak of, except base-ball. Moreover, the inhabitants, who are chiefly Scotch and German, spend very little of their time in fishing, and fresh water is far from being an object of their pursuit—while Highland whiskey and lager beer can be obtained. Such are the blessings of the great N. P.!

"There's Speed'in the' Old Hoss Yet!"

That venerable roadster, the *Globe*, is surprising the people by his recent performances on the political track. Everybody thought that his day was pretty well done, and that with the recent lamented demise of his old master, what little spirit he had left would soon ooze away. But on the contrary, the wonderful old nag has begun to exhibit new life, and the speed he has gotten up on the Senate question has fairly astonished the political sports of both parties. This result is all due to the new groom, who appears to be a decidedly fast young Reformer, and began to apply the rod as soon as he was safely mounted. The reckless pace at which the animal has been driven has excited not only astonishment, but alarm, amongst Conservatives generally, and the more staid old fellows of the Reform party, who, like Senator PENNY, of Montreal, have not failed to sound the alarm. On the other hand, the lively young Radicals, BLAKE, MILLS, and their following, are filled with delight. The leader of the Opposition has long had many bright schemes in his noddle, and amongst them is the abolition or thorough reorganization of the Senate; but he had begun to despair of ever getting a lift on his journey from the *Globe*. Now he feels inspired with new hope, and the clouds surrounding the treasury benches already seem to be breaking up. GRIP's impression of the whole affair is given in the cartoon of this number, to which the reader is respectfully directed for further particulars.

The Toronto system of dealing with stray dogs has been adopted in London. This is only net-ural; the Londoners will find it the cur-rect plan.

A Much-born Queen.

In the advertisement columns of one of our Old Country exchanges, the announcement of special excursions and performances on a recent auspicious occasion, are introduced with "May 20th—Queen's Birthday—May 20th." This rather puzzles Mr. GRIP's brains. There must be a mistake somewhere. Was Her Gracious Majesty born twins, or is it possible that the Old Country people are really in the dark on this matter, as they are on so many other subjects in which Canadians are well posted? It's all right, anyhow; VICTORIA is a good woman, and she deserves to have two birthday celebrations every year.



LACHINE CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3RD of JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—
Tenders will be received until

Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By order,

F. BRAUN

Secretary

Department of Railways & Canals, }
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.

47-15-5



WELLAND CANAL

NOTICE

TO

BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western mails on TUESDAY THE 15th DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, specifications and general conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, THE 31st DAY OF MAY next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and the residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge for which an offer is made, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, }
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

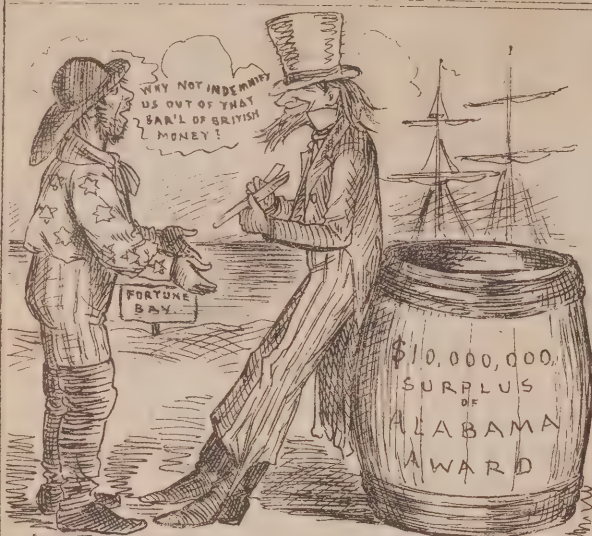
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For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY.

See T. & B. on each plug.

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First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

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\$1.50
\$1.75
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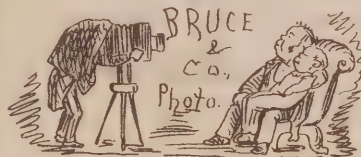


HOW TO PAY THE SUFFERING YANKEE FISHERMEN.



THE POLITICAL M. LOYAL.

"The very dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smile, the very mould and frame of hand
And nail, and finger."



Bring your little darlings to **BRUCE**, who is famous for the way he succeeds in catching their pretty childish poses and expressions.

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THE MUSIC SCALE (a valuable aid in learning the music scale and Transpositions). Price, 60 cts. With Journal for 1880.

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HINTS FOR GENTLEMEN GOING TO MUSKOKA.

As the season for mid-summer wanderings draw near, GRIP offers to the victims of unrest a few hints before starting, which he hopes may be accepted in a spirit of humility.

Firstly, as to luggage. Be sure, when starting, to take plenty of trunks. Nothing adds to the comfort of summer travel more than the consciousness that you have all the clothing you possess—and some you have borrowed—with you. If you have not enough to fill three or four trunks, your winter ulster will answer admirably to fill up with.

Secondly, if you are boarding at a farm house, take care to impress upon your host and his family the immeasurable superiority of town and city people over those living in the country. This will be flattering to the people you are with, and will secure you many little unlooked for attentions.

Thirdly, it would be well to make friends with the family watch-dog. You may be out late at night; in such case some slight acquaintance with the animal would be desirable. Carry a piece of raw meat in your white waistcoat pocket as a piece offering.

Fourthly, if you hire a boat and the boatman capsize you, pay him only an *upset* price. If you are going fishing where the mosquitoes are likely to be thick, read the book of Jon before starting. It will prove a source of great consolation. If on returning you meet a man who has been lucky enough to catch an eel, (while you haven't), take off your hat to him; he's a good eel better than you are. If you should step into a mud puddle with your white duck pants on, call to mind that well-worn axiom, "this is better than the dust in the city." If you are kept awake at night by the cats wrangling under your window, never mind; you can speak *finely* on the subject next morning. If you go out walking in "Nature's solitudes" (i.e., the woods,) and come across a colony of black flies, fly at once, even if you have to abandon your ulster and cow-hide boots in the process.

Surely they have an Irishman of pronounced Hibernianism on the staff of the St. John's *Telegraph*, from whose columns we clip this:

The death is announced, to-day, of CHARLES L. PHILIPS, who lives at the east end of Duke street.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

[TRADE MARK REGISTERED]



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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VOLUME XV. }
No. 6.

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It is a serial which is calculated to be of great public utility as well as of benefit to the fraternity. It exceeds the liberal anticipations of its merits.—Toronto Telegram.

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"Your publication is in all respects first-class, and if conducted in the manner proposed, should receive the hearty support of all wide awake Phonographers. I hear nothing but the heartiest commendations from my friends who have received the first number."—Theo. C. Rose, Secy. New York State Stenographers' Association.

It is a neatly printed and well illustrated magazine, in which specimens of Isaac Pitman's, Munson's, Graham's and Benn Pitman's systems are exhibited. We trust that those who are interested in the subject of phonography will feel it their duty to support home enterprise by subscribing to this periodical, which will only cost them the comparatively small sum of one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy.—Montreal Gazette.

cosmopolitan in character, its aim being to bring into communion the various exponents of the beautiful art of phonography rather than the advancement of any particular system. The first number, which we have just received, contains, besides a fund of useful information, interesting papers from Mr. E. E. Horton, a Toronto Superior Court official reporter; Mr. Lionel Percival, private secretary to Hon. S. C. Wood; Mr. Thos. Bengough, reporter of York County Courts, and others. To the student of phonography especially will this book commend itself, and any young man whose ambition leads him to aspire to something higher than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water can scarcely do better than subscribe for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER, select a "system," and begin the study of stenography, a step which he will never regret.—Chatham Banner.

We are quite sure that the expectations of Canadian shorthand writers have been more than realized by the initial number of this publication. The appearance of the first number will at once dissipate any misgivings as to the manner in which the publishers intend to do their share of the work, for so far from fearing competition with American shorthand publications, it is far superior to any of them that circulate in Canada. Typographically it is all that could be desired both in letterpress and phonography, while every line of its editorial and contributed articles will prove interesting to all shorthand writers, whatever their grade of experience. The Canadian Shorthand Writer is edited by a well known practical reporter, and it numbers among its contributors many of the leading phonographers of the Dominion. To the student of phonography it will, on that account, be invaluable; for everyone who has gone through the experience of acquiring a knowledge of the art knows that he has much to unlearn which he has learned amiss from the text books, when he comes to apply his knowledge to practical purposes. The subscription price is \$1 a year, and the address of the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto.—Sarnia Observer (edited by Mr. Geo. Eyrol, of the House of Commons Gallery).

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The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer,

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Dr. GEORGE MACDONALD, the novelist, is eager to appear as a lecturer, and has announced a series of six lectures, the subjects selected being Milton, King Lear, Browning, The Tempest, Tennyson and Timon of Athens.

M. De Pressense, the great French champion of Protestantism, is coming to Washington as French Consul.—*London Advertiser.*

This is a mistake. The gentleman in question is a nephew of the great theologian.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT does not look exceedingly strong, but few even of the strongest of her sex could support the labor through which she goes. One Saturday recently, after playing in an afternoon and an evening performance, she rehearsed 'Frou Frou' from 12 p. m. until 6 o'clock the next morning.

The Duke of Eölnburg played at the Albert Hall, London, a few nights since, the violin obligato in Gounod's "Ave Maria" to MARIE ROZE's soprano solo. "It seemed," says a correspondent "that, although accustomed to face the public, His Royal Highness was at first a little nervous, and his bow seemed slightly to tremble; but as he went on his wings unfolded, and he went to work boldly."

Mr. PIROU was lately in New York completing his engagements for next season. He now controls the entire Canadian circuit, consisting of the Academy of Music, Montreal; Grand Opera House, Ottawa; Opera House, Brockville; Opera House, Kingston; New Opera House, Belleville; Grand Opera House, Toronto; Holman Opera House, London. He has now completed his circuit by arranging with the Mechanics' Hall, Hamilton. Mr. PIROU already holds contracts for his entire circuit with a large number of first-class companies.

Mr. GILBERT lays his story be moulded in the odd hours of the day or night, until it becomes coherent. Then the prosy part of the work commences. First of all he writes the plot out as if it were an anecdote—the condition in which his forthcoming work at present is. This covers a few quarto slips of copy and is written very neatly, almost without correction, so perfectly are the main lines settled before anything is set down. The next proceeding is the more laborious one of expanding the anecdote to the length of an ordinary magazine article by the addition of incident and of summaries of conversations. This being carefully overhauled, corrected, and cut down to a skeleton, the work has taken its third form, and is ready to be broken up into acts; and the scenes, entrances, and exits are arranged. Not till its fifth appearance in manuscript is the play illustrated by dialogue, which, it is hardly necessary to say, it is not written "end on" from the rising of the curtain to the fall thereof. The important scenes are first written, and then these brightly-colored patches are gradually knitted together, as it were, by the shorter scenes.

"Sharp Sixth's" critique on the St. Andrew's Choral society's concert, was not fully given in our last number for want of space. We append the remainder here: The male quartette "O wert thou in the cawld blast," sung by Messrs MACMICHAEL, DOWARD, ANDERSON and SCHUCH, was sung too much in the spirit of the words; it was very cold and was received equally so by the audience. Miss FERRIS (soprano) in "He shall feed his flock," shewed very fair cultivation of voice, the intonation of some of her upper notes was a little at fault, although they were not the highest notes she sang. The accompaniment to this aria was very well played by the Orchestra. Miss DICK, who sang "He was despised," possesses a very pleasing

contralto voice; and sang her number with good taste and judgment, which called for an encore, to which she kindly replied, although we think it would have been better not to have done so. That quaint part song of MACFARREN'S "The sands of Dee," was then given, and received an encore. The concert finished with VERDI'S chorus, "O hail us, you free" which was really sung with great spirit and effect. Before concluding we must state our decided objection to the members of the orchestra sitting whilst performing (of course with the exception of the cellos). Aside from the better appearance it presents, the standing position enables them see the conductor, as also him to see them better, and the bow instruments cannot be played with the same vigor or ease in a sitting position. European orchestras invariably stand, and we hope our orchestras will adopt the same custom in the future. We will not find fault with the concert beginning half an hour late, as the weather was such as to prevent many of the performers arriving in time, but caution them to be careful of a similar occurrence without good cause.

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TO VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. 2, 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m. from York st. wharf; Church st. wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts. 50 tickets for \$5.

TO PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, &c.—Steamer *Pictou*, daily at 2.45 p. m. Custom House Wharf.

TO HAMILTON VIA OAKVILLE.—Steamer *Southern Belle*, 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., fare 75cts.; return fare (good for season) \$1.25.

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

WALT WHITMAN proposes writing an ode to Colonel ROBERT INGERSOLL. Orthodoxy's hour of triumph has come.

Mrs. K. S. MACLEAN, of Kingston, an accomplished writer, has a new volume of lyric poetry in the press of HUNTER, ROSE & CO.

VICTOR HUGO's new volume, *Religion et Religions*, has just appeared in Paris, and ran through four editions in the first five days. It comprises 150 pages, and deals altogether with the question of religious faith. A late Paris paper says "that the veteran poet who has filled this century with his fame may rest well content, if this, his last work, should be his last earthly utterance;" and another of his worshippers describes a certain passage as "the most sublime invocation to the ideal that ever sprang out of a human brain."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* evidently agree with the opinion GRIP expressed on TENNYSON'S "poem" entitled *De Profundis*. It says:—Why should we be called upon to admire such stuff as this? The poet and his friends may say we have missed, or misapprehended his "subtle" meaning; but we have caught it perfectly, and affirm that there is no subtleness in it—that it is a mere common-place, put into the poorest and most unmelodious language. It lacks rhythm, rhyme, and everything that goes to make up true poetry. It is the sort of thing which would not be accepted from a schoolboy, and which when put forth by a laureate in colossal type suggests mournful reflections as to the state of intellectual degeneration at which a great poet may arrive.

Our clever contemporary, *Grip*, makes his last week's principal cartoon apply to the present much-discussed proposal in abolish the Dominion Senate. He pictures our Canadian "House of Lords" in the form and garb of an old granny,—people generally seem to have the old lady notion of the character of the Senate,—and he represents the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. BLAKE, with a rope about the old body's neck, which he is gradually submitting to the strangling process.

We think *Grip* has about hit the nail on the head; for however suggestive his satirical reference to the proposed gradual character of the strangling, that such strangling should be done we believe everybody is agreed,—with the exception of the Senate, and the members and friends of a Government which always uses this useless and expensive body as a means for the furtherance of their party objects.—*Coboury World.*

The *Christian Visitor*, of St. John, N. B., favors the idea of a memorial to perpetuate the memory and worth of the late Hon. GEORGE BROWN, but thinks there is a more excellent method than by the proposed monument. It says:—"A \$25,000 would found a GEORGE BROWN professorship in some College, and that would perpetuate his name as effectually as the method proposed, besides being a lasting benefit to coming generations." This is a very sensible suggestion, and GRIP heartily endorses it. The deceased journalist was full of enthusiasm,—a statue has no heart; he was a speaker, a statue is a dumb thing; he was eminently practical, a statue is essentially poetic. We feel certain that if Mr. BROWN himself had been consulted as to the method in which he would prefer to have his fellow citizens perpetuate his memory, he would instantly have decided in favour of such a professorship, as against the idea now in contemplation.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

On and after July 1st "Grip" will be discontinued when subscription expires. We advise those who wish to have complete files to keep their eye on the date which appears on address slip each week.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

The Book of Unthackerpyed Snobs.

NO. 2. THE SNOB IN BROADCLOTH.

Having, in the first number of this series, spoken in general terms of the snob in petticoats, we proceed to do the same of the snob in broadcloth, after which we shall in future numbers particularize the different members of the genus more at length. If the female snob is not an agreeable creature she is certainly an improvement upon her upstart brother. The *pseudo* gentleman is perceptible at a glance. It is not alone his dress which betrays him. His fondness for display and general love of parade are conspicuous, but in the richness of his imagination, this clever imitation reveals the true inwardness of his disposition. "Liars should have good memories," is an admirable axiom, but it is not one the snob in broadcloth has committed to memory. Some of them may be free from the vice of deliberately uttering mendacious statements, but as every one of the breed is trading in qualities which he does not possess he is guilty of acting lies if not uttering them. In their dealings with women these fashionable prigs show a most unwholesome deficiency. Should they be loved unselfishly and devotedly by wife, sister, mistress or mother, they never think of feeling grateful for the devotion, but accept it as their rightful due, toy with it until satiated and then fling away the instrument of their enjoyment as a cumbersome burden, without the least compunction. These Philistines have no reverence for women. In their eyes honour is a mere bagatelle, and they gild over the most wretched vices with the most specious reasoning; dress themselves up in an appearance of virtue, talk loudly of their integrity, magnanimity and general high-mindedness, but are still libertines and dissolute men of pleasure. If the outside of the cup is clean what matter the dregs inside? It is these people who repudiate their debts of honour, are always betting but never pay when they lose, borrow money they never intend to return, cheat at cards, pull their horses on the turf, slander those whom they imagine have no power to retaliate, are adepts in white lies, and in a variety of petty ways show that they are floundering in a mass of mud. Every snob is a bully provided he thinks he can safely indulge in the practice. It is a perfectly safe pastime, requiring no long apprenticeship, and it is easy to fling a good deal of mud and abuse with the sure conviction that some of it is bound to stick.

In society the snob pays a certain amount of deference to custom, and outwardly frequently wears a fair appearance. He attends church more or less regularly, because it is the correct thing to do, takes the sacrament, and the older members of the species often send handsome

donations to neighbouring charities with the request that an acknowledgment may be made through the press. This is the homage which hypocrites pay to virtue, and very cheap homage it is. Some old snobs, as if anxious to atone for past misdemeanours, become active in good work. They build churches and schools, take an active part in philanthropical enterprises, become church deacons and lay delegates, and in general assume a glamour of respectability which is sometimes only short lived. If the private transactions of some of these aged gentlemen could bear the strict investigation which their public ones court, certain boards and committees would have failed in unearthing scandals which have brought desolation and tears to bankers, stock-brokers and the general public. Whilst outwardly these old reprobates appear both in word and deed strictly honest, inwardly they conduct much of their business upon those fluid and elastic principles which usually lead to a crash. Nearly all snobs show their claim to the title in their features, for most of them have a vulgar, coarse, flabby appearance, the very antithesis of the quiet dignity and reserve of the well-bred gentleman. According to the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, "a gentleman is always calm-eyed," and it is because it is an attribute of dignity, and dignity involves self-respect. Snobs usually speak in a loud and boisterous manner, though some specimens of the class, and they are the worst in existence, assume a humility which serves to gloss over their defects without curing them. All these members of humanity are loud in their dress. They have a profusion of jewellery and make a great display of watch-chain. To be fashionably dressed is the *summum bonum* of their existence, and in order to be up to the mark in this respect, they mortgage their salaries in advance, defraud those who trust them, and borrow from those they can persuade to lend to them.

The younger members of the class often assume airs which they have no brains to substantiate. Unless a man is fashionably dressed, he is, in their opinion, no gentleman. These young prigs pander to riches and titles. Position is everything and they wrap around themselves the mantle of good appearance and fancy they can deceive the multitude. In their more sportive moods they frequent questionable resorts, are familiar with bar-maids and bar-men whom they address by their christian names. They consume vast quantities of beer, not because they really care for it, but because it is the thing "you know," they are slangy in their conversation, use questionable adjectives to enforce their statements, speak of their sire as the "governor," the "old man," and as a general thing do not care about being seen in his company abroad. They have generally some little business on hand in which a woman is mixed up, and about which they talk mysteriously. Nothing pleases these genteel young men more than to be thought "Don Juans" and "Gay Lotharios," but they are men no true woman ever cares to love. The vulgar herd they may impose upon, but sooner or later they stand revealed in their true colours as *pseudo*-gentlemen.

Machine for Awakening Boys.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—As the extreme difficulty of rousing, at even a moderately early hour, a small boy who has been engaged in base-ball playing the night before, has been experienced by every one, I have at the cost of much mental labour invented a machine which I flatter myself will materially assist those who are compelled to engage in the above mentioned pastime. The cost is trifling when compared with the results. An ordinary bedstead is procured, and placed about ten inches from the wall; five dozen extra strong especially constructed alarm clocks are ranged round the room and are so contrived that as the weights descend they pull up a stout cord, which, passing over a pulley, is attached to the foot of the bed clothes. The

youth retires. At 7 a. m. the alarms start, and as they progress gently but firmly pull up the bed clothes. Suddenly an imitation leg covered by a real no. 10 man's boot (which has been concealed betwixt the bed and the wall and which is worked by a small steam engine) attacks the subject in the rear (the alarms going like mad) and whilst operating, by a simple mechanical contrivance the contents of three pails which have been warily hung over-head are overturned and at the same time the bedstead is caused to assume a perpendicular position (the alarms still going like fury) which it is calculated will induce the occupant to locate himself on the previously carpet-tack-covered floor. Here the patient is seized (the clocks still howling) by an ingenious steel instrument on the principle of a pair of sugar-tongs and deposited in a cold shower bath, his night costume being removed by a contrivance for that purpose (the alarms tearing and yelling.) The juvenile on being released will, it is confidently asserted, be more than three-quarters awake.

Yours, Sir,
INVENTOR.

The Matrimonial Question.

"Let us look the situation calmly in the face," said GUSTAVUS SLASHBUSH to MARTHA JANE MILLIGAN, his fiancée, as they sat under the broad verandah fronting the MILLIGAN home- stead, in the twilight of the balmy June evening. Nothing disturbed the serenity of the hour, except the occasional dull clang of the bell that graced the neck of the "muley" cow in an adjoining field, and the sound of grand- ma MILLIGAN's spinning wheel, which hummed and boomed like an embodied National Policy. Probably it was the hum of the last mentioned relict of by-gone time that suggested the thoughts he was about to give utterance to. "Let us view the situation from all its stand- points, not with the prejudiced eye of Grit or Tory, but as two of the people. Yes, MARTHA JANE, as two of the people. Let us assume," continued GUSTAVUS, "that we are married and we commence house keeping. It will be just such folks as us that the N. P. will most sensibly effect. Yet there are counteracting and indirect advantages arising from the measure that will to a great extent nullify the extra cost of living."

"All I know is," interrupted MARTHA JANE, "that sugar's riz, and tea's riz, and calliker's riz, too."

"Ah, too true, too true," resumed GUSTAVUS, "but let us not forget, there are other interests besides our own that must be fostered. Do you think, MARTHA JANE, that I for one desire to see this, my native country, remain as a mere agricultural or grazing field, while south of us the insatiate Yank keeps shooting—yes shooting his slaughtered and damaged wares into our midst, while our own factories are as silent as a young lady in meetin'? No MARTHA JANE, we can start the world together, live with less luxuries, buoyed up with the knowledge that we are doing something for the good of our country, for posterity."

"Come off the front stoop, MARTHA JANE, and tell that tiresome critter to go home!" were the shrill words that closed ERASTUS' per- oration, as he looked up to the second storey window and beheld the dread form of his adored one's mother. "Guess I'd better go," he said, and as he passed through the front gate, he distinctly caught the sound of Mrs. MILLIGAN's piquant tones saying to her daughter, "You're just as big a fool as he is, MARTHA JANE, sitting out in the night air with that lunk-head half the night!"

A hot spell—a well contested spelling match.

The black fly is a "gnatty little fellow."

In old times malefactors had their feet put in the stocks. Now-a-days people who dabble in stocks often put their foot in it also.

Ask your Grocer for MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

E. HOWARD & CO'S Celebrated Key and Stem Winding Watches.

WOLTZ BROS. & CO., Sole Agents, 14 King Street West, TORONTO.

**Besmirching Hanlan.**

The Conservative papers have recently had frequent occasion (or thought they had) to point out departures which Mr. GORDON BROWN has made from the spirit of the promise which he published on assuming full control of the *Globe*, to the effect that the columns of that journal would be kept free from unworthy matter. GRIP thinks the Editor-in-chief certainly violated this promise the other day when he allowed one of his scribes to write that mean-spirited article in which it was insinuated that HANLAN's misadventure at Providence was a "put up job," and his physical suffering all buncombe. It would be bad enough for such a suggestion to emanate from an obscure and craven American sheet, whose gambling proprietor had lost money on the race; but when the leading newspaper of the unfortunate carman's own country is made the medium of the cowardly assault, not merely HANLAN, but Canada is defamed. GRIP has a full appreciation of the duty of the press, and would join the *Globe* with good will in denouncing fraud in aquatics or anything else, but he also has a respect for the axiom of British fair play which says that a man should be held innocent until he is proven guilty. So far as we are aware, there is not an atom of evidence to show that HANLAN's failure was not a pure and simple misfortune, and unless the *Globe* possesses proof to the contrary, the country has a right to demand a retraction and apology for the article in question.

**Grip on Degrees.**

GRIP learns with profound regret that certain gentlemen of the Presbyterian Church are anxious to secure the power of granting degrees for Knox and Montreal Colleges. GRIP cordially agrees with the opinion expressed by his friend Principal GRANT, that this proposal would result in opening the gates for the degradation of degrees. It would not really benefit these colleges, for degrees, to be of any real value, must come from the National University. In this matter GRIP has a personal interest, for he has reason to expect

the honour of the degree of D. C. L. as soon as the University course is opened to birds as well as young ladies. Meanwhile he reminds his friends of Knox College that if they get the degree-giving power, other denominations not quite so learned may claim the same privilege.

The "Peculiar People" may grant the degree of P. P. The Mormon alder may claim to be made a Master of Hearts. And a sect which, by the way, has a church in Toronto, the "Bible Temperance Christians," who to their excellent practice of Temperance, add the somewhat unusual doctrine that they possess the gift of miraculously curing diseases, will of course confer on all their members the degree of M. D.

**Tilden Retires.**

SAMUEL J. TILDEN has made up his mind that taking one consideration with another, a President's is not a happy lot, so he has retired from the Democratic candidature, to the joy of KELLY, and other citizens too numerous to mention. GRIP congratulates the poor (or rather rich) old gentleman on this display of common sense. Gramercy Park is a far nicer place than Washington, and much better use can be found for that "bar'l of money" than squandering it amongst the great unwashed. If Mr. TILDEN is at a very great loss what to do with his overplus wealth now that he has retired from public life, and especially as he has finally decided not to incur the expense incident to matrimony, we might venture to intimate that GRIP is a deserving bird, and could find an excellent way of employing more money than he is at present encumbered with.

**Mr. Hanlan's Stitch.**

The eyes of the civilized world are at present fastened upon the form of Mr. HANLAN, and the universal intellect is concentrated upon that gentleman's side. Political and business considerations the world over pale into insignificance before the importance of poor EDWARD's stitch. The *Globe* forgets the "Zollverein" and the National Policy, to devote a column to the all-absorbing theme, and in our mind's eye we can behold an unwonted commotion amongst the people of the Antipodes upon the same subject. Under these circumstances GRIP feels it his bounden duty, as the only illustrated journal of the Queen city, to present the public with a correct picture of the "stitch in the side" which has caused so profound a sensation throughout the universe.

**Wanted—A Divorce Court.**

Unfaithful Husband—Well, what are you going to do about it? I admit that you have legal grounds for a divorce, but you can't get it in Canada—you haven't enough money!!

This little sketch presents with some force the exact position of affairs on a matter most important to the well-being of society. We commend it to the careful study of the Government, who can add greatly to their popularity by introducing and passing a bill establishing a Divorce Court in Canada. Or, if the Government fail in this duty, let the Opposition take it up, and make it an item on their programme side by side with the abolition of the Senate. There appears to be an impression on some minds that to suggest the establishment of such a Court means to introduce the laxity which prevails so alarmingly in some of the States of the Union, but this is quite unwarranted. The present method of procedure is open only to the rich; justice demands that rich and poor should be on the same level in this as in all other matters. The point in which our neighbours err is in recognizing other than Scriptural grounds of divorce as valid; let us avoid that error and all is safe.

Appropriate song for Knox College.—*Peccavi*, a song of Degrees.

The daily papers tell us about a young woman who recently underwent the operation of having her jaw-bone removed in the hospital of this city. When she quite recovers, as GRIP trusts she may, it is safe to predict that there will be no lack of suitors for her hand. A woman without a jaw is what thousands of distempered bachelors are searching for.

**Quite Discouraged.**

GLADSTONE.—What's the use of my attempting to run this Imperial Government? Here's another article in the *Mail*, a running of me down!



CIVIL SERVICE INVESTIGATION.

AWFULLY SOLEMN ENQUIRY INTO THE STATE OF THE CIVIL SERVICE, BY FIVE DISINTERESTED GENTLEMEN APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

VOL. THE FIFTEENTH, No. 6.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 26TH JUNE, 1880.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Bun is mightier than the Sword."

A capital thing—cash.—*Semerville Journal*.A wide-awake fellow's life is not a nappy one.
N. Y. News.A cure for felons ought to meet with a large sale at the state prison.—*Meriden Recorder*.Naturally enough, the spot most dear to cattle is there fodderland.—*Yonker's Statesman*.This is the season when colleges utter their big, big D's.—*Fond du lac Reporter*.KATE FIELD says CASTELAR has no chin. KATE and CASTELAR are very different in that respect.—*Albany Argus*.When some politicians are weighed they are found wanting every office in which there is a vacancy.—*Cin. Com.*The young man who, in writing to his sweetheart, spelled it 'sweat' summer time made a serious mistake.—*Albany Argus*.If you want correct information about any kind of business, ask the individual who has never engaged in it.—*Whitehall Times*.In the bright lexicon of the smart merchant there is no such word as fail—with empty pockets.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.It isn't very probable that any inventor will be able to make a fish-pole that will fold up and look like a hymn book; but if it is ever done, the patentee's fortune is made.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.It is said that a local politician said to a friend to-day, "I am filled with amazement," and the friend went directly to the bar and called for "amazement."—*Kingston Freeman*.It takes some men a lifetime to fly higher than they can roost.—*Hackensack Republican*.
A good part of our floating population quite naturally comes from Cork.—*Boston Transcript*.In olden times, when crossed in love, a maid would pine and die; so it was writ and said.
But brave GEORGE ELIOT's not a pining dove;
She's made most happy by a Cross in love.
—*Philadelphia Bulletin*."I smell suffin a burnin'," remarked an aged negro who sat at a camp fire, toasting his extremities. "Gosh!" he added in a moment, with a wild yell; "his dis nigger's own foot."—*Burlington Hawkeye*."No," she said when she sipped the cream it would take his last dime to pay for; "no, I never eat cake myself, but ma says she is getting awfully hungry waiting for a piece of my wedding cake."—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.A wild beast lies in wait for his prey, and a grocer lies in wait for—but hold on; let's put it this way: Why is a grocer like a wild—or, rather say, why is a—somehow, we can't get onto this just right.—*Modern Argo*.One of our editorial brethren remarks: "We always keep our eye on truth." Ah, brother, if you knew how painful it was to feel your eye was constantly upon us, you would occasionally look toward ELI PERKINS.—*Whitehall Times*.They are digging for Captain KID's gold back of Absecon beach. The most remarkable thing about the captain's gold is that it is just as easy to hunt for it in one place as another.—*Boston Transcript*.When a female contributor to a monthly magazine speaks of "the most delicious, delightful, delectable, entrancing and distracting of all innocent indulgences," she means a kiss.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.A lady lawyer out west, always addresses her husband at breakfast as "My learned brother;" at lunch she calls him "the counsel for the defence;" at dinner she calls him a brass mounted pettifogger with a cheek like an army mule.—*New York Herald*."Where is your other shirt?" she asked in tones of concern. "I have it on," he replied, calmly; and then he looked into his wife's face with a look of quiet endurance and went down to the office to get out the paper.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.They are building the private dwellings in Chicago with deadened walls to accommodate lovers and protect neighbors from annoyance. In the earlier stages of his courtship the kiss of an arduous Chicago man sounds like the splash of an empty bucket in a horse pond.—*Andrew's Bazaar*.The length of time that that SNIFKINS girl will spend over a five cent plate of ice cream, when in company with her CHARLES AUGUSTUS, while at home she'll go through two complete editions of pork and beans in half that period is a subject worthy of scientific investigation.—*McGregor News*."The book to read," says Dr. McCOSH, "is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think." An empty pocket-book will do that. It will make you think that unless the butcher will trust, you will be obliged to do without meat for to-morrow's dinner.—*Norristown Herald*.The latest rage among young ladies is to possess and old fashioned spinning wheel for a parlor ornament. The desire to possess an old-fashioned wash-board and tub as a kitchen ornament doesn't rage much among young ladies. They are about as handsome as the spinning-wheel, but they are not fashionable.—*Norristown Herald*.A fashion item says broad soled shoes are to be the correct thing for ladies' feet this season. It would interest a certain class of young men more to know what kind of shoes is going to be the correct thing for the paternal foot. Fathers of young ladies have been wearing 'felt,' if numerous floating paragraph don't prevaricate.—*Norristown Herald*.A London gentleman named JERVIS left \$30,000 to the owner of a hand organ who had ground out music for his delectation. This important item should be communicated to all the organ grinders in this country. There are a great many rich gentlemen still living in London, and the fare to Europe is low.—*Norristown Herald*."You army chap," said a girl to her military lover.—*Bangor Commercial*. "That's where you soldier self," he wrote back, when he eloped with another girl.—*Ottawa Republican*. This may be trooper haps. Hussar for the other girl!—*Boston Post*. Some militias mischief at the bottom of it, no doubt.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*. It's the regular thing of corps for a fellow to keep company with one girl.—*Post*.Eminent medical authorities hold that the drinking of ice water is the worst thing a person can do. "It drives from the stomach its natural heat, suspends the flow of gastric juice, retards digestion, and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact." And in the face of all this, barkeepers persist in setting it out to a man along with the other little tumbler. It is no wonder we are a nation of dyspeptics.—*Peck's Sun*.

It was in the Cedar Rapids sleeper.

Outside it was dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping-car people slept.

Or tried it.

Some of them slept like Christian men and women—peacefully, and sweetly, and quietly.

Others slept like demons—malignantly, hideously, fiendishly—as though it was their mission to keep everybody else awake.

Of these the man in lower No. 3 was "boss." When it came to a square snore, with variations, you wanted to count "lower No. 3" in, with a full hand and a pocket full of rocks.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that ever was done, even on one of those tournaments of snoring—a sleeping car. He didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned down and everybody was in bed. Oh, no! There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited till everybody had had a little taste of sleep, just to see how good and pleasant it was, and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific

"Gn-r-r-r!"

That opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however, and, trusting that he wouldn't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long drawn "Gw a h h hah!"

That sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting, in breathless suspense, to hear the worst—and the sleeper in "lower No. 3" went on—in long-drawn, regular cadences, that indicated good staying qualities—

"Gwa a ah! Gwa-a-ah! Ghawahwah! Ghawahwah! Ghaw-a-a-h!"

Evidently it was going to last all night, and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows and the swearing began. It mumbled along in long, muttering tones, like the echoes of a profane thunderstorm. Pretty soon "lower No. 3" gave a little variation. He shot off a spiteful

"Gwoock!"

Which sounded as if his nose had got mad at him and was going to strike.

Then there was a pause, and we began to hope that he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death, nobody cared very particular which. But he disappointed everybody with a guttural

"Gurroch!"

That nearly shot the roof off the car. Then he went on playing such fantastic tricks with his nose, and breathing things that would make the immortal gods weep, if they did but hear them. It seemed a matter incredible—it seemed an utter preposterous impossibility—that any human being could make the monstrous, hideous noises with its breathing machine as the fellow in "lower No. 3" was making with his. He ran through all the ranges of the nasal gamut; he went up and down to very chromatic scale of snores; he ran through intricate and fearful variations until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places.

All the night he told his story:

"Gowah, gurrh! gn-r-r-r-knowff! Gawawaw awah! gawaha! gwonk! gwart! gwash-h-h-h! woof!"

Just as the other passengers had consulted together how they might slay him, morning dawned, and "lower No. 3" awoke. Everybody watched the curtains to see what manner of man it was that made that beautiful sleeping car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, and the curtains parted, and "lower No. 3" stood revealed.

"Great Heavens!"

It was a fair young girl with golden hair and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunted fawn's!—

A Literary Light.

To the Editor of Grip.

Sir,—I am a man of pronounced literary talent. I frequently write letters to the *E—g T—m*, nor are the efforts of my pen strangers to the columns of other sections of the popular press. Let me confide in you. I burn with ambition to start a "high toned" journal—high-toned all over I mean—printed on high-toned paper of a grieved and yellowish tint, wherein I can relate my wrongs, and right other people. But I am a new-comer, cannot claim to be the oldest inhabitant, and I want to ask you if I am right in supposing that Ontario is not at present blessed with a journal such as I describe. I have heard that a sister province boasts of this tinted happiness of high-toned journalism. Tell me, does Ontario still languish in darkness? Say yes, and let me choose it for my field.

I am sound on all the great questions of the day. Do not here interject that probably I am all sound and have only sense enough to blow my own trumpet, for that would be severe, and too ill-natured for the editor of a comic journal. I ain't going to interfere with you, there is nothing comic about me. I am all earnestness and devotion to the people. I am so devoted that I represent all their views—only, in a high-toned way. I am not a Bystander merely watching the fight, nor yet a contemplative and disinterested Spectator, criticising every thing and every body. I should start as "The Sympathizer." I want to fight every man's battles as if they were my own—only I want to do it in separate columns. I want to advocate "criticism" in a high-toned vigorous style; to show in glowing colours the sweetness and light there is in conversation; to clothe in thoughts that breathe, the great truths of "protection," illustrated even from the exceeding usefulness of the humble policeman; to utter words that burn with the love of freedom in all its forms, freedom to trade not excepted. I can rise even to poesy when I tackle the glories of a "Canada first" movement. I can wax eloquent on the brotherhood of humanity and the natural ties which life on the same continent engender, as I advocate immediate "annexation;" while in panegyrics on loyalty I cannot be excelled. Finally on the justice of direct taxation, and the total abolition of custom houses, I can paint pictures worthy of Gladstone himself, of the noble privilege of paying directly for good government and the exceeding loathsomeness of trunk-searching.

I want to advocate all these things in the First Person, in this one projected high toned journal edited by myself and nicely printed on tinted paper by an educated and superior class of journeymen printers who shall do all the work themselves without the aid of their familiars, the printers' d—ls, and without a single error, so as to avoid all necessity of proof-reading, which I regard as a waste of time.

Tell me, oh tell me sympathetic GRIP, what are my prospects of success?

"A LITERARY ASPIRANT."

Dramatic Performances at the Normal School.

We understand that a series of free entertainments will be given shortly at the above-named Institution, to commence with the acted proverb, "Law-makers should not be law-breakers." A number of highly comic extracts from their new School-Manual will be read by Inspectors MACLELLAN and HUGHES, and the latter gifted individual will furnish a philosophic essay on "The differentiation of *meum* and *tuum* in book compiling." The whole strength of the Central Committee will be given to representing the *Book Pirates of Pens-ends*, and the same body has so effectually darkened the official reputation of the Minister of Education, as to enable him to exhibit a lively impersonation of the *Black Crooks*.

Tabitha at the Bishop's Reception.

Dear Mr. GRIP.

I went, on last Tuesday evenin, in company with MARTHA BLANK, to the Bishop's resephun at Trinity College. When MARTHA came down stairs lookin very pretty all dressed in white with natral flowers in her hair, the thought crossed my mind that perhaps the Norman School was not altogether to blame for her neglectin of domestik economy; but that a considerable portion of her time was devoted to bangs, and frizzes, ettsettra. So feeling that advice was my duty, "MARTHA," says I, "the Apostle PETER rekomended the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit to the women of ancient times, in preference to the plaiting of hair and other adornings, but, I fear, judgin by them bangs and frizzes that his words are lost on you." However, I was glad to see her lookin well, for her own sake, and, also, selfishly speakin, I was well aware, that when one gets into what the late Mister Bayon, or some other man, calls the "sincere and yellow leaf," the attenshuns of the mail sect is not as plentiful as in the days when we was endowed with beauty and youthfulness, and, therefore, bein akompanied by a pretty young girl is an advantage by remindin stewdents and others at supper time ettsettra, that it is best for them to shew us some politeness.

The Collidge is an interestin buildin. I am not much of an arkitektorist, so will not call it Gothik or Normal, it is not, however, in the Mansard style (which style is not to my taste) it has walls full of ins and outs, and a roof juttin up in a considerable number of points. It stands at some distance back from the road, and with the fine old trees surroundin it and the Virginny Creeper clingin to its walls, presents a imposin appearance. As we approached that seat of learnin and saw the lights twinklin from the windows, I felt several pleasin sensations.

When we arrived one stewdent wished to shew us the way to the cloak room, but another, a friend of MARTHA's, sed that if we would do his studdy the honor of depositin our bonnets and shawis in it, there would be less confushun attendin our findin them again. We passed threw several curry doors to the studdy, which was a pleasin lookin room, with some nice books and pictures, also, a handsome bracket ornamented with a lager beer bottle, and another very pretty painted one holdin some pipes and tobacco, which, though not a style accordin to my taste, I would not interfere with other people's notions of what is ornamental. The stewdent told us, that, eksaminashuns bein near, he had intended to remane in his room and read, but the fasinashuns was irresistible, and, though feelin uneasy about spendin an evenin in mere amusement, he would endeavor to forget his work. Castin my eyes on him once or twice durin the evenin I reflected that he had either forgot his uneasiness, or succeeded very well in disguisn his feelins.

There was a great croud, the fair sect predominatin. The Bishop reseaved us in Conversation Hall. There was some good singin, solows and korusses, after which we went down to the dinin room for supper. It is a capacious room, with several rows of pillows; the supper table was ornamented with flowers, and eligibles consistin of ice cream, cake, lemonade, ettsettra. When the time arrived for goin home, I had considerable searchin before I could find MARTHA. The felicity with which that girl contrives to get lost in a croud is wonderfull. I changed my mind about shapperonin pretty young girls, and concluded that there is no ardyouousser task; and, hearing the young stewdent exclaim as I came in sight of them, "Here's that old party in search of you," did not add to the solarity of my feelins. "MARTHA," says I, speaking severe and cuttin, "I never studied Match-Matics, in my youth, and couldnt find my way over them outlandish

lines and circles, with any amount of tryin, but I have enough reception to guide me threw the anglers and currydores of this here building." I could have said more, but rememberin piknik and other times in days gone by when I strayed about with SAMUEL and forgot how time was passin, I kurtailed my census.

I also went to the Sinod Meetin on Wednesday but am unable to tell you what I heard diskussed, threw bein in the gallery and not hearing at all. I did not find it very enjoyable, the sun streamin in threw the windows made it very warm, and, though menny of the arguments was evidently convincin and full of elegy and anniemashun, I remarked that several klerikal, as well as lay members, seemed to find things in general a kind of weariness to the flesh.

In addition to the above I intended the Koran society's concert in the Hawtyculchral Gardens, as I said I would, but I must preserve my remarks on that affair till next week. So adew for the present, and believe me

Yours respectfully,
TABITHA TWITTERS.

The Sort of Subscribers we Want.

The Editor of the Newcastle N. B. *Advocate* has had the felicity of discovering a genuine *rara avis*. This was not a dweller by the sea who was satisfied with the N. P., nor was it a "conscientious manufacturer;" it was an object far rarer than either of these two fabled creatures. It was a delinquent subscriber, who, on asking for his account found that he was just five years in arrears, upon ascertaining which he said—"Well, sir, as you have waited five years for your pay, you may credit me with five years in advance." In reply to a remark that many things might occur before the expiration of that time, the publishers might be dead and the publication of the paper discontinued, he said—"Well, even so, the loss would be but trifling."

This jewel of a newspaper patron surpasses in brilliancy and value the finest pearl that was ever found in any Maritime oyster, and Mr. GRIP takes delight in thus making his memory immortal. The Editor of the *Advocate* is now the cynosure of all the envious editorial eyes of the Dominion. He ought to feel so proud and happy at the generosity of that subscriber, as to utterly overlook the childlike and bland though somewhat anomalous remark of the latter, about the possible death of the publishers and the suspension of the paper being regarded as but a "trifling loss."

A New Version of an old Nursery Rhyme.

There was a lonely woman who resided in a shoe,
"If I had spouse and children now much better should I do."
She ofteh muttered to herself and dreamt it o'er in bed,
Until her constant thinking of it almost turned her head.
There was an anxious widower with several girls and boys,
All famous in their neighbourhood for kicking up a noise;
He wooed and won our spinster as the best thing he could do,
And she amiably consented to the enlargement of her shoe.
But soon she found her husband's boys had got the supper hand,
And when she took to lacing them 'twas what they wouldn't stand;
Her temper soon grew sour and she 'became a chronic scold—
'Twas evident that in marrying she'd been more than half-
sould!
Her former comfortable shoe got very hot at last,
Her boys and girls made such a row, and waxed so very fast,
Said she "Alas, 'tis very plain, I've put my foot in it,
So now I'll pack my little awl, and then git up and git it!"
And so this hapless woman, who resided in a shoe,
And had so many children she scarce knew what to do—
Packed up her kit and left them—quite right too,—in despair,
And found herself a hopeless tramp not anxious to repair.
E. M.

Bachelor's hair dye must have been so called because so few married men have any hair left to speak of.

For a GOOD SMOKE

USE MYRTLE NAVY.

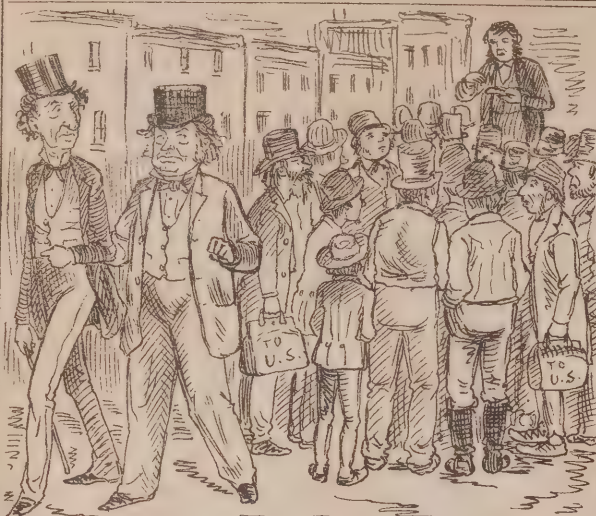
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His smile, the very mould and frame of hand
And nail, and finger."



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The Political Merman.

I

Who would be
A minister bold
Of education
Paid by the nation
Such plenty of gold
As is given to few—
With much to get,
And little to do?

II

I would be a minister bold,—
I would run the Normal School shebang,
I would pay the country's dollars of gold
To the Central Committee's book-making gang.
They may force the unhappy teachers to use
The Manuals made by MacLELLAN and HUGHES!
With scissors and paste constructed in haste,
The wretched parents' money to waste—
The press and the public may all cry shame,
But in spite of them I'll do just the same,
And MacLELLAN and HUGHES shall accumulate
dimes,
And the Central Committee have lovely times—
And their books in our schools shall still be seen,
At vast expense to each poor sardine.
Merrily, Merrily.

Grip on Low-necked Dresses.

According to Truth, her majesty has made a rare exception in favor of one vocalist engaged to sing at the state concert by waiving a stringent rule. Low-necked dresses for the lady singers are always de rigueur at these affairs; but as Mrs. Osgood is forbidden by her doctor to ever dress in this manner, the Queen has permitted her to disguise her neck in flesh-colored silk and tulle on the occasion mentioned.

So it seems that the reasons are weighty,
And that ladies who visit the Queen,
If the darlings are not décolleté,
At the "drawing-room" mustn't be seen.

Though warmly admiring the ladies
From Her Majesty's tea cups who sip—
Though disloyalty hating like Hades,
This is not approved of by GRIP.

This baring to all the beholders,
Undraped by the milliner's art,
The arms, neck, and bosom and shoulders,
May injure the lungs—or the heart.

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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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VOLUME XV.
No. 13.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1880.

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Our Lady of Slang.

In the land where the nutmegs are wooden,
That land where they say
That the Pilgrims with slings and mint juleps,
Is cheered on his way—
At elections, when party flouts party,
Shebang fights shebang,
There alone thou art happy and hearty,
Our Lady of Slang.

Strange blossoms of speech at such seasons
Are born at thy touch—
Unpleasing, ungraceful, un-English,
And meaning not much.
No wit in their barbarous diction,
With thieves they began,
And they end with that spoiled child of fiction,
The newspaper man.

But GRIP who will guard the Queen's English.
Will scare with his beak
These gulls and foul carrion crows
Who gibberish squeak—
And Canada's boys and fair maidens
Delighting to sip
At the fount of pure speech in sweet cadence
Will study their GRIP.

Globular.

Is the *Globe's* new manager serious in saying that the "Canadian Premier's flappedoodle" though "inexpugnable," is but a mere "taradiddle"?—*Globe* readers are entitled to some consideration this hot weather.

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AUGUST NUMBER NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER.—"The second number of this journal, under the editorial management of the Bengough Bros., has many valuable features to commend it, especially to the profession and students in Canada. It gives about all that is interesting in the way of news in shorthand circles, well written articles, with clever illustrations from the pencil of *Grip's* cartoonist, upon timely topics, and numerous specimens of shorthand written in the different standard systems, those who like to know more than usually interesting to those who like to know what can be done in systems with which they are not acquainted. The *Shorthand Writer* is a first-class phonographic magazine in every respect.—*London Advertiser*.

We are in receipt of a monthly magazine entitled "The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer," which is, as its name implies, a paper devoted to the advancement of the art of phonography, which has now become almost an essential feature in a common English education, and without which the newspaper fraternity, the railroad companies and our courts, as well as other businesses and organizations, would proceed and move forward slowly. The "Canadian Writer" is illustrated each month with well engraved fac similes of the leading systems of the day, including those of Pitman, Graham, Munson, Cross and others, and the publishers, Messrs. Bengough Brothers of Toronto, Canada, certainly have filled a long-felt want among the "swift writing" fraternity.—*Daily Nonpareil, Council Bluffs, Iowa*

"I have returned to St. John this A. M. [July 14] after an absence of ten days. On my arrival I found your gem of a monthly awaiting my return. Had I known it was here I should have made a short cut through the fields and would have had the pleasure of feasting on the *Writer* several days earlier. Perhaps you will receive the statement with a smile, but I am guilty of offering you nothing in the form of an exaggeration when I say that since the last No. of the *WRITER* with its funny pictures came to hand, I have gained 22 lbs avoirdupois, so heartily have I laughed over the cartoons. Tell Bengough I am indebted to him for being instrumental in securing for me a new lease of life, for I was one of the most consumptive-looking bipeds that ever existed on the crust of this terrestrial sphere. The *Miscellany* will always be on hand to assist in extending the circulation of its Ontario cousin."—*T. W. Bell, Editor Printers' Miscellany St. John N. B.*

SHORTHAND LITERATURE.—"The second number of the "Canadian Shorthand Writer," illustrated in the most humorous manner, has just reached this country from Messrs. Bengough Brothers, of Toronto. It is quite a remarkable production, combining both comic and grim cartoon portrait of James Crankshaw, formerly of Manchester, who has established a branch of the English Phonetic Society in Canada; pages lithographed in different systems of stenography and phonography, including shorthand articles on Shakespeare and Shorthand, Napoleon's shorthand secretary, phonographic numerals, &c. An Irishwoman is picturesquely represented in a scolding mood, speaking to her husband at the extraordinary rate of "three hundred words a minute!" The great Napoleon is represented as sitting contemplatively on the rock of St. Helena and saying, "I wish I had somebody to take me down now!" The get-up of the number is good.—*Newcastle, Eng. Courier, July 6th.*

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

Our Music Editor, "SHARP SIXTH," will furnish critiques of performances of high class music for this column. Managers are requested to enclose programme with tickets, which should be forwarded on the day preceding the concert. Critical notices will also be given of music publications sent to this office.

ROBSON and CRANE open their travelling season at Detroit in September.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY has just signed an engagement with Mr. MAPLESON for next season.

It is said that Miss HELEN BLYTHE will not be a member of Mr. DALY's company next season.

KATE CLAXTON will begin the coming season with a seven weeks' tour in the eastern circuit and Canada.

The FLORENCE will make their first professional appearance in London in the Gaiety Theatre on the 16th instant.

JOHN McCULLOUGH has signed a contract to act in the Boston Park Theatre for two weeks, beginning on the 25th of April, 1881.

It is said that SARAH BERNHARDT will sail on the 16th of October by the steamer Pereire, of the French line, and that she has engaged sixteen places on board.

Miss ADA CAVENDISH opens the season at Buffalo on August 23rd. She will produce "MARION DELOREME" during her American engagement, which lasts till April next.

CHRISTINE NILLSON, it seems, wanted to come to this country this season; but she insisted on MAPLESON putting up a guarantee which he could not do, and so she refused point blank. This is the real reason for her not coming.

Old Mrs. KEELEY, one of the most popular actresses of her generation, has just reappeared in London as "Jack Sheppard," a part which she first played forty years ago, and acted with a sprightliness and spirit which revived pleasant memories of a past long dead.

JOHN T. RAYMOND has been wise enough to recognize the failure of his London experiment at the Gaiety Theatre, and will sail for home on the 2nd of September. He has telegraphed to his agents in New York to compose a company for him and to prepare a route. He will act in the plays with which his name has been most closely associated of late.

Women are beginning to assert their prerogative in theatrical matters. The manager of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, which is to produce "The Pirates of Penzance" in Booth's Theatre in September, is a woman, and a smart one. Her name is Miss E. H. OBER, and in addition to her dramatic affairs she controls a large lyceum interest in Boston.

Farewell is always a sad word, but experience has shown that it means less upon the stage than it means anywhere else. Very few weeks have elapsed since Miss NELSON uttered a goodbye to us all, which was supposed to be final, and already rumors are thick of her impending return. Mr. JOHN STERSON, of the Globe Theatre, has already entered into negotiations with her, and it is understood that the actress will definitely accept or reject his offer soon after her arrival in England.

Mr. J. C. CONNER, formerly the successful manager of the Royal Opera House, Toronto, who has again assumed the management, is busy with carpenters and decorators in an entire reconstruction of his theatre. The entrances, especially the grand box entrance, will be brilliantly lighted. A laudable feature in the new arrangements will be the facilities for egress, in case of fire or other alarms. These have been tested, and it is found that 2,500 people can leave the theatre in five minutes. Mr. CONNER's programme for the coming season

includes the HAVERLEY Minstrels and Mrs. SCOTT SIDMONS—both of the best. GRIP believes that the management of this beautiful theatre will be distinguished by the regard for good taste and good moral tone which is the surest way to success in this city.

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To LORNE PARK.—Steamer *Maxwell*, 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. Church st. wharf; Queen's Wharf. 15 minutes later. Returning leaves Park at 12 noon and 6 p. m. fare 25cts.

To VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. 2, 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m. from York st. wharf; Church st. wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts; 50 tickets for \$5.

To PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, &c.—Steamer *Pictou*, daily at 2.45 p. m. Custom House Wharf.

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To NIAGARA.—Steamer *Chicora*, daily at 7 a. m.; *Rohasy*, 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Afternoon fare for round trip, 50c. Yonge st. wharf.

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Any politician who cannot laugh over a perusal of this week's GRIP is absolutely without a sense of humor.—*Kingston Whig*.

The Hymn Book for Sunday Schools, by Dr. ROBINSON, recently published by SCRIBNER & CO., is pronounced a model by competent authorities.

COUNT GLEICHEN is to execute the memorial to the Prince Imperial, to be erected by the subscriptions of the officers of the British army and placed at Woolwich.

A monument to HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN was unveiled at Copenhagen on the 26th ult. It is a bronze statue and represents the poet seated and reading one of his tales as if to an audience.

The only portrait for which Pope LEO XIII. has sat since his elevation to the Pontifical chair is life size, and was painted this year by JOSEPH JANSSENS, a Belgian artist. It is now on exhibition in London, at COLNAUGHT'S "Guardi Gallery," and will be engraved by M. F. LANWERS.

The *Whig* says the partnership existing between MESSRS. SHANNON & MEEK as publishers of the *Kingston News*, will dissolve October 1st. The business will then pass into the hands of MESSRS. R. W. and L. W. SHANNON, and Mr. JAS. JOHNSON, who has been chief editor for several years, will retire.

The last issue of GRIP has a capital cartoon, entitled, "Startling Affair in London; a promising young woman offered for sale to the highest bidder." The cartoon of the "three political Dr. Tanners"—Willie McDougall, John Costigan, and Angus Morrison—"starving for pap," is very expressive.—*Truro (N.S.) Guardian*.

The Toronto Exhibition, which is to open on the 6th September and remain in full bloom until the 18th, promises to be the grandest affair of the kind which has ever been held in Canada. In addition to the magnificent display of Live Stock and Industrial and Art collections, there are to be horse races, band tournaments, dog shows, and many other extra attractions.

CANADIAN MONTHLY.—As usual the lyric poetry in this Review is of a high order, especially one lyric by Mrs. KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN. The essays and tales are numerous—twenty-four articles in this number—crisp and not too heavy for the hot weather. The Himalayah story is excellent. "The Rector's Flirtation" is Miss FLORENCE FAIRFAX's last production; she has evidently made a conscientious study of the useful art of which she treats.

GRIP this week devotes a cartoon to our Oriental legend on the Pasha's donkey, and credits the Bobcaygeon Independent with the story. This is a good instance of the effect of newspaper piracy. We expect GRIP to make the *amende honorable* and the Independent to mend its manners.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

Here is our *amende*, Mr. *Free Press*, and now when are you going to acknowledge the original Oriental source of the legend?

CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY FOR JULY AND AUGUST.—This is the best number of the above which GRIP has yet seen. The first article, an appreciative review of GOLDWIN SMITH's "Cowper," is by "C. F. M." The articles of most interest to teachers are the "Arrangement of the Minister of Education," by an *Old Head Master*, and the editorial note on the "Moral collapse of the Central Committee." The Arts Department and that of Mathematics by Mr. A. MACMURCHY, are excellent, and must prove useful to teachers. Altogether GRIP considers the *C. E. M.* a live magazine, independent, fearless and well-written.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

"Odium Theologicum."

The *Bourmanville Statesman* of last week copied our burlesque of the "theological" discussion which is at present being waged in its columns on the subject of Immersion, and added the following note:

Mr. GRIP is too severe on our correspondents. It is too bad to ridicule gentlemen in a friendly discussion in such a friendly way as they have done. Our advice to you, friend GRIP, is to keep your beak out of theology.—ED. STATESMAN.

This, of course, is ironical, as the Editor was doubtless engaged at the time in correcting the proof of "Mr. BUTLER's reply to Mr. McKAY"—which appears in the same number of the *Statesman*. We clip a few sentences from that Reply just to show how difficult it is to exaggerate the odium theologicum or even to do full justice to the propensity for personalities usually displayed by 'argu'ing' divines:

All his talk about silencing me, if he believes it himself, proceeds upon a miscalculation. I have too much truth to utter on this subject to be silenced, and he is not the man to silence me; he may disgust me as he has disgusted many others. I shall continue to leave to him the varied field of personal abuse. He is at home there and departs himself as one to the manner born. I have, moreover, far more interesting and profitable business to do in this discussion than to follow him in his moral gyrations. * * * At any rate he needs to revise his attainments and bring them into subjection to the common truth and honesty of simple morality and all sound religion. * * * To speak the truth, Mr. McKAY, and to fairly quote or honestly represent the statements of your opponents is a simple, if not in your practice a common virtue. * * * Mr. M. will please remember that his mere assertion will not be received only so far as he shall clearly locate his references and quotations. I have learned to place very little confidence in his word, for in addition to his well earned title of slanderer of immersionists he is a convicted garbler of both Immersionists and Pedobaptists. * * * I have already followed my opponent too far, although an entire column remains untouched. I use the words "too far" in the sense of wasting time in following the perversions of truth of which he is guilty.

The other side of this edifying debate is upheld in a somewhat similar manner.

Mr GRIP feels thankful to the Editor for his fatherly advice to keep his beak out of theology. The Editor ought to act on his own counsel, for already there is reason to fear that he has imbibed some of the odium. Witness the following note which is appended to the Reply from which we have just quoted:

[NOTE.—The statement made by Mr. BUTLER in the first paragraph of the above letter is false. We did not make any such statement, neither did we insinuate anything of the kind. The charge is utterly false.—ED.]

A Revival.

A favorite method of executing political enemies was practised by the Proconsuls of the Reign of Terror, in 1793, at Lyons and Marseilles. This is called the *Noyade*. It consisted in sending a number of persons of both sexes on board an unseaworthy ship, which was so contrived as to sink soon after being launched. A revival of this custom of the *Noyade* seems to be favored by the police authorities, who permit the overcrowding of the excursion steamers.

Missionary Intelligence.

A missionary lately returned from that interesting field of labor, the Island, gives a most encouraging account of the progress of Christianity in that benighted part of the world.

He says the mission recently organized at Hanlan's Point, to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of the natives in that part of the Island, promises to be a great blessing. A service is regularly held on Sundays, which is usually attended by large and apparently interested audiences. The work is prosecuted in two distinct divisions, namely, the spiritual and the aesthetic, or, in other words, the preaching of the Gospel and the enjoying of a mouthful of fresh air. The success attained in this latter division of the work has been truly marvellous. Not only the natives of the Island, but thousands of the light-hearted inhabitants of the mainland who go over in ferry-boats every Sunday, (much to the delight of the pious ferry-men, who only charge the nominal sum of ten cents per head,) have attested the great benefits which they have received from the Fresh Air part of the services. As yet the missionaries have not seen any direct moral results from their labors, but they do not by any means feel discouraged. They are working earnestly without hope of pecuniary reward, though they have the inspiring consciousness that they are doing much towards enriching the poor boatmen financially, as well as enhancing the value of real estate on the Island, by imparting to it an air of unwonted respectability.

Canadian Statesmen In England.

Sir JOHN, with Sir CHARLES TUPPER, was lately present at a dinner given by the London Corporation of Fishmongers. The illustrious party proceeded to the Fishmonger's Hall in a cab, the expense of which was nobly defrayed by Sir A. GALT out of his official income. The dinner consisted entirely of fish; but the toasts were numerous, and were imbued with the heartiness peculiar to fishes. Sir JOHN, of course, was inspired by the occasion and the surroundings to speak with his usual facetious grace. He said he felt quite at home in Fishmongers Hall. Like *Polonius*, in *Hamlet's* opinion, he might seem to be a fishmonger himself. His whole political career, he proceeded to explain, had been very fishy. His new N. P. had "an ancient and fish-like smell." Some of his best measures had been *flounders*. Although few of his colleagues had *soles* worth saving, they were all of them eager for *plaice*, and some had the appetite of *sharks*. And he would, on this occasion only, and in confidence of the festive hour, here communicate that his mission in England was only a *cod*.

Sir JOHN's speech was received with cheers and loud laughter, and the chorus, "He is a jolly good fellow," was sung by all present.

"Truth."

Some of our contemporaries are expressing themselves very solemnly about our playful allusion to H. R. H. the Marchioness of Lorne last week. Our suggestion that the royal lady is not, as a matter of fact, awfully sorry to tear herself from this dear Dominion, is looked upon as rank disloyalty. GRIP is not alone in his opinion. Here is a late *Globe* clipping:

London *Truth* says that the Princess LOUISE is no doubt delighted to have so good an excuse for coming home, as H. R. H. has never concealed her distaste for her Canadian "exile."

GRIP has the most profound respect for the royal Marchioness: in fact he loves her so well that he would even be willing to have her remain at home altogether if she would really feel happier there than in this raw, rough and democratic country.

Why is a farmer who "can't swing a scythe" like a dead man?—Because he is no *mower*.

Attacking His Betters.

The editor of the *Globe* appears to have quite forgotten his pathetic and promising talk about keeping his paper free from the unworthy personalities which "sadden political life." If he has not already broken his good resolution over and over again with his own pen, he has at least permitted such violation through his correspondence columns. About the most craven and contemptible of these outrages on good taste occurred in Tuesday's edition, in the shape of a letter against Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. The writer, who signs himself "X," professes to be a member of the Public School Teachers' Association; if he really is so, it is certain that Association is not entirely composed of gentlemen and scholars. This alleged correspondent, (for of course he may be only a *Globe* myth—an anti-GOLDWIN's myth, as our boy suggests)—protests against the distinguished writer in question being allowed to address the Teachers' Convention, because of the political views which he is supposed to hold. Had "X" stopped there, he would have been amenable only to a charge of contemptible intolerance, but he goes on and proves himself a boor and a bully as well, applying to Mr. SMITH such rowdy epithets as "carpet bagger," etc. The whole letter—if genuine—is a disgrace to the Teachers' Association, not only for its meanness and vulgarity, but as a specimen of bad English composition. Its appearance in the *Globe*, whether genuine or not, is certainly a disgrace to journalism.

Sir John and His Granny.

"Has the Ministerial Mission failed?"
The *Globe* of Aug. 4th.

Granny.—When ye ga'd awa', JOHNNIE,
Far across the sea, laddie,
When ye went JOHN BULL to see,
What was't ye promised me, laddie?

Sir John.—A braw new railroad track, granny,
A road frae sea to sea, granny,
But O, the weary English loons,
They were ower cute for me, granny.

Canada.—I feared how it wad be, JOHNNIE,
I'm no' mista'en I see, laddie,
Ye drew ower sair the bow that's lang—
Ye were na' slack to lee, laddie.

Sir John.—Ho! ho! ye've been to see, grannie,
That foul-tongued GORDON B., grannie,
Though I should speak wi' angel's tongue
He'd swear it was a lee, grannie.
But bide ye just a wee, grannie,
'Tween TUPPER, GALT an' me, grannie,
Ye'll get your railway 'spite them' a',
Gin you an' I agree, grannie.

Canada.—Weel! I've tak' your word, JOHNNY,
And sell my bits o' yird, laddie,
To want that road, frae sea to sea,
Wad just be clean absurd, laddie.

Dead Shot!

The Canadian Creedmoor team, we learn from the *Mail*, have abandoned the old muzzle-loader and have adopted the new Remington with the *Grip* sight. Under such circumstances they cannot fail to hit the mark.

Mr. JOHN CARTER, evidently an earnest Christian, writes to expostulate with us for having, in last issue, caricatured three ministers of the Gospel. Mr. CARTER has quite misinterpreted the picture, which was by no means inspired by malice against the gentlemen in question—whom we esteem as highly as our correspondent can. Our idea was to show that these ministers (pure as their own motives undoubtedly are) are practically playing into the hands of men who have simply money-making objects in view.

GRIP would again direct attention to the special excursion to Rochester per *Steamer Chicora*, on Monday, 16th. The tickets, which are limited are nearly all disposed of. They cost \$2 each.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

E. HOWARD & CO'S Celebrated Key and Stem Winding Watches.
WOLTZ BROS. & CO., Sole Agents, 14 King Street West, TORONTO.



The New Dresses.

The Mail.—I guess you thought you were the only person who could have a new dress, but you see I've got one as well, and a nicer one than yours too! Yes, and mine is cut on the Chicago Tribune pattern, and yours isn't.

The Globe.—Haw! who cares for your Yankee dress? Yes, and you got it made in the States, you nasty little thing, while the Canadian dress-makers are starving, and besides, I'm going to keep mine clean!

The Telegram.—Shoot both of your old fashioned dresses. Mine is the proper cut to suit the people's fancy! (And so on, and so on.)

Knowsomethingsm.

The Globe intimates that none but "scholars," in the technical sense of that term, should presume to write upon the Classical Professorship question. *Grip* heartily endorses this idea, as it is pretty sure to put an end to the discussion of this tiresome matter in the columns of that ponderous journal.



A Little Story.

In Words of One Syllable.

SAM TILLEY has a cat in a bag, but he will not let it out. If he did let it out, that bad boy DICK who is on hand with a big stick, would give a great cry of joy and rush at it and hit it. DICK says he can tell what sort of a cat it is. He says it is a big de-fie-it cat, and when it is let out of the bag it will scare the people into fits. SAM thinks so too, we guess, for he does not care to open the bag. DICK tells him he dare not open it, but that he wants to go away on the sly and cook the cat so that it will not look so big. At this SAM feels hurt, and seems as if he would cry. But he can not keep the bag shut for many more days, and when the cat is let out there will be lots of fun and a big row a-mong the boys. Wait and see if this is not so.

The Thousand Islands.

It was a quiet Sunday morning, exceedingly quiet, and excessively hot, as GUSTAVUS SLASH-BUSH endeavored to button on his paper collar and arrange his new blue tie, at the parlor looking glass, preparatory to his sallying forth to join the fair young MARTHA JANE MILLIGAN on her way to meeting. The clanging of the bell in the pepper-box like tower of the village church had just ceased, and GUSTAVUS knew he must be expeditious if he wanted to secure the company of his betrothed to the sacred edifice.

"Consarn it, ALMIRA," he said, "if it isn't enough to make a feller cuss; here's the button off the neck of my shirt again, and me in a hurry! It's a blessing that I'll soon have somebody that'll look after my things when I get a house of my own."

"The quicker you get one the better it'll suit me," retorted his sister ALMIRA. "Guess you think I haint got nothin' to do but sew buttons on your shirts. You needn't be so partickler showin' off your blue tie, you haint so awful handsome, and its just like you to cuss and swear on the Sabbath!"

"Well, don't get mad, ALMIRA," replied GUSTAVUS, "I'll pin it on, only I'm afraid it'll be so hot in the meeting house that the durned collar will melt clean away. I tell you what it is, ALMIRA, its an awful thing to have to sit in meetin' this weather. It ought to be arranged to have the preaching outside all July and August. Now if I was rich I'd go down to the Thousand Islands. That's the place to go to! Guess I'll take MARTHY down there on our wedding trip. I tell you I will go next summer, when I marry MARTHY. We'll fish for black bass part of the time, for amusement, and listen to all the fine preachers durin' camp meetin' time. MARTHY has often told me about BROTHER DONALD McLELLAN, from down the river, who is great as a Moderator, and would be a splendid preacher if he didn't put so much garlic into his discourses. But hold!" continued GUSTAVUS, meditatively. "There's some talk now of the Government selling the Islands to private individuals. I sincerely hope the rumor is unfounded. What! sell the Thousand Islands, and have grog shops and 'Bier Gartens' on all the choicest spots? To have the pure atmosphere polluted by tobacco smoke, and your poetic fancies chased away by loud voices at every bend of the channel, shouting 'Zur lager und pretzels, laudsman!' No! I think it is impossible for any Government—nay, I'll go so far as to say that no Government dare to —"

"Thar's MARTHA JANE now," interrupted his sister. "You'll have to get mighty sharp or you won't catch her. I see 'RIAH HEMPHILL a walkin' pretty lively in her direction."

"Gosh! Thunder! I'm off," said GUSTAVUS, and hurried away by a short cut across the fields to cut out the hated URIAH.

Goldwin at Work.

GOLDWIN SMITH is now employed in the office of the *Evening Telegram*, where he works hard for several hours every afternoon. He is not engaged in writing funny items, as might naturally be supposed, but in the purely mechanical work of running off the papers, which duty he performs with the remarkable rapidity and elegance which are characteristic of him. Readers of the *Bystander* will no doubt feel disposed to protest against this desertion of his proper literary sphere for manual labour, however honest, and to anticipate any outburst of indignation, we may explain that we are not speaking of GOLDWIN SMITH the Professor, but of the beautiful new printing press upon which that classic name was bestowed with much ceremony the other day.

A straight tip—Not the point of a Hebrew's nose.



Moral Result of Dr. Tanner's Experiment.

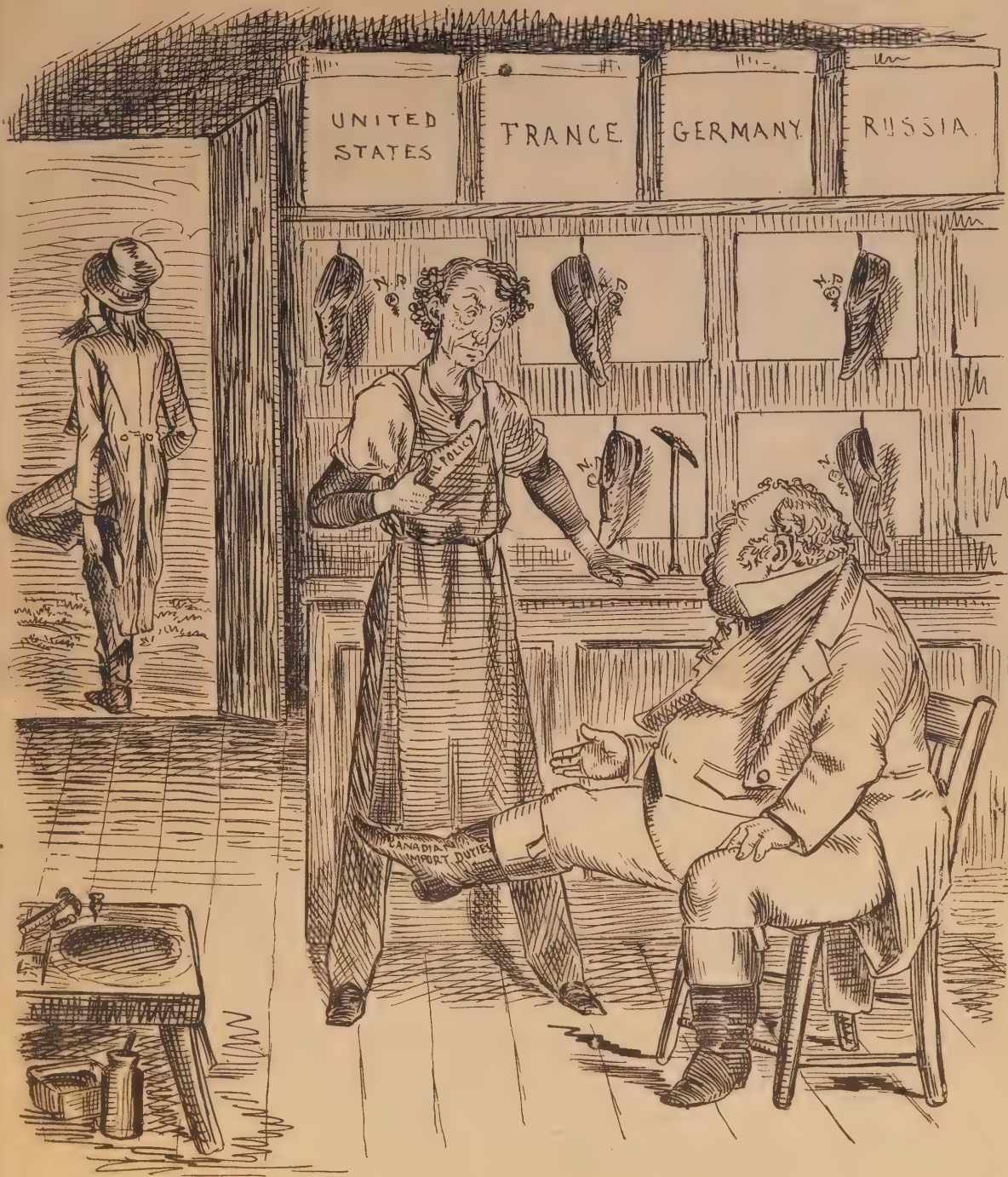
Beggar.—In heaven's name, sir, spare a little to help a starving man. I haven't tasted food for five days!

Old Gent.—Five days? Pshaw, cheer up, man! There's abundance of water hereabouts, and you have thirty-five days to spare yet!



O, for Watermelon!!

DR. TANNER completed his famous fast on Saturday at noon, making splendid time on the home stretch. No sooner had the happy moment of release been announced than he sprang upon an inoffensive watermelon and devoured a large portion of it with voracity and a little milk. Ever since he has been working vigorously to fill the aching void in his stomach, and the public press of the Continent stands by to take note of every bite and sup, which are duly chronicled for the information and moral advancement of the world at large. The news that TANNER's fast was over must have stirred a queer feeling in the empty stomachs of the three Canadian political fasters, whose portraits we published a fortnight ago. How Mr. ANGUS MORRISON, for example, must have groaned internally, to think that his long and painful abstinence was apparently no nearer its end than ever. There hangs the luscious melon right before his nose; its delicious aroma teases his nostrils, and makes his teeth water, but alas, he can't touch it until Sir JOHN gives the word. And in the meantime, to add to the painfulness of the situation, this same Sir JOHN sits in the midst of London luxury, quaffing champagne and talking about giving away his country!



ALL OFF THE ONE LAST!

JOHN A., N.P. SHOEMAKER—PINCH, DO THEY? OF COURSE; WE MAKE 'EM TO PINCH; LOOK AT THAT YANKEE CHAP! HOWEVER, WE DON'T MIND STRETCHIN' 'EM A LEEETLE TO ACCOMMODATE A RELATIVE LIKE YOU.

VOL. THE FIFTEENTH, No. 13.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 14TH AUGUST, 1880.



"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A tight fit—Delirium tremens.

The points of a horse are not sharp.—*Salem Sunbeam.*The fly boom has begun.—*Whitehall Times.*
We speak it has.—*Oil City Derrick.*The fee male whose advice is oftentimes asked is the lawyer.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*The man who carries all before him—the wheelbarrow man.—*Meriden Recorder.*There is always a coldness between the ice-man and the customers.—*Salem Sunbeam.*Men who live in glass houses should be conservative in their opinions.—*New Orleans Picayune.*The saddest words that have ever been to TANNER are, "I am getting thin."—*Breakfast Table.*An unhappy marriage is like an electric machine—it makes one dance, but you can't let go.—*Ex.*"If you make it hoptional with me," says the Englishman, "I'll take beer."—*Courier Journal.*The time of life when the young man's mind turns fondly to dress is unpleasantly called the garb age.—*Goderich Signal.*A burglar recently arrested was asked to tell what his business was. "I am a house-cleaner," said he.—*Sarnia Canadian.*A Whitehall woman calls her husband kind words, because he is so bald-headed that he can never dye.—*Whitehall Times.*Dr. TANNER has at last divulged his secret. He has been living on the cream of the paragraphic jokes fired at him.—*Argo.*

The army worm got as far as Boston when a miss with eye-glasses called it by its real name. It immediately lay down and died.

Metaphorically speaking, the editor of a country paper has to cover as much ground as a lemon in a circus lemonade.—*Phil. Item.*The poet I believe, would be inclined to chuckle merry, If he could find a word to rhyme with huckleberry.—*Syracuse Times.*Although a woman may ride alone in a wagon, she can never be lonely, because she always has fellows on each side of her.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*If your neighbor calls on you always give her the pedigree of your illustrious family. It will prove so interesting to her that she'll never call again.—*Keokuk Gate City.*Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as "her treasurer."—*Kingston News.*Put away his bright toy pistol,
He will need it nevermore,
JOHNNY didn't know 'twas loaded
Till he blowed into the bore,
—*Argo.*The man or woman who has never loved, hugged, kissed, played with, listened to, told stories to, or thoroughly spanked a child, has missed one of the cardinal joys of life.—*New Haven Register.*A fashion exchange says there is a disposition to revive bustles. What a bustle there will be in the newspaper offices where old papers will be in strong demand at good round figures.—*Keokuk Gate City.*The man who loafs his time away around a one-horse grocery while his wife takes in washing to support him can always tell you just what this country needs to enhance its prosperity.—*Sarnia Canadian.*After all, society will never be without its aristocracy. Just mark how the pedler who owns a two dollar horse, lords it over the humble individual who carries his mackerel around in a handcart.—*Somerville Journal.*

The P. B.'s Song.

The following is the song of the potato bug:—

The tender young potato bug
Sat swinging on the vine;
And said unto a maiden bug:
"I pray you will be mine."Then softly spake the maiden bug:
"I love you fond and true,
But O, my cruel hearted par
Won't let me marry you."With scorn upon his buggy brow,
With glances cold and keen,
That haughty lover answered her:
"I think your par-is green."—*Peterborough Review.*An American girl who marries an Italian marquis gets on very well until his Serene Highness begins to spend all her money and talk of "her father ze shopkeeper." Then she fires up and gives him a little 4th of July.—*Ex.*He was a little verdant or he never would have said: "Perhaps we had better walk on till we come to a settee where we can sit together." "Oh, no," she replied sweetly; "you sit down in the chair and I will be the settee."—*Ex.*

A Lowell school teacher, who deserves a purse equal to her wit, says she is in a quandary whether to get ready to go away on a vacation and stay at home, or not to get ready and go. She can afford to do one or the other, but not both.

The late Dr. BETHUNE asked a morose and miserly man how he was getting along. The man replied: "What business is that of yours?" Said the Doctor: "Oh, sir, I am one of those who take an interest even in the meanest of God's creatures."

At a fashionable wedding up-town recently, quite a number of people congregated to view the bridal party on their exit from the church. A passer-by, recognizing one of the hackmen, said: "Waiting for a job?" "No," was the laconic answer, "I'm waiting for the tied."—*Ex.*

"I'll meet you at half-past ten to-night,"

And he nestled her little head
Beneath his great arm so strong and warm;

"Remember—10:30," he said.

He met her at half-past ten that night,

But her brother it was instead,

And as he walked down thro' the confounded town,

"Deuce take her 10:30," he said

—*Breakfast Table.*

MARK TWAIN makes an excellent suggestion for the safety of steamboat passengers. He would have every steamboat compelled to carry in a conspicuous place the following notice: "In case of disaster, do not waste precious time in meddling with the life-boats—they are out of order."

A farmer's wife in speaking of the smartness, aptness and intelligence of her son, a lad of six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said, "He can read fluently in any part of the bible, repeat the whole catechism, and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes, mother," added the young hopeful, "And yesterday I licked Ned RAWSON, threw the cat into the well, and stole old HINKLEY's gimlet."—*Ex.*"What in the world induces Mrs. X. to wear so many puffs and flounces?" said a lady at a ball, as the person referred to swept past, a billow vision of millinery. "Why," was the reply, "she has indulged so much in fashionable dissipation that she has the 'delirium trimmings.'"—*Ex.*An impecunious fortune-hunter having been accepted by an heiress, at the wedding, when that portion of the ceremony was reached where the bridegroom says, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," a spiteful relative of the bride exclaimed, "There goes his valise!"—*Goderich Signal.*A droll fellow fished a rich old gentleman out of a millpond, and refused the offer of twenty-five cents from the rescued miser. "Oh, that's too much!" exclaimed he; "'tain't worth it!" and he handed back twenty-one cents, saying calmly, as he pocketed four cents, "That's about right."—*Berlin News.*A critic says that the best writing is to be found in letters. He says: "Take the letters of any one of a half dozen girls and you will find that the English is bright, cheerful, free and charming." Very true; but suppose your wife reads the letters, what will she think of them?—*Goderich Signal.*"MYRA,"—Your conundrum is a good one. We cannot inform you why it is that a young man who is obliged to go out for a chew of cloves between each theatrical act can sit with you in church through a long sermon and never leave his seat in quest of such an article. Perhaps he carries some in his vest pocket.—*Argo.*An æsthetic midday meal—At the luncheon hour, JELLABY POSTLETHWAITE enters a pastry cook's and calls for a glass of water, into which he puts a fresh cut lily, and loses himself in contemplation thereof. Waiter—Shall I bring you anything else, sir? JELLABY POSTLETHWAITE—Thanks, no, I have all I require, and shall soon have done!—*Punch.*A clothes-line is a harmless thing
When stretched from pole to pole;
Until you step across the yard
And step into a hole.

Then, as you make a forward lunge,

It stops you, so to speak,

And throws you down and jerks you to

The middle of neck's tweak.

—*Keokuk Gate City.*

"JENNIE, you're my sweetheart," said a nine-year-old suitor, as he sat alone with his heart's idol, the other evening.

"How can I be your sweetheart," asked the little miss, "when I am thirteen years old and you are only nine?"

"Are you thirteen?"

"Of course I am."

"Well," answered the juvenile beau, after reflecting a little, "I'd been thirteen, too, if I hadn't been sick so much when I was little."—*Northern Advocate.*

PARTED LOVERS.—They were very fond of each other, and had been engaged; but they quarrelled, and were too proud to make it up.

He called a few days ago at her father's house to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She was at the door.

Said he: "Ah, Miss BLANK, I believe; is your father in?"

"No, sir," she replied; "pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally."

"Yes," was the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular personal business," and turned proudly to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "but who shall I say called?"

He never smiled again.—*South Simcoe News.*

The Poets of the Scotch and the Norsemen were pretty much alike. The former was BURNS and the latter Skalds.

Suggested Editorials.

Mr. GRIP takes compassion on his brother journalists. The weather is hot and things in general are correspondingly dull; the work of the daily editors is therefore unusually burdensome. Their chief difficulty is to find subjects whereupon to expatiate. Mr. GRIP begs to suggest the following themes for editorials:

For the Globe—The Inconvenience of Making Rash Promises to Abstain from Personalities; The Thickpatedness of Mr. CROOKS; The Moral Influence of Taradiddles; The Literay Beauties of GOLDWIN SMITH; The Deficit; The Deficit; The Deficit, and the Deficit.

For the Mail—HERBERT SPENCER and Sugar Duties; Preaching, as viewed from a Monopolist's Standpoint; The Connection between Contract Jobbery and Juvenile Depravity; Hard Coal and Soft Workingmen; The National Policy and the Price of Soft Soap; Philosophical Reasons why the Returns for June should not be Published; What we know about keeping Canada for the Canadians, etc.

For the London Free Press—Smut as an Element of Newspaper Success; The Prospects of Future Navigation of the Thames; How to Make a Paper Sell; The Science of Violent Squinting; The Proper Use of Buncombe.

For the London Advertiser—Journalistic Jealousy; What we think of GORDON BROWN; London as the Intellectual Centre; Editorial Dashes at the F. P.; Why we Support the National Policy; The Trials and Tribulations of High-toned Journalism; The Thames as a Commercial Highway, etc.

For the Hamilton Times—The Elements of a Barbaric Yawp; The Hollowness of EDWARD BLAKE; Good Points about our Junior Member; The Necessity of Ambition in a Hamilton Policeman; Toronto, the Bugbear of the Universe; Against the use of *Specs.* by newspaper readers, etc.

For the Evening Telegram—The Difficulty of Tight-rope Dancing; "GOLDWIN SMITH" as a power in a press-room; The use of the word "But" in editorial writing; The Science of following Public Opinion; Will it pay us to advocate National Currency Reform? etc., etc.

Mr. GRIP would state that other editors, besides those indicated, are at perfect liberty to help themselves from the above array of subjects, so long as they treat the same in an able and effective manner.

What is Mr. Mackenzie Doing?

Mr. MACKENZIE is keeping unusually quiet just now, and there is tremendous internal excitement in the public mind to know the cause thereof. GRIP is authorized to state that the Honorable gentleman's silence is *not* due to any of the following causes.

1. That he is preparing a bombshell with which to scatter the Reform Party into smithereens on the re-assembling of Parliament.

2. That he is editing a new edition of FANNING'S *Book of Etiquette*.

3. That he is preparing a comic lecture on the N. P. with which to go starring in the Provinces during the approaching winter.

4. That he is experimenting with the electric light, with a view to adapting the same to the exposure of Government "ways that are dark."

5. That he is writing a biography of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, which will do that gentleman full justice.

6. That he is privately undergoing the TANNER starving experiment.

7. That he is engaged in a severe study of recent *Globe* editorials on the Classical Professorship, attempting with the aid of dictionaries, blue-books and magic-lanterns, to discover the sense of the same.

8. That he is writing poetical perorations for the future use of the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE.

9. That he is drawing plans and specifications for a new suit to be worn next session.

10. That he is dreaming of office.

An Ode to a Noble Marquis.

Appropose of a late Suicide in Paris.

Most noble Lord Marquis! proud Paget,
Frail woman's defrauder and foe,
Carpet-knight of the Garter! fit badge yet,
Of her you laid low—
For adultery still you have leisure,
Does murder fit pastime appear,
Can you still purchase pleasure on pleasure
Your thousands a year!

Yes! murder, more foul and more cruel
Than the felon's of humbler degree.
Who knew what he risked in the duel
—The grim gallows-tree!
You robbed her of Name when you met her,
Ere the lies of your lust she had heard—
You stabbed her, my Lord, with a letter,
And slew with a word.

Do you think of it ever, I wonder;
That white face that once was so fair,
The sinless, still forehead, hid under
Those wild waves of hair!
Those sweet eyes that gaze, do they miss you,
Whose purity Death has restored?
Are those bloodless lips parted to kiss you
Or curse you, my Lord?

I dream not that this will afflict him,
He will drink, dine, and dance unguiled
By one thought of remorse for his victim
Deserted—defiled.
His wealth and his pride shall redouble,
Society's darling shall be,
My Lord, the great Marquis most noble
Of fair Angelsea. C. P. M.

GRIP's tailor defends the extortions of the hackmen. He says their overcharges come under the head of *cab-bage*.

IMPORTANT TO PROPERTY OWNERS.

The undersigned wish to negotiate for special accommodation, in the business portion of the city, for their Printing and Publishing Business, by the erection of a new structure or alteration of one now existing. The accommodation is required by January 1st, 1881. Full particulars on application.

BENGOUGH BROTHERS,
30 Adelaide Street East.

NOW READY.

ISSUED AUGUST 1ST.

American Newspaper Directory FOR 1880.

Twelfth Annual Volume.

ONE THOUSAND AND FIFTY PAGES

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Advertisers, Advertising Agents, Editors, Politicians and the Departments of the Government rely upon its statements as the only recognized authority.

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It gives the Editor's Name.

It gives the Publisher's Name.

It gives the Size of the Paper.

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GEORGE P. BOWELL & CO., Publishers,

(Newspaper Advertising Bureau.)

10 Spruce St., New York.

Our cynic suggests that if Sir JOHN carries out his desperate Railway Scheme, the North West will soon be known as the Great Loan Land!



33d SEMI-ANNUAL

STATEMENT

OF THE

TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.

Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1880.

PAID-UP CASH CAPITAL - - - \$600,000.

ASSETS.

Real estate.....	\$ 846,172 00
Cash on hand and in bank.....	253,912 58
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate.....	1,924,397 87
Interest on loans, accrued but not due.....	47,712 26
Loans on collateral security.....	68,900 00
Deferred Life premiums.....	61,001 36
Premiums due and unreported on Life policies.....	37,998 94
United States Government bonds.....	280,150 00
State, county and municipal bonds.....	366,411 00
Railroad stocks and bonds.....	602,785 00
Bank stocks.....	663,234 00
Hartford City Gas Light Co. stock.....	19,200 00
Total assets.....	\$5,171,875 01

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, four per cent., Life Department.....	\$3,321,535 58
Reserve for re-insurance, Acc't. Depart.....	310,391 82
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities.....	210,056 00
Total liabilities.....	\$3,842,023 40

Surplus as regards policy holders, \$1,329,851 61

STATISTICS TO JULY 1, 1880.

Whole number of Accident Policies written,.....	605,000
Who's number of Accident Claims paid,.....	46,890
Total Amount Accident Claims paid,.....	\$3,690,000
Total claims paid in Life Department,.....	\$1,525,000

A GENERAL ACCIDENT POLICY,
which any agent will furnish at short notice and trifling cost, covers the risk of such disasters as those on the

SEAWANAHAKA
AND THE

NARRAGANSETT.

Every one can afford it, and it is folly to go uninsured in these times of peril to life and limb.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.

RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Assistant Secretary

C. F. RUSSELL, Agent for Province of Ontario.
Room 17, Union Loan Building,
28 and 30 TORONTO STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.****TENDERS FOR ROLLING STOCK.**

THE time for receiving tenders for Rolling Stock for the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending over four years, is extended to 2nd August.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 23rd June, 1880.

15-7-11

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY.

See T. & B. on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.
First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

HO! YE THIRSTY, Ask for T. DAVIES & CO.'S LAGER BEER.

VOL. THE FIFTEENTH, No. 13

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 14TH AUGUST, 1890.

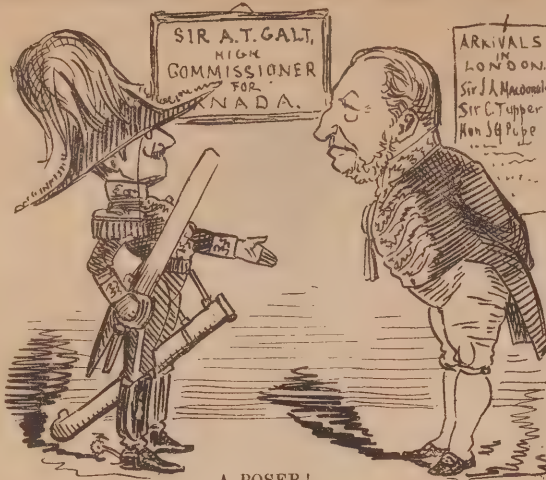
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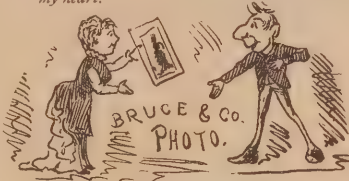
Sir A. T. Galt.—"My usefulness is gone." I might as well return to Canada.
The Military Attache.—By no means, sir, don't think of it! What would I be without you!!



NO MORE CHILD'S PLAY.

Rag Baby Wright.—Now, Gordon, suppose you drop that mud, and meet me on yonder platform like a man!

AUG.—"Mine eyes have play'd the painter, and hath still'd thy beauty's form in tablet of my heart."



ANGEL.—"Be practical Augustus, you know the impression would be much more permanent if still'd on one of BRUCE'S beautiful tablet pictures."

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Mr. BULL.—That, my dear, is COBDEN. He was one of my great Political Economists.

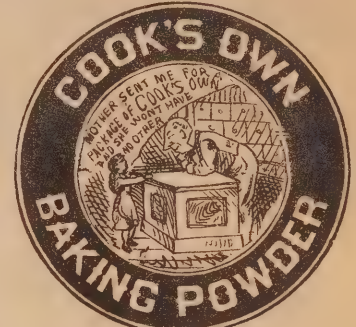
Our CHARLEY.—Yes, I am aware of that; but he didn't know any more about Political Economy than the law allows. Why don't you have a bust of TILLEY—or PHIPPS?

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In addition to the ordinary school course there are many accomplishments extensively learned at present by the youth of Toronto. Among them is the art of stone-throwing, as practised the other day against the Young Irishmen's excursion. Although our secular system of education excludes all instruction in the Bible, the name of the Supreme Being and other sacred words are familiarly known. Intemperance societies appear to flourish, and the manly practice of insulting and following young women is much favoured. In fact, GRIP finds in the gutter-snipe and the street-corner loafer, the protoplasm out of which all crime may be evolved.

Raw material for a very good thing to be worked up by the coming humorist: The University curriculum. CROOKS—four-in-hands (foreign hands); MACLELLAN—duck board (book-bored); the school teachers and public generally—waggin' tongues; the other professors—sulky; the Hamilton Times—democrat; WARREN—two-seated rig. Wheel and whoa of educational interests.

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EDITOR'S
NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S
NOTE.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

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VOLUME XV. }
No. 15. }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1880.

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The West Toronto Stakes.

It so happens that this number of GRIP comes out just when the great West Toronto race is at its hottest. The excited crowd run hither and thither, and those sportingly inclined are offering to back their favorites at any odds. We cannot tell at this moment which horse is leading, though the BEATY men are confident it is not RYAN or WRIGHT. Next week we will depict the finish, and it is safe to promise that it will be a spirited production. Speaking of next week reminds us to notify the reader that, to signalize the opening of the Great Exhibition, GRIP will appear in an enlarged form for the next two issues, profusely illustrated and brimming over with love and human nature as usual.

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AUGUST NUMBER NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN

Illustrated Shorthand Writer.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER.—The second number of this journal, under the editorial management of the Bengough Bros., has many valuable features to commend it, especially to the profession and students in Canada. It gives about all that is interesting in the way of news in shorthand circles, well written articles, with clever illustrations from the pencil of GRIP's cartoonist, upon timely topics, and numerous specimens of shorthand written in the different standard systems, which makes the magazine more than usually interesting to those who like to know what can be done in systems with which they are not acquainted. The Shorthand Writer is a first-class phonographic magazine in every respect.—*London Advertiser*.

We are in receipt of a monthly magazine entitled "The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer," which is, as its name implies, a paper devoted to the advancement of the art of phonography, which has now become almost an essential feature in a common English education, and without which the newspaper fraternity, the railroad companies and our courts, as well as other businesses and organizations, would proceed and move forward slowly. The "Canadian Writer" is illustrated each month with well engraved fac similes of the leading systems of the day, including those of Pitman, Graham, Munson, Cross and others, and the publishers, Messrs. Bengough Brothers of Toronto, Canada, certainly have filled a long-felt want among the "swift writing" fraternity.—*Daily Nonpartisan, Council Bluffs, Iowa*

"I have returned to St. John this A. M. [July 14] after an absence of ten days. On my arrival I found your gem of a monthly awaiting my return. Had I known it was here I should have made a short cut through the fields and would have had the pleasure of feasting on the WRITER several days earlier. Perhaps you will receive the statement with a smile, but I am guilty of offering you nothing in the form of an exaggeration when I say that since the last No. of the WRITER with its funny pictures came to hand, I have gained 22 lbs avoirdupois, so heartily have I laughed over the cartoons. Tell Bengough I am indebted to him for being instrumental in securing for me a new lease of life, for I was one of the most consumptive looking bipeds that ever existed on the crust of this terrestrial sphere. The Miscellany will always be on hand to assist in extending the circulation of its Ontario chum."—*T. W. Bell, Editor Printers' Miscellany St. John N. B.*

SHORTHAND LITERATURE.—The second number of the "Canadian Shorthand Writer," illustrated in the most humorous manner, has just reached this country from Messrs. Bengough Brothers, of Toronto. It is quite a remarkable production, combining both common print, cartoon portrait of James Crankshaw, formerly of Manchester, who has established a branch of the English Phonetic Society in Canada; pages lithographed in different systems of stenography and phonography, including shorthand articles on Shakespeare and Shorthand, Napoleon's shorthand secretary, phonographic numerals, &c. An Irishwoman is picturesquely represented in a scolding mood, speaking to her husband at the extraordinary rate of "three hundred words a minute!" The great Napoleon is represented as sitting contemplatively on the rock of St. Helena and saying, "I wish I had somebody to take me down now!" The get-up of the number is good.—*Newcastle, Eng. Courier, July 6th.*

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Our Music Editor, "SHARP SIXTH," will furnish critiques of performances of high class music for this column. Managers are requested to enclose programme with tickets, which should be forwarded on the day preceding the concert. Critical notices will also be given of music publications sent to this office.

MISS CARY is re-engaged for this Fall with Mr. MAPLESON.

SARA BERNHARDT will probably appear for one night at the Grand.

BRIGNOLI is next season to occupy TOM KARL's place with the Emma Abbott Opera Company.

Mr. COOL BURGESS is to be a member of NICK ROBERTS' "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe this season.

At Quebec last week an audience of 6000 assembled to hear the music of the band of the "A" Battery.

The Royal Opera House, Toronto, opened this week with Col. WARNER's new Yankee comedy "Speculation."

SAMET has made a furore in London as a violinist. His wife was—possibly still is—TERESA CARRENA, the pianiste.

MISS MARY ANDERSON gave a birthday party on her twenty-first birthday, recently, at her cottage, Long Branch.

HARRY LINDLEY, the well known comedian, has leased a theatre in Charlottetown, P. E. I., and engaged a stock company for the season.

KATE CLAXTON opened her season in Halifax last week with a good company. "Frou-Frou" will be produced by them for the first time in Canada.

It is said that ADELAIDE NEILSON leaves a fortune of a quarter of a million of dollars. She has been buried in the beautiful cemetery at Brompton England.

The new German prima-donna Frau ROBINSON has a fine soprano voice, but it betrays somewhat of the harshness which is often found in German vocalists.

The TANDY Brothers' Concert Company gave a very successful entertainment at the Thousand Islands Park this week. The Kingston Whig says 3000 persons were present.

The cable announces the death of OLE BULL, the great violinist, at Bergen, Norway. He made his first visit to the United States in 1843, and gave concerts in all of the principal cities.

Mr. W. G. WILLS, author of *Jane Shore* and other dramas, is engaged on a new tragedy. Mr. WILLS, like ROBERTI, is a distinguished painter as well as a poet. Two of his pictures were much admired at the Academy.

The list of opera companies for next season comprises the STRAKOSCH & HESS opera company, which opens in November; MAHN's Boccaccio company, which opens in October at Philadelphia; the BLANCHE ROOSEVELT company, which begins an engagement at the Union Square on the 13th of September; GRAU's French Opera Bouffe company, which plays an engagement at the Standard Theatre, New York and in New Orleans; MAPLESON's Grand Italian Opera company, probably opening in October, with GERSTER and without NILSSON; D'OYLEY CARTE's Pirates of Penzance combination, with a new opera by GILBERT and SULLIVAN, in preparation for an opening at Booth's; M'neAMBRE's French Opera company, which opens in New Orleans in November; The Boston Ideal Opera company, consisting of MYRON WHITNEY, TOM CARL, FEESSENDEN, ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, MARY BEEBE, and other well known artists; DALY's Sea Cadet, HAVELY's Juvenile Opera, and MILES' Juvenile Pinafore companies.

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TO VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. 2, 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m. from York st. wharf; Church st wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts; 50 tickets for \$5.

TO PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, &c.—Steamer *Pictou*, daily at 2.45 p. m. Custom House Wharf.

TO HAMILTON VIA OAKVILLE.—Steamer *Southern Belle*, 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., fare 75cts.; return fare; (good for season) \$1.25.

TO NIAGARA.—Steamer *Chicora*, daily at 7 a. m.; *Rothsay*, 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Afternoon fare for round trip, 50c. Yonge st. wharf.

TO MONTREAL.—Steamers daily at 2 p. m. Yonge st. wharf.

TO CHARLOTTE AND OSWEGO.—City of Montreal, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 p. m. Returning Mondays and Thursdays from Oswego 1.30 p. m. Charlotte at 8 p. m.

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WEST TORONTO ELECTION

POLLING DAY, SATURDAY, AUG. 28, 1880.

Hours From 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

YOUR SUPPORT AND VOTE

ARE REQUESTED FOR

Ald. PETER RYAN.

of St. George's Ward.

The unanimous choice of the Liberal party in convention assembled as their candidate, in opposition to the nominee of the Government at Ottawa, and as a

Supporter of the Hon. Edward Blake.

Vote for Ald. Ryan and protect yourself against the burdensome taxation of the Ottawa Government and against the proposal of Mayor Beatty to abolish the Provincial Legislature and Toronto as the seat of Government.

XV—14.

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The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Mr. H. A. CROPLEY, Fredericton, N.B., will commence about the 1st of September the issue of a new paper called *The Capital*.

The *Christian Helper*, Toronto, contains an admirable poem by Mrs. J. C. YULE, also a review, from a highly favorable standpoint, of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's "Life of Cowper."

The World is the name of a new Liberal daily published in Toronto by Messrs. HORTON & MACLEAN. Typographically, it has been defective thus far; but it displays considerable editorial vigor.

MISS S. M. HITCHCOCK, a New York lady, has just purchased HENNER's new picture, 'Une Madelaine,' for 15,000 francs. The painting, which is life-size, and, in HENNER's opinion, one of the best he has produced, was intended for this year's Salon, but could not be finished in time.

The second number of the *Anglo-Israel* has put in its appearance. This sheet represents the cause of those who maintain the notion, contrary to the established laws of the science of language, that a Semitic people (Israel) can possibly be identical with an Aryan people (Anglo-Saxon.) We now want a journal to prove the identity of chalk and cheese. But when the human being is a lunatic, there are no assignable limits to his "theories."

VICTOR HUGO looks well, but old age is at last beginning to show its effect on his still vigorous frame. The redundant white hair is thinning on the crown of the nobly-poised head, and the broad shoulders show a slight but perceptible stoop. He looks now like a man of seventy; five years ago he might have been taken for one not yet sixty. Yet the keen eye is as brilliant, the step as firm, the deep, soft tones as musical as ever.

A small cartoon, with a recent issue of *Grip*, is very suggestive. It pictures a scene between Sir A. T. GALT and his military attaché. In reflecting, no doubt, upon the manner in which he has been overshadowed by the Canadian Ministers now in London, he is made to remark in a melancholy sort of way, "My usefulness is gone. I might as well return to Canada." To which the attaché (accompanying his words with a profound gesture) replies: "By no means, sir, don't think of it! What would I be without you." The language put into the mouth of this subordinate official pretty fairly describes the situation. The military attaché requires Sir A. T. GALT much more than the High Commissioner has need of him, while the country has use for neither.—*Kingston Whig*.

It is said that the Toronto newspapers have agreed to omit all mention of the Provincial Fair, and that they will put forth their greatest energies to attract the crowd to the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, their expectation being that they will thus be able to illustrate the superiority of Toronto over Hamilton as a place for holding fairs.—*Hamilton Spectator*. This is but an illustration of what the *Advertiser* said some time ago, that the Toronto papers have been supplanted in their cosmopolitan capacity, and that they are now simply local papers, published in Toronto. They cannot make or mar anything outside of their own city. The commendation of the Toronto papers may do for Toronto. London and Hamilton must look out for themselves. It is pleasing to know they are capable of doing so.—*Western Advertiser*. *Grip* being like other Toronto papers, simply "a local paper," cannot make or mar anything out of Toronto. It is, therefore, only in Toronto that *Grip*'s opinion will circulate to the effect that the *Advertiser* man has, in the above remarkable effusion, "written himself down an ass."

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VOL. THE FIFTEENTH No 15.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 28TH AUGUST, 1880.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH BRO'S, Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

CAUTION.

Mr. W. H. Carman has no authority to take subscriptions or collect monies for this office.

To Correspondents.

R. J. Cartwright.—You are quite right. TRILEY is not justified in following your example in indulging in financial *hocus-pocus*, to make his account come out square.

Ratepayer.—By no means; you are altogether astray. The proper way is to lay down water pipes first, then put on the pavement, next put down gas pipes, then finish up the job. The City Council understand their business.

Anxiety.—The word *Eclectic* means, according to the dictionary men, "chosen from various sources." When used as the title of a magazine, it implies that the contents are cribbed from other magazines which are not protected by copyright; when applied to a Religious Congregation, it is generally understood to mean that the members are a queer lot and raked in from all quarters. The *Eclectic Church Association* is, orthographically speaking, a synonym for the Church of Go-as-you-please.

G. Smith.—We know of no legal means by which you can compel that *Globe* correspondent (whom you aptly describe as 'obstreperous, not to say, insolent') to fall down and worship you. This is a free country, and the law takes no cognizance of such matters. Your only plan will be to cultivate a literary style so attractive, and a mental and moral character so sweet, that he will be constrained *volens volens*, to pay you the homage he at present withholds. There is no use in "showing him up" in the *Bystander*, as you suggest.

Backing Down.

The author of the strictures upon Toronto Churches which appeared in the *Montreal Spectator*, and upon which we commented a few weeks ago, is apparently anxious to qualify his untruthful assertions. In the last number of that journal he says:

"I have the authority of distinguished ministers of the Gospel for what I wrote respecting Toronto, and also the support of our most influential newspapers, notably the *Mail*. If it were necessary I could give the names of several of the ministers and organists and churches interested, imputed by me to be exceedingly short of funds and subjected to scandal. I am surprised that a respectable weekly like GRIP should become incensed at what I wrote, for it must indeed be misinformed and ignorant of the state of affairs in our churches, to publish such a bitter contradiction of my statements. I should advise GRIP to study as much as possible the true interest of Toronto and her

churches before assuming to give the lie direct to a statement that can be supported by facts."

GRIP considered and still considers, that he had good cause to become incensed, as a citizen of Toronto, at what this writer originally said. He now intimates that he merely "imputed" that certain of our churches, ministers and organists were "exceedingly short of funds and subjected to scandal." His real assertion was that Toronto congregations as a rule cheated their pastors and organists out of their salaries, and that there was not a church in this city which was not floundering in financial embarrassments or had not its own scandal. The "true interests of Toronto and her churches" are not served by wholesale slander of this kind, and GRIP feels some satisfaction at the evidence that this reckless scribbler shows a disposition to modify his original exaggerations.

The Mackonochie Candle.

Several letters have lately appeared in the *Globe* and other clerical journals eulogizing our late visitor to Toronto, the Reverend MACKONOCHE, of Ritualistic fame. GRIP, of course, endorses all this. He honors the man who has done his utmost to undo the work of the Reformation; yet there are other things to be considered. While GRIP has the greatest respect for the genuine Catholic Church, which does such a good work in its own way in this country, he has no great respect for sham "Catholicity," a mock mass, MACKONOCHE'S masquerade in imitation vestments, and his great achievement of burning a candle before a picture in his church. Did not Bishop LATIMER, on one memorable occasion, say something about lighting a candle that day in England, which should never be put out? GRIP backs Bishop LATIMER'S candle against that lighted by Mr. MACKONOCHE.

Grip's Society Stories.

NO I.—FANNY'S FATE—A TORONTO TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER I.

They met at a party at her mamma's house. She wore a muslin too thin for a bathing-dress, and too decolette for a variety show. His diamond studs flashed from the bosom of one of those perfect shirts made by a Toronto firm, to whom we will not give a gratuitous advertisement. He was a clerk in charge of the till in her papa's bank. They loved each other. Their marriage was planned, a house was taken and furnished, the bridesmaids and the flowers were ready for the feast.

CHAPTER II.

He sat with his arm describing an arc coincident with the circumference of her waist. He had just put the engagement ring, a hoop of rubies, on her finger; when the moon emerged from a cloud, the light flashed on a second hoop of bigger and redder rubies! By the same moonlight he became aware of a second coat-sleeve encircling her waist!

CHAPTER III.

The rivals met in mortal combat. They had dipped their hands in the same bank-till; they had put their arms round the waist of the same MATILDA. There would have been a differentiation of noses, and the survival of the unfittest, but for the arrival of a policeman and two mothers-in-law. The latter claimed the two young men, who were also braceleted together by the police officer, who soon after married MATILDA—whose name was also JANE.

CHAPTER IV.

The policeman committed burglary and bigamy; he rose to be a magistrate, a deacon, a bank director! Their brazen wedding will be attended by a select circle.

Resignation.

The melancholy musings of merchants and mechanics over their money matters and mercantile miseries, who, after the specious promises of Sir JOHN are *hopefully* waiting to share the benefits of the N. P. and Rag Baby schemes.

(After Longfellow—a long way.)

There is no stock however watch'd and tended,
But some "job lots" are there;
There is no credit trade how'er defended,
But "dead trucks" form a share.

The land is full of merchants, all decrying
The hardness of the times,
Of working men on N. P. booms relying.
Yet cannot get the dimes.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the hum arise,
But oftentimes political convictions
To reason shut our eyes.

There is no dearth; what seems so is transition;
This life of want and care,
Is but a suburb of the times elysian
When all will plenty share.

She is not dead—the child of our affection,
But gone into that school,
The temple of rag-money and protection
Sir JOHN and TILLEY rule.

But we, aware the troubles that we suffer
We brought upon ourselves,
Yet only wait a chance to lay those duifers
On their respective shelves.

Then free d'once more from shackles we had woven,
When promises were cheap,
When next the *Fox* proclaims his true devotion,
We'll closer watch the sheep.

Meanwhile Sir JOHN might hire the famous TANNER,
To let our workmen see
How they may starve in a becoming manner
Under the great N. P.

SWEET WILLIAM.

A Queer Plea.

Quoth the *Globe*:

"Mr. RYAN is a fit and proper person to represent West Toronto in Parliament. There are great questions at issue which he is competent to deal with, and not one on which his religion will influence his action."

This extract is taken from an article which was written ostensibly to anticipate and overcome the anti-Catholic cry, but surely no greater attack was ever made on the Romish faith than is contained in it. O, why didn't the *Mail* discover this, and properly castigate the *Globe* for its insinuation that Mr. RYAN'S services in Parliament would be valuable because "his religion will not influence his action."

An Election Song.

For Toronto West hurroo!
Says the Shan Van Voght!
'Tis bould RYAN we'll put through,
Says the Shan Van Voght.
No Rag-baby badge we wear,
We bate BATEY though he's mayor,
If we don't, oh but it's queer,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

Sure ye know we'll put ye in,
Says the Shan Van Voght!
Won't ye stand the whisky thin,
Says the Shan Van Voght!
Won't ye stand it once agin,
When as member ye get in,
You contrarriest of min,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

The St. Mary's *Argus* well says:

"His ideas may not accord with those or some of the other friends of the institution. The whole trouble, it seems to us, might have been avoided had Mr. CROOKS chosen a Canadian, and we hope it cannot be said truthfully that there are no graduates of the University that would not have been as successful as any imported article."

The *Argus* is a Reform paper; its censure of Mr. CROOKS' anti-Canadianism is creditable to the self-respect of the Reform press.

MARY had a little lamb,
But mint sauce scarce a drop,
She paid a quarter when she went
From Mr. COLEMAN'S shop.

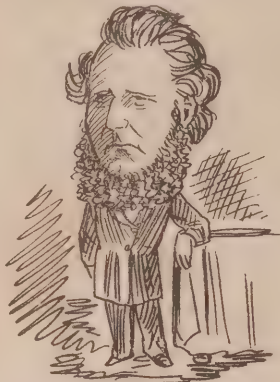
Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 16 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.

50 Patterns. The Nobblest Things in the market. —WOLTZ BROS & Co. 29 KING STREET EAST TORONTO.

The West Toronto Candidates.

As the eyes of British North America, if not of the world, are at present fixed upon the West Toronto election, Mr. GRIP has secured, regardless of expense, authentic portraits of the candidates, accompanied by brief and touching biographical notices:



MR. JAMES BEATTY, D.C.L., Q.C.

JAMES BEATTY was born years ago, of U.E. Loyalist stock. As a boy, he hankered to become a pirate, so his parents apprenticed him to a lawyer. As he always had a strong desire for office, this suited him very well. In due time he was called to the bar, where he soon reached the position of a Junior Counsel, and having displayed unusual brilliancy as a forensic orator, he was created a Q.C. He bore up under this dignity so bravely, that Trinity College imposed another batch of the alphabet upon him, to wit, D.C.L. Mr. BEATTY not only achieved renown as a lawyer, but became also distinguished as a man of letters—two epistles from his pen having become historic. Throughout his career he has borne an excellent character, notwithstanding that he has spent a large portion of his time in the company of aldermen and city contractors. In the West Toronto contest, Mr. BEATTY appears as the representative of the straight-out Conservatives, appealing to the electors on the strength of the National Policy, with special emphasis on the coal tax. He confidently expects to be elected.



MR. ALEX. W. WRIGHT.

This gentleman is still a mere kid, having seen comparatively few summers. Notwithstanding his youth, however, he is a very distinguished party. By profession he is a journalist, but during election contests he generally takes up the calling of a Workingman, and accepts engagements as an orator. He is highly

effective on the platform, and has an international reputation as a speaker. The election of General WEAVER, the Greenbacker, to the Presidency of the United States, could not have been secured without the aid of Mr. WRIGHT's speeches—delivered during the campaign at an enormous salary. Mr. WRIGHT comes before the electors of West Toronto as a straight out Conservative, *plus* the Rag Baby and Reform Land Policy. He is sure of election.



MR. F. C. CAPREOL.

The subject of this sketch was born about seventy-eight years ago. When quite a lad, he was presented by his Sunday School teacher with a pretty book, entitled—"Perseverance Gains Success." He read this book carefully and sincerely believed every word of it. About the same time he conceived the project of a ship canal across Canadian territory, to connect Lakes Ontario and Huron. With indomitable zeal he set about the accomplishment of this great work, and after years of heroic endeavour, and valiant conflict with all sorts of obstacles, he had the satisfaction of seeing himself nominated as M. P. for West Toronto. He has not yet lost all confidence in the little book of his childhood, but fully believes that the H. & O. ship canal will yet be built. Mr. CAPREOL is eminently a man of faith, for he expects to be elected. He enters the field as a straight out Conservative, *plus* the Ship Canal.



MR. PETER RYAN.

Mr. RYAN, as his name would imply, is an Englishman. He emigrated to Canada some

few years ago, and went into business as a merchant. Being comparatively green, and unused to the ways of the country, he allowed himself to be elected to the City Council. As an alderman, his record is a brilliant one, and it is to his energetic efforts alone that Toronto owes the excellent condition of her streets and gas-pipes. In the present contest he comes out as the representative of the Reform Party—*minus* Criticism and the *Globe*—announcing himself in black letters as a supporter of Hon. EDWARD BLAKE.

Angelina Thompson on the Fall Fashions.

Dear Mr. GRIP:

I am so pleased to see that you do not give all your space to those horrid politics, and wouldn't it be nice for you to sometimes have a little about the new fashions. I am sure it would interest your young lady readers more than all your witty sayings about Mr. BLAKE being implicated in the Pacific Scandal. I wonder who Mrs. PACIFIC was, and if Mr. BLAKE thought her pretty?

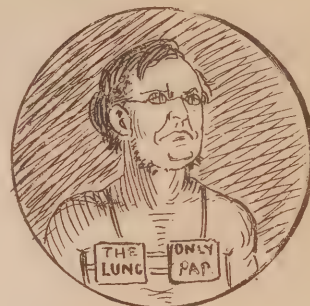
Well now I will give you a few hints, just by way of specimen, which I have prepared from information received from several of our leading *modistes*.

Bronze will be a favorite color for promenade dresses this Fall. Gold will be worn increasingly as trimming for black silk. Skirts will be *ras de terre*—evening dress will be low from the neck and high from the ankle. All below the chin will be considered "neck," and all above the boots "ankle." Gold and brass will be favorite colors for ball dress—considering the low necks, perhaps brazen will be the more suitable of the two.

I am, dear Mr. GRIP.

Yours truly,

ANGELINA THOMPSON.

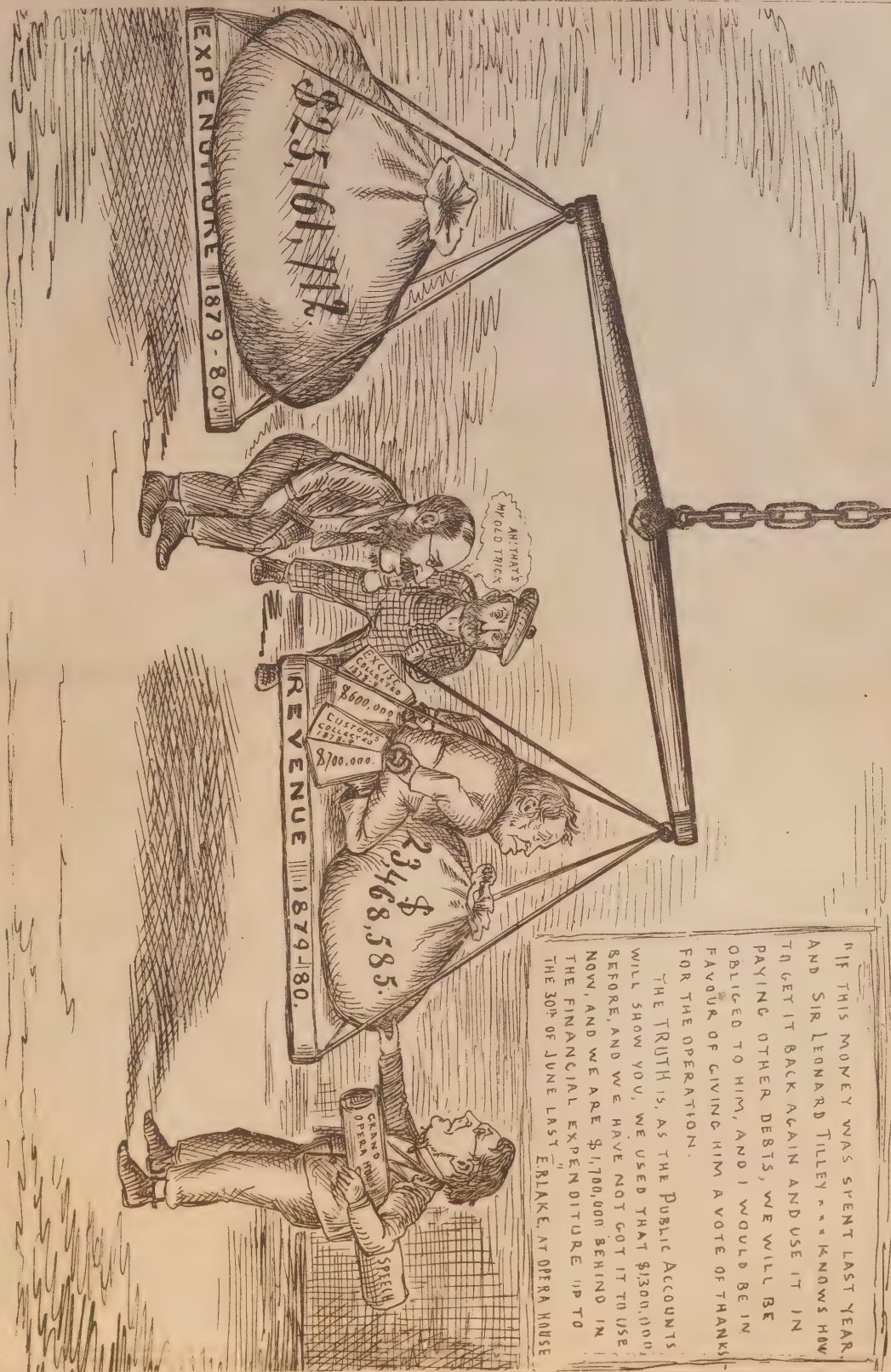


A Suggestion.

Mr. GRIP respectfully submits the above suggestion to the notice of the Hon. the leader of the Opposition, and other politicians who may be called upon to make long speeches. The strain which continuous speaking imposes upon the lungs is very severe, and no orator should be without this admirable contrivance. At the Opera House on Saturday night it was calculated to pain the heart of the most Liberal Conservative, to witness the evident discomfort of the Hon. EDWARD under repeated calls of "speak louder." In reply to these demands he could only suggest that if the auditors would remain perfectly silent, he might make himself heard. Now, had he been wearing one of these pads, he might have talked on indefinitely in a tone of thunder which would have overborne all opposition. Not only so, but the pad would have enabled him to be more logical; to state more facts, and to give wittier repartees to those who interrupted him. Let the Reform Party get him one without delay.

Advice to those who have lost their health. Try to recover it again.

"WEIGHS THAT ARE DARK, AND TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN!"



"IF THIS MONEY WAS SPENT LAST YEAR, AND SIR LEONARD TILLEY KNOWS HOW TO GET IT BACK AGAIN AND USE IT IN PAYING OTHER DEBTS, WE WILL BE OBLIGED TO HIM, AND I WOULD BE IN FAVOUR OF GIVING HIM A VOTE OF THANKS FOR THE OPERATION."

THE TRUTH IS, AS THE PUBLIC ACCOUNTS WILL SHOW YOU, WE USED THAT \$1300,000, BEFORE, AND WE HAVE NOT GOT IT TO USE NOW, AND WE ARE \$1,700,000 BEHIND IN THE FINANCIAL EXPENDITURE UP TO THE 30th OF JUNE LAST

E. BLAKE, AT OPERA HOUSE



"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Over halls—roofs, of course.—*Owego Record*.
The fan market is flighty.—*Wheeling Leader*.
The debentures of the city of Cork should be floated easily.

The church is the pew rest place on earth.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Gets the best of grub—Paris Green.—*Boston Jour. of Commerce*.

The shades of night go about dewing good.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Maybe it was an idea that struck Billy PATERSON.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The dandy who means well is not a mean swell.—*H. Clay Lukens*.

Now, gardeners, bring in your truck; and your sunstruck, too.—*Kokomo Tribune*.

Waving a red petticoat before a fierce bull gives the animal the scarlet fever.

Don't despise the lowly. The underjaw does all the work.—*Boston Transcript*.

The *Detroit Free Press* asks:—"Is a clothing store a coterie, a pantry or a vestry?"

Stiggles says there is too much roam-ants about camp life, to please him.—*Syracuse Times*.

Missouri girls are sweet Mo-lasses, but cannot be called syrup-titious.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

The bathing suit levels all ranks. Even sex and age approaches equality.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Because an old man looks fine and sere that doesn't make him a financier.—*Fat Contributor*.

How many young men there are, who like corn, turn white when they pop.—*Whitehall Times*.

The best kind of liniment for Mexican bandits is the Mexican must-hang.—*Whitehall Times*.

There would be more Arctic expeditions if there were women at the poles.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

Goat milk should be termed butter-milk because the goat is an acknowledged butter.—*Derrick*.

Fashion notes—Those that go to pay dress-makers' and milliners' bills.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

An old thermometer is never very popular. Nobody wants to see a thermometer over seventy.—*Seth Spicer*.

A woman who has four sons, all sailors, compares herself with a year, because she has four seasons.—*Kokomo Tribune*.

Many a woman toxophilite before marriage who put sin the sharp arrows of quivering conversation thereafter.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

A man who was sparking a vinegar-faced old maid said he was trying to make his favorite drink. He referred to sour mash.—*Argo*.

Beans are not very largely cultivated in Russia owing to the irreconcilable aversion that exists there to the Poles.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

The man who advertises for a lost umbrella and expects to see it again, expects what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.—*Breakfast Table*.

It's small use for some people to be laying up treasures in heaven. They will not get a chance to take an invoice of them.—*Bloomington Eye*.

"What are the wild waves saying?" "Nothing, love. You have probably taken too many hard boiled eggs for supper."—*Gate City*.

No wonder young ladies are so strongly in favor of bay windows, for they are such nice harbors at night for snacks.—*Lowell Sun*.

A Binghamton young man who is sparking a Dutch girl over in the 5th ward, talks wisely of foreign courts and foreign relations.—*Ed L. Adams*.

The greenback party has now simmered down to almost its original constituents—bull-frogs and lizards, and they are mighty slippery.—*Every Saturday*.

The United States are about to be swallowed up by Great Britain, at least the country will be captured by the Hancock and English—men. *Waterloo Observer*.

A temperance lecturer may present a very strong argument, but he cannot always make those who differ with him "take water."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The Bernhardt makes no bones of announcing that she has a skeleton in her closet, and will bring the same to this side for advertising purposes.—*Lockport Union*.

If lawyers offered prayers to Heaven one half as often as they offer them to the court, there might be some chance of one or two of them getting in.—*Every Saturday*.

When a tramp desires a glass of water now, he steps up to the front door, rings the bell gently, and politely asks for a Dr. TANNER breakfast.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

Young ladies who wish to have small mouths are advised to repeat this at frequent intervals: "FANNY FINCH fried five floundering frogs for FRANCIS FOWLER's father."

No SARE, although we grieve to be the means of blasting your high toned hopes, you are not a Duchess merely because your husband is a Dutchman.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A hen-pecked husband said in extenuation of his wife's raids upon his scalp: "You see, she takes her hair off so easily, she doesn't know how it hurts to have mine pulled out."

It is very natural for the city clergy to want a vacation and go off to the cool mountains in hot weather. Their business is to preach against hot places.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

The busiest man in the world is the one who has no employment of his own. He feels compelled to give such minute attention to the details of other people's business.—*Fulton Times*.

The editor wrote "A minister without a charge," but the compositor who set it up "A minister without change," knew as much about religion as the editor—if not more.—*Norristown Herald*.

Mrs. URSULA HUMPHREYVILLE, of Northfield, over a 100 years old, recently sat four times for her photograph, and came out of the ordeal in full possession of all her faculties.—*Danbury News*.

Said JONES: "FRED GRANT won't have so soft a thing as he has had." "I don't know," replied ROBINSON, "he'll have a soft thing so long as he keeps cool and don't lose his head."—*Lowell Sun*.

TANNER's fast is not original. The old gentleman, NOAH, lived forty days on water.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*. But was eager at the end to Mount Ararat he could get hold of. Shem on you for reviving such memories!—*New York News*.

He called her a lazy, good-for-nothing slattern, and she only jawed back; but when he finally said she was a miserable diaphanous monad, she just went off to her own room and wept.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

It seems that New York city is sinking beneath the waves at the rate of several inches each century, and the *Rochester Herald* is already beginning to worry about the future fate of the obelisk.—*Buffalo Courier*.

SMITH to BROWN, going home from the club in the small hours of the morning: "I am awfully late, BROWN; what'll you say to your wife?" BROWN: "Oh, not much; good morning, my dear, or something of that sort; She'll say the rest."

"How do you pronounce, s-t-i-n-g-y?" the teacher asked the young gentleman nearest the foot of the class. And the smart bad boy stood up and said it depends a great deal whether it is applied to a man or a bee. Go to the head, young fellow.

The remarks of Mr. NEPTUNE as he sits on his gigantic clam shell and views through his trident the bathing costumes, and the pump forms inside, would—well they would not look well in so moral a paper as the *Union*.—*Lockport Union*.

"By gemini! its twins," said an astronomical father. And he cogitated how he could planet to support them.—*American Punch*. Smart astronomer, that, not to know that the only proper way is the milky way.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

"Has the cooking book any pictures?" asked a young lady of a bookseller. "Not one," replied the dealer in books. "Why," exclaimed the witty miss, "what is the use of telling us how to make a dinner if you give us no plates?"—*Exchange*.

A learned man says that one of the hieroglyphics on Cleopatra's Needle may be translated: "Is it hot enough for you?" And, strange to say, right underneath it is a grave-stone device, giving the writer's age and date of his death.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

Pat: "Well, Dan, and have ye heard the news—have ye heard that Rory, the miller's dead?" Dan: "Rory the miller is it that's dead now? but ye don't say so, and he was a young man too." Pat: "Faith, an' that's thrue for ye, Dan: he was such a young man, now, that I expected to see him at my own funeral instead of me going to his."

A clergyman asked his Sunday-school: "With what remarkable weapon did Samson at one time slay a number of Philistines?" For a while there was no answer; and the clergyman, to assist the children a little, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's this? what's this?" Quick as thought, a little fellow innocently replied, "The jaw bone of an ass, sir."

The people of a New Hampshire town are so fearfully lazy that when the wife of a minister who had just settled in that town asked a prominent citizen if the inhabitants generally respected the Sabbath and refrained from business, he replied: "Confound it, ma'am, they don't do enough work in a whole week to break the Sabbath, if it was all done on that day."—*Post*.

"Bub, did you ever stop to think," said a grocer recently, as he measured out a half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water, and starch?" "Noa, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

Grip's Gallery of Illustrious Canadians.

GOLDWIN SMITH BY GORDON BROWN.

We commence our series of condensed biographies with this gentleman, who, although not to the manner born, is entitled to the foremost place in this country, from a purely literary point of view. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH was born in the ancient City of Bristol, the birthplace also of CHATTERTON. At school he was distinguished for his quickness and scholarship, although he got into serious disfavor with the head master and the ushers from being suspected of a design to annex the High School to a large, and by no means select, common school over the way. Yet the youthful GOLDWIN showed his sense and integrity by opposing a plan got up by some clever but bad boys for the construction of paper lamp-chimneys, to be issued on the credit of the entire school, and to be warranted as good as glass. But GOLDWIN got into a bad habit of fighting with a boy rather smaller than himself, whose name was GRIT. They frequently struck each other, and many complaints were made that both these boys, who were the cleverest boys in the school, used to waste each other's time in calling bad names. GOLDWIN hit the hardest, but GRIT had a bad habit of hitting below the belt. However, GOLDWIN survived all that GRIT could do to him, and grew up to be a big man, and went to Oxford, where he was so successful, that at last he was promoted to Toronto. It has been the practice of some partizan but unprincipled journals in this country to throw mud at the Crystal Palace which over-arches the blossoming of this exotic genius, forgetful of the fragility of the cucumber frames which cover their own small area of manure. Here, it suffices to point out the vast compass of his erudition, the free range of his thought, the fountain of pure, clear, vigorous speech which flows from the "Grange," and the kindly encouragement held out thence to the young writer and thinker. Henceforward, any writer in the *Orbit* who shall call GOLDWIN SMITH any bad names, from "carpet-bagger" downwards, shall be condemned to learn by heart at least two pages of the *By-stander*.

(Next week GRIP hopes to publish the second biography in this series, the *Life of Gordon Brown* by GOLDWIN SMITH.)

Tabitha on the Society of Decorative Art.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I am glad to see that you suggest that we should have a Society of Decorative Art in Toronto. I have known ladies who sent their drawings, carved work, and etcetra, over to the Society in New York, because they did not know how to sell them here. I think that Canadians ought to be too patriarchal to allow their art work to go out of the kuntry, because there is no sale for it here. I feel sure that if a kommitty of Toronto ladies would undertake it, they could organeyes a Society, like that in Montreal, to encourage the art work of the kuntry, and to assist ladies who are badly off to make a little money for themselves. Only last month I went off on a visit to Twitter's Clearins, and a young gal there was showin me some etchins she had done on wood. She had panel skreens, and fans, and table tops. Some etched with flowers and birds, and ettsetra, and some with character tures; and others agin with them Chinese figgers. As I sed before, I'm not an art crickit; but I've seen enuff paintins and sich to know that she was an artist, and I tried to persuade her to send her work to the Montreal Society, but she sed she could not afford to pay the express. If she had any place where she could sell them in Toronto, she could easily send them there. I know that she sold them all to some summer-visitors at the Clearins for almost nothin, and I felt riled when I heard about it.

I know that a great many young Canadian gals have talents for art, but, of course, it wants direction and cultivation. I am glad to see that the Ontario Society of Artists and their Skool of Desine are doin well, but we want somethin more than that. Some people say that even if we had a Dekorative Art Society in Toronto, we might have plenty of work sent to us, but there would be no one to buy. I think that is a mistake. I have known Canadian people who have gone to Urope and spent their money in byin paintens and statoary, and of course they would have a better chance to get real art work there; but in some cases they have paid a large sum for work that was not artistik, and they might better have laid out their money in their own kuntry. Hopin that some of the Toronto ladies will take an interest in it, and send to Montreal or New York for a circular to find out how the society is carried on,

I sine myself

TABITHA TWITTERS.

The Girl with the Buttercup Hat.

A ROMANCE OF THE NOBLE WARD.

WILLIAM NASSAU PITT McGOWAN
Was as fine a lad as ye'd wish to see.
A quieter boy was not in town,
(Except when he'd get on a bit of a spree.)
Sure I used to see him on the glorio Twelfth
When he'd rattle his dhrum with a rat-tat-tat.
Or taking a schooner while drhinkin the health
Of BELINDA JANE with the Buttercup hat.

I'll tell ye the tale as he told it to me,
I'd believe every word that he'd say, do ye'moind.
Sure I used to see him on the glorio Twelfth
Before we left Belfast behind,
And came to Quaybec by the Allan loine.
And this is the story he told quite pat,
Though the poor boy's nearly out of his moind
All along av the garl wid the Buttercup hat.

"BELINDA JANE was my thrue love's name,
And she lives in the Ward on Agnes Street.
Her 'pin-back' made of muslin de laine,
And she's No. 3 boots on her purty feet.
Her father's a very respectable man,
And her mother's the same, though she's rather fat;
She sports thread mittens and a monogram fan,
But the pride of her heart was the Buttercup hat.

"The other night when the moon was up,
And the bay was as smooth as looking glass,
For a dollar and a half I sold my pudding glass,
('Twas a beautiful 'bull' that would take no 'saw.')
Says I to myself, 'It's a mighty fine night,
I'll get a nice boat wid a fancy mat,
And take a row in the bright moonlight
With BELINDA JANE and her Buttercup hat.'

"We got a foine boat, and I pulled away
As far as the Gap, till 'twas nearly ten.
'It's quite delightful,' BELINDA would say,
As I'd head the boat for the city again.
But the night grew cloudy, and the wind arose,
And I thought it was time to get out of that;
For I knew she was anxious about her clothes,
But what troubled her most was her Buttercup hat.

"Soon the moon went down, and the wind and rain
Came over the water straight from the North;
I tried to make headway, but all in vain,
Though I used the sculls for all I was worth.
She's filling with water, and we've got no pall!
'Says BELINDA, who looked like a drowned rat,
'Never mind,' says I, 'you must try and bail
Her out with your lovely Buttercup hat.'

"With many a sigh she took off her hat,
In form it was like a big sugar scoop,
And down in the wet stern sheets she sat
And ladled out the water like five cent soup.
At last we arrived at the boat house door,
Poor BELINDA JANE was soaked clean through;
In a towering rage she jumped ashore
And says, 'Mister BILLY, this will do for you.

"'You great big snoozer, it is all your fault!
If it wasn't for you, it wouldn't have occurred.'
I tried to pacify her wid a treat of malt,
But she was in such a rage she wouldn't hear a word.
'If you call on me agin,' says she 'look out,
For I'll tell JOHNNY FOLEY just to knock you flat;
Sure the wather's running down me like a wather spout
And ruined entiorely is me Buttercup hat!'"

And now the poor boy he's taken to drhink,
And every dhrink goes to his head.
He says he cannot sleep a wink,
And only wishes that he was dead!
But he swears he'll break poor FOLEY's neck.
If he tries with BELINDA to fire off his chat,
He'll break him all up like a total wreck,
As bad as BELINDA's Buttercup hat!

Peace to his Ashes.

Under the head of "News from Montreal," we find the following item:

"The Board of Health have issued an order that each household should have *his* ashes in a vessel separate from other refuse. The ashes are collected and used by the Road Department for making footpaths."

Has it come to this? Is cremation so popular in Montreal that the resulting handfuls of "pearl grey dust" have accumulated into the proportions of a nuisance? Must the good and great submit to be abated in a scavenger's cart, and, above all, are his feelings to be shocked by that most unkind cut about "other refuse?"

Judging from the lively character of the average Montrealese as evidenced during the sweet simplicity of strikes and in the Arcadian pleasures of Orange processions, we should expect the footpaths to rise *en masse* to resent such an insult. If they submit tamely to be trodden down by the degrading boot-heels of the Board of Health, we must erase from our commonplace books the well-known line:

"Still in our ashes glow their wonted fires."

Next time we are cremated in Montreal we will have our stone pickle-jar conspicuously labelled "Hands off!"

Our funny contributor lately met an old and impecunious beau who, while boasting of his conquests among the fair sex when young remarked, "Ah! at that time the whole world was running after me." "Including the Sheriff, I presume," said our contributor.

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PLAN.—We shall keep a register of names of all applicants for employment, each one furnishing us with full particulars as to speed, education, salary required, etc., upon a blank form prepared for the purpose. A nominal charge of \$1 will be made for registration. This fee will include all expenses—correspondence, advertising, etc., until the applicant is settled in his situation, when a nominal commission on the annual salary secured will be received—payable on receipt of the first month's salary.

PROSPECTS.—The field for the employment of Shorthand Writers who can bring to their work a thorough knowledge of the art, a clear head, energy, and will to work, is unlimited, and we have unsurpassed facilities for finding out vacancies and learning just what kind of men are wanted.

Shorthand Writer who are out of employment, or desire to improve their positions, will be furnished with blank form for registration on receipt of a 3c. stamp. All correspondence confidential.

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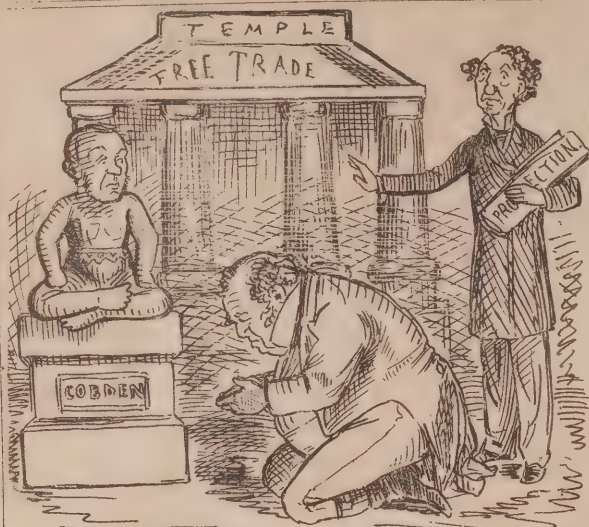
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ANGEL—"Be practical Augustus, you know the impression would be much more permanent if stild on one of BRUCE'S beautiful tablet pictures."

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MY DEAR GRIP,—Why don't you go into the scandal business? Your paper will never amount to a rush-light until you do. The public want pabulum of this kind. The rush for the *London Free Press*, on its daily arrival in the city, is something wonderful. Men, women and children scamper after the newsboys as if they would break their necks, in order to possess themselves of copies. I am a professional; and have for several years been employed in scandal-hunting. If "recommends" are wanted, I can get them by the bushel from the *Free Press* and several provincials. I have occasionally supplied the *Globe* and *Mail* with rare tit-bits. They pretend, of course, that they are above all this sort of thing. Its all gammon and mere pretence. They know their readers relish a bit of scandal, and they can't afford to lose the penny it brings them. I have a case in hand just now. It will be ripe in a few days. By way of whetting your appetite, I may just state that the parties implicated belong to the "upper ten." The gentleman in question is an M.D., is married and has a family. The lady is also married, but not to the M.D. I have been shadowing them for the last six months, and have some rich developments to make. They will cause a tremendous excitement in the city when the thing is known. I should like to furnish you with minute details of this case, if we can agree on terms. Be assured, my dear fellow, it will be the making of your paper. A line from you on the subject will oblige.

Yours, truly,

BUZZARD SEN.

"We need aid for our Sunday school picnic," said the Superintendent. "Yes," remarked a youth with a Webster head. "Lemonade."—*Keokuk Gate City.*

TO PHONOGRAPHERS.

PRICE LIST OF PHONETIC WORKS.

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A NEW EDITION OF THE SYNOPSIS.—With a series of beautiful exercises illustrating all the principles of the Brief but Comprehensive and Clear Text, and with a beautiful Correspondent's List of Word-Signs. Contractions, Prefixes, Affixes and Phrase-Signs—"the prettiest and clearest List ever produced."

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Baldwin Lathe, latest improved self-acting. American make; cost \$375. Price, f. o. b. here, \$100.
Resaw, 24 in. saw, pulley on mandril 10 x 6 in., rollers 8 in. long, 4 in. diameter, cuts straight or bevel. Made by Smith, Smithville, U. S.; cost \$150. Price \$125.
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Axe Handle Machine, new, eight knives 5 in. long, 2 1/2 in. wide, on a circular head; machine 8 ft. long, bed 2 ft. wide, bottom of frame 2 1/2 ft. wide. This machine will do any kind of a handle. Made by Richardson Mirian; cost \$600. Price \$325.

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EDITOR'S
NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S
NOTE.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

BENDOUGH BROS.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl; The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

VOLUME XV.
No. 17.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1880.

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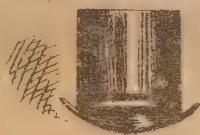
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PAT—Did I assault him? Av coorse I did, whin he was afther callin' me quarrelsome, and me wan av the quietest!

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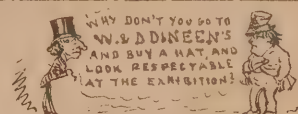
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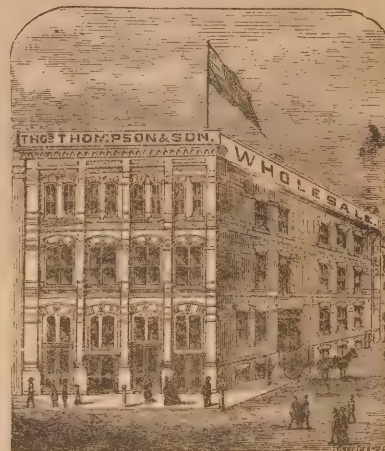
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Programme of Events

AT THE

GREAT EXHIBITION.

THURSDAY, Sept. 9th.—Speeding in the Horse Ring, pairs and single horses to wagons and sulkes—Promenade Concert, 10th Royal Regiment Band—Test of Portable Engines—Dog show.

FRIDAY, Sept. 10th.—Official visit by the Corporation, of Detroit—Trials of Speed in the Horse Ring, saddle horses—Meet of the Toronto Hunt Club—Dog Show.

SATURDAY, Sept. 11th.—Pacing in the Horse Ring, and Donkey Races—Promenade Band Concert.

MONDAY, Sept. 13th.—Caledonian Games on the Exhibition Grounds, \$300 in prizes.

TUESDAY, Sept. 14th.—Competition for the Prizes for Lady and Boy Riders in the Horse Ring—Hurdle Jumping—Bicycle Races—Promenade Concert—Band of the Queen's Own Rifles, by special permission.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 15th.—Our American Cousins Day—Official Visit by the Corporations of the Cities of Buffalo and Rochester—Contest for Prizes for Walking Horses in the Horse Ring—Hurdle Jumping—Promenade Band Concert.

THURSDAY, Sept. 16th.—Grand Review of all the Prize animals in the Horse Ring—Hurdle Race—Concert by Peterboro' Fire Brigade Band.

FRIDAY, Sept. 17th.—Oddfellows' Day—Grand Reception of the Grand Sovereign Lodge, I. O. O. F.—Excursion and gathering of Oddfellows from all parts of Canada and the United States.

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MR. JOHN LUMBERS,

DEAR SIR,—You will be pleased to hear of my arrival in England, and that my large cargo of Canadian cattle arrived at this port in splendid condition, thanks to your GREAT DEVONSHIRE CATTLE FOOD, making in all shipped from Canada during the last four years about 17,000 HEAD OF CATTLE AND SHEEP.

It at all times revived and gave them an appetite. Several of the young heifers ceased to chew their cud, but a prompt application of your FOOD caused them to regain it, confirming my opinion before expressed of your excellent preparation some years ago, which I still retain.

Yours, &c.,

G. F. FRANKLAND.

THOSE who wish to place their business before the people of Western Ontario should advertise in the columns of

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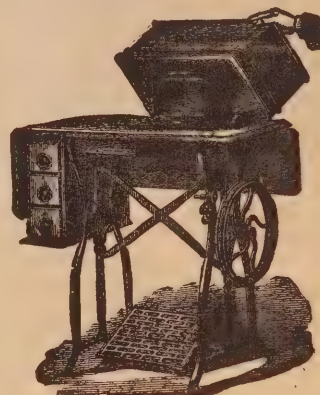
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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

CAUTION.

Mr. W. H. Carman has no authority to take subscriptions or collect money for this office.

Better than the N. P.

The Moncton Times, though a Government organ, has published an editorial which throws the National Policy into the shade. The origin of the article is Italian and its title is "Titular Taxation,"—which is even more poetical than the well-known phrase "Tilley Tariff," upon which so many wicked Grit papers are continually ringing the changes. Italy, in despair of living comfortably with the national expenditure exceeding the income has adopted the novel mode of taxing titles and decorations, according to the degree of dignity attaching to each. Such a process is impracticable in a "raw, rough and democratic" country such as a great philosopher has pronounced Canada to be, but the rage for titles is likely to increase, and, if we are to believe the Grit writers and speakers, the indebtedness of Canada will go on in proportion, and hence it may be well to give some attention to the suggestions of the editor of the Times. He is jubilant over his discovery, and says:—"What a revenue might be raised in the United States by levying upon such titles as General, Colonel, Major, Captain, Professor and Honourable! At \$5 each for the lower, and \$100 for the highest, the tax would either wipe out the national debt or deprive the majority of the electors of the titular distinctions they possess at present. Our local Government might utilise the idea by levying upon the title of Squire before the name, and the letters J. P. after it. Our treasury would soon be in such a condition that the Premier would hearken to Mr. HANINGTON's views respecting vast railway enterprises. Let us, by all means, have a tax levied upon the only title our Government has the power to bestow, and thus rescue it from the depths into which it has fallen. One man has as good a right to the distinction as another; there should be no favoritism; and the only way of offering it to all, and preserving it from becoming so common as to be no distinction whatever, is to tax everyone who accepts it. Let us not be too proud to learn from the Italians, but adopt and improve upon their idea of titular taxation."

GRIP can suggest some other directions in which a tax might be levied, with advantage to the country's finances, and in other ways. Let the parliamentary candidate who assumes the title of "workingman" pay for the privilege. Let a tax be levied upon every merchant—and their name is legion—who calls his establishment "the cheapest store in town." A heavy revenue might be obtained from the Reform Association by assessing the title of which they claim to have the monopoly—the "Party of Purity," while the Conservatives might be similarly treated in regard to

their motto—"Union and Progress." Let the newspapers which claim to be the "only" reliable and enterprising, be taxed at a rate per sheet on the whole edition. Patent medicines, which claim to be panaceas for all the ills to which flesh is heir, would yield a handsome revenue to the National Exchequer, if this system could be put in practice. What is there that could not be taxed under this system? There's millions in it. The Times editor deserves a title for his discovery—and the tax on the title should be remitted, too, in consideration of the heavy demand it would make upon him by its importance.

Silver Belles.

We have often wondered what caused the scarcity of small change. Money was abundant with us in the form of bills, fifty cent pieces and quarters, but the ten and five cent bits, hallowed by the associations of our youth, have been practically amissing from our currency. So much has this been the case that church-goers have on more than one occasion had to sacrifice a quarter where the more modest dime or half-dime would have sufficed, and the mint has had to issue a pile of five cent bits to keep things going. The cause of the scarcity has been at length discovered. The murder is out. The Hamilton Times tells us that the ladies of the Ambitious City have been for some considerable time in the habit of making necklaces for themselves of the small change of the country. It takes from fifteen to twenty coins to make a necklace, and, when we add to these the number necessary to form bracelets, brooches, &c., &c., our readers will admit that a Hamilton beauty will be, when in full dress, like the venerable lady that "rode the white horse to Banbury Cross," in having "music wherever she goes," and Hamilton youths will always be listening to "the jingling and the tingling of the Belles."

Royalty's Remonstrance.

GRIP has received the following cablegram from Her Majesty:

WINDSOR CASTLE, Sept. 7th, 1880.

DEAR GRIP,—Have just received a despatch from Ottawa stating that a journalist of your city represented us as saying, in our Speech from the Throne, that certain provinces of Asia are inhabited by Americans. We said Armenians. Give him a wiggling, will you?

VICTORIA R.

GRIP has much pleasure in exposing the editor and proof-reader of the Evening Telegram, who committed this atrocity, to the reprobation of all good men and true.

A Suggestion for Hanlan.

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR,—Being a true-born Canadian, I love my country, and am naturally jealous of its honour; and, being a lover of aquatic sports, I fervently admire E. HANLAN. It therefore grieved me much to see his late defeat, and my confidence in him has, I admit, been somewhat shaken. I have thought much and often about that stitch, and being anxious that, for the honour of Canada, his race with TRICKETT should not be subject to any such mishap, I have, after painful study, found a preventative against any such weakness, which I hope will meet HANLAN's eye in your columns. Let EDWARD pull that race entirely naked, for then, and only then can we be absolutely certain that he will pull right through without a stitch. P.

Harry to the Rescue

On dit that Mr. JAMIESON, clothier, is to contest St. John's Ward at next Aldermanic election. When HARRY PIER heard this he turned white, which was more than the majority of his constituents could do. Yes sah!

He Wants Work.

Our exchanges say:—"The Duke of Connaught, having obtained the consent of Her Majesty, has again applied to the Horse Guards for employment on active service in India. There is hesitation on the part of the authorities in complying with the request." GRIP admires the action of Her Majesty and of the name-sake of the Iron Duke, but fails to understand "the authorities" or their hesitation. Do they want to keep the gallant young fellow in cotton wool and leading-strings all his life? The darling of the poor Prince Imperial is a standing reproach to the scions of royalty "who live at home at ease."

A Woful Ballad.

ROLAND VANCORTLANDT DE VANDERBILT BROWNE, Was acknowledged the finest young swell in the town, His gait was so fine—though some called it a strut— And his clothes were uncommonly faultless in cut.

His bearing had quite an aristocrat air, And grand the hauteur of his insolent stare, He claimed that his blood was the bluest of blue, Though that was not the case, as a few of us knew.

SOPHIA ST. LEGER DE MONTBANC BEGGS Belonged to the race of the great Kilmansegg, She had no great beauty to mention,—but then, She had cash, and was worshipped by hundreds of men.

MISS SOPHIA, however, but sneered at the crowd, And stated (her voice was hoarse, tuneless and loud) That none for a helpmate for SOPHY would do, But one of grand bearing and blood very blue.

At a pic-nic she met Mr. VANDERBILT BROWNE, And soon it was known, through the whole of the town, That ROWLAND, whose purse was quite out of repair, Had agreed to contract with the opulent fair.

The trousseau was ordered, the bridesmaids arrayed, When a friend of the bridegroom his secret betrayed, Which was this, that though ROWLAND affected the swell, "His pa had grown rich in a York street hotel!"

"Deceiver!" screamed SOPHY, "I'll see you no more, Base impostor! you GIT!"—and she showed him the door, And history says, ere the week reached an end, She eloped with poor ROWLAND's perfidious friend.



Professional Art Criticism.

MR. GRIP, Sir:—

Knowing you to be an enlightened patron of Canadian Art, and that the columns of your esteemed and widely circulated journal are ever open to just criticism of public men and matters, I wish to offer a few dispassionate remarks on the exhibition of paintings at the present Fair. I shall not specify any particular works, but I wish to say that the contributions in general are very bad. The oil work is exceedingly poor, being wanting in breadth and tone, faulty in color, wrong in perspective, and distinguished for poverty of treatment. The colors are also very poor, likewise the frames. These remarks apply to the landscapes as well as to the figure drawings. The water colors on exhibition are, if possible, worse than the oils, and the photographic work, pen and ink sketches, etc., are so bad that I have no language in which to express my contempt for them. These strictures I wish to apply to all the work shown, with the exception of one picture, which has been placed so high on the wall that its truly artistic beauties are entirely lost. Sir, that picture was painted by yours indignantly,
TOM DAUB, R. C. A.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to

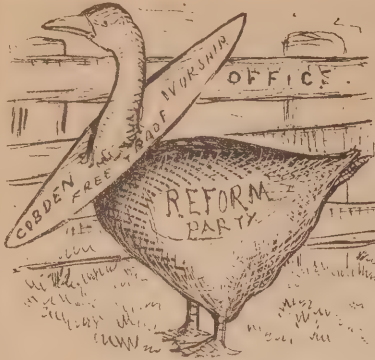
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USE MYRTLE NAVY.

See T. & B. on each plug.

For a GOOD SMOKE



The Grit Goose.

The goose is distinguished for a remarkable absence of tact, but no member of that class of creatures was ever known to conduct itself in quite so silly a manner as the Grit party has been doing for a long time. The desire of that party is to get into the green field of office,—not, of course, for the mere sake of enjoying the luscious pasture, but mainly for the good of the country at large. Now, the green field of office is fenced in, and it is hopeless for any goose to attempt to get in, unless it divests itself of all incumbrances. But this silly bird is voluntarily wearing a poke. To descend suddenly from metaphor, if the Reform party intend to get back to power, they must once and forever put away their CODEN-worship. The issue joined in every election is put before the electors as Protection vs. Free Trade, and, as a consequence, disaster usually waits upon the advocates of the latter. Some of the advanced organs of the party have discovered that what the grits really want is not Free Trade but a revenue tariff. CODEN-ISM is not practicable in Canada under any circumstances, and therefore the sooner the name CODEN is dropped the better it will be for the Revenue Tariffers. At all events the Globe and the leaders of the opposition ought to cease charging the other fellows with misrepresenting them until they give up misrepresenting themselves.



Revenge is Sweet!

Mr. RUSTICS and family come to town to see the Exhibition, and are on their way to the city residence of Mr. MONTMORENCY DE JENKINS, where they intend to put up. "They'll be real glad to have us stop with 'em, of course," quoth old RUSTICS, "to sorter make up for their boardin' at our place when they were on that fishin' spree in the summer. Come on MARTY."

Grip's Gallery of Illustrious Canadians.

GORDON BROWN, BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

The father of Canadian journalism is still at the head of a profession which he has done more than any one else to make respectable and useful to the public. It is many years since he began to conduct the celebrated paper whose columns reflect a spirit of impartiality, of fair dealing towards opponents, of generous and enlightened criticism which have done so much to raise the character of our Canadian journalism. If Mr. BROWN as a public writer has a fault it is an excessive timidity and a candor which shrinks from any too positive conclusion. He is especially ready to welcome any evidence of talent in a young writer, and sets an example of literary courtesy and fair dealing which we commend to the imitation of all Canadian writers.

Mr. GORDON BROWN was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the BYSTANDER, and, by his generous subscription to the new building of the MAIL office, has considerably added to the attractions of TORONTO.

A handsome portrait of Mr. GORDON BROWN may be seen in the library of the GRANGE, where it is the object of the present writer's sincerest admiration.



"One More River to Cross."

The Typical Englishman.

Our American contemporary Puck has, last week, a report of a burlesque interview with TOM HUGHES the immortal author of "Tom Brown," in which he is represented as a specimen of the "blawsted Henglishman," superciliously despising Americans and American institutions, displaying the most utter ignorance of even the geography of the country, and having the most sublime disregard to the position of his h's. Puck also sneers at his novel and the picture it gives of the manners and customs of the English school-boy. Now there is the most manifest injustice and a woful lack of fun in both the picture of the author and the criticism given by the American humorist. HUGHES is a representative of the true, honest, more than half democratic English gentleman and as far removed from the typical Fitz-noodle of Puck's pages as he is from the 'ARRY with whom LEECH made us familiar years ago. He has come to settle an English colony in Tennessee and two of his own sons are already there engaged in farming and cattle raising. It is very pitiful, we repeat, and far from funny, to poke such wretched, threadbare badinage at a man like HUGHES, who comes to the country with such a purpose. It could not fail greatly to profit Americans if a few more "representative Englishmen" of the same stamp sett'ed among them and we should only be too glad if they chose Canada as their sphere of settlement instead of Tennessee.



The Rain on the Roof.

A NEW SONG FOR TENORS.

'Twas a glorious night for ducks and dogs,
The rain came down like cats and dogs,
A-making regular pools and bogs
Along the garden path, O.
My chum, jolly fellow, jumped out of his bed,
And out of the window he popped his head,
'O, Tom, Tom, Tom, let's have some fun,
On the rooflet's take a bath, O!
Bath, O, bath, O,
Let's peel off clean, we won't be seen,
On the roof we'll take a bath, O!

We both climbed out, and O, 'twas gay,
Upon the shingles there we lay,
A-lolling in the rain and spray,
Without the least regard, O,
When all at once—but O, I can't
Tell how it happened—down we went—
That roof, I think, had too much slant—
We both lay in the yard, O,
Yard, O, yard, O,
Down from that roof we slipped and slid,
And both lay in the yard, O!

We got a fearful shake and fright,
But happily weren't killed outright,
Because we took care not to light
Upon our blessed head, O!
So, all you young fellows, take my advice—
A bath on a roof may be all very nice,
But is a riskier game than playing with dice,
You'd better stay in your bed, O—
Bed, O, bed, O,

When the rain is pattering on the roof,
Young men, hang on to your bed, O!

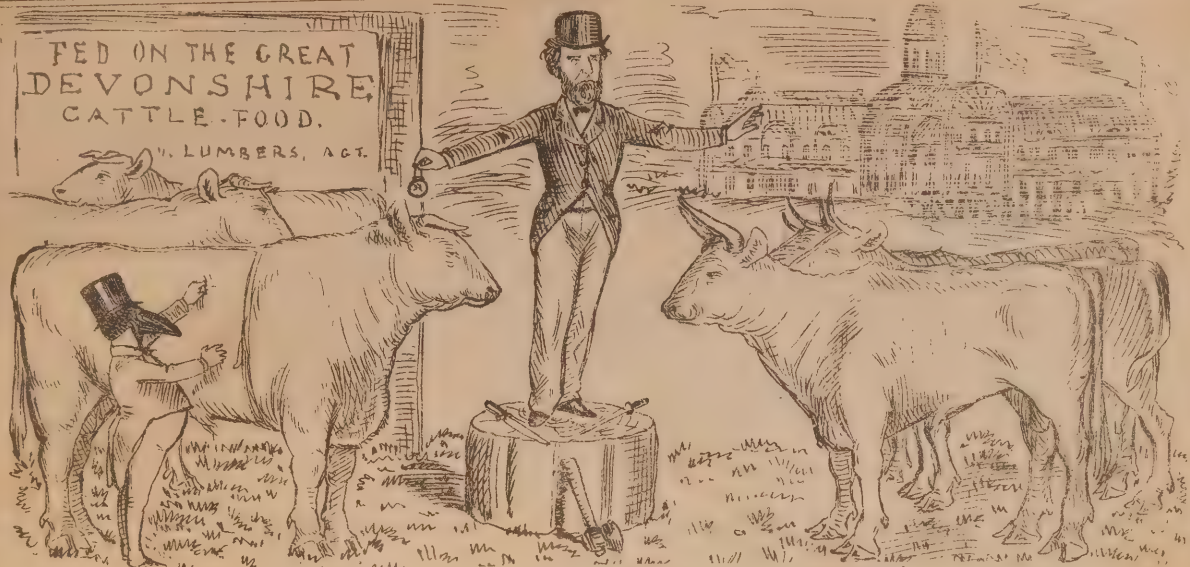


A Personal Application.

Rev. Mr. Easy—What a wonderful man WHITEFIELD was, my dear! I have just been reading an account of his life which says that during his whole career he preached, on an average, twelve or thirteen sermons per week!

LITTLE MASTER EASY—Oh, my! what a silly man! Why didn't he say he was tired, and go to the sea-side for two months every year, and have fun, like you do, papa?

MAMMA—Come, WESLEY, it is time you were in bed, my darling!



WORTHY OF A BRITTON!

OUR ALDERMAN ENCOURAGING THE BREEDING OF GRADE CATTLE BY PRESENTING A MEDAL.



NOTES OF THE DAY.

New Books.

The following cheap editions (pirated) of works by eminent authors are, we understand to be issued, soon, from the vicinity of Bay street, price 30 cents each.

What's in an Aim? a Treatise on Bull's eyes, by MAJOR MACPHERSON.

Green as a Leek is He, by the author of *Red as a Rose is She.*

Yellow Drumsticks, by the author of *White Wings.*

In a State of Suspense, or a Treatise on the Tight Rope, by MARWOOD, Esq., London, Eng.

Goeth up Like the Cost of Coal, by the author of *Cometh up as the Flour.*

How to make Money by WINGOLD SMITH.

Round the Horn—A Temperance Tale, by KING DODDS.

Mac Fog of Durstn't by the author of *Mac Cloud of Dare.*

Bartender Turrets by the author of *Barchester Towers.*

The humours of Lombard Street by DAN DWAN.
Chronicles of St. John's Ward, by the author of *The Annals of a quiet Neighborhood.*

Grip's Advice to Visitors to the Fair.

GRIP, with the natural kindness of heart for which he is so well-known, is interested in the well-being of the numerous visitors at present in the City, and wishes to see them enjoy themselves and have a good time generally. He has therefore prepared the following directions as to their choice of a boarding house during their stay:—

1. When you see "private boarding" in the window of a mansion don't run away with the idea that you will necessarily be exposed to privations there. Ask to see the "missus" and stipulate as to terms.



2. Be particular to select a landlord with a beaming smile upon his face. He is sure to be good natured, and will not charge you more than double his regular rates.

3. If you see the hired girl grinning when you are negotiating, and the missus is "spreading herself" on the comforts of the establishment, you had better take it as a bad sign, and say you'll call later.

4. When you notice the hair of the feminines around in a state of chronic dishevelment, be sure that a standing item in the fare is hair-soup, and even the butter will be hirsute. Accordingly, you will vamoose.

5. Beat down the charge. It is better to do that than to have, ultimately, to beat a retreat and your board bill at the same time.

6. Don't pretend that you're the Mayor of Wobbleton, or any other great man, for if you do, it will cost you more than the title's worth.

7. Don't insist on oysters oftener than three times a day, nor on being supplied with a latch-key, and always carry your own pocket-pistol. It need not be a revolver unless occasionally—when you pass it round among the boys.

8. As far as possible avoid a place where you have to sleep with more than six in a bed.

9. If you want to expectorate on the carpet every time you *chews*, do so; and you may place your feet on the parlour piano without fear of remonstrance from the landlady. She likes it.

10. Bring your better-half and all your olive-branches with you. They'll keep the house lively. The "boarding missus" adores the little dears. It doesn't cost much (to you) to feed them.

11. Don't be afraid of the policemen, though they do wear those terrible white helmets. They don't mean anything by it.

12. Don't fail to see the Toronto Zoo, and when you go home, you may draw on your imagination as to the number, size, and ferocity of the animals, and astonish the natives.

13. Call at GRIP office, next the Post Office, and subscribe for a year to that paper if you wish to live merry and die happy.

14. And don't, while you are at the Fair, make an exhibition of yourself. Because the list of exhibits is full, you don't need to make yourself so too.



15. Should your bed prove to be inhabited, do not make a fuss in the house and angrily demand an explanation from the landlord. Take the matter philosophically; it's all in a lifetime, you know.

Angelina.

ANGELINA from Spadina

Fishing in the Don,
Hooked a lizard through the gizzard,
Fishing-line upon.

ANGELINA! had it been a

Pretty speckled trout,
Bass or sun fish, any one fish,
You'd be pleased no doubt.

But the lizard writhed and wriggled

In such horrid ways,
And poor ANGELINA ogled
With green goggle gaze.

Frightened at the beast uncanny

Homeward straight ran she
Never mind, for such fish many
In fetid Don must be.

Kansas reports a big corn crop, three million and a half of acres growing in that state and only a million of inhabitants. Three and a half corns to each person. Big feat.—*Oil City Derrick.*

New York State ladies never forget to be courteous to strangers. When discovering a midnight burglar they always ask: "Sir, will you please explain your presence here?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Toronto "Zoo"

BY A GENTLEMANLY SIDE SHOW BLOWER.

Step up ladies! Step up gemmen! right to where the music's playing;
You can't mistake the place my friends, the bunting floats in front;
Don't you hear the lions roaring, the hyenas loudly braying?
And the howling of the wild wolves as you hear when on the hunt.

Here you'll see the rinocerius, he's a beast that's amphi-billus,
For he dies when in the water, and can't live on the dry land.

Here's the gosshawk, and the geesuhack, (these birds would likely kill us
If they'd meet us out when travelling in their native lonely high land.)

Here is the great Spud Eater, a most ferocious animile,

The stripes around his body look just like a barber's pole,

He plays with little children, which to his lair he does beguile,
And wrings their necks and eats 'em in his subterranean hole.

Here you'll see the hawks and blue jays, big ostriches and heagles,
Pelicans and "pipers" here, are placed before your view,

Pups, poodle dorgs and pointers and big mastiffs, curs and beagles,
And every kind and breed of dorg—is seen inside the Zoo.

Smite the tom-jon, whack the hew-gas, sound the loud bassoon and hautboy,
Bang the drum and scrape the fiddle, let's have music by the band;

Step up now, gents fetch your ladies, don't you give the place the go-by,
For one dime you'll get admission to the wonders of the land!

You boys, git out, or pay your dime and go inside the building,

And see the untamed bumble bee and fiery kangaroo,

When you see the great Pavilion with its paintings and its gilding,

You'll shout for HARRY PIPER and the glory of the Zoo!

What people want is confidence. It does not look well for a deacon to take an umbrella to church, and carry it into his pew, and hang to it. What he should do is to leave the umbrella out in the vestibule, with that supreme confidence that a man has when he bets on four aces. To see the prominent men of a church carry their umbrellas into their pews makes the ordinary sinner feel as though he was suspected. If we can work up a sentiment in favor of leaving umbrellas outside we hope, before fall, to have a decent umbrella.—*Peck's Sun.*



Map of St. John's Ward.

"Henry" said his wife, with chilling severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon." "Well, my darling," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"—*Etc.*

ANYBODY

Suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY should get a packet of DR. MORLAND'S ROYAL TONIC. Orders by mail promptly filled
J. COOMBE, Late LYMAN BROTHERS. Sole agent for Canada.

VOL. THE FIFTEENTH, No. 17.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 11TH SEPTEMBER, 1880.

Editorial Notes.

IN accordance with our announcement in last week's issue, the present number of GRIP appears in double size. We trust our patrons will not object, seeing that there is no corresponding enlargement in the price per copy.

NEXT week GRIP will again appear in its present form to celebrate the success of the great show. It will be our effort to have its pages brimming over with good things—literary and pictorial. Another double-page cartoon will, of course, be one of the features.

A WALK through the numerous departments and over the extensive grounds of the exhibition, although very pleasing, is a dreadfully tiresome thing, unless the inner man has been kindly attended to beforehand. Now there is no wiser plan for the intending sightseer than first of all to drop into the St. Charles' Restaurant, Yonge street, and get a good plate of oysters, or a square meal of any other sort, before "going west."

The attractive things are not all to be found on the Garrison square just now. There are sights worthy of the attention of visitors in town as well, and prominent amongst these may be mentioned the beautiful new china store just opened by Messrs. EDGAR & SON, in Lawson's block, 97 King street East.

ALDERMAN HARRY PIPER wishes it to be distinctly understood that it is not his intention to take his Zoo up to the Fair Ground, as the lion is not in good temper at present, and cannot be safely led with a logging chain. Visitors who wish to see the animals are re-

quested to call at the Menagerie, where the worthy Alderman will show 'em round for a small consideration.

THE *Canada School Journal* earnestly advocates the more general study of Canadian History in our educational institutions. Hear, hear! And Mr. Crooks ought to lose no time in authorizing GRIP as a text book thereof. There is no more accurate and, at the same time, diverting record of Canadian history extant than that to be found in his pages. Back numbers supplied.

WE understand that at an emergency meeting of the Toronto Lacrosse Club it was unanimously decided that, in its next championship match with the Shamrocks, the Toronto players are to win by three straight games.

WE note, as a remarkable instance of journalistic enterprise, that the *Telegram's* City News Jottings, "fresh crisp and interesting," consists largely of items about the circulation of the *Telegram*. Well, there's nothing like blowing your own tin-whistle after all. The *Telegram*, by the way, does not give its readers any "news of the World." Why is this? The heading would be a good one.

ALL honour to Detective Hodgins for the plucky rescue of Morgan on Monday night. If the Humane society gives medals to those who rescue men from drowning, surely such an act as that of the detective should not go unacknowledged. GRIP would like to see him well rewarded and made—well, let us say, a railway director. Some abuses would, no doubt, then be reformed.



Rather Equivocal.

SWELL: I suppose you don't charge anything for a puppy? I'm going to exhibit him in the dog show, don't you know.

TICKET AGENT: Certainly not; pass right in both of you!

A rat in a trap does not believe in the early losing movement.—*Boston Courier*.

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The extending of a helping hand to Phonographers struggling for positions in which they might both utilize and increase their knowledge of the "beautiful art," has been in the past a labor of love—no attempt being made at a system of registration; and the endeavor to meet the wishes of employers and employees has, therefore, been made under many disadvantages, which have now been removed by complete organization.

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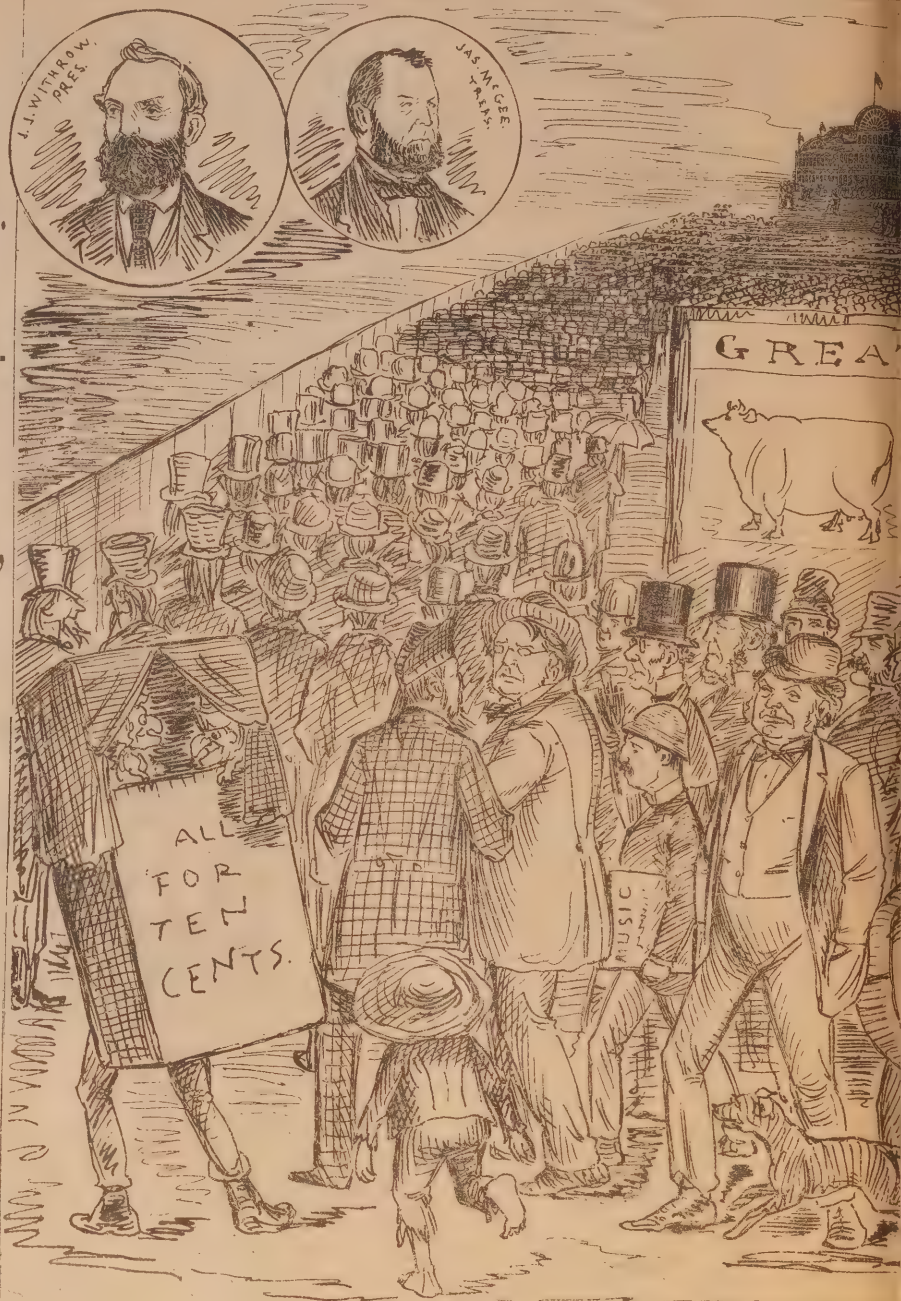
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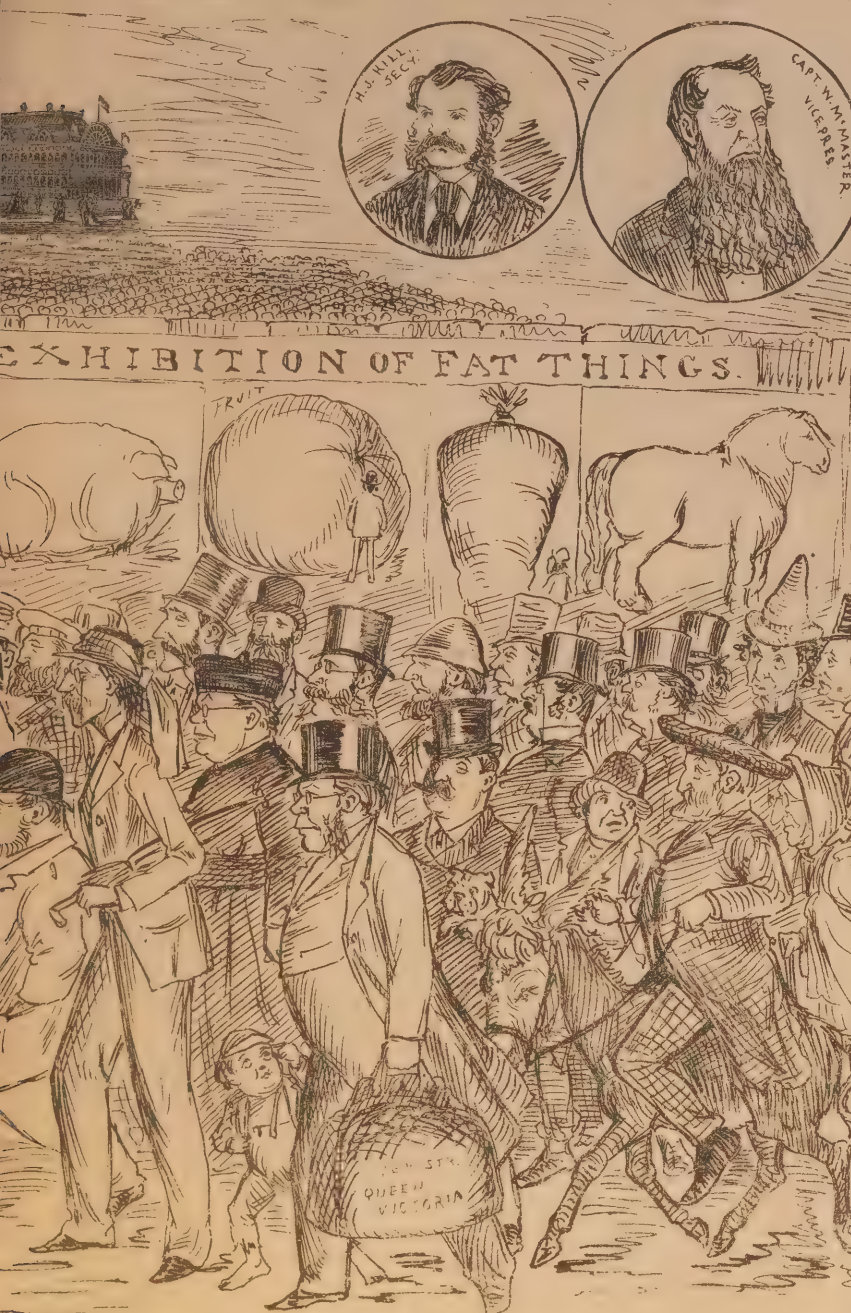
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CHOCOLATES.

**Fair Weather.**

Whereas Fair weather is proverbially foul, and it is not unlikely that the present beautiful spell may give place to rain or snow before the *fete* is ended, Mr. GRIP submits a few directions for the guidance of strangers who may be caught in the wet.

In the first place, all physicians agree that people ought to go in when it rains. While it is not agreeable always to be dry—especially to those who are in the habit of taking their toddy regularly—it is far from healthy to get drenched. Strangers, who are far from home and friends, will accordingly do well to keep an eye on the north-west sky. Any intelligent policeman will obligingly inform the enquiring

If convenient, it is desirable that the stranger should carry a barometer or thermometer and a reliable almanac about his person. GRIP'S *Almanac for 1880* is recommended on account of its general accuracy. If the storm comes up suddenly and unobserved, the best thing the stranger can do is to open his umbrella and hold it directly over his head, or slightly slanting in the teeth of the wind; if he doesn't happen to have an umbrella, the next best thing is to wish he had.

As the wish is generally the father of the thought, it will probably occur to any intelligent individual in such a predicament to enter the nearest hall-door and help himself from the selection of umbrellas to be found in connection with the hat rack.

Should there not be any such residence in the vicinity the stranger will find that the quickest way to get out of the wet is to run. He should immediately rush into the middle of the fair ground and look around for a good place of shelter.

Never take refuge from a rain storm in a bar-room, as the loafers there may think you have come in to treat, or else you are sponging for a drink. Should they invite you up, kindly but firmly refuse to drink if you belong to the Templars.

The very best place of refuge to be found is a street car. If you wait patiently one is sure to come along, and you are always pretty certain to find a foothold on the rear platform, and may keep tolerably dry if you have your Mackintosh coat on.

A Cynic's Song.

When e'er I hear of someone being born,
According to my rules,
"Tis well" I say, "here's one fool more
To vex the other fools."

And when I hear of some one dead,
My comfort I express,
According to my custom, thus
"Thank Heaven there's one fool less."

Unparalleled Corruption!**THE PACIFIC SCANDAL OUT-DONE.****THE MINISTRY DOOMED!****SIR LEONARD TILLEY IN A BAD FIX.**

GREAT EXCITEMENT THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION—THE END OF THE TORY GOVERNMENT—THE NEMESIS OF FATE.

(Special Despatch to the *Globe*.)

OTTAWA, Sept. 8.—The report that SM L. TILLEY attended worship in a Methodist Church when visiting at Prince Edward Island, recently, is confirmed. The *Globe's* service in exposing this glaring irregularity is the theme of great praise here. Tremendous excitement prevails, but no action can be taken until the return of SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

**No Doubt About It.**

CRACKSMAN: I haven't no patience with these Grits, a-howlin' about 'ard times. Why, I says, business is boomin', that's wot I says. I've cracked half a dozen cribs in this very city within the past month, and never been caught once.

HIS CONFEDERATE: I agrees with you, pal; times is good! I ain't exactly in your line, you know; I'm follerin' the sugar refinin' profession just now, but is all one, in a manner of speakin', and I agrees with you, the N. P. is a big success!

The Dress Convention

(Cincinnati Saturday Night.)

The animals held a convention the other day to discuss the subject of dress. The elephant was called upon to preside, partly because of his size, but more on account of his being the only animal with clothes enough to justify his taking a trunk along on his travels. Then he called the meeting to order, the bear inquired if he meant to order clothes. If he did, he hoped to be measured first, as he was tired of going round in his bear skin.

"We haven't got so fur along as that," said the elephant, and the beaver chipped in and said most of them had their fur along, though some of it, like the elephant's for instance, wasn't worth a beaver dam.

The chairman, whose hide was too thick to heed the sarcasm, said they ought to decide what should be the most fashionable for the coming season, spots or stripes. The zebra spoke eloquently in favor of stripes, but it was evident from his coat that he was not sufficiently interested. The leopard said that he would have no objection to stripes, but it is a well-known fact in natural history that the leopard could not change his spots. So he

would have to continue his present style, even if it was unfashionable.

The ass remarked sadly that he had been so long accustomed to stripes that he wouldn't feel easy in anything else.

The horse said he didn't agree with the last speaker, for he had seen him, in his obstinate moods, fairly rooted to one spot.

This remark caused the ass to brays up and ask the horse if he was heeled, but mutual friends interposed and prevented a conflict, which would have been asinine cases out of ten under the circumstances.

A dispute arose about a white Polar bear and a black bear as to whether white or black was becoming, each one contending for his own peculiar color. While the former worked himself up to a white heat, notwithstanding a chunk of ice pinned on top of his head in a towel, the latter grew blacker and blacker over the controversy. "An ice chap you are," said the black bear, "to attempt to set the fashion among the bears. How many votes do you Pole up North there, anyhow?"

"We polar bear, and that is more than you can do," retorted old whitey. "All bears were white originally," he continued "but when some of your ancestors went out of their way to eat up a lot of children because of their aversion to bald heads, they were afterward so mortified by it that their descendants have been black ever since."

"And where were your ancestors all the while?" cried the b. b. "Running to get away from one of the boys that was overlooked, and turning white with fear."

"It's a bear-faced lie!" shouted the w. p. b., "and I can lick you."

"Come within reach and I'll cut your northern lights out, you roaring borealis!"

"Be quiet children," said the elephant, waving his trunk in a conciliating way. "You must learn to bear and forbear," adding that he should go forbear if they didn't behave themselves.

A good deal of merriment was occasioned just here by the entrance of a giraffe with a paper collar around his neck.

"Necks, gentleman!" shouted a monkey that once belonged to a barber; "black yer boots?"

The giraffe said he didn't want any monkey shines around him, and jeeringly inquired if he was one of the missing lynx, which remark gave offense to an animal whose lynx-eye had been watching the proceedings in a furtive way. He showed his contempt for the joke, however, as only a lynx-skin.

"Is this a jaguar I see before me?" said the hyena catching the spirit of the occasion—and the lion asked him if he was drunk or dressed up, adding that he would appear to better advantage if he wouldn't get hyena more.

"Lion, Macduff!" cried the ass, who had been letting on that he was a sort of second cousin to the king of beasts, and was reminded with cruel irony that it wasn't the first time he had dressed himself up in a lion's kin.

"One of your ears ought to know better than that," said the fox, playfully.

"What do sour grapes bring now?" asked a weasel, who wasn't caught asleep this time.

"They would bring all their chickens in if they saw you coming," replied the fox, which was a wee sell on the weasel.



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The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer,

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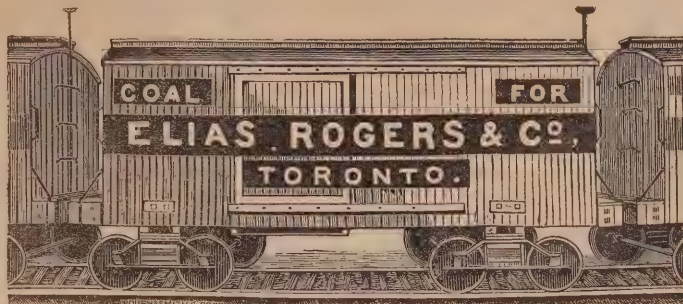
IN THE MAIN BUILDING.

The attention of Exhibitors, Visitors and Advertisers is directed to the fact that we have opened a Branch Office in the West End of the Main Building, where a number of Printers may be seen at work setting up and running off

Dodgers, Visiting Cards, Hand-Bills, Circulars, &c., &c., &c.

☞ We shall be pleased to see our friends at the Exhibition.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAILERS.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

MR. PITOU has secured a brilliant list of attractions for this season, which has just opened so auspiciously. Amongst the host of stars expected is SARA BERNHARDT, whose agile form will grace the stage of the Grand for one night.

The play written by W. S. GILBERT, for Sothorn, entitled "Foggarty's Fairy," was to have been put on at the Park Theatre, New York, in September, but the illness of MR. SOTHERN, who was to play a leading part, causes a halt. It is proposed to engage MR. LUTON SOTHERN, son of the former, to play the part, a company having been already engaged.

In our opinion there is no better Irish Comedian on the stage to-day than MR. JOS. MURPHY, who is this week delighting the patrons of the Grand. Not only does he possess histrionic ability of a high order, and a perfect command of the dialect, but he has a handsome stage presence. His face strongly resembles that of our pet orator, the HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Speaking of John T. Raymond's reception in London, a contemporary says:—Nothing could have been more cordial than the plaudits that broke forth and continued for several minutes when the redoubtable Colonel came briskly forward, with outstretched hand and a cheery, "Why, Si, old boy, how are you?" It was not merely a reception—it was an ovation.

HAVERLY's Monster Minstrels are at present performing at the Royal, one hundred strong! Manager CONNER, in making this engagement, evidently intended to have things in keeping with the stupendous na-

ture of the Toronto Exhibition. Nothing is left now to HAVERLY but to organize a minstrel company that will occupy the seats as well as the stage of the theatre. His mastodons are at present playing at Her Majesty's Opera House, London, Eng.

SALVANI, the great Italian tragedian, comes to this country in November, to fill a five months' engagement under the management of MR. JOHN STETSON. The tour will commence November 29, at the Boston Globe, and the repertoire will be *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Ingomar*, *Spartacus* and *David Garrick*. L. R. SHEWELL, formerly of the Boston Theatre, has been engaged and will support SALVANI. It will strike the public queerly to hear a star in Italian supported in English, but this is the way they will have to take it.

Epitaph on Dr.

(Known as "the Dry Doc.")

Here lies the doctor, gone at last
To meet the fate he merits,
One comfort is, he need not thirst,
He's in the land of spirits.

LES DEUX DIABLES.

'Twixt Satan and GRIP's printer's imp
This distinction may plainly be seen
The first all the day

Seeks for proofs—so they say,

In a fashion that's sneaking and mean.

But the P. D., *au contraire*, skips in

In a manner light-hearted and hoppy,

And screams in my ear

Till I can't help but hear,

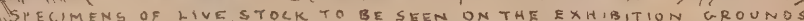
"Come, I say, ain't you ready with copy?"

When, in the course of inhuman events, it becomes necessary for a young man to sever the ties which do not match his summer suit, a decent regard to the exigencies of the occasion demand that he should do so with as little profanity as possible.—*Wheeling Leader*.

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Ask your Grocer for MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.



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Resaw, 2 in. diameter, 10 ft. long, on mandrel 10 x 6 in., rollers 8 in. long, 4 in. diameter, cuts straight or curved. Made by Smith, Smithville, U. S.; cost \$150. Price \$120.
Gauge Lathe, bed 9 ft. long, 2 in. wide, 2½ ft. high, will do plain or fancy turning, all complete, cost \$210. Price, \$150.
Axe Handle Machine, new, eight knives 5 in. long, 2½ in. wide, on a circular head; machine 8 ft. long, bed 1 ft. wide, bottom of frame 2½ ft. high. This machine will do any kind of a handle. Made by Richardson, Miriam, cost \$683. Price \$42.

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Oddfellows' Grand Gala Day!

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17,
AT TORONTO.

In Honor of the Meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge.

A procession consisting of Subordinate Lodges, the Grand Lodge of Ontario, Uniform Encampments of Ontario, and visiting Encampments, the Grand Encampment of Ontario, City Council, Industrial Exhibition Committee, and the Sovereign Grand Lodge, each with their band of music, altogether forming one of the finest processions ever witnessed in Canada.

Upon the arrival of the procession at the Exhibition Grounds addresses of welcome will be presented by His Worship the Mayor.

JAMES BEATY, ESQ., M.P.,
on behalf of the City, and

JNO. J. WITHROW, ESQ.,
President of the Exhibition Association.

All bands will be brigaded on their arrival at the Exhibition Grounds and unite in the National Anthem, &c., &c. Excelsior Encampment of Chicago, Ill., and Rochester Encampment of Rochester, N. Y., two of the best drilled in the Order, will take part in the procession.

Special low rates will be given on each railway. All tickets good to return on Sunday or Monday. A station 600 yards remote that excursionists may reach Toronto by early trains on the 17th tickets will be issued on the 16th.

W. H. COLE, G. M., Chairman	H. BLAIN, Treasurer
J. T. HORNIBROOK, F. G. M., Vice-Chairman.	J. B. KING, Secretary

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“ROLLING HOME;”
OR THE MINISTERS HALF-SEAS OVER!



"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

TANNER's lectures are to be illustrated by diaphragms.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

The man who looks for big peaches at the bottom of a basket is too confiding for this tricky world.—*Ex.*

Printers complain about spelling it "program." They say it robs them of an em.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Student—Yes, the correct way of writing "1880" in short hand is thus: "Ateen A T."—*Kokomo Tribune.*

Let us be satisfied with our lot in life; we can't all be Presidents, nor all be mule drivers.—*Oil City Elevator.*

A good conversationalist may make himself heard at a feast, but the small boy takes the cake.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The North Pole can at least congratulate itself on being free from pictorial advertisements.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

COURTNEY is practising again. Why should he do so? There is certainly no need of proficiency in the style of rowing he does.—*Puck.*

A boat can sail on a tack and not make a fuss about it, but when a man sails on a tack he—well, it is different.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Did you ever see a bald-headed man who didn't have such a "beautiful head of hair" till "that fever," or that something or other, took it off?—*Boston Transcript.*

"I catch the queue," as the miner remarked when he reached for a Chinaman.—*Gate City.* Ah, thereby hangs a tail. *The Eye.* Queue-rious coincidence! *Talia talibus queue-rantur!*

It is now the style in France for wedding ceremonies to last three days, and it is said the Chicago girls are thinking about adopting the custom, and thus postpone the time for a divorce.—*Ex.*

Commissioner: "Did you hear the whistle of the boat you ran down?" Pilot: "Hey?" Commissioner: "Did you hear the whistle of the boat you ran down?" Pilot: "No, sir. I'm deaf."—*Puck.*

All anonymous correspondents are requested to invariably sign their name, not necessarily as an evidence of good faith, but to prove that the letter was not written by some respectable person.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

It is learned from the Salt Lake *Herald* that GALILEO discovered Limburger cheese floating through space in 1609, and made an entry in his diary at the time that he thought it in a very poor state of preservation.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Look at the partiality of nature. When a bee stings once, its work is finished, and it dies. But we have known one gaunt mosquito to tap a conference, and then get mad because there wasn't a picnic in the neighborhood.—*Oswego Record.*

An Atlanta minister has been preaching on "The Nature of True Christian Forbearance." He has doubtless been in a sanctum and seen the editor smilingly bow an amateur poet out of the door. The presence of the minister probably explains the forbearance.—*Argo.*

Prof. WINCHELL having insisted that there were men before ADAM, the Atlanta Constitution loudly calls for their names.—*Detroit Free Press.* We suspect the Constitution man is on an aimless quest, but he might ask Professor DANIEL WILSON,—he knows more than that.

It is about time that bottles containing messages from NOAH ceased to be given publicity by the press when they are fished from the sea. At least three-fifths of our exchanges are in positions to know that the Ark went ashore years ago.—*Detroit Free Press.*

No sculptor has ever had courage enough to chisel the statue of a mule. And no one ever will have courage enough to undertake the task as long as the normal position of the hybrid is to stand on its head and point the end of its spinal column towards a higher and better world.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"I'm a son of a gun from California!" shouted a desperado with ominous looking belt, filled with dangerous war tools, after he had swallowed seven glasses of beer and blown the froth all over the bar-tender every load. "Yas, I know you was a son of a gun, put I didn't know vat State you was from," quoth the knight of the white apron.—*The Eye.*

Never go back on your ulster. It is a life-preserver in more ways than one. A man out West, who was in danger of being run over by a train of cars, pulled off his ulster and threw it in front of the train in the nick of time. The train was thrown from the track and the man's life was saved.—*Rome Sentinel.*

WHY SHOULDN'T IT?—It always sounds pretty to say: "The sun had sunk beneath the western horizon," but a moment's reflection shows that that is about the only horizon he could sink beneath, under the circumstances. When he feels like sinking he always selects the western horizon in this section.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A tall, slab-sided Yankee who strolled down Manhattan Beach, last Monday, on seeing the bevy of beauties disporting in the waves burst into a fit of enthusiasm: "Jeru-sa-lem! if that don't just remind me of something good we have to hum." "What is that?" remarked a friend who heard him. "What is it?" said JONATHAN, smacking his lips. "You'd ought to know." "But I don't," replied his friend. "Why, it's 'lasses in water."—*Wild Oats.*

A cigarette-smoking scion of one of the first families on the West Side came into this office yesterday to request that a notice of his coming nuptials might be inserted in the paper. "Don't say, however," said the young man, earnestly, "that I am about to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. So-and-So, because that kind of slush is too old; and besides, no one can lead a woman, and then again, it's leap year. Better make it read that I have consented to be her'n." He was assured that it would be done, and left.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The other day a cousin from one of the rural districts, overcome by dust and heat, entered one of our leading drug stores and politely asked the boy behind the counter for a glass of soda water. The boy asked him what flavoring he would have. "Why, soda water, of course." "But what flavor do you wish?" "Why, soda water, you fool." "But, you know," returned the boy, "we flavor it with fruit juice, such as pineapple, strawberry, etc." The countryman scratched his head for about five minutes and then said: "Guess I'll take watermelon. Watermelon is my best bolt."—*Detroit Free Press.*

About 1 o'clock the other morning a boy of about twelve went up Market street at such a rate of speed that everybody who saw him was satisfied that he was running for a doctor. A man with a kindly expression of countenance caught the flying boy by the arm and asked him: "Sonny, is there anybody right sick at your house?" "No, but there will be if you don't turn me loose." "Who is it, bubby?" "Will yer let me go if I tell you?" "I will, my boy." "Well then, it's my brother Bob. He will be a remains before night if I don't get home right off. You see, we have cucumbers, green corn, clabber, watermelon and cabbage for dinner, and, if I ain't there to get my share, he will founder himself and die. Please let me go, so I can save my little brother's life."—*Galveston News.*

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Places of Interest, and Public Buildings in Toronto.

Parliament House, Front Street.

This imposing structure—for it is indeed a great imposition on the Province—lies between Simcoe and Peter streets. During session times, many a member lies in that locality also. The visitor will find the building interesting on account of its venerable appearance, and, upon enquiring of the first intelligent boy who passes, he will learn that it was erected as a fort by CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, soon after that gentleman's arrival in America. If an elector of the Province, the visitor will reflect that it was within these walls that the celebrated little Mrs. BLANK lived and died; as it was also the scene of many historic debates, such as that concerning the Government House fence, Canoe couch damask, etc., etc.

Lt.-Governor's House, corner King and Simcoe Streets.

This grand old pile, built in the corkscrew style of architecture, cannot but interest the intelligent visitor. The spacious grounds which surround the mansion will also be highly pleasing to the eye, if the gate happens to be open, which it seldom is. Should the gate be shut, the visitor will find it edifying to contemplate the close bound fence. This historic residence is at present occupied by Lt.-Governor ROBINSON, who was recently elevated to the dignity of vice royalty on account of his brilliant display of genius in Parliament.

Custom House, foot of Yonge Street.

This elegant structure is considered one of the handsomest buildings in the city. It is also a place of peculiar interest since the inauguration of the N. P., crowds of importers visiting its corridors daily to examine the beautiful wood carvings and decorations. An immense business is done here in good seasons. Here is situated the office of the collector, which used to be occupied by the Boy, until he got himself in a mess and was hustled out. The stone work on the outside, it will be observed is elegantly carved, and amongst the ornaments are a great many men's heads. The visitor will of course desire to learn all about them, and if he asks the intelligent policeman to be found in the vicinity, he will no doubt be informed that they represent ANGUS MORRISON and several other chaps, who are popularly supposed to be always hanging around the Custom House.

Osgoode Hall, Queen Street West.

This is a beautiful building in the Corinthian style, and contains the Canadian Inns of Court. The interior is handsomely finished with stone and ironwork, and a great many oil portraits of high-toned legal swells of by-gone days decorate the walls. Lawyers may be seen swarming through this building in all directions, and the visitor will therefore do well to keep his eye skinned if he happens to own any farms. Osgoode Hall is on the whole an interesting place, but the society to be met there is dreadfully exclusive; no pea-nut stands are allowed inside the doors, and the thirsty visitor is even refused admission to the bar, unless he consents to undergo several severe examinations. Take the right-hand turn and pass up stairs, if you wish to see the room where they do the periodical plucking of law-students. But

necessity, (which, like some of the Osgoode Hall barristers, knows no law) compels us to pass on, and we next mention

The Queen's Park.

Passing up a beautiful avenue from Queen street west, you will reach this famous resort. At once you will be astonished at the magnificence of the fountain which plays at the entrance, and the clothes hanging out to dry in the adjacent yards. Passing on a little further, you catch a glimpse of the University Buildings, and are about to express your delight when a frightful odour assails your nose and you instinctively catch your breath. This proceeds from the stagnant water in the vicinity; make no row but pass on and observe the Ridgeway monument, a splendid work of art, surrounded by a neat picket fence, and notices of building sites for sale. Keep off the grass. Beware of policemen. Should the visitor desire a mouthful of pure fresh air the Queen's Park is the spot to visit. On Sundays, also, he may enjoy grand polemical exhibitions of choir-music.

Toronto University.

Crossing the Rubicon from the Queen's Park the visitor may enter the classic portals of this famous seat of learning, where he will gaze with admiration on some of the smartest boys on the continent. Here also may be seen the chair that was to have been filled by the famous Mr. WARREN, of Oxford, but wasn't. In the museum may be seen many curiosities, amongst which are native classical professors, etc.

Horticultural Gardens.

This favourite resort of Polly Ann and her perambulator is to be found on the corner of Sherbourne and Gerard streets. Any decent hackman will take you up there for \$1 50. Entrance free. On passing in you behold a fairy-like scene of trees and flowers. The gardener is authorized to arrest anybody pulling up trees or destroying flowers. Behold the Pavilion—Hark! That is SALLY HOLMAN warbling *Girofle Girofle*. You may pass in for fifty cents. Examine the fountain; isn't it gorgeous? Now lie down under a tree and take a rest.

Normal School.

This well-known and highly esteemed institution stands in St. James' square. Pass right in. Here you find a visitor's book in which you may write your name or make your mark. That fine group over there is "the Central Committee and the Press;" it has been labelled "the Laocoon" by mistake. You may also visit the Art and Industrial collection, but don't handle the goods.

Knox College.

This is a new building and a very fine one. You will find it at the head of Spadina avenue. On entering ask for Prof. McLAREN and he will have the greatest pleasure in showing you through and telling you all about JOHN KNOX, INGERSOLL and all the other great theologians.

Central Prison.

This great industrial establishment is situated near Strachan avenue. It was established by the Local Government as a Boarding House for unfortunate gentlemen, and is conducted in a highly efficient manner by Capt. PRINCE. The inmates are subjected to an unpleasant hair-cropping process occasionally, but otherwise the discipline is not quite so severe as that of the public schools.

The Post Office.

This handsome structure stands on Adelaide street, facing Toronto. It belongs to the Government, and is ably presided over by the Government's friend Mr. PATTESON, assisted by several scores of young fellows

whose fathers and uncles always vote for the N. P. The intelligent tourist in the city will not fail to visit the P. O., if he expects a letter from home. Although the building itself is a fine and costly affair, the Post Office acquires its chief interest from the fact that it is situated next door to the office of GRIP, where the tourist may leave his subscription for the current year, before passing on to

The Police Court.

This well-known and popular resort stands on Court street, and proves a strong attraction to every enquiring visitor. One of the strongest features of it is the odour in the Court room, which is sometimes almost powerful enough to upset the stomach of a Police Sergeant. Detective HODGINS is generally to be found in his office here, and will take delight in shewing the visitor the various points of interest in the building, such as the dock, the cells, the Police Magistrate's canoe-couch, Mr. NUDELL's lunch basket, the Detectives' rooms, the Rogue's gallery, etc.

The Island.

The visitor who fails to pass at least one hour in silent meditation on the Island, does Toronto a grave injustice. Here the beautiful waters of the bay, with the panoramic view of the distant city, is calculated to make a lasting impression on the mind. Here may be seen the famous filter of the City Water-works, and the home of HANLAN. Whoso hasn't seen HANLAN hasn't seen Toronto. Lager, 5 cents a schooner.

Other Points.

Other places of interest might be enumerated, viz. the Asylum, St. James' Cathedral, St. Michael's Cathedral, Metropolitan Church, Baptist Church, Jarvis street, Bond street Church, St. James' Cemetery, the Necropolis, General Hospital, St. Lawrence Hall and Market, City Hall, etc., etc.

The Arab.

That man is born to varied cares,
Who on his breast the bison wears,
That eke the awful legged bears,
Pop goes the weasel.

Jim Bullion was a little boy,
Deep sunk in every sin's alloy,
Bold, bad, persistent to annoy,
Pop goes the weasel.

But oh! he laid a dreadful plan,
Against the shield of this good man,
He hit it with a stone and ran,
Pop goes the weasel.

But to escape was not his lot,
And soon was collared on the spot,
By ruthless hands, I'll tell you what!
Pop goes the weasel.

All night in dungeon cell he lay,
Until at cheerful morning's ray,
He answered for his crime next day,
Pop goes the weasel.

The justice smiled and pulled his gown,
And said, with magisterial frown,
"Two dollars, sir, or you go down."
Pop goes the weasel.

And down he went without a dime,
No doubt he spends a pleasant time
In musing on his dreadful crime,
Pop goes the weasel.

L'ENVOI.
This is the way the jails they fill,
This is the way they are doing still,
And the people pay the little bill,
Pop goes the weasel.

How many young men there are who, like corn, turn white when they pop.—*Whitehall Times*.

HO! YE THIRSTY, Ask for T. DAVIES & CO. S LAGER BEER.

VOL. THE FIFTEENTH, No. 17.

GRIP.

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SMITH vs. BROWN.

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1ST GENT.—"What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did verily bear blood?"
2ND GENT.—"Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits."

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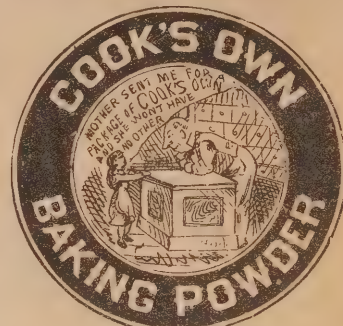
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of Saddles, Harness and Travelling Equipments
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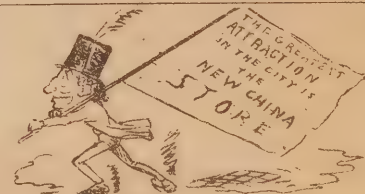
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VOLUME XV.
No. 19.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1880.

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The Water-Police.

A suggestion for the Harbour Commissioners—submitted with profound aspect, although a trifle late in the season.

The Incorporation of the Village of Mudfrogs;

AND HOW IT WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

The citizens of the ancient village of Mudfrogs have lately been much excited by a few restless spirits, who, like a certain antiquated dame of uncertain age, are just beginning to think it is necessary something should be done, in order to bri g out the merits of its citizens before the public. This feeling having continued some time, it is becoming a chronic disease in the minds of the citizens of Mudfrogs. Several hole and corner meetings have been held, and at last they have got a fixed idea. A want had long been felt of a Public Grindstone, and in their united wisdom they have come to a resolution to have one erected as soon as possible, so that every man who has axe to grind need not to trouble his neighbors any more. Two certain lawyers, for the present have taken hold of the cranks, to put the stone in motion. The stone having once begun to roll, they feel certain of obtaining constant employment, when the village of Mudfrogs has grown sufficiently large to become a corporation.

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The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column

MR. S. J. WATSON, the Librarian of the Ontario Assembly, is now engaged in compiling a new catalogue of the books in the library, covering all the books which have been added up to the present time. It is expected to be completed by the beginning of next session.

The Court Circular, a most convenient compendium of information regarding the law courts here, has been issued. It is very neatly got up, and gives very important intelligence, for jurors and clients especially, the acquisition of which will save them a great deal of trouble.

The Toronto GRIP, Canada's humorous illustrated journal, comes to us this week twice its usual size, with a double page cartoon by BENGOUGH, entitled, "Going to the Fair!" Its witty paragraphs are a vast improvement on those of its London contemporaries. — *The Statesman, Yonkers, N.Y.*

STRUGGLING authors are confronted by the following rehearsal of familiar facts: THACKERAY was not known as an author until nearly 40. SCOTT was 43 when "Waverley" appeared. RICHARDSON became an author at 81. DEFOE was 58 when he wrote his first novel. "Gil Blas" was not finished until the author was 67.

GRIP of last week fairly beat itself. No comic paper ever published in Canada could at all compare with it. The cartoons are just excellent, every one of them striking the object with telling force. No person who pretends to keep up with the times can afford to be without Canada's comic paper. — *St. Mary's Argus.*

GRIP's issue for this week is quite up to the high standard attained in last week's issue. The number is a double one, and is full of the laughter-provoking cartoons and paragraphs. We notice a column of original matter in the way of jokes introduced under the exceedingly appropriate title of the "Grip sack." We hope to see the paper permanently enlarged to its exhibition size in a short time. — *The Toronto World.*

A WORK of art, at present displayed in the show-window of Messrs. GAGEN & FRASER's photographic studio, King Street West, is attracting a great deal of attention and admiration. It is a full-length photo of a handsome young lady (Miss MORPHY), enlarged from a cabinet photo, and coloured in the most delicate manner by the skilful hand of Mr. GAGEN. The background is in a new medium, embracing both oil and water-colour work. The figure is gracefully posed, and the rendering of the complexion, dress, and surroundings, is highly artistic. The enlargement was made by an original process lately discovered by this firm.

A NEW humorous journal, entitled *Chic*, has just made its appearance in New York. In size and style it is similar to *Puck*, though, in our opinion, surpassing that paper typographically. The cartoonist of *Chic* is W. G. KENDRICK, a clever draughtsman, who, if we mistake not, is a Canadian. At all events, he received his earliest training on one of our native journals, the *Illustrated News*, of Montreal. Mr. L. HOPKINS, one of the best of American humorous artists, is also on the staff. The literary department of the paper appears to be in able hands. GRIP wishes his new contemporary every success, and shall be pleased to make room for the lively little maiden on his exchange list. *Chic* is published weekly, at 21 Park Place, N. Y.

GRIP had the pleasure of a call, the other day, from the genial representative of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, who is in Toronto attending the convention of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I.O.O.F. Mr. C. is a characteristic Chicago journalist, and worthily represents one of the best papers in that city. We are gratified to learn that, in connection with all our visitors, he fully appreciates the efforts the Ontario brethren have made to entertain their guests.

GRIP.—Last week's GRIP is funnier than ever. The cartoon, "Rolling Home," is rich in pure wit. Sir JOHN and Sir CHARLES are "Half Seas Over," and the vessel is pitching tremendously. Sir JOHN is on his back, and Sir CHARLES pitching head foremost from his berth. The ewer is falling on Sir JOHN's nose, and the caraffe is following suit; lamp and glass, and a hat, are in mid air, and the table is canted half over. The floor of the stateroom is strewn with documents. The artistic excellence of the cartoon is great. The falling articles are really falling—not stuck on paper. The illustrations of the "Fair" are also decidedly good, and one little picture of Hon. E. BLAKE as a negro minstrel singing, "Oue More River to Cross," (the general election), to reach office on the other side, is capital. GRIP has spread himself for the Exhibition, and has done it well. — *Owen Sound Tribune.*

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TO HANLAN'S POINT, ISLAND.—Steamer *St. Jean Baptiste*, and *Provett Beyer*, running every 15 minutes from Tanning's wharf.

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

Our Music Editor, "SHARP SIXTH," will furnish critiques of performances of high class music for this column. Managers are requested to enclose programme with tickets, which should be forwarded on the day preceding the concert. Critical notices will also be given of music publications sent to this office.

SINCE the beginning of PATTI's career she has made \$6,000,000.

It is said that MARY ANDERSON will be two shades handsomer this year than ever before.

MANAGER CONNER announces as his next attraction at the Royal, the Paragon Comedy Company, in the new and successful play of "Dr. Clyde."

MR. J. GORDON SHERIFF, the well known tenor, formerly precentor of COOKE'S Church, has returned and taken up his residence in this city.

THE pavilion at the Gardens has been crowded nightly with large audiences, partly, no doubt, attracted by the Reunion of Oddfellows which was an immense success.

REMYNI is about to begin a tour of forty performances in Canada. He plays in Shaftesbury Hall on the evening of October 11th. We trust he will have a reception befitting his extraordinary merits as a violinist.

THE Passion Play, representative of the last days of JESUS CHRIST on earth, will be produced at Booth's Theatre, New York, December 16, under the management of HENRY E. ABBEY. No applause will be permitted.

OF the choral works given in Great Britain last year, those by HANDEL head the list with one hundred and ten performances, sixty of which were of the *Messiah*. MENDELSSOHN is next, with seventy-four performances, twenty-eight being of the *Elijah*.

EVERYBODY was delighted with the American Band at the Reunion. Such enthusiasm was never before manifested by a Toronto audience, and will never be eclipsed until our own bands can give us as good a performance. And why can't they, with sufficient practice?

RICE'S BIJOU OPERA COMPANY act very charmingly at the Grand. On Monday evening they had a bumper house, and the audiences have been fairly good since. The counter-attraction of the Oddfellows, at the Horticultural Gardens, has, no doubt, materially affected the audiences at both theatres, but, all who possibly can, should see the excellent acting and singing of the Bijou company.

MISS McMANUS, a young *protege* of Mr. TORRINGTON's, made a most successful debut as a singer before the magnificent audience gathered at the Oddfellow's Reunion on Tuesday evening. In addition to a peculiarly clear and sweet soprano voice, the young lady possesses a pretty face, and an easy, natural manner on the stage. She promises to be a popular favourite before long. Mr. TORRINGTON's performances as accompanist on this occasion were as usual masterly.

MR. JOHN THOMPSON and his company are the present attractions at the Royal. Mr. THOMPSON is well known to Torontonians as a clever protean actor, whose name was long connected with the drama entitled "On Hand." His present piece, "Around the World in eighty minutes," has been written with a view to displaying the Comedian's versatility in character acting, and his wonderful musical faculty. The plays are highly amusing, and have nothing objectionable in them. MR. CONNER shows his good sense in engaging only such companies as are morally worthy of the patronage of respectable people.

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The Yarn of the "Ballahoo."

It was the good ship *Ballahoo*
Whose history I shall tell to you.
Her skipper's name was Capt. BATES,
And WILLIAM THOMPSON was her mate's.
Bold PETER, HARRY, JOE and BEN
Were good, old-fashioned sailor men,
All those lashing saucer dogs,
And with a thirst for roundies "gro, s,"
With boundless tastes for boundless "nips,"
In bucketfuls or little sips.
The others, PATRICK, NED and MIKE
Were not the kind of men you'd like;
'I hey'd scruple not to tell you lies,
Or say rude things about your eyes,
And all poss. a d in various ways
Some other mean and nasty traits.



One day the captain as he walked
His quarterdeck, and sang and talked,
Observed, abaft his weather beam,
A bloodstained pirate's hawsepipes gleam.
The pirate was a lanky cleft,
With tapering spars well raking aft;
The black flag flying from her gaff
Would make you weep instead of laugh,
And o'er her iron grimaces peered
As up the bloodstained pirate steered.
The agony of Capt. BATES
Was only equalled by his mate's
At hearing all the orders grim
Which shortly were addressed to him:
"Ahoy! Aboard the *Ballahoo*,
Back yer main-yard! quickly too,
Up with yer helm and leave her to."

The captain did as he was bid;
Close up the bloodstained pirate slid,
And, shortly after, thirty-four
Of rascals such as ne'er before
Upon the *Ballahoo* had stepped,
Upon the luckless vessel leaped.
The rage and horror of the crew
Upon the ill-starred *Ballahoo*
Was only equalled by the mate's,
And by the skipper's, Capt. BATES.

The pirates tied the luckless crew
In cramped positions, two by two,
And bound the legs of Capt. BATES
Securely to his frightened mate's.
Cold trembling fits attacked their knees,
Which shook like boughs from aspen trees;
Cold perspiration from their necks
Quite literally washed the decks.



The pirate chieftain gravely took
From out his vest a little book
(Like one in which you write receipts
For making pies and cooking meats).
He said: "Oh listen, all of you,
Belonging to the *Ballahoo*;
I'm not so bloodstained as I look,
I've got some questions in this book,
And on my honor now I say
If you but answer one, to-day,
I'll let you go scot free away;
But if you can't, you'll walk this plank,
And have none but yourselves to thank.

If you had seen the pallid look
Spread o'er the face of MIKE, the cook,
And o'er the mugs of PAT and NED,
You'd just have laughed till you were dead.
The pirate in a solemn tone
Resembling much a bagpipe's drone
Propounded from his little book
"Pray who was Mr. PICKWICK's cook?"
"Tell me who was Invention's mother?"
"And who was SIMON PETER's brother?"
Enumerate the leading facts
"Connected with the Book of Acts?"

"Tell me that most unhappy date
On which poor captain COOK was ate?"
"How many, pray, are two times two?"
"And who invented Irish stew?"
"Try to recall the best receipt
For curing corns on gouty feet?"
"How do you make a Gordian knot?"
"What was the creed that PLATO taught?"
"Who was it BOADICEA cursed?"
"How do you cure a drunkard's thirst?"

The pirate stopped, quite out of breath,
And lo, before him, still in death,
Lay all the erstwhile happy crew
That worked the good ship *Ballahoo*.
And cold and still lay Capt. BATES.
His legs still lashed unto the mate's,
Told PETER, HARRY, JOE and BEN,
Those good and thirsty sailor men,
Lay one and also pale and dead,
And so did MIKE and PAT and NED.
These awful questions chased away
The breath from their unhappy clay.

Bemoan with me the ill-used crew
That sailed the good ship *Ballahoo*.



The "Ladies' Journal" Man.

MR. GRIP has had any number of letters of remonstrance addressed to him over the "Enterprising Publisher" last week. He has, in consequence, a fine collection of autographs of the leading journalists of Toronto in his waste-paper basket. Every individual publisher in the city thought that he was meant. Mr. GRIP therefore, this week, sets the matter at rest by giving the portrait of the particular man obscurely referred to in said poem, and takes this opportunity of explaining why it could not have been GORDON BROWN, because G. B. isn't nice looking, and his "nose and chin they threaten ether." (See GRIP's sketches of Gordon, and consult the works of the late R. BURNS, Esq.). NOR BUNTING, because, at the Exhibition time, he spread himself over all the flagstaffs in the neighborhood, and every one was thus familiar with his *tout ensemble*, and couldn't make any mistake about his identity. NOR ROSS ROBERTSON because R. R. doesn't know enough. NOR HORTON, of the *World*, because ALBERT is too good looking. NOR WOOTTON of the *Dominion Churchman*, because he's too goody-goody. NOR CLARK of the *Sentinel*, because he's too fiery. NOR the *Tribune* man because he's too green. NOR BOYLE, of the *Irish Canadian*, because he's too hot. We forget what is the particular point, Fahrenheit, where he affects water—but it's pretty high. The "Boyne water," however, affects him right away.

GRIP hopes the discussion will now cease and the persecution close.

Canadian Men of Letters.

REV. C. PELHAM MULVANY, BY G. MERCER
ADAM, ESQ.

The subject of this sketch was born in Ireland, and he has ever retained feelings of fervent patriotism towards the land of his birth. So much is this the case that he always displays a map of it immediately beneath the anterior rim of his hat. He is entitled to the highest praise for his literary talents which are exhibited in his various contributions to leading magazines in the shape, both of prose and poetry. In the latter he has been charged with being of "the fleshly school" and a follower of SWINBURNE, but the charge is unfounded, for Mr M. himself informs us that his favorite models and the ob-

jects of his profoundest admiration are, and have always been, the works of the late Dr. ISAAC WATTS, and the selection known by the name of MOODY and SANKEY'S. His writings are remarkable for their clearness (except when he writes in Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Erse or Bengalee), and are pervaded by a wonderfully strong religious feeling. He is a rigid ascetic, and it is darkly hinted that he wears a hair-shirt. He is a strong High-Churchman, and has a great partiality for stoles and candles and gargoyles and chasubles, and the various other paraphernalia of ritualism. He also strongly advocates the confessional, at least, for ladies, and scouts the idea of its having any but the most beneficial effects. He has finally taken up his residence in Toronto, and bids fair to eclipse even GOLDWIN SMITH by the brilliancy of his contributions to Canadian literature.

A Journalistic Blunder.

"Three daughters of W. H. Gibbs, Esq., of Oshawa, have married gentlemen residing in Cincinnati. Mr. Gibbs calls himself a strong advocate of the N.P., but this isn't the way to encourage home industry."—*Markham Economist*.

Dear brother scribe, 'tis sad to see you make
So very grave and glaring a mistake:
Economist domestic you may be,
But not domestic, or you'd surely see
How GIBBS is patriotically wise,
And to dispose of surplus produce tries.

"Home industries," my friend, could never meet
Encouragement more suitable and sweet;
When costly stock accumulates, be sure
That exportation is the common cure:
SMITH, MILL, and BASTIAN must be telling fibs
If a good move has not been made by GIBBS.

Three foreign swains three well-bred damsels choose,
And, when they own them, how can they refuse
To lead them, feed them, homeward book them through,
Pay cost of carriage, and the duty too?
Transport and export are at once achieved,
The nymphs are happy, and papa relieved.

Newspaper Morality.

This week there seems to be a regular *emeute* among our brethren of the pen. There must be a strong religious revival spreading among editors, and we are glad to see it. We only hope it's both infectious and contagious. A few of the good men are shocked at the unacknowledged scissors of some of the other Saints of the sanctuary. We don't want to give our *confreres* away, but, if they don't mend their ways, we will state plainly that the *Napanee Beaver* and the *Belleville Intelligencer* are in doubt which is the culprit. The *Beaver* man is charged by the *Intelligencer* man with,—well,—theft, with malice prepense, and the funny thing about it is that the latter says in plain terms, that if the former does not repent and mend his ways, he himself will, in virtue of the *lex talionis*, steal wholesale from the *Beaver*. There is a similar racket among the scribes of the Maritime provinces, but we can't somehow remember which exactly was the felon—they got so mixed, and there were so many of them. Anyhow "Ancient Henry" seems to be "to pay." At the same time, in spite of the proverb, there seems to be no lack of hot pitch-into each other. And, to cap the whole, the *Guelph Mercury* calls the *London Times* the biggest liar in America. Evidently the millenium isn't quite here yet.

WHEN you see a young man sitting beside a much banged or frizzed young lady in a railroad car, or a theatre, and his arm sort of instinctively crawls around the seat in close proximity to her dollar store necklace and back hair, you may feel assured that he is not her brother. And the chances are less than one in a hundred they are married.—*Meriden Recorder*.

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VOL. THE FIFTEENTH, No. 19.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 25TH SEPTEMBER, 1880.

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1ST GENT.—"What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did verily bear blood."
2ND GENT.—Oh! **BRUCE** of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits.

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A little story about a Minister.

BY JA. KASSE.

There was a little minister, his name was Adam Crooks, (But he had no connection with the ring for making books) And he wasn't quite a duffer, so at least I've heard it said, For he kept a stock of wisdom stored away within his head.

Now he was very humble, was the hero of my tale, And he felt that aught Canadian of a certainty must fail, So when'er the University had need of "men of books," He imported them from England, did this clever little Crooks.

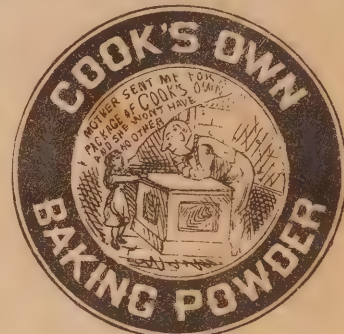
He made them all Vice-Presidents, with salaries to match, (What cared he for Canadians when he'd made an English catch.) And he told the old professors they might lump it or might like, For he knew (the clever minister) they didn't dare to strike.

Thus he treated learned Canadians with the bitterest contempt, And seemingly forgot that he himself was not exempt; And that his education, which apparently he prized, Had been got among the people whose acquirements he despised.

Though the Minister was clever, he could never, never guess The meaning of the axiom "the great includes the less." So if you will be patient for another verse or two I will point a little moral (as the poet always do)

If Canadians are not fit to be professors then) Their qualities as Ministers are sadly lacking too, So if you'll be consistent, Oh! most honest Adam Crooks, Hand over your portfolio to an English "man of books."

"Well, I declare, I don't know what to preserve this fall," exclaimed Mrs. FUSABOUB: "Peaches is high, and plums isn't worth putting up and quinces is as bad as hive syrup." There is no knowing how much longer she would have gone on if Mr. FUSABOUB had not suggested that she might preserve her temper, for want of anything better. Then she stopped. But he didn't. He left.—*Fact and Fancy.*



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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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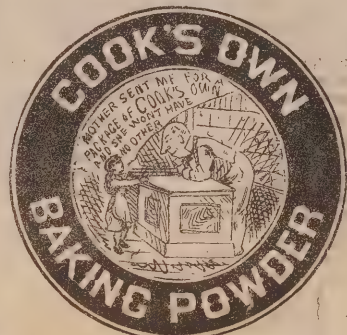
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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Mr. W. R. Clymie is editing the West Durham News, during his brother's illness.

The World's interview with Mrs. Scott-Sidons has been copied by the New York News, and is going the rounds of the American press. Keep it up, boys!

The American, of Philadelphia, sustains its character as a brilliant literary paper. Its last number contains a well written article on "The American Journalist," evidently by one who has "been there."

Mr. Trumble, formerly of this city, but now of Liverpool, Eng., has kindly sent us a copy of the *Lantern* the humorous journal of that great city. The *Lantern* is fully up to the standard of English comic journals, and devotes a good deal of space to the drama, art and literature.

Our music critic, "Sharp Sixth," has returned to the city after a prolonged absence, and will resume his *critiques* of high class concerts, operas, etc., during the ensuing season. Managers are requested to forward programmes, if practicable, when sending cards of admission.

We would like to know what amount of raking, even with a small-toothed comb, would find among the whole editorial corps of the county a greater political mountebank—a more time-serving or unscrupulous party acrobat than himself.—Port Perry Standard.

GRIP is growing more interesting as he grows older. Our readers miss a grand treat every week, if they do not see GRIP. So very interesting is he that we have never heard of a man who once made his acquaintance turn his back upon him. We furnish GRIP and the Statesman for only \$2.50.—Bowmanville Statesman.

"What is the best resolution a man can make for the new year?" Characteristic replies to this question by all the leading newspaper humorists of America will be a feature in *Grip's Almanac* for 1891. The editor will be pleased to receive miscellaneous articles suitable for its pages from the pens of all who are humorously inclined. Brief pithy articles will be paid for; rejected ones returned if stamps are enclosed.

RECENTLY Prof. Huxley said that ninety-nine men out of every hundred became simply obstructive after 60 years, and were not flexible enough to yield to the advance of new ideas. The world, he thought, would be benefited by any man who had taken part in science being strangled after 60. This may be meant for Brother Ruskin, who lately wrote to Glasgow students that he loathed liberalism.

The *Varsity*, in its new cover, has reached us, and both in appearance and contents, the University paper bids fair to distance all its competitors. Although the cautious might complain that a preponderance of heavy matter shows up in its columns, still, the *Varsity* has chosen its own field, knows exactly what its subscribers want, and is doing the right thing by them. We wish it every success.

Our editor lectured in Owen Sound last week, and the occasion was so auspicious that it called forth the following "impromptu" from the famous poet of that town:

From sublime to the ridiculous,
The step is only one;
By shewing this in caricature,
Bengough wide fame has won.

In lecturing and penning,
He is alike, unique;
There's fun and information too,
When he does paint and speak.

—W. A. STEPHENS.

An American litterateur writes to the *Baltimore Sun* a most interesting account of an interview he had recently with THOMAS CARLYLE. After describing the weak state in which he found the sage, he goes on to say:—"I am not ill—I never was ill," said he, in his emphatic and broad Scotch accent, somewhat pettishly, if not peevishly. "I am only going—going—going—going." And his eyes lost their grim fire of expression, his emphatic, rasping voice fell into a lower tone, and I sat silent before the only living man worthy of my silence—the only man when dead ever worthy of my loud admiration!

The new arrangement for the publication of *Harper's Magazine* simultaneously in London and New York is thus mentioned by the *London Academy* in a recent number:—"The well-known American illustrated periodical, *Harper's Magazine*, is presently to be published by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co., in a European edition, which will be partly printed in this country, so that matter of European interest may be substituted in the editorial departments for that, peculiarly, American. The other features will be the same on both sides. Arrangements have been made with English authors to secure the rights of serial publication for this country as well as for America."

The change in the cover of *Scribner's Magazine* has attracted an unusual amount of comment from the daily press. The new cover, by the way, was designed by a son of Mr. Richard Grant White. The sharp-eyed gentlemen of the press do not seem to have noticed that a substantial change was not long ago made in the familiar Harper cover, which was re-drawn by Mr. Abbey. This Harper design has a curious origin. It was originally drawn by George Cruikshank, as a frontispiece to a book. It was then adapted as the cover for Bentley's *Miscellany*, and then by Harper, which has changed slightly twice, so that how it is like the boy's jack-knife which was always the same old knife though it, had new blades and a new handle.

We have before now referred to a practice, which seems to be gaining ground, especially with some country editors, viz., clipping and not giving credit. Our country editors are, with few exceptions, reputable gentlemen, and when a man like the proprietor of the *Stratford Herald*, Mr. Robb, goes in for this kind of robbing, it is high time that GRIP gives the matter more than cursory notice. In the last issue of the *Stratford Herald* there is a capital piece about "the noble game of Lacrosse," really a first rate effusion, and one of the very best things that we have seen for a long time—that is, since we read it in GRIP on the twenty-third of last month. You wouldn't think it was clipped from GRIP, for the Raven's name isn't attached to it.

GRIP.—Still brimful of plain common sense and fun GRIP comes to us. Last week its cartoon was a picture of the British Canadian Shop, with Miss Canada behind the counter, waiting on customers. She is asking a little fellow, "Well, Master Galt, and what were you sent here for?"—while Sir A. T. Galt stands with an empty basket and one finger in his mouth in a completely non-plussed manner. This is indeed a poser. The smaller cartoons are capital.—*Galt Reformer*.

Mr. W. H. Howland delivered his lecture on "Christianity in Business," before the Y. M. C. A. of Hamilton, on Wednesday evening of last week. The *Times* says "the lecture made a most favourable impression on all who heard it." The more men we have of Mr. W. H. Howland's class the better. Let men of his calibre shew themselves in the front and there can be little fear that the youth of the rising generation will not shew themselves able and willing to follow.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

MR. KING, pianist to H. R. H. Princess Louise, made a good impression in Boston, at the two concerts given on the 11th and 15th of last month, the critics of the Hub placing him amongst the first pianists and writers of the present day.

SOLDENE has been delighting lovers of that style of art at the Grand Opera House this week. Lovers of the *leg-itimate* drama must be enjoying themselves under the smiles of the lovely, EMILY who is a good representative of that peculiar Garden of Eden School of Actress which is so popular amongst Bank clerks and other cognoscenti of that ilk. As far as GRIP is concerned he is prejudiced, perhaps foolishly, in favor of the full-dressed drama.

MOMENTARY satisfaction alternates with disappointment, throughout the whole of Booth's performance. The soliloquy, which begins with the promise of natural effect, ends in a mere rhetorical display. A clever piece of new or unusual business dies away in measured obedience to the artificial mannerisms of conventional tragedy. Booth is at his best in the highly difficult interview with "Ophelia," at his worst where anything like ease or humour is required. The general impression we received from the performance is that he belongs to a large class of uninspired actors who learned their lessons carefully. It is only just to admit that there are certain interesting details of his performance and reading, merit of which cannot here be worthily discussed. His rendering of several of the most important passages is that of a thoughtful scholar cramped by tradition.—*Observer, London, Eng.*

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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 1.

GRIP.

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Volume Sixteen!

Mr. GRIP, with the rare generosity and self-abnegation which is characteristic of him, devotes his present number to the glorification of HANLAN; whereas, a less modest bird would devote it to the celebration of a greater event than the championship race, to wit, the anniversary of a new volume. This is number One of Volume sixteen, and GRIP goes on just as if nothing unusual had happened. If our public men behave themselves, they will find this a Sweet Sixteen; otherwise—but let us wait and see!

The Boat Race.

And behold, in the time that the good Queen reigned over all that country known as "Britannicus," and while it was yet late in the season, it was known abroad throughout all the world from the mountains of the Great West called Rocky, even unto the towns of the followers of CONFUCIUS that the great boat race was to take place, and the one of them was him known of men as the Antipodean Cornstalk, whose title was the "Greatest on Earth," seeing he had overthrown him whose name was like unto a part of the accountments of the war-horse, and the other was a resident of a far-off Island lying over against the town of Muddy York, the same is known as Toronto in our day, and who likewise possessed great renown among men, inasmuch as his enemies were fain to throw themselves into the troubled waters before that the strife was over, and to saw in pieces their boats before that the strife had commenced, and both were men of great valour, and their boastings were like unto the thunder of thunders for the loudness thereof, but the boasting of him called Cornstalk, was the loudest because of his greater sizeableness, and the tumult was great throughout the land, and the multitudes assembled were as the sands of the desert for numerosity. For with him called Cornstalk came many of his brethren, their pouches filled with money of gold and of silver, and script of various kinds, and there also were of the nation of the Franks and Blue Noses, and they of the tribe of Canucks and Hoosiers, and Suckers, and of the nation of Yankees many, and also of the land of Maine, the same drink not of the intoxicating bowl, and chief among all the multitude was he known as the "Saratoga Blower," and his blowing was like unto the blowing of the whale, so great was the noise thereof, and it continued even until he was set upon by the shield bearer of the Antipodean, who smote him and laid him on the shelf and his noise was heard no more in the Land, whereat there was great rejoicing. And it came to pass while these things were going on, that two of the tribe of Canucks, dwellers in the town of Muddy York, took counsel with each other, and the one said, I will put up my pile on HANLAN for great have been his victories; and he is sure to win for the earth possesses not his like, and the other said

not so; for he hath stitches in his side and the others ways are the paths of righteousness. Truly, therefore, my dust shall be on his head. Then gathered they together all their wealth shekels of gold and talents of silver, and money of paper; and they gave their property into the hands of the resurer, and their summer raiment, unto him of the three golden Balls, and with the wealth thus obtained they hied them to a caravansery, known unto nations as "The Headquarters," and when they got there they found a vast multitude crying "Put up or shut up," and they quickly put up, and they slept not that night, and Lo! in the morning while it was still early, the news came that he who had been least was greatest, yea, verily, that "Hanlan had won." Then he who had taken no account of side stitches, but had stacked his pile on the "Canuck," rejoiced muchly and was filled with vanity, because of his great foresight, and "set 'em up" for the multitude, but he who had bet on the Cornstalk lifted up his voice and wept, and turned his face to the wall and refused to be comforted, because he had not that wherewith to buy sackcloth wherein to mourn, and he cursed himself for his excessive greenness, and called himself the father of all asses for being so utterly soon and beforehand in his calculations, and he avoided all his creditors; for them of small size he crossed the street, but for they of large size he went way around the block, and this he did according to the weight of their heftiness and the degree of their dangerousness, and the voice of his mourning was long heard throughout the land.

Selah.

TIMOTHY.

Grip and Grit.

The able and esteemed pastor of the Western Congregational Church has been delivering a lecture with the euphonious but perhaps somewhat suspicious title of "Grip and Grit." We seize this early opportunity of stating distinctly that the reverend gentleman's remarks had no reference to this paper, nor to a certain moribund political party; nor did he attempt to establish any moral or other connection between the two by the use of this conjunction. Mr. SILCOX is too intelligent a man to imagine that GRIP and GRIT are convertible terms poetically, any more, than they are etymologically. In his lecture he defined "Grip" to mean that which lays hold, and "Grit," that which keeps hold. Now, it is true that this journal *does* lay hold, as many of the corruptionists and humbugs know full well. But "Grit," as a political party, cannot be said to *keep* hold, so far at least as office is concerned. The lecturer was simply dealing with two colloquial terms of northern origin, and a very instructive discourse he is said to have been given. One point which he made is worthy of emphatic repetition, namely, that many fall in life for want of "Grip." This is true—and it teaches that everybody ought to subscribe without delay.

Notes from Our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP—One of the greatest of the great attractions of this Canada of ours, is Deer Hunting. Now I am partial to sport, so last week I took to the woods with my friend ADOLPHE. Arriving at our destination away back in the north, we joined our native friends, loaded up our canoes, and paddled up to our camp ground on the shore of a beautiful lake. The next morning the sun rose most gloriously; the lake was like a sheet of glass; the woods along the margin were mirrored on the surface of the water in all their primeval grandeur; and the frail canoe appeared to gently wend its way through the virgin forest. Nature was in her loveliest mood, and our demijohn of Appolinaris water was just splendid. Our native guide, philosopher, and friend, put out the dogs, and ADOLPHE and I went to our allotted station at

the mouth of a "narrows" to watch. Now you are probably aware that whilst watching, you must not discharge your gun, as it is a signa either that the deer is in the water at that point, or that the watchers can return to camp. This fact seems to be perfectly well known to the small game, for ducks floated around us and quacked defiantly just out of reach of the paddles, and once while we were tossing off a drop of Appolinaris an impertinent old rabbit came to the edge of the water, quietly and sat down on his abbreviated narrative, placed a paw on the side of his nose and positively winked. After patiently watching for about an hour, the thing began to grow monotonous and ADOLPHE settled himself for a comfortable snooze in the bow. In a short time companionship overcame duty, and after seating myself in the bottom of the canoe, and throwing my feet up on the thwart, and resting my head on the stern with my hat over my eyes, I had just dropped off into a happy dreamland, a sort of Manomet Paradise and demi-johns, when there was a rush, and a roar, and a terrific splash right beside us. ADOLPHE awoke, and with admirable presence of mind made a jump to get out of the way. He did get out of the way, and so did our canoe, and before I had time to get out of paradise, and realise what was up, I got out of the canoe and discovered myself down on my hands and knees, covered with confusion and three feet of particularly cold and insinuating fluid. As we crawled out on the shore, a magnificent buck did the same on the opposite shore. Thoroughly disgusted with what some people call sport we hastened to the camp, dried ourselves; bid adieu to the woods, and lakes, and bounding deer; and took a farewell look at the rookbend shore, against whose hard, majestic, and perpendicular side, the ruffled waters chant the everlasting requiem of the past. Exactly. (Thank you, don't care if I do. Just a leetle grin.)

GADFLY.

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WHAT OUR EAVESDROPPER HEARD UP TOWN.

Globe Office: J. GORDON BROWN loquutus:—Hello, central office! Hello! Connect me with SANDY MACKENZIE!

Hello MACKENZIE! How do you feel just now! Is that so? Well I feel a little queer myself.

Yes, I believe he's going to call the House together to talk over this Syndicate business. ²⁴⁴² I think so too; in fact I don't think we can till we get a better fellow than BLAKE. Oh no, you're mistaken. He hasn't been here since I took charge.

Well, I don't know, do you think we could manage that without exciting the suspicion of the party? What's that you say?

Now, now, now, MACKENZIE, are you giving me this in solemn, sober earnest?

If it wasn't yourself at the other end of the telephone, I wouldn't believe it.

MACKENZIE I can't hear you smile, are you laughing at me?

Then you think the PRINCESS will be back here, herself, by that time?

And you are certain the MAJOR isn't coming back?

Heaven be thanked for that anyway.

Yes, I made \$34.00 on it. How did you stand?

Just you fancy 9 lengths.

At this period the conversation became general and the interest ceased.

MR. R. GRAHAM, General Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society for the Diocese of Manchester, is coming to Canada about the middle of December, for the purpose of enquiring into the working of our liquor laws, and delivering lectures on the cause. MR. GRAHAM is said to be an excellent speaker, and no doubt he will meet a hearty reception from the friends of total abstinence in this country.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL AUCE**. Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents. Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.

50 Patterns. The Noblest Things in the Market. WOLFE BROS & Co. 24 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



A Hum-ble Question.

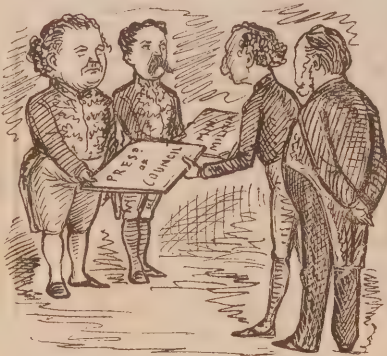
CANADIAN MANUFACTURER TO FINANCIAL GENIUS—You say there is no hum, and yet you say we are getting rich and bloated—would you mind explaining?

The Coming Election.

Mr. SWAN has announced his intention of leaving the School Board for the wider arena of the City Council, and proposes to stand for St. Thomas' Ward. He ought to be elected without any trouble, for he has proved himself a thoroughly good representative. A white Swan is a treasure that any ward might be proud to possess. His place upon the School Board will be taken, GRIP hopes, by Mr. HARRY SYMONS, who has already issued his card as a candidate. Mr. SYMONS is a promising young barrister, (a member of the firm of Crooks, Kingsmill & Cattanach), and is well known and esteemed by the citizens of St. Thomas' Ward. We understand that Mr. JOHN A. MILLS also offers himself for the School Board, but the fact that Mr. MILLS is collector of School taxes ought to make his defeat a foregone conclusion.

SIR LEONARD TILLEY says that the "Baptist Minister," who made certain apocryphal statements in the *Globe* about the increase of his household expenses under the N. P. cannot be a clergyman in good standing, he lies so persistently.

Motto for Toronto Street Cars.
"Still there is room."



Mousseau and Caron, vice Masson and Baby, resigned.

SIR JOHN—(handing portfolios to new Ministers)—Now, gentlemen, conduct your Departments for the greatest good of the greatest number—

SIR CHARLES—(sotto voce)—And remember that the greatest number is Number One!

A Square Challenge.

We fail to see how the *Globe* can get away from the *Mail's* challenge ament the TUPPER charges. The opposition organ says that corruption is rampant in the Public Works Department, and boldly enough charges Sir CHARLEY with personal participation in the wrong-doing, but always in a general, wholesale and nebulous way. The Government organ, speaking on behalf of the Knight of the Rail, repudiates the insinuations and dares the maligner to put his charges in definite form so that an action for libel may be entered and the matter fought out fairly and squarely before a jury. In reply the *Globe* sings dumb, but goes on with its wholesale business all the same. This has a bad look about it, though no doubt the motive of the conduct is a noble one. Perhaps the *Globe* man feels quite sure Sir CHARLEY would be defeated in the suit, and have heavy damages to pay, and he doesn't like to put the poor gentleman to that trouble, and again it is just possible the *Globe* man knows that he cannot bring forth any evidence to substantiate the charges. Mr. GRIP will in the meantime hang on to this latter idea.



Whitehead's Peacock.

The Ottawa *Citizen* will never suspend for want of assurance. The other day it had the hardihood to come out with a slashing attack on the Editor of the *Free Press*, and after showing that unfortunate individual to be a pragmatical person, wound up with the pointed conundrum: "Whose peacock is this strutting about in borrowed plumage?" "Whitehead's peacock!" promptly replies the *Free Press* man, and it will be a long time before he gets a chance to say anything more capitally to the point. The *Citizen* utterly "gave itself away" when it asked the question, for if ever there was a bird doing the grand in borrowed—or brokered—plumage, surely it is the Editor of the *Citizen* swelling round with poor old WHITEHEAD's bounty bulging from his coat pockets. "WHITEHEAD'S peacock," exclaims the *Free Press* fellow, "may be a very fine bird, but we will pluck the feathers out of his tail after a style that will make him wish himself as bare as when he first struck Ottawa!"

JONES says that before he was married his shadow weighed nothing; now it weighs just 140 lbs.

It is said that the "divine SARAH," since her long stay in London, cannot pronounce the "h" of her name. She only owns up to Sara now.

MOSES OATES, the "old Probs" of the West, has the organ of Vennor-ation highly developed.

WHY is an elephant like a man with a gouty foot? Cause neither of 'em can climb a tree.



Wanted, \$20,000.

If Mr. GRIP wasn't on the high road to wealth in his present place of residence, he would instantly pull up stakes and remove to Lindsay, which town appears to be an *Eldorado* for editors. To be a Lindsay newspaper man is to enjoy a reputation for untold riches. At least we judge so, when we observe five different members of the School Board presenting the editor of the *Post* with polite requests, worded in well-chosen legal phrase, to hand them each the sum of \$5,000, with the alternative of a libel suit. Of course the *Post* ought to pay for the raw material from which it manufactures its editorials, but \$20,000 for one article is a leetle too much, even in these flush times.

ANDREWS says that it is very injudicious on the part of Ministers of the Gospel to be so hard on the Father of Evil, adding, what would become of their trade without his co-operation.

"Two 'Ead's are better than one," said a Cockney at the Eyt on Monday. "Yes," said his friend, "but I guess there's *one Ed* better than the other *Ed*."

It is a matter of dispute among literary circles as to who has the longer upper lip. Jack Ross Robertson or the Hon. A. McKenzie. The matter is to be decided by arbitration. We can easily give Jack the diploma for feet.

TORONTO BOYS took 150. drinks on Monday the 15th. Tried to look as if they were used to them.—Hanlan.



The Last Sad Rites.

Sheriff McKELLAR, of Wentworth, discharging his painful duty of putting an end to that old humbug—the Fee System.



CANADA.

CHAMPIONSHIP TORONTO BAY, 1873.
 CHAMPIONSHIP BURLINGTON BAY, 1874.
 DEFEATED THOS. LOUDON, 1875. WON GOV. GENERAL'S MEDAL, 1875. BEAT DOUGLAS & M'KEN 1876. WON ONTARIO CHAMPIONSHIP AT TORONTO, 1877. BEAT ROBERT ST. JOHN 1878. BEAT WALLACE ROSS AT BROCKVILLE, 1878. BEAT COURTNEY AT LACHES, 1878.

UNITED STATES.

WON FIRST PRIZE AT CENTENNIAL REGATTA, 1876. FIRST MONEY AT SILVER LAKE REGATTA, 1877. DEFEATED MORRIS AT PITTSBURG, 1878. TOOK FIRST MONEY AT CAPE VINCENT REGATTA. DEFEATED COURTNEY AT WASHINGTON, 1880.

1873. ENGLAND: 1880

DEFEATED JOHN HAWDON AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1879.
 DEFEATED WILLIAM ELLIOTT, OF BLYTHE, AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
 WINNING SPORTSMAN'S CHALLENGE CUP & CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGL.

Nov. THE ANTIPODES:

ROWED AWAY FROM BIG
EDWD. TRICKETT,
 "CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, ETC."
 WINNING THE TITLE, THE SPORTSMAN CUP,
 £200 IN STAKES, AND A BAG FULL OF
 AUSTRALIAN SHEKELS ON
 EVEN BETS, 1880.

THE NEW ALEXANDER.

OR, HANLAN WEeping BECAUSE HE HAS NO MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER.



THE JOKER CLUB

"The Bun is mightier than the Sword."

Love-ly—telling your best girl she's an angel.
—*Waterloo Observer.*

The girl with a falsetto voice also had a false set o' teeth.—*Gate City.*

"Well," whispered daybreak, "I'll be dawned if I ain't broke!"—*Keokuk Constitution.*

It don't take a very fast horse to catch the epizootic.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The song of the brighdayer: "Still there's mortar to follow."—*Salem Sunbeam.*

A recent experience has convinced us that Job never tackled a stovepipe.—*Hackensack Republican.*

A physician, like a glazier, gains fame from the number of pains he sets right.—*Lockport Union.*

A woman who goes to church to show her sealskin saccue is saccue religious.—*Steuenville Herald.*

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, but custom sticks to bullets on the west.—*Modern Argo.*

The young man who was kicked out of his girl's house very properly styled her father a free booter.—*Er.*

Have you hunted up your ulster?—*Boston Post.* Can't find the ticket, say nothing about ulster.—*New Haven Register.*

Men are like pins. One with a little head may be just as smart as one with a big head.—*Agent's Herald.*

When the baby cries for "bread" it is the most natural thing in the world for the mother to kive it a rock.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

It does not help the temperance movement a particle for our young men to take the pledge at the pawnbroker's.—*Modern Argo.*

How many clergymen rob themselves of sleep by midnight toil in order to generously bestow it upon their congregations.—*Hofer.*

Nothing surprises a man more, for the moment, than sitting down quick in a chair that is not there.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

An Italian Count has been discovered in the person of a New Jersey tramp. He was the noblest roan 'un of them all.—*Modern Argo.*

"Over the Way" is the title of a new Sunday-school book, probably the history of an honest coal dealer.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Dr. Bossie, of St. Louis, attempted to stab his wife with a carving knife because she stuffed a duck with onions. This shows that it isn't always the husband that is to blame in these affairs.—*Peck's Sun.*

We take it that the enterprising man who goes about the country embellishing fences, trees, rocks, etc., with flaming advertisements is a genuine landscape painter.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A man who is true as steel, possessing an iron will, some gold, and a fair proportion of brass should be able to endure the hardware of this world.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

BRET HARTE is said to be a "lion" at London clubs.—*Er.* Yes, and any place else he can. He ought to break himself of the propensity.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

An exchange speaks of a man being "gored" by an angry bull," as if a good-natured bull would do such a thing.—*Pon du Lac Reporter.*

If the BERNHARDT wants to get fat she should secure board in a second-class house, and just, help herself every time the butter is passed.—*Modern Argo.*

Its wonderful how many things a boy can hit with a coal-scuttle on his way down cellar when he has had his feelings ruffled.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

A cannibal who made a meal off his scolding wife jocosely remarked that he was a Roman prize-fighter, because he was gladiator.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A gentleman of this city has a small piece of tobacco which has travelled all over the world. Its sort of wandering chew, isn't it?—*Moriden Recorder.*

Pushkin is not to have a statue. Pushkin was a Russian poet. Any one who could make poetry out of the Russian language certainly ought to have a statue.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In England, native oysters cost eighty-seven cent a dozen. England must be the place where they make fair stew with the photograph of an oyster.—*Norristown Herald.*

The worst hit at a big mouth we ever heard was perpetrated by an unregenerate sinner on a Quincey girl. He said he could see her smile when her back was turned.—*Modern Argo.*

One of the greatest pleasures of railroad travelling to lovers has been destroyed. Now, just before a train enters a tunnel, a buccaneer goes through the cars and lights all the lamps.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Science enumerates 589 species of organic forms in the air we breathe." Just think of it! Every time you draw in a breath a whole zoological garden slips down your windpipe, and no free tickets to the press.—*New Haven Register.*

An Iowa farmer declares upon his solemn honor as a gentleman that the last grasshopper leaving the State stood on a gate post and said: "Get some more fence rails ready for us by next June."—*Norristown Herald.*

"JOHNNY you must never use tobacco" said a fond mother, "even hogs don't do that." "I know they don't dear mamma, and hogs don't go to heaven, neither," and JOHNNY went out soon after and hid two cigar stumps under the door step.—*Steuenville Herald.*

A young man, having been requested at a dinner to reply to the time-honoured toast of "Woman," closed his remarks with the familiar quotation from SCOTT:

"O woman, in thine hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please—"

Here his memory failed him; but after a little hesitation he continued in triumph:

"But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."
—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Dr. Gordon Holmes advises singers to wear flannels. We have heard singers who should wear flannel quarter of an inch thick—wear it over their mouths. Though a piece of gutta percha would do just as well.—*Norristown Herald.*

There was a young rustic named MALLORY, who drew but a very small salary. When he went to the show, his purse made him go to a seat in the uppermost gallery.—*New York News.* Tune, Wont you come up to Limerick.

A new device for a bride's present is a silver arrow, with the initials of the bride and groom in gold. Of course her beau sends it.—*Boston Globe.* And its receipt must throw her into a quiver.—*Norristown Herald.* Ain't this harrowing?

Dr. STRANDING, a surgeon on board one of the Royal mail steamers plying between England and Brazil, has discovered an antidote for the cure of bites from rattlesnakes. He caused a rattlesnake to bite him on two occasions, and succeeded in counteracting the poison. The doctor will publish the secret of the remedy on his return to England. Gradually the excuses for drinking whiskey are being narrowed down, and soon a man will have to come right out and admit that he drinks it for his breath.—*Peck's Sun.*

I've a letter from your dad,
Baby mine! Baby mine!
Which makes me feel quite sad,
Baby mine! Baby mine!
He is coming home from jail,
He just got out on bail,
And my fate I now bewail,
Baby mine! Baby mine!
—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

Put the letter in the fire.
Mother mine! Mother mine!
For daddy is a liar.
Mother mine! Mother mine!
The yarns that daddy spins,
Whenever he begins,
Are very awful sins,
Mother mine! Mother mine!

Alice Oates has been quite ill in Texas. She has played all along regularly, with the exception of one night when her physician would not permit her to go on the stage. The trouble is pneumonia.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

Why, we thought she had got married again! Poor maligned Alice.

"Yes," said Michaelangelo Brown, his eyes beaming with loving pride upon his latest creation, "The Pensive Poetess"—"yes, I draw all my figures from the life." "Do you, my boy?" blurted out Jones; "but who the deuce is it that draws the life from your figures, you know?"—*Boston Transcript.*

He was saying, as he struck a lucifer on the side of the house, "I like these houses with sanded paint; nice when you want to strike a match you know." "Is that so?" she asked, demurely; "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint"—and then she looked things unutterable. If he had asked "What for?" she would have hated him. But he didn't; he took the hint, and the match was struck then and there.—*Berea Advertiser.*

Mrs. Brown's Disappointment.

(From the Kansas City Times.)

AT BREAKFAST; NOV. 3, 1880.

The saddest woman in this town,
Is Mrs. CAPT. XERXES BROWN.

Last Wednesday morn she toss'd her head,
And to her CAPT. XERXES said:

"You promised me you'd buy me, BROWN,
This day a gros grain silken gown."

He wildly dropped his knife and fork;
He'd bet on HANCOCK and New York;

"And how about that winter bonnet
With plumes and jet and bangles on it?"

His cheeks became of ashen hue;
He'd bet on Indiana, too!

"And then, that nice new velvet saccue,
With lace all up the front and back."

He quailed beneath her lurid glare,
And thought of death and Delaware!!!

"And then those gloves!" but stay, no more;
He, swooning, fell upon the floor.

Ah, me! to hear that woman tell,
You'd think the country'd gone to—well,

No matter; but in all our town
The saddest female's name is BROWN.

What a man the Rev. Mr. Talmage is for creating sensations by his sermons. Last Sunday he preached on religion.—*Peck's Sun.*

Our Grip Sack.

A good housekeeper. A watch dog.

It takes PARNELL to make an Irish Stew.

HANLAN is a trump! He has won the odd trick-it seems.

Always look in your oots before you put them on.—*Gate City.*

TRICKETT says HANLAN is a bad egg—because he can't be beat.

NOVEMBER brings LOUISH back to Canada, for-lorn of course.

WHEN is a Treasurer not a Treasurer? When he's a-robin' of course.

New song for whist players.

"Rubber toi que j'aime."

This last race has been HANLAN's *Waterloo*!! Wat-er-lugubrious set these Australians must be at the present moment!

Subject of debate at the next meeting of the University Debating Society.—"Did the two fleas who patronised the ark go in on NOAH or on his dog Toby?"

One of the London papers is down on JOHN B. GOUVER, and calls him "no Temperance Poetle but a mere Stumpist." Garb thought at present on the fence does not like this kind of railing.

MR. ENGLEHARDT, of Petrolia, says that the coal oil we are getting just now through the notorious ring, is not only dearer than the oil we used to get, but "does not burn so long, in consequence of being lighter than formerly." Well, well, we'll learn something derriekly, but I should have thought that the "lighter" coal was the better, it would suit the purpose of its being.

"What fua 'twould be," a farmer said,
To take that frisky steer—
To grab him by his shaggy head
And stand him on his ear."

And then he laughed out, long and loud
And rolled upon the ground
Then rising leaped into the pen
With a single agile bound.

The steer looked at him, mild at first,
And then closed up one eye
And with a gentle, loving shake
He tossed that man on high.

The farmer landed on his head
'Bout forty rods away
The while the inoffensive steer
Resumed his cud of hay.

A red silk handkerchief sticking out of a fellow's side pocket, gives him a wonderful sight more pleasure than it would if he shook it under a bull's nose.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

You have seen pictures of shepherds with the proverbial crook in their hands. I didn't think a party could be a shepherd without this crook, any more than a man could be a leader of an orchestra without a pair of pants. I was glad that the first man whom I saw tending sheep had one of these crooks. I didn't know what a crook was for, but always believed that it was a badge of the occupation, whose origin I could not fathom, handed down from century to century since the time when sheep were invented. Imagine my genuine disgust when I saw this shepherd use the sacred crook to capture the straying animals by catching hold of one of their hind legs and tripping them up. The awful truth came upon me like a flash, and I sat down heavily, a broken-hearted man. I had thought it a beautiful emblem, and it proves to be a hind leg snatcher. Thus floated the wind from another sweet vision of youth. I must have more salary or I'll die, I fear.—*Danbury Bailey.*

The sign "Beware of Dog" is stuck up that he who reads may run.—*Modern Argo.*

Oh, Dear Oh!

From the *Weekly Sun*, St. John, N. B., we clip the following charming piece of luscious rascality:

ONCE MORE.

Sweet arms, white arms, in whose embrace,
So closely woven,
My heart has lain for love's solace,
In passion's heaven:

Fold round me once again your languorous wreathing,
Till, stayed with clasping hands, life loses breathing,
Once more, once more.

Sweet eyes, in whose grey, lustrous orbs
Love chases passion,
Till love itself another life absorbs,
Its shape to fashion:

Though tear-dimmed, now your pleading, starry splendor,
Have you forgot your magic?—true and tender
No more, no more.

O Princess diademed with light,
Love's life is sweetest;
Strive not with happy fate, nor fight
Against the meekest.

But kiss and clasp and kiss in swiftening measure,
Till passion's thirst grows cloyed with death-sweet pleasure,
Once more, once more.

Montreal, October, 1880.

DUSKETHA.

OH DUSKETHA! whosoever thou art, male or female, grown up man or downy chinnyed boy, bearded old maid or idiotic maiden, it doesn't matter which, but you are an awful fool. Montreal seems to be thine habitat. Alas, inoffending city! What has thou done that the fatuous Dusketha should batten upon thee? Oh Dusketha, it pains the Haven very much thus to perch upon thee, but what canst thou expect? Swinburne wants followers, but oh, Dusketha, take a Ravens advice and keep in the background, where, if any praise is not meted out to thee, certainly thou wilt escape ridicule. Oh, Dusketha, confine thy flights of fancy to simple measures like the following, (*we know* you tried to kiss her and made a mess of it.)

Never Again.

Dying the leaves came tumbling down
Falling thick as the winter rain,
Deep as the mud in Toronto town,
And I tried to kiss her, but, all vain.

Little we recked of the dying year
Snowy fingers were clasped in mine
Sweet red lips were far too near,
Wildly tempting like ruby wine.

I tried it once and I tried it twice
My trials were painfully great to see,
Repulses were frequent and far from nice,
And she nearly extracted the eyes from me.

Ruby fingers which boxed my ears,
Snowy lips as they turned away,
I see and feel through the mist of years,
As plain as I did on that autumn day.

Now that's about the style of thing you might excel in if you practised it. Send us up some specimens Dusketha, and we will pay you for them if they are worth printing.

Blighted Hopes.

BY JA. KASSE.

O, horrid tale of love and loss, of cruelty and woe,
Canst thou, my bosom, bear it long? (my bosom answers no),
O, days and nights of mental pain, which I for her have spent,

My heart will break! (my heart replies it will not, worth a cent).

Her name was EMMALINE, (sweet name) her age was sixteen years,
Her mother kept a boarding-house, (excuse these foolish tears)

And EMMA poured the boarders' tea, and filled their plates with hash,
And when they didn't pay their bills, she dunned them for the cash.

Alas! I saw her every day—at first we only smiled,
For she was young and innocent, and I a bashful child;
(Then as the days went on, my love increased, and stronger grew.)

I popped the question to her, as she made the Irish stew.
She promised to be mine—O, joy! O, rapture unsurpassed!
I waved the dish-cloth round my head, as EMMA held me fast;

She told me I must ask mamma—"O, dash mamma," said I,

She vowed I was a perfect brute, and then began to cry.

(Now for the misery.)

Her mother listening by the door, (as mothers often do),
Heard every word that I had said, and told me of it too:
She stamped, and yelled, "I've heard your plans; straight out from this you go,

As soon as you have settled that little bill you owe!"
Alas! I owed a full month's board, my purse was empty quite,

I had no friends to borrow from—my credit was not right.
I sadly wandered forth, and left my trunk and its contents,
But cheered me up whenever I thought of EMMA's ma's laments,

When she should find a dozen bricks, a college cap and gown,
Some sawdust, (for my *uncle* kept my clothing in the town).
I walked around the place, and starved a week, until at last
I grew so thin and weak, that I no more a shadow cast;

(If SARA BERNHARDT could have seen how frail and thin I looked,
She would have thought her little game in Canada was booked.)

Now, if I'd only had the pluck to suicide commit,
My woes would never have been told; 'twould hardly have been fit
A corpse should write, as was the case with that bold pirate, who,
Committed suicide on board the barque the "Ballaheo."

(The Revenge).

O, I can bide my time, and wait until I get a chance;
And EMMA's mother will regret the day she plunged her lance
Within the manly bosom which was all her EMMA's own.

For I will work, and slave, and wear my fingers to the bone,
Until I raise the stamps to run a boarding-house next door;

And then I'll marry EMMA when her mother's awful poor,
We'll take her home to live with us—but if she ever jaws,
We'll silence her at once, by "GRIP!" sweet bird of honest *cavus*.

Sara Bernhardt.

O, SARA BERNHARDT has come out to the West,
In all the old country her clothes are the best.
With her aesthetic eyes, and her sculptresque nose,
O, she'll make lots of money wherever she goes.
For so meagre in form, and so perfect in art,
There was never an actress like SARA BERNHARDT.

Now SARA does simply all rivals outshine,
For she acts in a way that is really divine;
She sculps and she paints, and she models in clay,
You won't meet her match in a very long day,
So meagre in form, and so jaunty and smart,
There was never an actress like SARA BERNHARDT.

Said manager PERRIN, "Now, SARA, my dear,
"In London I can't allow you to appear;"
But said angular SARA, "I know that I am thin,
"But for you, Monsieur PERRIN, I don't care a pin,
"To seek other conquests I'll soon make a start,
"So good-bye, Monsieur Perrin," said SARA BERNHARDT.

So boldly she entered the Customs House Hall,
Among Customs House officers, bank-clerks, and all,
Then spake the Inspector, his hand on her truck—
For the lesser officials had not the pluck,
"With your dresses for all, you're so jaunty and smart,
"But you'll have to pay duty, Miss SARA BERNHARDT."

So meagre her form, so lovely her face,
That never New York such an actress did grace.
She brought five hundred dresses and bonnets ashore,
And of slippers and gloves fully five hundred more,
And she'll make herself wealthy before she'll depart,
Have ye e'er heard of actress like SARA BERNHARDT?

Shouldn't Doc. Sheppard be stopped at once?
What is it that hinders us, as British subjects,
from having Doctor Sheppard up? Can't we get rid of him? Truly, if the comic papers go on much further, they must charge the Doctor so much per line, and send the blanked balliffs in at \$2.00 a day.

POOR PRINCE OF WALES! He once begged by letter that this rule should be relaxed so as to enable him to accept Marshal McMahon's invitation to see the "Grand Prix" run; but a negative answer was returned by telegraph, and the Prince did not go to see the race.—*Ottawa Free Press.* I am very sorry for the poor, dear chap; 'aint you? Fancy the deprivation! He couldn't go to see the race for the *Grand Prix*, (whatever that may be). His tender, (and more than that) Royal Heart must have been breaking. Poor, poor fellow! GRR's heart is breaking in unison with his. Give us a fair warning, WALES, and we will break our hearts together!

For a GOOD SMOKE

USE MYRTLE NAVY.

See T & B, on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to

FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.

First-class Workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.



GOING TO CANADA.



AFTER THE RACE.

GOING TO AUSTRALIA.



1ST GENT—"What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did verily bear blood."

2ND GENT—"Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits."

Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.
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Illustrated Shorthand Writer FOR OCTOBER.

The October number of this Magazine the publication of which was accidentally delayed, is now ready for delivery to subscribers, and on sale at the counter of the Publishers.

The November number will, it is hoped, be ready in the course of a few days, and future numbers will make their appearance promptly on the 3rd of each month. Subscription, \$1.00 a year.

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Hail! Hanlan!

Hail oh victorious HANLAN! man stout of heart and of muscle! Loud let us croak in our gladness. Hail, oh victorious HANLAN Conqueror, Emperor, King, Monarch of oar and of row-lock. Hearts of Canadian men and Canadian women and children Throbbed with one pulse, which was thine, at hearing the news from old England! "Victory rests with our HANLAN,"—The pride and the joy of Toronto.

GRIP from his perch in Toronto, hopped with remarkable swiftness Flapping his ebony wings and dancing a hornpipe in triumph; Beating the floor with his beak, with other eccentric manoeuvres. Such as he never before on any occasion indulged in; The *Telegram*, *Globe* and the *Mail* forgot for an instant their quarrels, BUNTING embraced GORDON BROWN, and wept joyous tears on his shoulder, Saying "My dear GORDON B.—, let us go down to the National!"

ROBERTSON, he of the journal—the man with the lip which is lengthy, Called at the Government house, the house where abideth the Governor, Said "Old JOHN B. how you was? Give my respects to your Lady, JOHN, I forgive that black eye—HANLAN has healed the old rupture Toronto for ever say I,—JOHNNY please echo the chorus!"

WALKER the alderman bold saluting the debonnaire BAXTER, Said "You old darling I love you, mention your favorite poison!" Doc SHEPPARD arose in his joy and stole the old stove from the court-house, The *Cops* in their glee and their triumph encouraged that eminent practitioner Saying "What matters the stove! Take it, oh dexterous Doctor!" DENISON high on the bench discharged all the drunks and the vagrants, Gave 'em a dollar apiece to drink to the health of NED HANLAN.

HANLAN! the words of the Raven are poor and are utterful gruffly, But such as they are, please accept, they come from the heart of the Raven. You are the pride and the joy of the city, the people and nation, Long may you live to enjoy the fruits of your pluck and your muscle Pack up your trunk for Toronto,—for GRIP will be ready to meet you.

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A HOLIDAY PRESENT

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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No. 3.

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Dr MURKIN is singing in Berlin.

OLIVE LOGAN is coming home to lecture.

Wilhelmj goes back to Germany next year to organize an orchestra for his future concerts in America.

James O'Neill is to receive \$500 a week—so they say—for his impersonation of Christ in the "Passion Play," at Booth's.

There is no truth in the rumor that Joe Emmet and John B. Gough will double up for next season and give temperance songs and dances.

Do not forget the engagement of WILLIE EPOVIN and his Company at the Grand. "Dreams" is declared to be the funniest thing ever put on the American stage.

A combination for a concert tour through the United States and Canada has just been organized by Mr. C. H. Dittman, consisting of the following artists: August Wilhelmj, violin virtuoso; Constantin Sternberg, the Russian pianist, and Miss Letitia J. Fritsch, soprano.

As De Pasqualis was singing "Rigetto" in Rome he noticed a commotion in the parquet, and a woman was carried out in a fainting condition. He sang on, and applause encouraged him. When he reached home he found that it was his mother who had fainted. She was dead.

The Boston Ideal Opera Company are to present "Fatinitza" and the "Chimes of Normandy" at the Royal, as the next attraction. This Company deserves the title it claims, as it is composed of the *creme de la creme* of Boston's vocalists. An enjoyable entertainment is certain for all who attend.

Mrs Mary Beebe, of the Boston Ideal Company, will retire from the stage at the end of this week. She is to be married to Mr. Richard G. Haskell, a wholesale shoe and leather merchant, about the middle of December at Boston. She is a daughter of the late J. H. Beebe, Law Librarian of the State of Ohio.

Beethoven's piano is about to be offered for sale by its present owner, a resident of Klausenberg, Transylvania. It was presented by the maker, Wagel, of Pesth, to Beethoven, when he was writing "Fidelio." Upon one of the panels of the piano is painted the portrait of the great musician at the age of twenty years.—*The Eye*.

Edgar L. Davenport (son of the late Mr. Davenport, the renowned tragedian) promises to succeed in the dramatic profession, which he has adopted. He is at present playing Cyril Garland in "A False Friend," at Harveys' Brooklyn, but needs a gayer and brisker character to display his best qualities most favorably.

Though not strictly a literary matter, nobody will object to our dropping in a paragraph here about the opening of the Granite Skating and Curling Rink last week, for certainly "Authors Artists and Journalists" ought to feel interested in these healthful exercises. And for those who have the opportunity of enjoying them there is no better place to be found than the new Rink on Church street. The building is large and handsome, and a decided ornament to that choice section of the city. It has been built on thoroughly liberal principles, and is in all respects a model establishment. The season tickets are placed at a moderate figure, and there can be no doubt that this rink will be the scene of some of the merriest meetings of the winter season.

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Bret Harte is writing a Christmas story for the London Graphic.

Miss Cora L. Seward is preparing some very fine work for the holidays at which she will possibly give a reception to all lovers of art.—*The Eye*.

Mr. Vallentine's satirical "Fitznoodle" sketches, which have been a feature of *Puck* ever since the first number appeared, are to be "booked."—*Herald*.

The *Wheeling Sunday Leader* has emerged from its financial gloom, and makes a fresh start, with new proprietors. Mr. Chas. Johnson remains on the editorial staff.—*Free Press*.

The *Williamsfort, Pa., Sunday Breakfast Table*, one of our prized exchanges, has passed into the hands of a new firm, SWEELY & STERNER. Mr. SWEELY is known to fame as a paragon.

Alfred Tennyson is about to publish a new volume of ballads and other poems. It is to contain various "English Idyls" and verses in dialect after the manner of "The Northern Farmer."—*Herald*.

On Tuesday Mr. Henry Fitzhugh, city editor of the *Springfield Post*, died of pneumonia. He was a young journalist favorably known to the fraternity of Illinois, and was possessed of much ability.—*The Eye*.

"I think your GRIP the jolliest of my exchanges, and watch for its coming each week." These are the fraternal words of Mr. Geo. H. Hulbert, editor of the *Waterloo, N.Y., Observer*, though it makes us blush to print them.

Owing to sickness, Prof. Hannel was obliged to postpone his lecture on Musical Acoustics, which was to have been given on the 26th, to the evening of Friday, Dec. 10th, when it will be delivered in Newcombe's Hall, Church street. The admission is by invitation.

The Adams family in the paragraphic fraternity, although probably not very nearly related, are a host in themselves. Charles F., in the *Boston Journal of Commerce*, Ed. L., of the *Marathon Independent*, and last, and fully up to the standard, is Kit of the *Modern Argo*.—*Waterloo Observer*.

JOHN S. CLARKE has entirely recovered. The London papers speak approvingly, as of old, of his performance of *Bob Acres* at the Haymarket on the evening of October 28. Also of the performance of LINDA DITZ as *Lydia Languish* and of Mrs. JOHN WOOD as *Mrs. Toodles* to the *Toodles* of Mr. CLARKE.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we chronicle the opening of Mr. MARSHALL's fine new bookstore, on King St.—perhaps taken all in all the first establishment of the kind in this Province. Mr. MARSHALL's prosperity is the result of honest Scottish work, combined with business intelligence and good nature. He was one of the earliest friends of GRIP, and in fact may be said to have assisted in hatching that wonderful bird.

The *World* is plain spoken in reference to the *Telegram's* Mortlake dispatch, on the morning of the 16th, and says in so many words that the report was written beforehand. The *World's* great forte is honesty and we have no doubt that its statement is borne up by facts. Now this kind of thing should not be allowed to pass uncommented on by the press at large. *Bona fide* dispatches are commendable and merit the sale of over 24,000 copies of a paper enterprising enough to go to the expense of getting them, but bogus reports are only worthy of the contempt of every newspaper man—worthy the name.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
 The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Our Own Egotist.

I am glad to see Rev. Dr. SUTHERLAND's in dignant repudiation of the authorship of the alleged slanders against the N. W. Mounted Police. Everybody who knows the rev. gentleman will of course accept his statement as final. The charge against him seemed to be incredible from the first.

It seems to be a favourite amusement with some miserable people, however, to say nasty things about this body of men. I have frequently heard reports crediting them with anything but respectable conduct. The assertion of a recent writer in the *Globe*, one who knows whereof he speaks, is that they are as decent and well behaved a lot of young fellows as could be brought together in any town in Canada. This I thoroughly believe.

Ah! now I begin to see it. I have for some time wondered why the *Canadian Spectator*, a professedly non-political or independent paper, had such a strongly pro-government tone on the question of the Pacific Railway syndicate.

The Belleville *Intelligencer* gently lets the feline out of the bag in the following news item:

"Mr. McIntyre, a member of the Pacific Syndicate, and principal owner of the Canada Central, has purchased an interest in the *Spectator*, the Rev. J. Bray's paper."

Poor old THOMAS CARLYLE's closing eyes are greeted with a scene of Hero-Worship, which proves that that form of idolatry is as strong in the human heart as ever. The way in which the world is running after Beaconsfield's new book is a caution, indeed.

And what does *Endymion* amount to after all, that it should put \$30,000 into DISRAELI's pocket; bring probably twice as much into the treasury of the publishers, set the literary world ablaze, and all but extinguish the glory of HANLAN? Every impassionate reader will agree that it is in itself quite unworthy of so much fuss, and that had it been written by Mr. JOHN SMITH, very few would waste their time in reading it.

But it is by DISRAELI, and of course nobody who aspires to "culture" will dare to meet society until he has done "*Endymion*," good, bad or indifferent. And no reader need dread the task if he is capable of being amused with the outpouring of infinite egotism relieved with occasional flashes of undoubted genius.

Speaking of "*Endymion*," let me take a jump from BEACONSFIELD to ROBERTSON, JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON. Alas, poor JOHN! The cruel copyright Act prohibits him from pirating it, and

publishing a 15 cent edition, and, of course he has to sit by and enjoy the good luck of his indispensable friends, the booksellers.

I have a communication from an "Anglican"—a "High" Churchman—protesting against my remarks about the recent services in Holy Trinity. This is no more than might reasonably have been expected, but "Anglican" should remember that I only spoke for myself, CRAMMER, BAXTER, and a few other churchmen who respected the plain English of the Prayer-Book.

A little pupil attending the Dufferin school, went home the other night and set to work like a young Trojan upon the task set for the following day. Amongst other unreasonable claims upon her memory, she had thirty Latin roots to commit. As this little girl is fitting herself for the position of a tradesman's wife in after years, of course Latin roots are indispensable to her. But she happens to have a sensible father, who forthwith prohibited her from undertaking the task, "bad marks" to the contrary notwithstanding. I like that!

Well, HANLAN is to receive the freedom of the City. Good! Now, let the Council confer this same benefit on a score or so of those poor but honest people who can't afford to pay their taxes.

The Statesman's Scheme.

BY JA. KASSP.

"When I have reached the world above,
 A brighter and a better sphere,
 Who'll guide the party that I love?
 Who's fit to take my mantle here?"

Thus spoke Sir JOHN, and, anxious care
 Sat brooding on his marble brow;
 "Sir CHARLES won't do, I'd never dare
 To leave the Party to him now.

He is a man of much conceit,
 And most dogmatic too, withal,
 He ne'er could smile in grim defeat
 He'd go to pieces should he fall.

Sir LEONARD T. shall be my choice,
 Urbane, polite, not much for show,
 The Party now may well rejoice;
 He'll follow in my steps I know.

But how get rid of TUPPER? ay!—
 But there's the rub; he'll ne'er consent
 The second violin to play,
 For aught that I may represent!

But hold, I think my way I see:—
 An enquiry I'll start about
 The contracts on the "Section B,"
 And that will smoke poor CHARLIE out.

For he will think that all my aim
 Will be to make MCKENZIE sick,
 Not dreaming of my little game
 For dropping on his head a brick.

His little profits I will show,
 In quite an incidental way,
 Enough to make his spirits low,
 And make him feel reverse of gay.

And when the Opposition press
 In leading articles benign
 Present his case I rather guess
 That he'll feel happy to resign."

He called Sir LEONARD in and showed
 The little plan so shady kept,
 Sir LEONARD shouted, "I'll be blown!"
 Then fell on JOHN A's neck and wept.

They both agreed the scheme would work,
 And then, kind reader, only think—
 (From telling truth I will not shrink.)
 Sir JOHN and LEONARD took a drink.

Sir LEONARD drank cold water plain,
 (Twas sent him bottled from Toronto.)
 Sir JOHN took water, too, but then
 He'd something strong to pour it on to.

SUNDAY School Teacher,—"Why did MOSES hold his rod over the river?" (four or five hands go up.) Teacher, "ANDREW," ANDREW, "please sir, he wanted to catch fish."

The Return of Hanlan.

A meeting to decide upon the reception EDWARD HANLAN is to receive on his return to Toronto was held one afternoon lately at the National Mutton-pie House, Mr. GORDON BROWN presiding. After the usual devotional exercises (at the shrine of Bacchus) the chairman called the meeting to order. Mr. MACKENZIE immediately moved that "HANLAN be requested by a deputation of Torontonians to allow himself to be nominated leader of the Grit party, (as he is a living specimen of that commodity.)"

After a little discussion Professor GOLDWIN SMITH moved an amendment to the foregoing, saying that General GARFIELD should be requested to resign in favor of HANLAN, as the American nation are greedy for him, and that probably thereby the cause of annexation would be materially advanced and the "historical unities" would be preserved. Doctor SHEPPARD differed from the learned professor, and stated that in his opinion the only adequate return which the City of Toronto could make to HANLAN would be in purchasing the CAWTHRA *Estate* and presenting it to him free of legacy duty. This opinion seemed to find great favor with the audience (amongst whom might be noted several of the disappointed survivors of the CAWTHRA will.) The editor of the *Mail* said that the proper way of honoring HANLAN's great victory would be to have the Island transported to the main thoroughfare of Toronto City. He thought that the HANLAN Hotel would pay better upon King Street than it would do upon the Island. He was also prepared to grant permission to the champion to paint a portrait of the *Mail's* sporting editor upon the sign-board of the house, just over the words, *Good accommodation for man and beast*. Mr. JAS. BEATY, jr. suggested that the candidate for the mayoralty be requested to withdraw, and that the civic chair be presented to Mr. HANLAN by acclamation. Mr. ALD CROSE begged to enquire what HANLAN's politics were. He was afraid HANLAN had more or less Grit about him, and if so of course the Mayoralty was out of the question. Mr. GRIP suggested that Ald. CROSE might go snooks with the Champion on the pile he expected to make out of Section B., and that the purse of money which was being raised should be presented to the starving poor of the city in HANLAN's name. Great indignation was manifested at this common sense proposition and the meeting forthwith broke up in disorder.

Old King Coal is a Capital Soul.

It is awfully unpleasant to the genial GRIP to be obliged to criticise a contemporary, and, when that contemporary is the Toronto Government organ, his reverence for the powers that be almost chokes his utterance. Yet what can GRIP do when he reads such editorials as the following: "To tax capital would be to cripple industry. Capital is just as essential to manufacturing industry as the raw material, indeed it is, in a sense, the raw material by which, instead of upon which, we work." This is written of course in one of those brilliant articles in support of the "N. P." to which the *Mail* occasionally treats its readers. All these editorials are very clever, and therefore we incline to the opinion that the printer's d—l has been at work here. Had the imp let it alone the sentence would have read thus, "To tax coal would be to cripple industry. Coal is just as essential to manufacturing industry as the raw material, indeed it is, in a sense, the raw material by which, instead of upon which, we work." Had it been printed thus, which of course is what the *Mail* intended, the *Globe* man wouldn't have needed to "sit up nights" to reply. The *Mail* Editor has GRIP's sincere sympathy. "Sympathy" has been defined by Dr. JONSON or MILTON or somebody, to mean "I crow over you."

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50 Patterns. The Nobbiest Things in the Market. WOLTZ BROS & Co. 24 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



The Awful Printer!

MRS. PARTINGTON.—Well now, if here ain't another case of the intelligent impostor! Here's a whole lot about the "Deceased Wife's Sister Bill," when it ought to be "Deceased Wife's Brother Bill!"

A Legend of Long ago.

BY J. V. KASSE.

A many weary years ago an artist named O'Bea Was just about the smartest man that ever you did see, In fact he was so clever that not one in all the land Could hold a candle to him; at intriguing he was grand. He courted high society and he did so well in short, He was created painter, by appoint, to the Court, And his creations brought him fame and store of shining gold, Till he became the chief of all the artists so I'm told, Alas he grew so selfish that he laid awake all night If any other artist sold a picture, (honor bright), No matter if commissions came for more than he could paint. If any brother made a cent it nearly made him faint. This greed at last became so bad, that crooked things looked straight, His mental balance lost itself, his love was turned to hate, And truth was lies and lies were truth and black looked always white, He did some people grievous harm, by doing wrong for right. At length he got a contract for a car load and a half Of pictures, and to make them he must needs employ a staff Of artists, but he hired none who in Canada did dwell But sent across the lines and got some Yankees, one named —well No matter what he called himself, the fact remains the same, Canadian artists felt enraged at such a paltry game. Now I'm an old, old man, but still, I was a young man then, (For that was in eighteen fifty odd, and now its nineteen ten, But well I remind me of the row that this thing brought about, O'Bea grew mortally afraid that he would be kicked out, So he reformed, behaved himself, and ever since that hour Canadian artists won't be run by any one man power.



Sad News.

GORDON B.—Why my dear Richard what's the matter? Whence these tears?
CARTWRIGHT.—Oh, Gordon, boo-hoo! haven't you heard the sad intelligence? The price of barley has taken a rise!!

The telegraph tells us "the Kurds have fallen back," which, perhaps, indicates that the whey is clear.—*Free Press*. If this be so, it smears case of luck with their adversaries, which, when it occurred they should have taken advantage of it.—(*Every Saturday*.) Oh, cheese it.

A noise that can be felt—the broomstick.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*. A top that cannot be spun—the shortstop.—*Rome Sentinel*. The bier that cannot be drank—the undertaker's.—*Yonkers Gazette*. A pen unfit to write with—a pig-pen.—*Whitehall Times*. A cravat that cannot be worn—a pigstye.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*. The horse that cannot be driven—the clothes horse.—*Agents Herald*. A key that won't open a lock—a don-key.

When is a carpet like a sailboat? When it is tacked.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*. When is it like a riot? When it is put down.—*Richmond Baton*. When is like a note? When it is taken up.—*Every Saturday*. When is it like a defeated candidate? When it is beaten.—*Waterloo Observer*. When is it like a field? When it is ingrain.—*Modern Argo*. When is it like a foreign clime? When it is in Brussels.—*Bloomington Eye*. When is it like a certain fish? When it is carp-eat.



The Two Great Skulls.

HANLAN.—It takes US to make a sensation in the world, doesn't it Dizzy!

Women's hearts and violins are very much alike. It takes a beau to play each of them.—(*Every Saturday*.) Yes, but the violin wants four strings to its bow; and the average woman needs four beaux to her string.

What three poets are Catholics obliged to abstain from on Fridays? Bacon, Lamb and Hogg, but they can always have Herring or Crabbe.—(*Every Saturday*.) Just so; and they like it done with a little "Browning." If the man who wrote this gets off "Scott" free he must be a Long-fellow.

Making a joke is like spinning a top. If it does not come down on its point it will not spin.—*Herald P. I.* That's a tip top similitude.—*N. Y. News*. Peg away we are right ter hum on this sort of thing.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. Spin a long time we've been called upon top publish such jokes as these. This is a lively whirled, isn't it?—*Modern Argo*. We had concluded not to string this subject out any further but the whole have decided to take another turn.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. This is s-pun out long enough. Try some other top-ic.



The Systematic Charity Movement.

MENDICANT.—I hope you don't go in for this scheme of poolin' the charity shops—organizin' of 'em all under one general management, as they talk about, my reverend friend, do you?
CLERGYMEN.—Well, yes, I rather favor the idea. Why do you ask?

MENDICANT.—Why do I ask? Are you aware, sir, that that arrangement will drive hundreds of us to do what we must but shall be very sorry to do?

CLERGYMEN.—(*Startled*.) What do you mean?

MENDICANT.—Work!

Ice bound to win—win-ter. (*Every Saturday*.) Oh, Ice see.

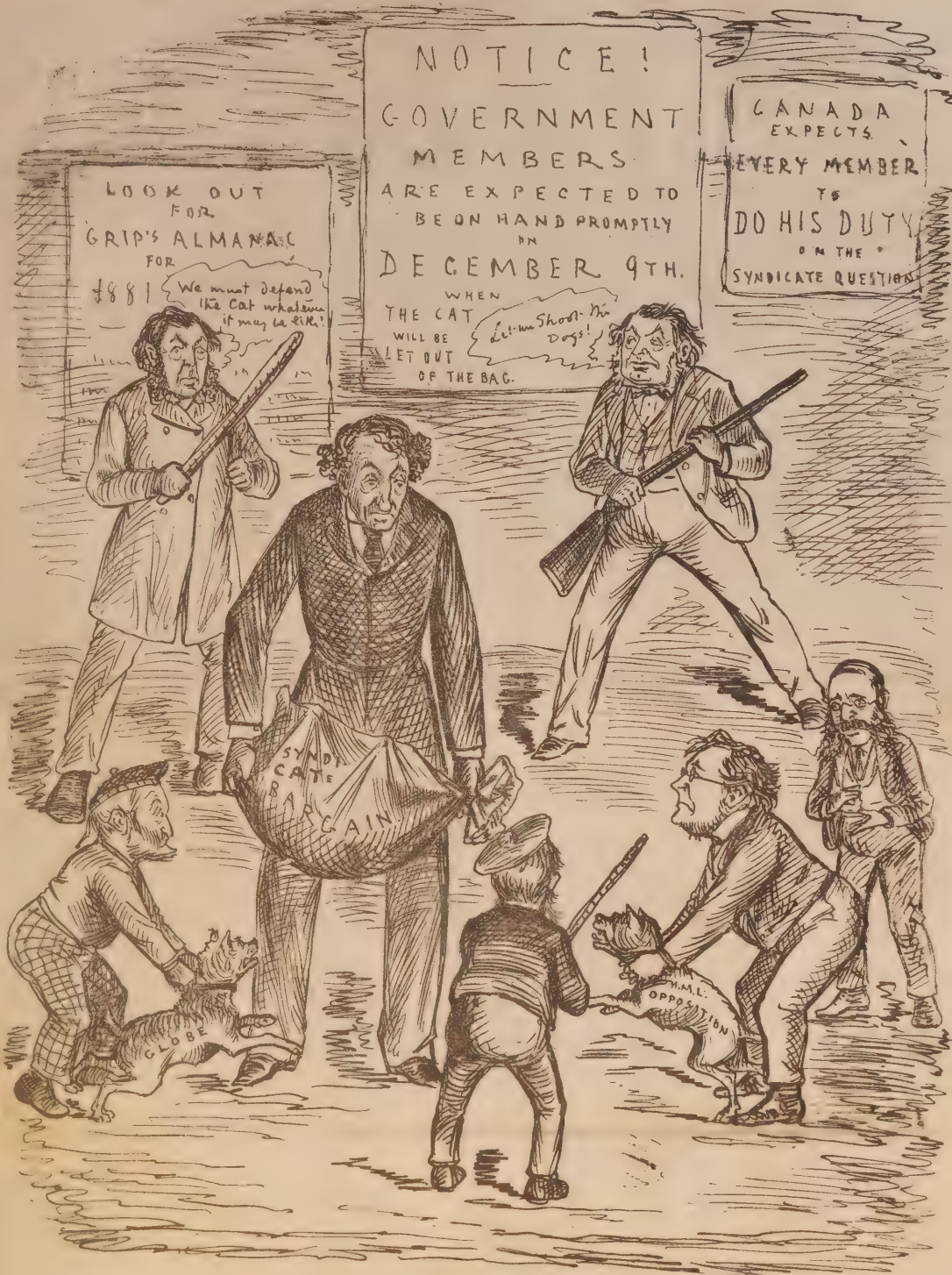
"Hair switches." So reads a sign on Washington street. Well, so it does, particularly on the south end of a horse in fly-time.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. We've had some experience of 'hair-switches' that were not on a horse at all. The were "hair" switches, and were in a woman's hand.

The telegraph says the Kurds and the Khans are at it in Persia and Armenia. The Khans will no doubt endeavour to force the Kurds to cheese it, but it is doubtful if they Khan accomplish their end. The Kurds have a whey of making it warm for their enemies, and they do not rennet at the first fire. They are mitey warriors and they press all able-bodied men into service. In this sage cheese is strong, and Kurds are next to cheese. Dairymen say anything against this argument?—*Rome Sentinel*. We Khan. It has oc-Kurd to us that if they Khan get enough cheese pots, they can make considerable whey against their mitey foes.



In a Rather Bad Mess.

LITTLE BOY CLOSE.—O-o-o! How can I ever appear for the Mayoralty in this condition? Oh! Oh! Oh!



WAITING FOR THE CAT!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Man wants but little here below and he gets it.—*The Eye*.

Youth, mumps; middle life, bumps; old age, dumps.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

There's many a slip 'twixt the pave and the hip nowadays.—*Det. Free Press*.

John Sherry repairs boots and shoes in New York city. A sort of a Sherry cobbler, as it were.—*Yankee Straits*.

Why hasn't somebody trotted out that phrase about Hanlan being the noblest rowman of them all.—*Det. Free Press*.

If the Freemasons run out of badges they can get all the Maltese crosses they want at the feline pound.—*Puck*.

Too many pins go to waist.—*Newburgh Register*. How dare you sir? Take your arm away this instant!—*Catskill Recorder*.

Krupp, the Prussian cannon man, once ran for office, but they got up a Krupp-shun fund and defeated him.—*Det. Free Press*.

King Calico, of the Sandwich Islands, threatens another visit to this country. He evidently wants to see himself in print.—*Det. Free Press*.

"Grate seize her!" was the exclamation of an unkind husband on seeing his wife's new silk dress entangled in the fire place.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Wife (he had brought her a little present)—"No, William, I will not have him brought up by the 'bottle!' Look at your own nose, dear."—*London Punch*.

The Czar's yacht makes fifteen knots an hour, and it isn't a circumstance to a needleful of thread that a man is trying to fasten a button with.—*Boston Post*.

"Well, miss," said a knight of the birch rod "can you decline a kiss?" "Yes, sir," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "I can but I hate to most pluggily."

Theodore More had married eight different women. So whenever he joined a party of villagers in a frolic they welcomed him with "The More, the marrier."—*Rome Sentinel*.

When Brutus and Cassius were boys the girls used to say that Brute was such a nice fellow, but they preferred Cash. The girls haven't changed one bit.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

A convict wanted a pen to suit him, and the sheriff, bless the old codger, took him to the penitentiary, suited him with striped clothing, and yet he was not happy.—*Bloomington Eye*.

The price of a bonnet in Lima depends on the currency you have. If Peruvian, the figures are \$150; if gold, you can "take it along for \$2 and please call again."—*Nashville Sunday Times*.

'Tis easier to rush into print than into office.—*New York News*. We just now met a sad eyed young poet, coming out of the editor's sanctum, and he assured us to the contrary, that it is a great deal easier to rush into the office than into print.—*Rodman*.

The world isn't growing more wicked although thousands of American women have sat down upon the Bible. They were merely pressing autumn leaves.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

A boy who had been engaged in a fight was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait till the other boy "pitched upon him." "Well," exclaimed the little Cæsar, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight."—*N. Y. Graphic*.

Said the angry judge to the lawyer: "The prisoner would steal horses, and I consider you no better!" And the lawyer said he flattered himself that he did know better, and wished he could return the compliment, with justice. And this was one of the most enjoyable incidents of the trial—for the audience.—*Boston Post*.

"The cheapness of the American newspaper is simply wonderful," said Mr. SALA during a recent speech in London. We should smile. There is the Conway (Ark.) Traveller, for instance, which calls the Republican party a yellow dog, mongrel, two-faced, pop-eyed, flat-nosed gang of marauders—"all for two dollars a year in advance."—*Ouray Solid Muldoon*.

"Sal says you cant come to see her any more," remarked a Marathon boy to the admirer of the youth's sister, "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in a week now, and how could you come any more without spreading the week like blazes?" A stillness as big as a Cortlandt girl's foot then spread itself all around the rooms.—*Marathon Independent*.

A little boy named Johnny, from the interior of the State, who had been raised on a stock ranche, and had heard a good deal about the consequences of stockmen killing yearlings that did not belong to them, came to Galveston to live. The other day Johnny's Sunday school teacher asked him; "Why did not Abraham offer up Isaac?" "Perhaps Isaac didn't belong to the old man's mark and brand."—*Galveston News*.

Mr. O'RAFFERTY is sitting in his room with his head tied up and his arm in a sling, when a little boy sticks his head in and asks:

"Me feyther sint me to inquire how your eye was coming on this morning?"

"Tell yer feyther to atind a Galveston ward-mating himself and call the chairman a liar, and he will foind it all out for himself widout askin'."—*Galveston News*.

Pat—"Och, Bridget, did ye niver hear uv my great spache before the Hibernian society?" Bridget—"No, Pat, how could I? For sure I was not on the ground." Pat—"Well, Bridget, you see I was called upon by the Hibernian society for a spache, and, be jabers, I rose with the inthusiastic cheers of thousands, with me heart overflowing with gratitude, and me eyes filled with tears, and divil a word did I spake."—*San Francisco Wasp*.

"You ought ter have been ter the panthermine," and Jimmy Tuffboy. "That's the fun. More pounding with stuffed clubs, and smashing window glass, and stealing sausage, and getting the best of the 'cop,' and, and, oh." "Twas't half so funny as the picnic at our house last night," said the listener. "Pa chucked the servant girl under the chin and ma caught him at it. Maybe there wasn't a pantomime then."—*New Haven Register*.

"What do you charge for a shave here?" asks a dusty travel stained man, entering a barber shop. "It just depends on a man's occupation," was the reply; "what do you do?" "I'm a book agent." "Then it will cost you twenty-five cents." "Why, you charged the man who went out only five cents." "I know it; but he's a lightning rod agent and a peddler of photographic tickets, and he allows me to hone my razors on his cheek."—*Somerville Herald*.

SPOOFENDYKE AND THE TOWEL.

"No, my dear," said Mr. SPOOFENDYKE "just wait until I wash my face and hands and I'll be ready," and Mr. SPOOFENDYKE plunged his fists into the basin and began polishing his face with soap. Mrs. SPOOFENDYKE primed around before the glass putting on the finishing touches. For the worthy couple were getting ready for the theatre.

"Where—where—where's the towel?" gasped Mr. SPOOFENDYKE, holding his head down and clawing around with both hands. "What—what's become of the towel?" he sputtered, rasping handfuls of soap out of his eyes.

Mrs. SPOOFENDYKE glanced at the rack and saw that the towel was gone.

"I don't believe that there's a towel up here," she commenced.

"What d'ye suppose I'm going to do?" howled Mr. SPOOFENDYKE. "Think I'm going to the theatre looking like a soda fountain?" Gimme something to wipe on, will ye? Dod gast the soap; I've got my mouth full! Ain't ye going to get a towel? Going to let me hang out and dry like an undershirt?"

"Wait and I'll ring for one," said Mrs. SPOOFENDYKE, toiling away at the bell. "Be patient a moment."

"How's a man going to be patient with his eyes full of soap? What d'ye mean by keeping 'ouse like this? Think I'm going to stand around here till winter and then freeze up? Gimme something to wipe on. Fetch me a door. Tear up a carpet. Gimme a skirt. Where's the bed-spread? Dod past this measly soap," and Mr. SPOOFENDYKE tore the shams off the pillows, but being smooth they slid around on his visage as though they were skates. "What am I going to do with these?" he yelled. I won't be dry in four months," and he grasped the sheet and rubbed his eyes as though he were polishing silver.

"Ain't you got something coarse?" and he hauled the flannel blankets off and got the wool in his mouth, and finally he emerged with great globs of soap hanging to his forehead and chin.

"Never mind, dear," consoled Mrs. SPOOFENDYKE. "You're all right. Take this handkerchief and wipe your face."

"Oh! I'm all right, ain't I?" raved Mr. SPOOFENDYKE. "You've only got to say so, and anything is all right. Some day I'll sew your heels to your head and hang you over a roller. Look at that chin. Is that all right? See that eye. Think that's all right? I'll go to bed and wait for a towel," and he spun around like a top and turned over the centre-table.

"Why here," said Mrs. SPOOFENDYKE "What's this?" and she untied the towel and took it off his neck. "You must have put it there when you were shaving," and Mrs. SPOOFENDYKE smiled sweetly as her lord growled away through the rest of the toilet.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Know all men by these pre-ents," read the old bachelor lawyer. "Why don't they put in women, too?" asked his lady client. "Because," said the o. b., "if one woman knows it, all women know it."—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

A sad-looking man went into a Burlington drug store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded and put him up a little dose of quinine and wormwood, and rhubarb and epsom salts, and a dash of castor-oil, and gave it to him, and for six months the man couldn't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Our Grip Sack.

Isn't a man's wind-pipe a gas-p pipe?

THE man who struck a light found his match.

SHYLOCK WAS a Jew—but his daughter was a jewel.

HANLAN'S is the only mussel whose shell contains a pearl.

THE best kind of hats for "doubleheaders"—
—"Chips."

GOOD summer resort for Hotel-clerks—N-arrogant set Bay.

Fashionable young ladies in Toronto will wear the "Grip" saccue this winter.

Whose house is this? ADAM'S house, until you get up to the roof, and then its E(a)'s.

When a debater loses the thread of his argument he had better wind up his yarn or he may get worsted.

Young men who "ante" frequently, need not be surprised if they are forced to "call on their 'uncle'" occasionally.

THE Empress of Austria introduced the fashion of wearing the tiny gold pig for a charm. She probably thought it looked stylish.

DICKENS always wrote with a quill pen.—*Ex.* We know one of the characters in "Old Curiosity Shop" was drawn with a "Quill" pen.

A LONDON editor recently jumped off a swiftly moving train and received serious injury.—It is supposed the conductor wanted to read an original poem to him.

THE Democrats of Boston have re-nominated Prince for Mayor. The "Citizens" have nominated LUCIUS SLADE. If Mr. PRINCE is beaten, it will be clear that LUCIUS Slade him.

MR. HENRY HARTMAN, of St. Louis, lately married Miss LIZZIE DOLLAR, of Sacramento; and now says that as she has no intrinsic worth, but is merely a representation of value he has concluded to "change" her.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I'll pay before I go to bed,
That bill I owe the printer?—*Ex.*

Yes, there are some we know full well,
Who never such a tale could tell,
But these we fear will go to—well,
The place where there's no printer.

PROF. DAVID SWING, of Chicago, has sued the *Times* of that city for publishing a sermon of his before it was delivered. Now let DAVID have full SWING and he will surely slay this Goliath of Manuscript purloiners.

The New York *Herald* says, "This paper has the largest circulation in the United States." Of course it might be expected that its circulation would be larger in the United States than in Canada or any other country.

THE St. Thomas *Journal* speaks of "a number of pigs hovering around the C. S. Railway yard." And is it possible that we have lived to see the fabled time foretold by the poet—that apochrophal period "when the pigs begin to fly?"

BOARDING HOUSE SCENE.

MRS. B.—MR. TOMPKINS, do you think the weather will be fair to-day? MR. T. (who has been surfeited with mutton for several days) "Whether's been far long enough, Mrs. B. and I'd like a little fowl for a change."

AN EASTERN paper announces in its obituary column, the death of a Mr. PARIS GREENE aged 24. It is consoling to know that although Paris Green has departed from this mundane sphere, in the spring time of his youth, R. Senic and Lord Annum are still alive and ready for work.

Dick Dead-Eye the Boy-Fiend or the Crimson Car of Crime.

A DIME NOVEL OF THE PERIOD.

His Highness, the Lieutenant-Governor of Toronto, Ont., in the banquet-room of his gorgeous palace on Front Street, Lackeys in the royal livery stood ranged before him, a hundred eggs in golden eggcups, a myriad of muffins, and unnumbered cups of Li-quer tea and Kaoka stood untasted before him. It was no mere temporary indisposition, no headache born of his labors for the good of the Province, although, sooth to say, there had been a plentiful consumption of the midnight oil, not to speak of liquors of a very different description, in these vice-regal halls the preceeding night. The eyes of his Highness were fixed on a letter that lay before him. It was written in a clear feminine hand, was superscribed with a death's-head and cross-bones, and contained a warning, in intelligible but badly-spelt language, to prepare for some terrible impending fate. There had been plenty of burglaries that week, which the police were totally unable to trace; it was rumored that they were effected by a gang of boy-thieves organized by a leader whose marvellous beauty had but one defect, the lack-lustre expressoin of the one eye with which Nature had gifted him. The burglaries were always of large amounts, and in every case the police were unable to trace any injury to the doors or ground-floor windows! They had several times got sight of suspicious groups of boys in the neighborhood of the scene of crime, and had, in one instance, traced them to the court-yard of a deserted street near the lake; after as little delay as possible the policemen had broken open the gate, to find no trace of the mysterious opponents save a honey jar labelled D.D., whose strong odor of rye forbade the thought that it belonged to a Doctor of Divinity, and whose empty condition made the worthy officers exclaim, "this is truth the poet sings that a policeman's life is not a happy one."

As the Governor read the letter he was keenly watched by a young lady in the dress of a page, who had recently been engaged in answer to an advertisement in the *Telegram*, for "a lady of high birth and great expectations, to do chores in the Governor's palace." Owing to a temporary lowness of the exchequer, his Highness could not provide her with a dress fitting her position, she therefore wore the garb of her predecessor, the boy in buttons, which became her exceedingly well. "Tyrrant!" she murmured, "didn't thou refuse my pa a post office? To-night the CAR of CRIME sweepeth down to bear her to the lowest dungeon beneath the island caves." "Nay," said his Highness, "this threat is of the thinnest. The spoons belong to the Government, and I haven't a red for them to steal." That night, when midnight chimed from the clock which the Dean of Toronto gave himself away by making a five-cent show of last summer, a dark sphere moving at a height of fifty feet above the sidewalk, might have been seen, had not the night been as black as "Doc" Sheppard, or had there been any other light but the darkness visible of petroleum gas. It was a balloon—the "CRIMSON CAR of CRIME," it carried five boys disguised as demons, it was guided by a cord held by a handsome lad attired in the height of fashion and armed to the teeth. The CAR of CRIME floated on till it reached the best bed-room window of the Governor's palace. The door was opened for Dick, for it was our hero, by the beauty disguised in buttons, "Hast thou robbed the carriage?" she eagerly asked. "No, only a bus, like this," and he bent over her blushing face. They hastened up stairs, where the boy-demons had entered by the window and stood beside the Governor, whose heavy sleep was the result of a bottle of Winslow's Soothing Syrup, which the deft hands of Miss Buttons had mingled with his curacao. He slept, but partly awakened to hear a dismal chant sung

close to his ear in a sepulchral tone:

"Oh what shall a man full of sin do,
Whose death doom swoops on him unknown,
When the black fates frown at the window
On him in his guilt left alone!

As he wakes, will he wonder to watch it,
In the horror of listening there,
To the gorping of *hands* at the latchet,
To the fumble of *feet* on the stair!

Let him wait then for what shall come after!
The claws and the wings that shall bear
Their captive, with terrible laughter,
Away to the Prince of the Air!"

While this was being slowly chanted, four of the boy-fiends lifted the Governor out of bed and placed him bound in the CRIMSON CAR of CRIME. When first awakened by the chant, the Governor thought he was at a concert in the Horticultural Gardens, and exclaimed, "Confound that fellow Picotou, I thought I swore off going there any more." But when fully roused by the cold, as he looked on the terrible faces of those who carried him, consciousness returned and he said, "Well I'm d——." He was not allowed to finish what he intended, he did not mean to swear, not by any means, but merely to record what he felt to be the natural result of his past career. The balloon, guided by Dick with the cord, moved unseen in the darkness to the wharf, where a boat conveyed Dick and his Buttons to a sequestered spot on the northern part of the island. Then a trap door in an old boat house led to a subterranean chamber with three strong cells, in one of which the Governor was incarcerated. He found to his surprise, that it was exceedingly cold. The next night the mansion known as The Range, was visited by five boys habited as *Globe* news-boys, its distinguished occupant was seized, gagged and conveyed upwards, a direction in which he never expected to travel. He, too, was imprisoned at the Island Haunt. The following night the editor of the *Globe* was interviewed by five lads who said they came "frae Scotland." The interview ended in the distinguished journalist taking a higher flight by the agency of gas than even he had ever taken before. The Governor was treated royally. He feasted on stolen venison from the stores on Yonge Street, on bulk oysters from Queen Street, and on turtle soup from Ogden's. They ever pressed him to partake of rye, which, as his feet had got wet, and he was affectionately warned he might catch cold, and as an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure, he consented in his most gracious manner to accept. But the visitant from The Range and the editor from the *Globe* were treated otherwise. An immense ransom was demanded of each, till it was paid, one of the boy-fiends sat day and night at the door of each cell and read incessantly to him of The Range, the trenchant leaders of the *Globe*, agent the treasures of a certain traitor, and reviews of books, written by request, for which the *Globe* was indebted to foreign talent. To the *Globe* magnate the boy-fiend in charge read from the "Shystander," all about that malevolent mud-thrower, that mass of malignity, who stabs with pointless stiletto the backs of better men from his foul lair in King Street. Both gentlemen gave in after a week, they signed the cheques and went home wiser men. The Lieut.-Governor signed free pardons for all concerned. Dick married Buttons, to whom he disclosed the fact that the supposed boy-burglar was a baronet in his own right, and that the "bloody hand" belonged only to his coat of arms. C.P.M.

CAN a coat of mail be classed as hard-wear?

An advertiser in the *Mail* calls for "Agents and peddlars to introduce a new household article which sells like wild-fire." Credulous people should be on their guard against this seductive advertiser. Since the inauguration of the N. P. the sale of wild-fire has been far from brisk in this country.

For a GOOD SMOKE

USE MYRTLE NAVY

See T. & B. on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to

FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.

First-class Workmanship and GOOD FIT Guaranteed

VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 3.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 4TH DECEMBER, 1890.



THE IRISH DIFFICULTY:

ILLUSTRATING THE PRESENT POSITION OF AFFAIRS.



CANADA'S BARR'L IN LONDON.

DAVE WARD—Come right along, gentlemen, there's room for a few thousands!



What is he that did make it? See, my friend, could you not deem it breathed, and that those who did not bear blood."

Oh! **BRUCE** of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits.

Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

11-22-1Y.

HELP

Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances, remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls, to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed, sent free. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN

Illustrated Shorthand Writer FOR NOVEMBER.

The October number of this Magazine the publication of which was accidentally delayed, is now ready for delivery to subscribers, and on sale at the counter of the Publishers.

The November number will, it is hoped, be ready in the course of a few days, and future numbers will make their appearance promptly on the 3rd of each month. Subscription, \$1.00 a year.

SAMPLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

BENGOUGH BROS.,
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Outfit furnished free with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great gains from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn good sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like this has ever before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in the business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money should write to us at once, as at once we are. Address TAC & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Moses Oates.

As is generally known, MOSES OATES, the renowned weather prophet has been spending a few days in the city, and yesterday a GRIP reporter had the honor of an interview. The weather prophet is a large man; especially about the mouth and pedal extremities; with whiskers of that particular hue which no amount of sun or storm could possibly fade, and a form expressive of congeniality with the good things of this world. Mr. OATES wears eyeglasses; he was never seen without them; it is darkly rumored that he does not remove them when he goes to bed; in fact it is doubtful whether he ever sleeps. Mr. OATES smokes a clay pipe; but never a dirty clay pipe. He has been known to remove this from his mouth—when it needed refilling. The glasses, and the clay pipe are as much a part of the prophet as the name, the large mouth, or the big feet. The following conversation took place.

Reporter.—Mr. OATES what is your opinion of the weather.

Mr. Oates.—From the collateral consanguinity of the Great Bear and Orion, corroborated by the tendency to molecular action caused by the interterre trial presence of Saturn, I am led to believe we shall shortly have a period of rain or snow intermixed with sunshine, and possibly accompanied by hail and fine weather.

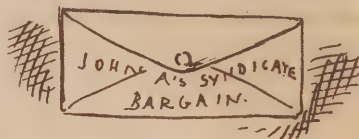
Reporter.—What are the signs on the political horizon.

Mr. Oates.—I do not anticipate any serious disturbance of the political elements for the next few weeks, but owing to the presence in perdition of the Pacific Railway and also to the contagious conjunction of many of the larger political stars, on or about the 9th Dec., I apprehend from thence a couple of months of serious elementary convulsions, accompanied with much thunder from the region of South Brant, considerable lightning from the Lower Provinces, and a large escape of "gas" from the greater part of the whole Dominion. About the 12th of July next there will be a terrible storm of wind break over the British Isles, accompanied by a shower of brick-bats and a noise resembling thunder. It will be felt principally in Ireland. There is at present a comet with a short tail, but surrounded by much "gas" taking a course which will bring it in contact with the earth in 1893. It is known as the "Rag Baby," and its presence will cause some disturbance in the political elements of that date, but from its extremely gaseous state it will produce but little effect beyond causing a high wind with some noise. Beyond this the stars are dumb.

When our Reporter had regained consciousness he bade the prophet a tender adieu.

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IN

DECEMBER,

AND IS GOING TO BE

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EDITOR'S
NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S
NOTE.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

VOLUME XVI.]
No. 4.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880.

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Only eleven "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupes on the road.

Ruskin's latest theory is that a theatre should be educational and not commercial.—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

John Bright, despite of all his Quaker antecedents, was beheld a fortnight ago moved to tears by Modjoka's impersonation of Mary Stuart at the court theatre, London.

It has been found impossible to fill the orders for Miss NELSON's photographs since her death. Next to hers the largest number sold are of MARY ANDERSON, and the next in popularity are of MAUD BRANSCOMBE, many of whose pictures are bought by artists as studies, and are used by young ladies in their first attempts at crayon portraiture.—*Sunday Breakfast Table.*

Mr. DEDRICKSON, Associated Press Despatcher, gives a costume entertainment in the Town Hall, Yorkville, this week. It is not everybody that can be an actor, an orator, a press despatcher, and wear long hair at the same time. However Mr. DEDRICKSON has had considerable experience as an actor, and no doubt that portion of humanity that hybernate in, around, and about Yorkville will be greatly edified and instructed.

The RIVE KING CONCERT COMPANY will hold the boards of the Royal Opera House on Dec. 17th and 18th, with Saturday matinee. This is one of the finest Opera Companies now in America, and Torontonians may expect a rare musical treat. As a violinist HERR REINHARD RICHTER is said to equal WILHELM, they both belonging to the same school. American papers claim Mrs. JULIA RIVE KING to be the Queen of pianists, while as a soprano Signora LAURA BELLINI has few equals on this side of the Atlantic. Besides these the company contains such names as Miss MABELLE, contralto, Mr. BRODERICK, basso, and other well-known star performers.

When the Fisk Jubilee singers held their concert in Montreal, last week; they were refused admission to two of the best hotels in the city, the St. Lawrence Hall, and the Ottawa Hotel, owing to their colour. At the concert which was well attended, Mr. LOUDIN spoke at some length, the audience hissing loudly when the two above mentioned hotels were named, but cheering warmly when he said "they were the guests of the Windsor Hotel, the manager of which did not think, his hotel too good to receive them, though it had at times been patronized by H. R. H. the PRINCESS LOUISE, and than which there was not a finer hotel, or one with better accommodation in Europe or America."

The production of the Passion Play in New York, is causing a great deal of excitement in ecclesiastical circles. The clergy, almost to a man denounce it as sacrilegious, and blasphemous; and at the Baptist conference held in that city, a resolution was introduced and passed unanimously, protesting against such use of the most sacred things in religion. On the other hand SALMI P. MORSE, author of the play, together with JAMES O'NEIL and LEWIS MORRISON, actors in the play, claim that so far from being sacrilegious, it is supplementary to the cause of religion; that it is acted throughout with a spirit of reverence and awe; and that to use Mr. MORSE's own words, "it will do more for religion than half the preachers in New York." In this they are borne out by some of the ministers in San Francisco, where the Passion Play has lately been produced.

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Mr. JAMES FAHEY late of the Stratford *Herald* has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Mail*. Mr. FAHEY is a keen incisive writer, and will be a decided acquisition to the working force of our big contemporary.

There is to be a congress of journalists to be held at Brussels, Belgium, at some time in the coming year. *GRIP's* comic almanac for 1881 will be laid on the table and discussed. By the time they are through it will likely be discussed without the dis.

The Gowanda *Enterprise* loses its bright star, Mr. ED. DEMING, the paragraph; who has severed his connection with that journal, leaving the editorial management entirely to Mr. J. J. HORTON. We presume there will be considerable less "Pinafore" used about that office in the future.

Mr. JAS. HUGHES' book "Mistakes in Teaching," has been re-published in two of the leading cities of the Southern States. Dr. MACLENNAN's algebra has also been most favourably reviewed in the English *Educational Times*—the leading organ of the Teaching Interest in England. *GRIP* records with satisfaction this success of Canadian Educational Writers.

We clip the following from the *Waterloo N. Y. Observer*:—Messrs. J. W. BENGOUGH & Bro., proprietors of the *Grip* of Toronto, Ontario, propose to issue a paragraphic and comic almanac for 1881. Judging from the style of paper they publish this will be the coming event of the year. Every family on the western continent who wants to have a good laugh should not fail to have a copy. We predict a large sale as they are the wittiest chaps in Canada.

Mr. A. J. GRAHAM, artist of this city, leaves next week for Montreal where he takes the management of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. Mr. GRAHAM has a good reputation as an artist, and has in addition a good literary reputation, being a graduate of Oxford College, and having for some time filled the position of editor of the *New York Literary Table*. Some of his sketches will appear in *GRIP's* Comic Almanac. We wish him every success in his highly responsible position.

The December number of the *Canada School Journal* was laid on our table this week. It is, as ever, full of interesting and instructive reading matter; and the addition of the Rev. C. P. MULVANY, M. A., to the staff of writers, adds considerably to the large stock of talent engaged upon it. The article on "Co-Education of the Sexes," in answer to *Bystander* of November, and also that on "The Teachers Renewal of Strength," both by the above named gentleman, are especially worthy of commendation, and should be read by every teacher in the country. As a help to teachers the *Journal* is invaluable.

We cannot but regret the degrading effect likely to be produced by the class of cheap illustrated papers known as "comic," with a dismal misapplication of that much-abused phrase. It is not only the degraded literary type of the Jack Harkaway and Dime Burglar class of juvenile literature of which we wrote in our November issue, but it is the ugly, fatuous, leering grimness of the illustrations. Surely it were wise to furnish our school-rooms with a few cheap statuettes and outline drawings representing the higher ideal of art. In the above we distinctly exempt the *Illustrated Canadian* and *Grip*. The former ought to be taken in every public school; and if the same thing were done with our comic contemporary, the scholars would have the advantage of a most amusing comment on current events, and wit which is always pure and never irreligious or malicious, and a type of art of which the country has reason to be proud.—*Can. School Journal.*

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Our Own Egotist.

I received a note of invitation to the meeting of the press-men at which the reception of ARCHIBALD FORBES was discussed, but unfortunately was unable to be present. I am very glad, however, that the matter has been taken up so energetically, and have every confidence that the distinguished journalist will have no reason to complain of the treatment he receives at the hand of his brethren of Toronto.

My brilliant friend NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN is to lecture at Ottawa under the immediate patronage and presence of Vice-royalty. Everybody knows this for it has been advertised in a thirty-line space, display type, in the *Globe*. No doubt hundreds will flock from Western Ontario to hear the gifted Irishman—else why make the announcement in these parts?

And by the way this ad. is of the stoutly Hibernian variety. It gives all the particulars of the forthcoming event excepting the subject of the lecture. Great perturbation is going on in literary circles over this omission, the lecture going public being in a state of painful uncertainty as to whether NICHOLAS FLOOD's theme is to be "The Moral Lessons of the Royal Commission," "The Duty of Members in Relation to the Syndicate," or "Home Rule for Ireland."

I heartily endorse the suggestion of the *Globe* that some tangible recognition of the heroism displayed by Fireman Doughty and his noble companions should be made by our citizens. Surely if it is a fitting thing to honor a phenomenal display of aquatic genius, an equally striking display of moral greatness ought not to go unrewarded.

A testimonial fund for these brave fellows ought to be at once started, and it would be a capital idea to make the presentation as a feature of the grand HANLAN *fete*, Ned himself would be delighted at this arrangement, I feel sure. And from expressions I heard outside of Toronto on Monday, I am convinced that the people of the province at large would consider it a privilege to take part in the raising of this testimonial to the firemen.

A good purse of money would no doubt be acceptable to them as an expression of public admiration, and it would go a great way in mollifying the effect those wood-cut portraits in the *Globe* must have had upon their nerves. Dear, esteemed Mr. *Globe*, do give up publishing pictures until you have a machine capable of printing them fairly. Meantime leave portraiture to Mr. GRIP.

The municipal re-action is upon us and the war now terribly thunders on the gale. Much to the unspeakable disgust and chagrin of Mr. GRIP, and many other good citizens, it is to be a straight party fight. The *Mail* says the Grits are to blame for this, and the *Globe* casts all the odium of it on the Tories. Evidently both parties apprehend that it is something to be ashamed of, as it certainly is. But if it must be a party wrangle, let us have partisans who are in other respects worthy of the confidence of the ratepayers.

The Conservative party have endorsed Mr. CLOSE and in so doing it has pinned itself on to a candidate who cannot command that confidence. This gentleman has been proved to be a political jobber, and it would have been no more than common modesty required if he had sedulously avoided the public gaze until the discreditable revelations in connection with "Section B" had (in the words of the late Mr. TWEED, whose memory he no doubt respects) "blown over." It is hard to believe that a man who thinks it proper to engage in chiseling on a public contract would have a very severe frown for those who were doing a little of the same thing in municipal affairs.

POOR EDWARD TRICKETT goes home a sadder and a wiser oarsman. His pockets have been emptied, turned out and shaken, and the proud plumes he wore have received far rougher usage than the wizard ever dreamt of for LOCHIEL'S. Of course this sad catastrophe is crammed full of moral lessons. One of them is never bet on boat race—unless HANLAN is barred out.

Mr. LAYCOCK still hangs around London hankering to be shorn. The date of his aquatic funeral is set for the 17th of December, and Mr. HANLAN has promised that the "corpse" shall be ready. It is a pity our Sunday-go-to-Meeting oarsman should be called upon to settle these aspiring rivals, when our Every-Day scullers like ROSS and SMITH are quite competent to do the work.

A clever lady, "Gunhilda" is writing a series of letters in the *Ottawa Citizen*, addressed to Bishop LEWIS, on the subject of the deceased wife's Sister Bill. She is doing her best to show his Lordship that he is altogether astray in opposing that measure, and I hope she may succeed.

An Evening With the Toronto Literati.

At the head of the table sits a man with a high forehead, Roman nose, and straight, sandy whiskers, a tall, thin, ungainly individual. It is PHILIPS THOMPSON of the *Mail*, at one time on the *Telegraph*, afterwards of Boston; then employed in reporting JOSEPH COOK, now the Pres. of the Free Thought Association; the "Jimuel Briggs," of Coboconk University, the writer of satirical poems, the composer of National Currency, Rag Baby songs. A stalwart Beaver-backer, an uncompromising Athiest, a profound thinker, and a genial, jovial gentleman. On his right is a tall, ungainly, raw-boned man, with hair of the color known as brick-top, and whiskers the color of his political leaders surname. That is WM. HOUSTON, of the *Globe*. A splendid editorial writer, and without the shadow of a joke in his composition. But how could he, and write those heavy Leaders which are as the oil of life to the bone and sinew of the "Pairty." Opposite him sits a young, handsome, fine-looking gentleman; rather below the middle height, hair nicely combed, whiskers well brushed out, and clad in purple and fine linen. Allow me to introduce to you Mr. D. K. BROWN, of the *Telegram*, and you know him at once. He is the city editor of the city paper, also a lecturer, likewise a writer.

A Liberal in everything; religious, political and social; the exponent of FOURIER'S Socialism, the perfect gentleman always. Below Mr. HOUSTON sits what looks like an "odd fish," but isn't. A medium-sized man, with a moustache that never fades, irregular features, coat buttoned close up to his chin, white "choker," and clay pipe. GEO. B. BROOKS has been everything and anything. The son of an English clergyman he consequently has a good education. As a sailor, he has visited many parts of the world. His inspiration is drawn from India, Australasia, China, Borneo, and Africa; at one time a bricklayer's assistant in Toronto, now the scissor-fiend and special reporter of the *Telegram*, probably the best sketch writer in the city, and known as an orator throughout Canada and a part of the United States. It was while on a stumping tour through Maine that he was dubbed the REV. GEO. BROOKS. He is a thorough Socialist, communist, infidel, Beaver-backer, and gentleman. Opposite him sits what looks like an "odd fish," and is. A good sized man, with clean shaven face, very red in appearance, somewhat carelessly dressed, not taking much part in the conversation, but keenly noting every word uttered, a face and figure that the wildest stretch of imagination could not call handsome, a man you would be inclined to laugh at, and if you do you are the fool. That is the REV. C. P. MULVANY, on the staff of the *Canada School Journal*; one of the best Latin scholars in America; contributor to half the papers and periodicals in the Dominion; the man quiet, unobtrusive, backward; his writings clear, keen, incisive, sarcastic. At one time a Church of England Minister, now professing to be an Atheistical Agnostic; beneath that uncouth exterior lies a massive intellect, and a big, warm heart. Who is this comes slinging into the room? A young man with reddish moustache, prominent features, tall, straight figure, good-humored throughout. It is KERNAHAN, sketch writer for *The World*, the author of "Glihooley," "Dwan," and "Sheenan," chock full of fun, and one of the best reporters in the city; a man bound to distinguish himself if careful. At the foot of the table sits TIMOTHY.

Answer to "A Conservative Ballad" in a Late Issue of Grip.

DEDICATED TO ANY ONE YOU PLEASE.

Should auld Mackenzie be forgot,
The while you sing for JOHN?
I'm sure he used his influence
To get his people on.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
Let's crack up auld MACKENZIE, too,
For auld lang syne.

He too, did rin about to seek,
For a' the contracts fine,
Of rails he furnished mony a foot,
In auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

He too has paidlet in the funds,
Frae morning sun till dune,
But votes, against him, a' hae turned,
Sin' auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

Then here's a sang, my Tory friend,
To match that sang o' thine,
We take up auld MACKENZIE, noo,
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

And surely ye'll send in your vote,
And surely I'll send mine,
We'll fight when next election comes,
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
Let's crack up auld MACKENZIE, too,
For auld lang syne.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for all Establishments no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Purity and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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30 Patterns. The Nobblest Things in the Market. WOLTZ BROS & Co.
20 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



The Party Martyr.

HIGHLY RESPECTABLE CITIZEN (who happens to be a Conservative), *soliloquises*: They talk about RIDLEY and LATIMER and the early christian martyrs, but was any one of them ever compelled to vote for a corruptionist and jobber like CLOSE because he belonged to a certain party, to elect him to an office which he is unfit to occupy, and which has no manner of connection with the principles of that Party? I venture to think not. At all events, if any of those early christians had been ordered to do so they would not have stood the test. But I shall not quail! Sit still, my heart. Sit still. I'll soon get over this sickness of stomach, and I'll vote for CLOSE or die. Sit still my heart, sit still!

THE Police Magistrate of Port Hope has established a singular system of gradation of values. He imposed a fine of one dollar on an assailant for punching a certain editor. Afterwards he fined another assailant three dollars for attempting to thrash the editor of another journal. In the third place he imposed a four dollar fine on a ten year old boy for breaking a pane of glass worth five cents. The query now is—what was the value of Editor No. 1.

A MAN named Power was lately staggering along the street in Lindsay. Our funny contributor's attention was called to the fact, when he remembered that it was an illustration of the balance of Power.



A Direful Threat.

IRATE HUSBAND—(To Delinquent Wife.)

You huzzy, you! Now if you provoke me much more I'll use my influence to have the Deceased wife's Sister Bill passed, and when you're shuffled off, I'll marry your favourite sister JANE, and I'll abuse her like the very mischief, madam!

A RUNNING SOAR.—Flying a kite.

MOUNTIN' air—A song sung in a balloon.

SCULLERS can never become refined they will always be Course men.

THE Benchers of the Law Society should be recruited from the Shoemakers.

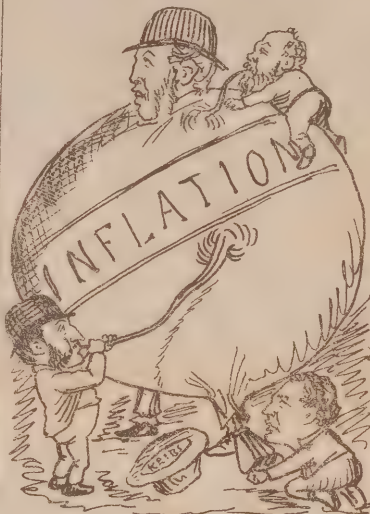
PAT.—Phwat is the manin' av the Pacific Syndi-cat?

GOTLIEB.—Doand you know. It's von gat dot vas py nopody never seen. It's "Ausgie-spielt."

PAT.—Be the powers an' its there where ye's are all wrong intoirly. Its a cat phwat JOHN A. has, an' is goin' to let out on the 9th of December.

GOTLIEB.—Ish dot so. Den py mine peer and pretzel why he not did led him oud before?

PAT.—Be jabbers its there where ye have me.



The Inflationists.

Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. WALLACE, M. P., was in his glory on Wednesday, when his beaming countenance was conspicuous at the convention of the "Land, Labor and Currency League," in St. Lawrence Hall. The attendance on the occasion of the mass meeting was not excessively large, owing, no doubt, to the fact that comparatively few people are yet aware that it is the object of this League to make everybody rich and happy. It will take time to clear away the fog of popular ignorance, and then Mr. WALLACE, along with Messrs. WRIGHT, THOMPSON, KREBS and WYNNE, *et al*, will be crowned with laurels, if gratitude is not dead in the public heart. Meantime Mr. GRIP gives the above illustration of the theory of "Inflation" as at present conceived by those who do not know any better, and who are in the habit of saying that Mr. WALLACE is getting altogether too much puffed up for the good of his health.

A Western man having lost his wife, a sympathizing friend remarked upon his woe-begone appearance. "Well, I guess you would look thin too," was the melancholy rejoinder, "if you had to get up before daylight, make the fires, draw water, split wood, and feed the cattle before breakfast. I tell you what it is, if I don't get somebody to fill poor, dear, sainted Maria's place, I shall be retiring to her side before many weeks.



"Giving Himself Away."

MR. GRIP has often heard slangy little boys and young ladies talking about people "giving themselves away," but he never saw the real force of that expression until he read SIR CHAR. TUPPER's evidence before the royal commission. The hon. knight began by stating, *ex cathedra*, that in the matter of Section B. he wished it distinctly understood that his action was the action of the whole Cabinet. This must also hold good in all other Executive doings, and therefore it is fair to say that SIR CHARLES, as a member of the Government, is responsible for the appointment of the commission before which he appeared. Now, when a gentleman appoints a commission to try himself, and then goes before that commission and gives strong evidence for the prosecution, it may be considered a clean case of giving himself away. And this is the rather amusing thing that SIR CHARLES has undoubtedly done in the present instance.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, for his conduct. "Love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son; I shall reform by and by." "I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father."—*Wild Oats*.

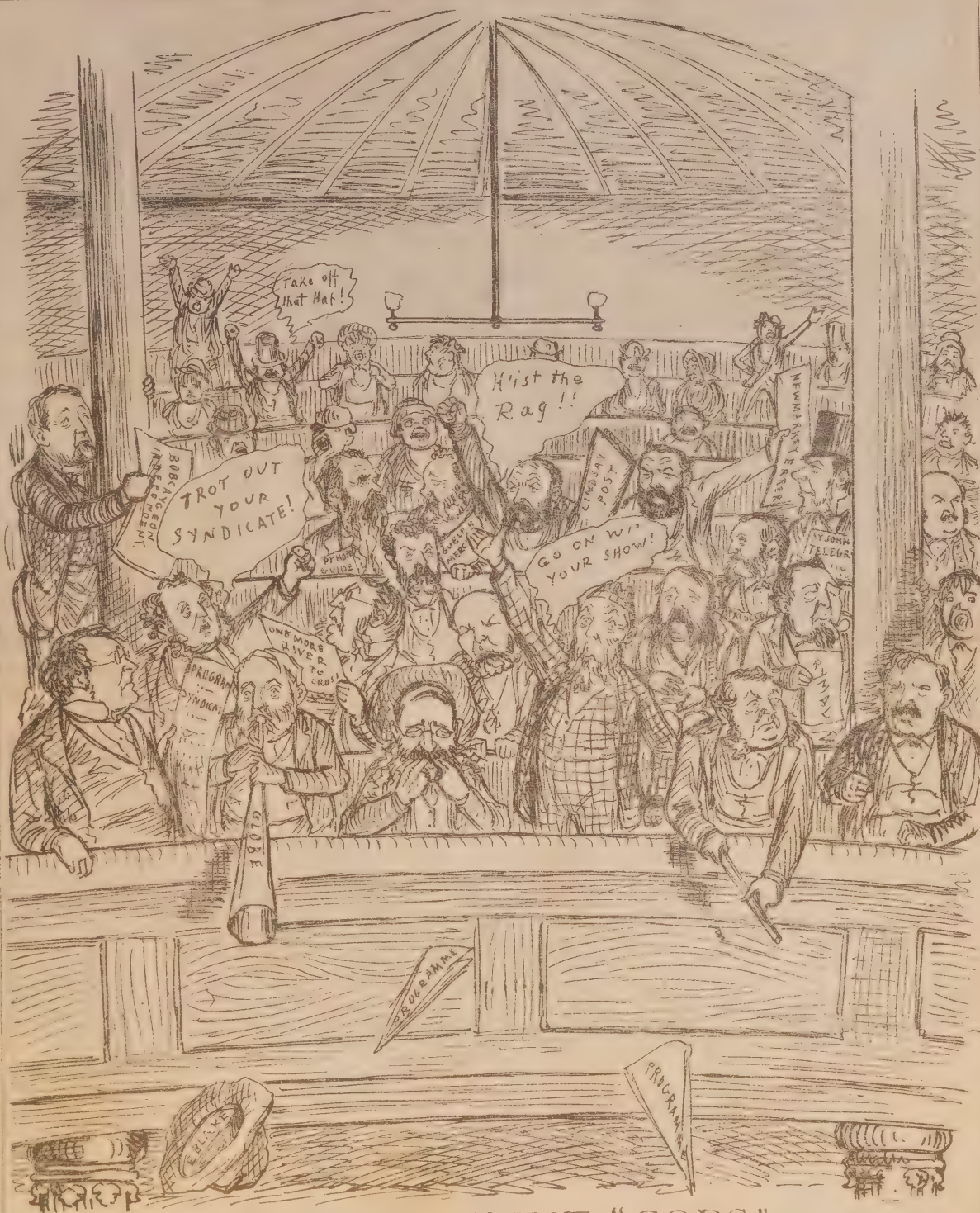


The Car-Horse and the Alderman.

A FABLE.

A poor Street-car Horse once accosted a Jovial Alderman, and said, "How is it, Sir, that you do not advocate my Cause when the subject of Overcrowding the Street-Cars comes up? You profess to be a Humane Man, and yet you always take the side of my Masters who are rich and grasping!" "Blame me not," replied the Alderman; "it is not that I have no Feeling, but that you have no "side-pockets." With that the Horse retired, and the Worthy Alderman was allowed 2 paces.

Moral.—The Keily motor is stronger than the society for the prevention of cruelty.



THE IMPATIENT "GODS,"

OR, BEFORE THE RISE OF THE CURTAIN.

(First night of the Serio-Comic Melodramatic Tragedy by Sir John A. Macdonald, entitled, "The Syndicate Bargain.")



"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

Rolling ten-pins gives a man bowl legs.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.—Does singing Bass Solo's give a man a baw'd head.

Made of the mist—drizzling rain.—*Argo*.
Maid of the mister—his sweetheart. Made of the mystery—hash.—*Marathon Independent*.

When a married woman buys a pug dog for a low price, she gets a bargain, and her husband gets something to boot.—*Somerville Journal*.

The ladies say that the power of the press depends upon the strength of his arms.—*Agent's Herald*.—Why could they not say contagious approximation and be done with it.

The *New Orleans Picayune* say.—Apple Jack is a near relative of Jim Jams.—Quite true, but Old Tom and Jin Sling are much more closely related to Mr Jams than Apple Jack is.

Cincinnati Saturday Night says.—Probably the man who never made a mistake in his life never made anything else.—It is just possible he made his exit from this terrestrial sphere at some time.

The *Marathon Independent* says.—Business men who are in and out of the bright sunshine all day should try and carry a little of it home with them at night.—How can they when they go home in the shadow.

The present time.—Christmas.—*Salem Sunbeam*. Past time.—continuing in a frolic when school is in. *Philadelphia Item*.—The come-in-time—nine p. m., when the old man stands at the front door and yells.

The *Marathon Independent* has the following: Mr. Gilpin says that when he dies he wants no cenotaph erected to his memory. He wants his descendants to ce no taphy after him.—Eh mon-u-ment 'twould melt.

BRO. ADAMS in his food for thought says:—Where one is fagged, hungry, and depressed, the worst seems most probable.—Quite true; and it always comes in the shape of one's mother-in-law on washing day.

Potatoes are hoe made.—*Komoko Tribune*.—Servants are home aid too.—*Breakfast Table*. A girl who works in the cornfield is a hoe maid also.—*Stubenville Herald*.—GRIP will be Hoe made too, when we get our new press.

An editor in Georgia says: "Gold is found in thirty-six counties in this state, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six, and whiskey in all of them; and the last gets away with all the rest."

The proper month for street processions.—March!—*Somerville Journal*. But what is the proper name for the month when the processionists get kn October.—*Salem Sunbeam*.—Depends upon the wather. June, o it may be in August.

A crew that can't man a boat—a cork screw. A tureen that won't hold soup—a pistareen.—*Wheeling Leader*. The cane that is not a walking stick—the sugar-cane. A key that first unlocks a man's tongue, and then locks his jaw. Whiskey.

A man who married a very rich old maid says that his fortune is maid.—*Whitehall Times*. He will probably find out where he's made a miss take before he's a year older.—*Marathon Independent*.—But if he does he will miss a maid-en fortune too.

New York News says:—There is nothing new under the sun except the patch on last winter's trousers.—As usual the *News* is right, but the boy who could come into a parlour full of company, and not show that patch to every individual present would be something new.

Nothing mads a man more than to come down to breakfast and have his wife tell him he has been talking in his sleep, and refuse to give away what he said. Not that his conscience troubled him; oh, no! He is only after psychological facts.—*Lovell Citizen*.

A correspondent wants to know the best method of feeding cattle. You might place them in rocking chairs, put napkins around their necks and feed them with a soup ladle. Or take 'em into the kitchen and let them eat with the hired girl.—*Marathon Independent*.

Our puzzle department.—If three men working six days fill a straw bed, how long will it take 8men to Philadelphia? *Marathon Independent*.—This is lderful and 2 much for us!—*Philadelphia Item*. It is a 4 gone conclusion with us that you "O-awa" with such nonsense.

The *Lowell Sun* says:—The man who advertises for a lost umbrella and expects to see it again, expects what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.—And the man who leaves his in the cloak-room of a concert hall and ever expects to see it again is just the kind of an idiot that would expect to get it again by advertising.

There is a bean bakery in Boston, whose specialty consists in canned baked beans. They sell all they can, but paradoxical as it may seem they can-not can all they can sell. Bean as this is so, so many other folks have to can their own beans, otherwise they would not live, and move and have their beans.—*Meriden Recorder*.

There was a young rustic named Mallory,
Who drew but a very small salary;
When he went to a show,
His purse made him go,
To a seat in the uppermost gallery.

—N. Y. News.

The Editor of the *New York News*,
We do not wish to abuse;
But this we will say,
That not for a day,
Would we stand in that Editor's shoes.

The *Whitehall Times* says:—The women are always looking under the bed for a man, but we will wager a pumpkin pie that their breaths don't smell half as strong as the chap who goes out between acts to look for a man.—Don't know about that; it depends altogether upon the style of hash kept at her boarding house, and the size of his "stick."

A "Young Naturalist" writes us to learn "how he can catch a live wasp for scientific purposes without injuring it?" Right by the tail son; right by the tip end of the tail. Squeeze hard, the wasp won't mind it a particle, and if it seems to be injured any way that you can see, send us the bill and we'll pay for a new wasp.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Glancing through a western exchange our eye catches a heading, "Boy Inventors." We'll get one right away. If there is a new kind of a machine that'll invent a boy who can go over a newspaper route two weeks in succession and not make the same twenty mistakes, we must have one. We don't care about the price—send it along.—*Rockland Courier*.

The *Sunday Breakfast Table* says:—A young man said to a girl named PETE, "Come, PETE, let's have a kissing match. I can kiss you faster than you can kiss me." She refused saying no one could comePETe with her.—We suppose if her name had been JOe she would have refused with the remark, that he could not ca-Jo-el her; or if it had been ZOE she would have consented because it is ZOE nice.

"What do you mean, playing marbles on the Sabbath, you young rascal?" exclaimed a father. "Oh! this is a sacred game of marbles, pa." That boy remembered that the old "rascal" attended a "sacred concert" the previous Sunday, whereat the "Fatinitza March" and the "Turkish Patrol" were the sacredest hymns.—*Boston Transcript*.

SHE was singing "Ever of The I'm Fondly Thinking" for her Charles Augustus, but stopped in the middle of it to remark that she knew the neighbor next door had turned her last winter's dress because she had seen it on the clothes-line, and that Miss Brown just looked horrid in that Tam O'Shanter; and then CHARLES went away, a sadder but a wiser man.

The *Sunday Breakfast Table* says:—"Old iron rails are now the most active of any article in the market, and have also realized a greater advance in price.—We cannot say anything about iron rails, but we never saw anything that could equal the activity of steel rails in this country before the 17th September 1878. The "railing" about those rails was simply wonderful.

A correspondent writes that he would like to become an editor. You would, son. You would, eh! Well, after you become an editor and write, "I kissed her under the silent stars," and the compositor sets it up, "I kicked her under the cellar stairs," you will just ache to grow bow-legged following a pair of oxen along a crooked furrow across a forty-acre lot.—*Hawkeye*.

He was a seedy looking customer, and the worst bore in Galveston, but he was as bold as a lion. He walked right up to a newly elected candidate and said: "I want you to lend me five dollars for political services rendered you during the election." "Why you never came near me during the election." "That's just what I mean." He got a nickle, and said that he was doing better than he expected, now the business season was over.—*Sweet's Siftings*.

BEFORE.

What to me are heavenly pleasures
That from earth my fancy weans?
What care I for worldly treasures?
Send along some pork and beans.

—Meriden Recorder.

AFTER.

'Tis done! Father, take my confessions—
No time now to think of means
Gripe! Mon Dieu! All my possessions
To be rid of these vile beans.

—Big Lick, Va., *News*.

Castor oil and Paragoric
Take, or bid adieu to scenes,
Which have now become historic
All through eating pork and beans.

The *Bloomington Eye* says:—A queer case.—Mr. KHORN married a girl named COOKIE. He took the CAKE, and she had to acknowledge the KHORN.—Just so, and if he eats too much CAKE he will be an Ache-Khorn, won't he? And their offspring will be Khorn Cookie's, won't they? And when he undresses will that be husking the Khorn? And if she is long out in the hot sun it will be baking the Cookie will it not? And then, Khorn-Cookie, don't be represent the raw material and she the manufactured article?

Naturally enough the manager who had "One hundred wives," has taken to "Drink."—*Trois Free Press*. And now he will see "Goblins." He had better stuck to an "American Girl," and not fooled with "Matrimony" so much.—*Noristown Herald*. His only resort is "Divorce."—*Rochester Democrat*. This is a sad case of "Led Astray."—*Binghamton Republican*. Yes, in "The Streets of New York," "Under the Gaslight," "After Dark."—*Marathon Independent*. But on his ashes will rise the "Phoenix," who will be "Too sweet for Anything," and who will probably reside in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Our Grip Sack.

A NEW definition for the National Currency —The Green-Baby.

MATERIAL for a bass-burner—a small boy and the maternal slipper.

TEACHERS of penmanship set things to write. Editors write things to set.

Is THIS RIGHT?—Wheel-wright Wright, write "rite" right right-away.

SCOTS who ha'e wi' Wallace bled.—Gael's who laid their odds against TRICKERY.

"CHIC" suggests that SARA should drink stout. How would it be if she used Brand-eh?

GRIP's new scissor fiend never "Kribs" anything from an Exchange without giving credit thereof.

WHAT are the *Globe* and *Bystander* going to do for mud to throw at each other this frozen weather?

OUR hard up contributor says that the versé in the Bible most literally followed by the Jews is that "to lighten the Gentiles."

WALLINGFORD, Conn., has a weekly paper Published by UNCLE LUTHER BIGGS. The Democrats don't like it because it goes *Forum*.

THE greatest joke of the age. The *Mail* and *Globe*'s professions that they do not wish to introduce party politics into the Mayoralty election.

LAST week Miss Ann, Umber was married to Mr. Rella, of the firm of Rella & Smiley. We suppose their first child will be called An-Umber-Rella.

HINT to Politicians.—Letter Carriers make the best wire-pullers. They get through more bell-ringing in a day than any other class of the community.

JOHN SMITH, of Muskoka, jumped over a fence and pulled his gun, which was at full cock, after him. In doing so he shot a fool. The fool's name was JOHN SMITH.

HE married her because she had taken first prize in mathematics, and six months after he had concluded from the sharpness of her tongue he had caught an "adder."

M. FOURIER says a kiss is composite pleasure and depends on touch, taste and smell. Furthermore he says it is free from emulation. Wonder if he ever hung over a gate on a moonlight night?

THE *Globe* of Saturday last says:—"Exaggeration is like a rope,—the more it is stretched the weaker it becomes."

Query: Is it referring to its own articles on the N. P. and Pacific Railway Syndicate?

Teacher: "Now boys, that THAT that THAT stands over is in small caps, and—"

Pupil: "Please repeat it, sir."

Teacher: "I say that that "that" that that "that" stands over is in small caps."

Class: "That's, Oh!"

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
Here are five dollars which I think
I will invest in printer's ink.

—Stillwater Lumberman.

I am the man with soul so dead,
I never could get through my head,
The use of buying printer's ink,
'Tis better to dead beat I think.

THE man or woman who will write a poem on "Beautiful Snow" ought to be put in a refrigerator, and fed on a diet of icicles and rain-water until he or she repents, when they should be made to subscribe for GRIP, and sleep with their window open for six months.

Entomology Applied.

The editor of the *Globe* announces that he has had an "entomological occurrence" in his office, and he rushes breathlessly into the presence of the farming community to expatiate upon it. It appears that some boxes containing "buggy peas"—that is, peas infested with bugs—were placed in a room in the editorial department, where "the temperature occasionally rises 90 degrees" and the effect of this heat (which is to be attributed to the nearness of the 9th of December,) was to cause the insects to abandon their holes in the peas! "Now," concludes the editor, with fine entomological enthusiasm, "it appears from what happened to our consignment of bugs, that the insects can be easily inveigled out of their holes."

If, then, farmers will during the winter, place their seed peas in a warm room for a few days, the weevils may be brought out of their holes and killed or left to die. Ah! now we understand the recent hot writing on the subject of Section B. bargain. The *Globe* man has been applying the lesson of his "entomological occurrence" and trying to force that wicked weevil, TUPPER, out of the pea of office by making it uncomfortably hot for him.

The Small Boy.

There is a social problem growing up in our midst, or more properly has grown up in our midst to such an extent that in our character of public guardians we feel compelled to tackle it; for the simple reason that if we do not tackle it we are particularly afraid it will take hold of us. And yet when we come to look the question square in the face, we must confess our utter inability to deal with, and self-abasement before, The Small Boy. We show up the follies of Cabinet Ministers fearlessly; we brave the wrath of the large dailies without a thought of possible consequences; but we quail before The Small Boy. Who has not met him and imprecated the hour when he crossed his path? Who among us have not sat upon his twisted pins, been knocked over by his wooden sleds, and then listened to his shouts of demoniacal laughter. What are we to do with him, how cure him of his unaccountable vagaries? Recently two Chicago boys, habituated to the wild life of that baliwick, and abnormally advanced in their views, conceived a strong dislike to the weak and vacillating Indian policy of Secretary Schurz, and determined to regulate our frontier affairs on their own hook. Robbing their respective aged parents of divers sums which aggregated forty-three dollars, they armed themselves and started, as became independent troops, on foot, for Montana. At Milwaukee one of them shot at a native, on the partially comprehensive theory that he was ex-officio a savage, whereat the maurauders were raked in by the constabulary and eventually returned to the parents who had been contemporaneously bereaved of urchin and wealth. But it is not only on the war-path they are dangerous, father-in-laws elect sometimes distract their attention from the Indian. This calls to mind the instance of the Salt Lake City gentleman, who at the age of twelve was found to have four wives, ranging from the ages of five to thirteen, besides several young parties in the back districts under "seal." The telegraph and travellers from that remote region have been strangely remiss in relating the fate of the young Mormon, but that he was identified more or less with a stick, upon discovery is an inference not wholly unwarrantable. In the light of all this precocity the question becomes pertinent "whither are we drifting?" The boy of to-day is the father of the future man. Is he to be an honor to his family and his country, or is he to be the "big item" for the papers. Since the creation of the World there never was a time when young America, or Canada asserted itself as it does to-day. The

boy of to-day is calmly self-reliant, ready to engineer a steam boat, break a colt, or edit a newspaper at an age when our grandfathers were yet in leading strings. But on the other hand there never was a time when youth had a greater right to assert itself. The boy of to-day is as old as the man of fifty years, much more progressive, and far more advanced. And this is right so long as his progress is in the right direction. But is it so directed; does the literature furnished him tend to enoble and elevate his mind beyond that of his ancestors? We think not; and in this we think we are borne out by facts. Encouraged by it he finds in each bush an opportunity to develop his prowess, and when confronted with the consequences, he shakes from his feet the dust of oppressive civilization and stalks forth in search of the Grizzly and the "Injun." Under its teaching the ancient custom of kissing all the girls in his vicinity does not carry pale fear to his heart, the birch rod and the rattan are harmless against his repeating revolver. The elaborate details of murders and burglaries dished up for his benefit in the daily papers, do not tend to his moral enlightenment, but make him long to be a Biddulphite after a CHARLIE MORGAN. What the consequences will be in another generation, we are not prepared to say; but we believe a radical change is necessary, not only in the literature supplied to boys, but in our whole treatment of them, if we would have our country be what it should be, the natural home of honor, morality, and intellectual liberty.

Notes from Our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP,—I've been roaming. And having been Rome in, did as the Romans,—staged it. Travelled in a chariot rare. And a rare old stage driver too. The stage drivers are proverbially forgetful, and I think I struck about the very worst. He had no more memory than a tobaccoist's image. It was in the morning; and the stage had been left over night at the waggon makers for repairs. He walked along the street, towards the waggon shop, driving his team before him. The shop being on his customary road out, may account for his going past it, and overlooking the fact that he was still walking. However, he went ahead, calmly reaching forward to pull in his horses when approaching a rise, and considerably letting them out when reaching a pitch-hole. Now and again he would get off his regular set observations to his imaginary passengers behind, and continued his way to the top of a hill, four miles out, when he stopped to skid his wheels. You have to picture a very mad man, to imagine that southern gentleman, when he discovered that he had forgotten to hitch on to his stage.

That reminds me of another case of forgetfulness, or something. I once edited a weekly paper. One evening I received a note, (and by the same token, from my experience, the only kind of note current in journalism,) running thusly:—"For the scurrilous and villainous attack upon me in this morning's issue, I demand satisfaction. Shooters preferred." To which I replied:—"Precisely my preference. Shooters let it be—pea shooters. Twenty paces. Six a.m. On the plains. P.S. Marrowflats barred." At the appointed hour I was on the rusty plains, sitting like a Gladiator on a two bushy bag of ammunition. There I sat, alone, till eight o'clock, the meanwhile ap-peas-ing the void in my stomach with a few charges of my ammunition. But the blood-thirsty politician forgot to come to the carnage ground, and I wended my way home to a cold and cheerless breakfast. My first leading article in the next issue was on Peace and Good will to Men.

What! Forgetfulness! Breakfast! Zounds, I left my chop on the gridiron. Mutton in the air! I'll have to carve my way to the gridiron.

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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 4.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 11TH DECEMBER, 1880.



THROUGH THE MIRE: DOST THOU LIKE THE PICTURE?



1ST GENT.—“What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did verily bear blood.”

2ND GENT.—Oh! **BRUCE** of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits.

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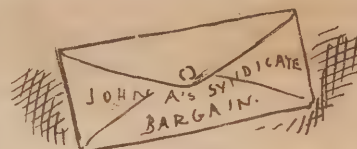
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The Toronto Mayoralty.

And it came to pass in the time when James Beatty jr., was Member for West Toronto, that behold a new Mayor was needed, and it was so that heretofore the Mayor was elected because he was a man of sound principle, and of good understanding; yea, also because of his honesty and integrity, and because he had the fear of the people before his eyes, and because he had the welfare of the city at heart. But now gathered together many of the tribe called Tories, not they who were men of sound principle, but them of evil heart; the offscourings and scum of the tribe, the men called wire-pullers, and they called street-corner politicians. And at their head were placed men who regarded not their fellow-men, excepting as they could be made subservient to their own evil ends, also be tools in their hands to further their personal aggrandizement. And they said unto themselves, "Shall the man who is of good repute, and whom the people have chosen be our next Mayor? Not so, for then shall we not be able to do even as we shall see fit; we shall not be able to control the money of the City, neither shall our tribe be favoured in the matter of offices. Then choose they from among their number one to Boss the job, (for it was the greatest job of the day,) and his name was ever after Boss Bunting. And chose they also men to do the other work, the wire-pulling, the packing of conventions, and all the dirty work for there was much of such to do. And behold conventions were held, and as their purposes were evil, and their body politic corrupt, they chose for Mayor one from among them who was absolutely reeking with corruption. And it was only by "Close" packing that they got even their Convention to accept him, for his reputation was so vile that even such base men found exceeding difficult to support him, and it was only by the utmost exertions of the Boss that he was at length put forth. And this man's name was known throughout the length and breadth of the land, because of the Pacific Railway Commission, and because of the Section B. Contracts. And as of the tribe of Tories, so of the tribe of Grits; but they supported a man of good reputation because of his uprightness aforesaid. Yet was the principle bad; rotten to the core; ridiculous because of its excessive foolishness, yet pernicious because of its extreme dangerousness. And it was condemned by every good man, and received the censure of the wise; yea so much so that each party tried to fasten the responsibility upon the other, but the people knew that both were equally bad. Selah.

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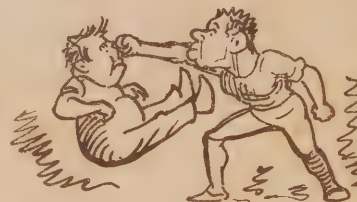


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No. 3. Being and Seeming, My Donkey, A Parish Clerk's Tale, &c., cor. style	20

SELECTIONS.

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The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Keppler, the cartoon artist of *Puck*, is tall and finely formed, with a good breadth of chest. He is a handsome brunette, with a black mustache and restless black eyes. He is one of the quietest of men, polite and easy, but almost shy in the modesty of his manner. He does not like to have any one praise his work, and he cordially invites criticism. His brother artist claims that he is the best artist of pencil portraits in the country. Wales, who contributes to *Puck*, is a good natured man, whose amiable manner is not always seen in the severity of his cartoons. In the main, however, there is always a lurking sense of jollity in his work, as there is in Keppler's. Oppen is a patient, keen, big-eyed young man who wears a perpetual smile and admires Keppler.—*Herald P.I.*

No person who feels an interest in the development of Canadian art can look over Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson's stock of Christmas publications without pride and pleasure. This firm are the recognized exponents of artistic culture in the Dominion, so far as books are concerned, and we are very much pleased to know that their energy and enterprise are being substantially encouraged by the art loving public. As a Christmas speciality, they have produced a line of daintily gotten up booklets, printed in the highest style of typographic art, and beautifully enclosed in covers of old gold satin, or other equally fastidious material. The binding consists merely of a ribbon fastened in a lover's knot, and the initial cover of each is embellished with a hand-painted illustration. These designs (all by artists residing in this Province) are in oil, water colours, india ink or sepia, and embrace a wonderful variety of subjects, the artistic work in every case being such as would do credit to the oldest art centres of the world. The best proof of this statement is the fact that these booklets are in active demand in London and New York, and the publishers are in constant receipt of orders from those cities. We venture to say these goods will prove a real revelation to the majority of intelligent Canadians, and cannot fail to act as a timely corrective to that miserable pessimism with which some of our people view the prospects of fine art in Canada. This is equally true of the little book, "Now the Day is over," which is issued by Hart & Rawlinson purely as a specimen of native manufacture and art. The paper, binding, type, typography, drawing and engraving, are all distinctively Canadian, and no loyal citizen need blush to own them. The contents consist of Baring Gould's well-known and touching hymn, with several illustrations drawn by Mrs. Schrieber, R. C. A., and engraved by Mr. Bridgen, of the Toronto Engraving Co. In every respect this little book is surprisingly good. Space will not permit of more than a passing reference to the line of original Christmas and New Year's cards brought out by Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson. Suffice it to say they are such as might be expected of publishers who have a fine sense of the beautiful, and who also possess the means and enterprise to realize their ideal of excellence.

It may not be generally known that Mr. James Anthony Froude, the historian, is a regularly ordained deacon in the Established Church of England, but it is a fact that he was ordained in 1844, and was also a writer in Cardinal Newman's "Lives of the Saints." Mr. Froude was at that time an ardent disciple of Puseyism, although he has since gone so far in the other direction as to speak of the Scriptures as the "Hebrew Mythology." His "Personal Reminiscences of the Oxford High Church Revival," which he proposes to write in six numbers of *Good Words*, will therefore be likely to attract considerable attention.

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1881 1881
THE MAYORALTY

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Your vote and influence at the coming Election are kindly requested for

JAMES BRITTON,
FOR MAYOR.

THE ELECTION TAKES PLACE
MONDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1881

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

A GENTLEMAN four years pastor French Protestant Church, New York, wishes to form classes. Address Rev. J. Bleaubien, 20 Alexander St., Toronto.

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AS ALDERMAN FOR 1881.
The Election will take place on Monday, January 3rd 1881.

1881.
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FOR MAYOR.

Economy, Reduced Taxation.
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Supervision.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Gerster sends all the floral tribute: she receives to the unfortunates in the hospitals.

Clara Morris has received an offer, by cable, from Mr. Barrett, of the Court Theatre, London, to take the leading characters in some new plays.

Miss Lulu Veling, a youthful pianist, only 12 years of age, appears in Washington, on the 21st of January, in her first public concert. She has been the subject of much generous criticism. She is a Pottsville girl.

The Salvini season at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, was a great artistic and financial success. The receipts for the eight performances exceeded \$26,000. Salvini will appear on the boards of the Grand before the close of the present season.

Dr. Wild's lecture on Tuesday night was listened to by a large and interested audience. The mystical title "Stone Miracle," was merely a "wild" method of saying "Pyramid." A good sum must have been realized towards the object of the Young People's Association of Bond Street.

Edwin Booth's English friends wish he had begun with "Richelieu;" for the play continues to run. The public is becoming used to his ways and getting to like him, and some day they will be saying to one another, "Really I would have mistaken him for an Englishman, you know." After which, there being nothing higher in the way of taffy in store for him, he will have to come home.

Mr. Pitou announces as his Christmas attraction the latest London and New York success, "the Guv'nor," with Geo. Fawcett Rowe in the leading part. "Engaged" and "Little Emily" will also be produced. Gus Williams opens the new year at the Grand in his comical drama, "Our German Senator," to be followed by Mrs. Howard (the original Topsy) in the ever delightful play "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Messrs. Thomas & Co., of Chicago, have been engaged by the following churches to give their celebrated Sun Picture Tour of Beauties and Wonders of the World. Their entertainment is very highly spoken of by the press, and comprises scenes of California, St. Lawrence River, An Ocean Voyage to Europe, London, Scotland, Ireland, Egypt, Palestine, &c., &c. They exhibit on Tuesday night, 28th, at St. George's Church; Wednesday night, 29th, at Shaftesbury Hall; Thursday night, 30th, at St. Pauls; Friday night, 31st, at East Presbyterian Church.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau this year was not a great success pecuniarily. The receipts amounted to \$60,000, half of which was profit to be divided among all the performers. Mayer, who played the part of Jesus, received the largest dividend, but it amounted to only \$250, while the lowest classes of the performers received only \$16 for thirty-nine performances. They are greatly dissatisfied with their gains and complain that the inn-keepers and peddlers received the largest share of the pecuniary income of the festival. The hotel men and the vendors of trinkets and photographs are much more impressed with the sacred influence of the play and are more anxious for its repetition than are the performers. According to the *New York Times*, American visitors this year were "more struck with the capacity of Mayer, as Jesus, to absorb beer than with his sacred aspirations. The Disciples were greatly addicted to the stage to flirting with the Biblical heroines, and their unprofessional manners, on the whole, very unbecoming to persons presumed to be saturated with the sanctity of the occasion."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Feast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Our Own Egotist.

It has been arranged to give Mr. Archibald Forbes a reception at the Queen's on Christmas Eve'g. I trust the newspaper press of the city will be thoroughly represented on the occasion.

A brief breathing space has been granted to Parliament, and I fervently trust the time will be usefully employed by members of the House of both parties, in learning the views of their constituents. Much to the chagrin of all right thinking men, and greatly to the danger of our country, the question involved in the Syndicate debate is descending to the level of party.

A term in the Penitentiary would not be too severe a penalty to inflict upon any man who would aid or abet such a crime against the country, as would be involved in making the fixing of the destiny of generations yet unborn a subject of mere partisan wrangle, and if the Government persist in forcing this confessedly grave matter through for the sake of a party triumph, they will deserve, and will receive, undying execration.

I say nothing for or against the terms of the bargain. They may be bad, as Messrs. Blake and Cartwright say, or good, as Messrs. Tupper and Plumb declare. What I demand is that we, the sovereign people, shall have a chance to look into the matter and form our independent opinion, before we are hopelessly committed to any contract.

At present it is notorious that the constitutions are far from enlightened on the subject, and I have no hesitation in saying that there are members in the House on both sides—dumb, driven cattle—who have no intelligent conception themselves as to what the document on the table really means.

In ordinary cases, Parliament can be trusted to reflect pretty fairly the public opinion, but the present case is not ordinary. If I am not utterly astray, the question involves the weal or woe of the grandest portion of this best of countries; a country that I know is loved alike by Reformers and Conservatives. Let the fate of Benedict Arnold await those who betray us, from whatever motives.

That was rather a smart "dressing down" that the editor of the *Globe* received from Sir Charles Tupper the other day. Mr. Brown ventured into the gallery, and the Minister of Railways seized the opportunity of giving him "a little on account." Mr. Blake reproved Sir Charles for his unparliamentary conduct, but it was only a fair case of tit-for-tat.

Mr. Gordon Brown was guilty of as great a breach of parliamentary etiquette in assailing a defenceless Minister through his newspaper, as that Minister committed when he assailed a defenceless "stranger in the gallery."

The Tupper-Cartwright episode was less defensible. It was ludicrous as well as disgraceful. Cartwright's perversion of Tupper's words, involving a charge of villany, was very mean and unbecoming, and had the victim been content to merely call attention to the slander, and afterwards treat it with the contempt he professes to feel for its author, he might have gained something.

But he followed up his denunciation of the "miserable insinuation" by making one against Cartwright equally miserable.

A Resolution for the New Year.

Best Resolute? That depends
On him who makes it,
And also somewhat on the ends
For which he takes it.
An athlete wholus leen o'erthrown
And floo ed, dejected,
A wrestle-ution, not a groan
From him's expected.
The man who Hanlan always beats
With splendid rowing,
A row-solution, that defeats
Should stop their blowing.*

A chemist whose decoction fails
When it is tested
Should make a re-solution (quails) †
Before he rested.
Who wants to be an early bird,
And catch the worm when,
A rise—solution from him's heard
From out his worm den ‡
The wearied man with business tired
A rest-olution—§

* I am well aware that this verse is terribly defective and that a verb and several other things are lacking. I'm not to blame for that however. I ordered a complete winter stock of verbs, of the very latest patterns but they are frozen in somewheres between here and N. Y.

† "Quails" is merely put in here to rhyme with "fails." I flatter myself it is successful. Besides quails are plentiful just now and very nice birds to have on a foundation of toast.

‡ I know it. But then the sweet singer of Mich. can make "rhinoceros" rhyme with "parapetetic," so I think "worm then" and "warm den" may be allowed to pass.

§ [There! that's enough! Stop this machine!—Ed.] LUKE SHARP.

The Masher of the Matinee.

CHAP. I.

'Twas a bleak, cold afternoon in the month of December of the present year. There was no snow on the ground, and the western winds sent the dust up from the hardened streets in clouds, half blinding the eyes of the pedestrians, as each successive blast invaded the squalid apparel of the corner loafers, and asked them what they were doing all winter with their summer clothes on.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, vast crowds of people, the majority being ladies, might be seen on Adelaide street moving, it was apparent to the observer, to the doors of the Grand Opera House. It was Saturday, and a matinee was to be given by the BANG UP VAUDEVILLE CIRCO OPERATIC COMPANY. Never since the opening of the house was such enthusiasm raised as during the week of B. V. C. O. Company's entertainment. They had played 400 nights in Kalamazoo, and 300 nights in Oshkosh, and no wonder, their play "A Piece of Hash" being probably the best of its kind ever produced, carrying away the audience in rapturous though somewhat confused delight.

As the hour of two p.m. was rung by the mighty clock in the towering steeple of St. James', a youth might have been seen hurriedly coming up the lane leading from King street. He was chewing a clove, and the air was made redolent of spices and doubtful *eau de vie* as he took post at the theatre door. The youth stood for some minutes, his hands deeply buried in his ulster, and he gazed with evident delight into the face of each muffled damsel as she passed on her way to the box office. Who was the youth?

'Twas none other than Marmaduke McGriffin, the MASHER OF THE MATINEE.

"Ah," sighed Marmaduke, "and they call me the Masher *par excellence* of the Matinee. True, there is some reason for the public bestowing upon me the title. I may venture to say (here he drew himself up proudly) that I have made more mashes of the female element than any one of my age in Toronto. But alas! there is one whose graceful form is impressed upon my susceptible mind. Oh, that I could see her face. It must be divine to belong to that Venus-like form. Ha! that blue dolman, that white hat and red feather! She comes!"

CHAP. II.

The lady thus apostrophised by the youthful Marmaduke was closely veiled, and without even casting a glance at the enraptured swain she tripped lightly up the steps, bought her ticket and passed into the theatre, followed as closely as possible by her admirer, who took a position so that he could see the mysterious lady's face when the curtain would rise, and on which occasion he fully expected her veil to rise also. He was disappointed. The curtain went up, and the serio-comic lady came on and gave the audience "Meet Me in the Lumber Yard," in her usual inimitable style, followed by "Dance Me on Your Knee," but still the lady kept her veil down. The tumbler took the stage and tumbled, the tenor and soprano came on and sang, the niggers, Irishman and Dutchman turned "flip flaps" all over the stage, and at last the curtain was run down, but the mystic lady yet sat immovable and closely veiled. Marmaduke was maddened. "Am I, or am I not myself?" he whispered inaudibly, as he found that all his killing glances towards her proved of no avail. "Shall I, the Masher of the Matinee, be discomfited? By heavens, never! I'll follow her home. I will make some excuse and accost her. Once I make her acquaintance, she will soon regret having treated with indifference Marmaduke McGriffin, the Masher of the Matinee."

She arose and he arose. She went up Adelaide street, and he followed. He followed her up Bay, on to Queen, up Queen to Elizabeth, up Elizabeth to Chestnut street. "Doubtless, she will cross the avenue at Elm street to some of the aristocratic mansions in the north-western quarter," thought Marmaduke, and still he followed her. Her graceful form he perceived on its way up Centre street, and quickening his pace he gained steadily on her, when the lady stopped short in front of an ancient wooden building, the steps leading to the door thereof being ornamented with three "pikaninnies." She raised her veil. Great Washington! She was as black as Othello's grandmother! This is what she said to Marmaduke, "See hyah, tell yo' what it is, I don't want any of yoah Matinee loafahs follerin' me up. I've been a watchin' of ye fo' days. George Henry, come hiah! Here's a loafah been insultin' me, George Henry debouched through the door with a ten foot white wash brush, (calimining being that gentleman's profession,) and smote the too enquiring youth with it. Wiping the white wash out of his eyes, Marmaduke fled in haste to the seclusion of the avenue. And from that time thence forward the portals of the Grand have not been graced with the form of the MASHER OF THE MATINEE.



A Parliamentary Episode.

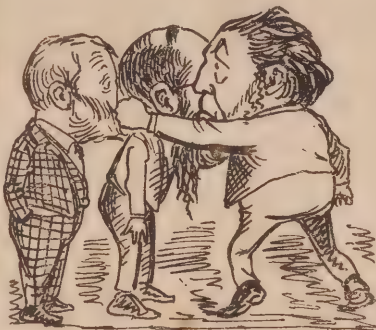
Charley Tupper, redoubtable Knight,
And his knightly opponent, Cartwright
This week had a row
And this is the how
Of their Parliamentary fight:

Quoth Cartwright, "If I'm not astray,
I understand Tupper to say
He will make such a pile
From this Syndicate vile
That he'll leave a great big legacy!"

Quoth Tupper, "A falsehood more gross
Never tainted the air of this House.
But I just let it pass,
For its author's an ass—
He is neither a man nor a mouse!"

I might own to a feeling of shame
If I ever had played a sharp game
On the London Exchange
Where this gentleman's strange
And dark, crooked ways have a fame.

Quoth Cartwright, "You state a big lie
In your base inuendo so sly,
My loans were all made
On the fair rules of trade,
And were such as I'll always stand by!"



Then Tupper, with science so deft,
Let out a straight blow with his left,
And on Gordon Brown's nose
He planted such blows
That of sense he that worthy bereft.

Here's the moral of this queer affair,
Our knights have no "manners" to spare,
And if poor Gordon Brown
Hadn't been looking on,
He would not have been struck—which is clear.

The St. John, N. B., *Telegraph*, describing an assault committed by a young man named Holland, who struck his father on the head with an axe, says:—"It is almost a miracle that the man's skull was not fractured, and but for the desperate struggle made by the elder Holland previous to the assault, there is no doubt but that he would have been a lifeless corpse to-day."—Garr is very glad to hear that Holland, Sr., escaped the terrible fate here referred to; and that the misguided son has not now to regret that he not only killed his father, but transformed him into a *lifeless corpse*!

The Row in Parliament

What a nice spectacle our idolized House of Commons must have presented, upon the night that Sir Charles Tupper administered his celebrated castigation to Sir Richard Cartwright. What a noble and elevating pattern these worthy knights present to the youth and rising generation of our country, who are taught to look upon these men as models to guide their future course of life. And how proud the Queen must be of her new made knights; what a pair of doughty knights they are, bespattering each other with bad epithets and filthy abuse across the floor of the highest legislative hall of the land. A brawl in a bar-room is debasing; a brawl in the House of Commons between two of its "brightest ornaments" is simply disgusting.



Condign Punishment

Proposed to be inflicted on the Cookes church Rioters, who have conscientious scruples against organ playing, but no particular objection to organ burglarising.

Queries.

Is it true that the Prince Bismarck in speaking to the Baron von Lagerdrinken as to the course taken by the conquered French provinces said that their protests are *all sass*, and he will have German *law* reign there?

Is it true that Mr. Jones of Baudon wrote to Mr. Parnell anent the dealings of the Leaguers with his cattle, saying that it was a cow-herd-ly action.

If an old country settler in Muskoka should get up in the morning anathematizing the government officials that sent him there, could his actions be construed into a rising in Ashantee?

Should not the prospects of the Dutch expedition to the Arctic regions be bright, when their parliament have granted seven thousand guilders to carry it on?

And see here! If a lady should aggravate about a hundred dry goods clerks while looking for suitable material for a calico dress, could she, Oh, could she be said to be on a Buy-cotton expedition?

"Are you acquainted with Buffalo Bill?"
"No, but I know I-ow-a Bill and can't pay it."



The New Scourge of the North-West.

NOW IN PROCESS OF HATCHING AT OTTAWA.

The Mayoralty.

The *Mail* says the future success and consolidation of the Conservative Party depend upon the election of Ald. Close to the Mayor's chair. Now would it not be a grand thing to defeat the conservative candidate, and thereby defeat the Pacific Railway Bill, cause the resignation of Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues, throw the conservatives out of power, and elect Ald. McMurrich Mayor of Toronto and Premier of the Dominion at one and the same time. We did not know before that the country was upon the verge of such a crisis, we accept the gravity of the situation, but we are very much afraid this is only the necessary amount of buncombe required to cover up the iniquity of introducing party politics into Municipal Elections.

The Syndi-cat.

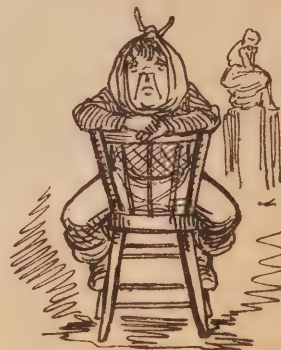
PAT.—Be the powers Gottlieb, that same Syndi-cat is making a tearing ould ruotion in the country.

GOTTLIEB.—Yaw, dot is zo. De beebles doand do id dumble.

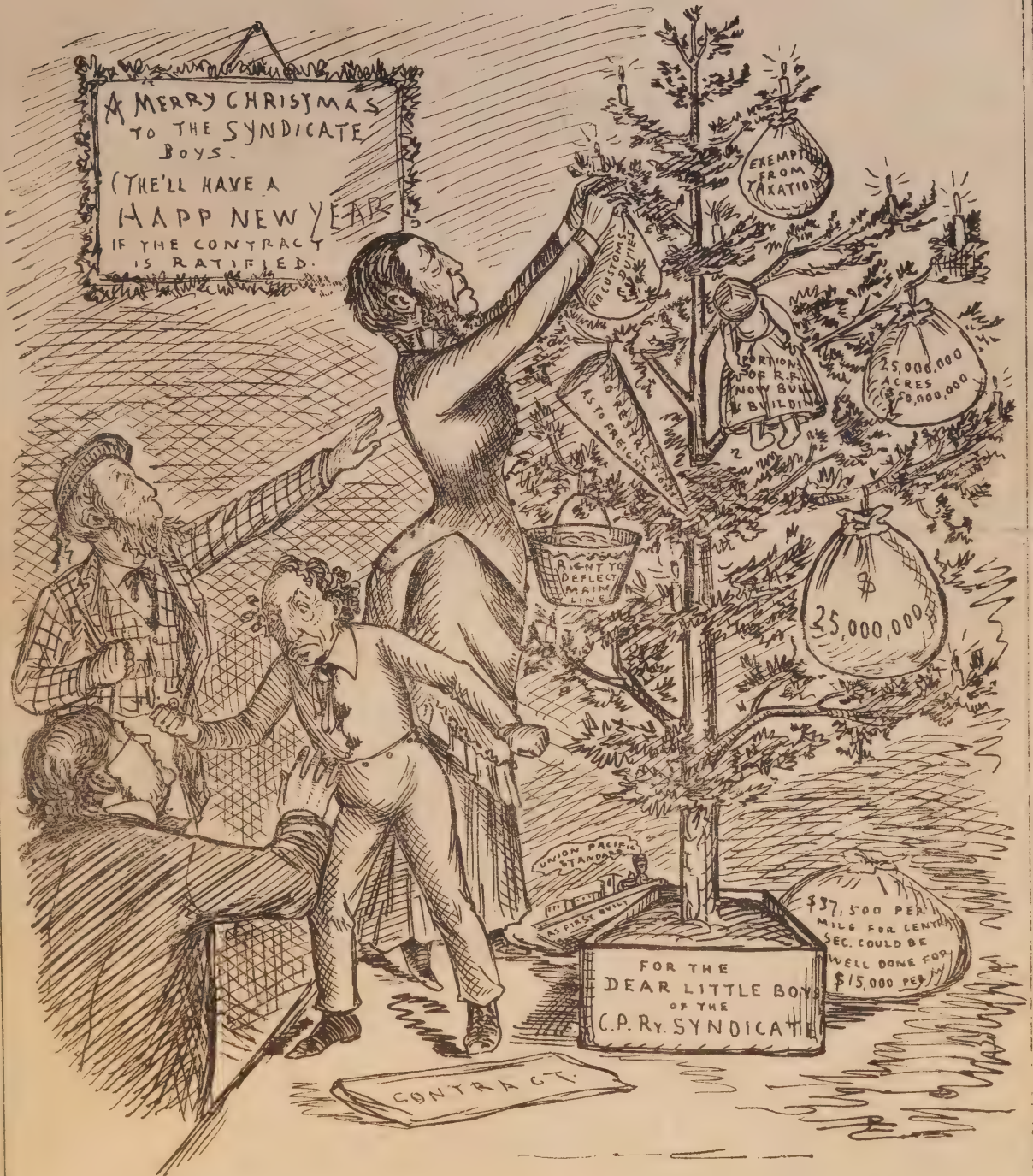
PAT.—Nary a thumble, but if Sir John dusen't kape his weather eye open he'll thumble, bad scan to him.

GOTTLIEB.—Nien, Nien, dot ish not zo, dey vill swallow dot Syndi-cat glaws and all. Id no vorse bin und dot Paeefic piness und dey swallow dot. Vat you dinks.

PAT.—May the cat live to dance on its own grave.



Ill Pen-sor-osa.



THE SYNDICATE CHRISTMAS TREE,
OR, THE TIME FOR GIVING THINGS AWAY.



"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

"A physician gives directions "How to see the blood circulate." His method is not as simple as the old way of calling a prize fighter a liar.—*Norristown Herald*.

A paper in New York is called *The Wheel*. It ought to circulate, but most readers would soon "tire" of such a name. It would flourish better at the Hub.—*Norristown Herald*.

Christmas trees are looking spruce. Children pine for them.—*Boston Post*. By gum! Yule—yew'll be sorry for re-a-hing these old puns. This subject is trees on.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

In looking oar the photographs of aquatic herows, the scull of Haulan is found near the head.—*Boston Globe*. We understand that photographs of Haulan are not for sail.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

"Judie, the actress, makes \$40,000 a year in France and Russia, and saves nearly all of it." She has evidently acted Judiciously—in not acquiring a husband to squander it for her.—*Norristown, Pa., Herald*.

Certain Democrats in New York have formed a club called the "Hyenas." If they intend to howl for office and dig up dead and buried issues, the name is a singularly appropriate one.—*Norristown Herald*.

An Irishman who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and they were both to fire at the same time.—*Detroit Every Saturday*.

The following from the *Norristown, Pa., Herald*, is not bad:—Secretary Thompson says we have a navy. We don't dispute his word, but the man who is sitting upon it should be invited to get up, so that our navy can be seen.

When Theo was five years old, she having been taught that it was rude to stare at people, was heard calling from a room in which sat an exceedingly stout lady: "I'm not staring, mamma; but isn't she fat."—*Detroit Every Saturday*.

The first part of last week, people were all stove-up. Coal comfort they received at home, too. It wood anthracite any man to be chilled at one's very hearth-stone. It makes one's burden too grate to bear.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

There is a horrible rumor abroad that Sarah Bernhardt, after fulfilling her present engagements in this country, will start out on a series of annual farewell tours, covering a period of three years, before her return home.—*Norristown Herald*.

Adolphus:—The bowel is a tool used by coopers for smoothing the insides of casks, and for giving a general finish to their work. You would be astonished to see howel they hoop'er up, and how 'staving' the cask looks, when finished.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A certain musical critic is so full of melody that he eats soup with a tuning fork.—*Boston Globe*. We presume it is also natural for him to pause and rest at a bar.—*Somerville Journal*.—A breakfast on note meal suffices, and he likes to see Do-ra prepare it.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

It has begun. The shower of almanacs. It's enough to make us all-maniacs.—In our youthful days the small boy had plenty of lip, but now it's a mouth with a kid attached.—"Snow use, a rain of terror is upon us, to flea or fly, or meet the man with a paper bill, and tal'on's too.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

Eldest daughter: "I think you might let me come out, mamma! I'm twenty, you know, and surely I've finished my education!" Festive mamma (by no means prepared to act the part of Chaperone and Wallflower): "Not yet, my love. Society is so hollow! I really must preserve that sweet girlish freshness of yours a little while longer!"—*Punch*.

The *Brooklyn Eagle* describes a paper carnival at which a young lady appeared with a fan made from the *Danbury News*. We are glad some one has succeeded in raising the wind with that estimable paper.—*Danbury News*. So are we, brother Bailey, but this is not the first time a bustle has been created, by a young lady, with the *Danbury News*—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

"Anything new and fresh this morning?" our reporter asked in the Lagonda House office, the other day. "Yes," replied the lone occupant of the office. "What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping out his note-book. Said the diamond-tud man, edging his way toward the door: "That paint you are leaning against." The hotel man is now in the care of a physician and the reporter is in jail.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

The *LANCASTER Examiner* says that a poor man "with his wife, horse, wagon and thirteen dogs, has taken winter quarters on the Greenland Hill, along the Philadelphia pike." The man must be very poor indeed, and it is hard to understand how he will be able to keep from starving this winter with only thirteen dogs. What he wants is a few more dogs. As it is now, he is a proper subject for charity.—*Norristown, Pa., Herald*.

Bliffers went into a down-town restaurant, the other day, and called for a bowl of bread and milk. The cerulean tint of the lacteal fluid hardly suited Bliffers' fastidious tastes, and there being a pitcher of cream upon the table, Bliffers poured a generous portion into his bowl. The waiter, observing the operation, called out: "I say! What are you doing with that cream?" "Oh," says Bliffers, "I am merely rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's!"—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A few nights ago the girls in an Indiana college got up a kicking match, for the championship, the one that kicked the highest to be awarded the belt. One of them tried to kick with both feet at once, and she sat down on her spinal column so itacally that she was seriously injured. A college girl shouldn't kick at the ceiling with both feet at once unless there is a young man standing near to catch her in case of a fall—and then it would be advisable first to dress like a female trapeze performer.—*Norristown, Pa., Herald*.

These cold mornings are favorable for abbreviated salutations. The latest is:

"Good morn'."

"Morn. Horn this morn'?"

"No horn."

"Good morn'."—*New Haven Register*.

Deuced clever, you know. But it reminds us of the scene in a play, where this brilliant conversation occurs:

"Good aft'."

"Aft'. Going to mat' this aft'?"

"Not this aft'."

"Good aft'."—*Hackensack Republican*.

The *Boston Journal of Commerce* says:—Bliffers alluded to the "Silver-tongued orator" recently, as Wind ill Phillips, because the poor man was suffering from an attack of colic.—When you make an engagement to take your sweetheart out to skate upon the frozen surface of the lake, be sure you don't slip up on it.—Horses frequently show great affection for vehicles. When attached to each other they are generally hitched together and sent on their bridle tour.—It is the opinion of Hans Pfeiffer that a murderer upon the scaffold, although in a very serious position, is always bound to have his "leedle choke."

A young gentleman of Boston, who recently graduated from Harvard, and has come west to let the country grow up with him, has for some time been paying marked attentions to a beautiful girl on the west side. The other evening he remarked that "Endymion," the title of Lord Beaconsfield's new novel, meant the setting sun. She looked into the brightly-glowing grate a moment, and then said she thought his name should have been Endymion, as he could set around as long as any son she ever saw. Chicago girls are not always cultured, but they can bring a man to the scratch every time.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Our female reporter who gathers and dresses up about town notes says she has to bustle to collar news, as some people don't take stockin' a female reporter. Hat makes no diff. to her, she says, for she can handle the ribbons as well as anybody, pin an item as deftly, embrace an opportunity, hug a delus on, coax an unwilling witness, or press a subject, with the next one. And she can lay the young men reporters in the shade getting Madame Rumor to unbosom herself of secrets. Occasionally she muffs an item, gets sacqued or handicapped, but by legging around the outskirts, she gets lots the regular reporters miss. Then she can array ideas, cloak a thought, as well as any one. Take it all in all, however, a reporter's life is a frye-ful one.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

At last we have embraced Fame. After a long and wild chase after the coy maid, we caught her, and she's a charming captive. We have invented a Gustophone. Men, blocks or miles distant, can taste what each other drink or eat. A man can hug a hot fire these winter nights and drink anything he wants by having the up-town bar tender put one end of the gustophone into his favorite drinks. So he can eat a princely meal by having the gustophone worked on his choice dishes at the restaurateurs'. By very careful, intense application a man can kiss his wife or sweetheart, though she be miles away. Oh, it's delightful! It's perfect now, all but the kissing. By untiring practice, with and without the gustophone, we expect to make it altogether satisfactory in that branch of usefulness.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

Excelsior.

The shades of night were falling fast.
As through Toronto city passed;
A blooming maid in bloomer dressed,
With this device upon her breast.

GRIP's funny Almanac out this month, price 25 cents.

Her brows were knit, beneath her veil
Her eyes flashed like a comet's tail,
And like a clarion bugle rung
The tones of that outlandish tongue,

Fun is better than physio; get GRIP's comic Almanac, out this month.

Oh stay, the young man cried, and rest
Thy tired head upon this vest;
A tear rolled down her painted cheek,
But still she answered with a squeak,

The greatest hit of the day. Milk for the young, meat for the old, and crumbs for all in GRIP's comic Almanac. Don't fail to get one.

Our Grip Sack.

"Honely that and nothing more"—a razor strop.

If the boys do build snow men its 'snow bodies business.

"The Chin-ese must go" when the dull razor is applied.

Glass eggs are put in a hen's nest as a rus-e ter make her lay.

HE.—"Pray Annie dear, why look so sad?"
SHE.—"Because so long I've waited,
If I could get a mate for life
I'd be more *Annie-mated*."

How happy the man in the moon must have been when he got his *first quarter*. But nothing like his delight as when drinking he got into his *third quart*.

A poker player found a sole ace in his hand and yet wasn't happy.—*Boston Post*. You deserve to be so laced that you'd never perpetrate another such vile one.

A butcher in the market is responsible for the following: "Why is my slaughter house like the globe?" Ans. "Beacau-e it's-vere I kill." This is sphere-ful and Knox spots out of anything of the kind around this "quarter."

Poetical (?) Justice.—Our hard-up contributor remarked in a late issue that the Jews are prone "to lighten the Gentiles," but then, on the other hand he must concede that the Gentiles are not backward in "giving the devil his Jew."

Grip is brim full of good things and should be in every house; in fact, no family should be without it.

Grip is like Allsop's Ale, -
Sometimes frothy, seldom stale.
—*Port Hope Guide*.

Wemet a bar-room "beat," with a "reddish" nose, the other evening and asked him if he would take a "nip." He said he wasn't like a feller that would "pass-a-nip," so he "took it up and went alone," after which he waited for some one else to "turn-up" and ask him to "take something."

Our funny contributor says that a great wave of prosperity may have passed over the country but it has not struck him to any alarming extent. He says that any abandoned contracts on Section B. or other unconsidered trifles will be thankfully accepted by him as Christmas offerings. Letters of Contract transfers—enclosing five dollars as a guarantee of good faith may be addressed to our contributor at Lindsay.

Mrs. Sillibus asked one of the clerks in a King street, St. John, N. B., dry goods store for some "Colored Person Cords." "You probably mean Colored Persian Cords," replied the polite young man. "No, indeed I don't want any Colored Purging Cords, and if I can't have a sassy-factory answer, I shan't fraternize your store." She went out in a high dudgeon muttering something about the trowdshous imprudence of these whipper-snaffers.

THE Washdemoak river in New Brunswick, derived its name from the following curious incident. During the early settlement of the Province, a settler, exploring this river, came across a negro's cabin close to the river side. Aunt Dinah was giving a young picaninny a bath in the river. "What are you doing there?" said the stranger. "Ise gwine to wash de moke," replied Dinah, and he immediately named the river Washdemoak. This does not appear in Hanny's History of Acadia but is absolutely accurate nevertheless.

Our Christmas Story.

11.30 P.M.



Convinced that Tommy was fast asleep, they were playing Santa Claus quite unaware of



THE LOOKER ON.

Hot with curiosity, he went down stairs to inspect; suffered



A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE.

and returned hot with something that was not curiosity. M. B.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. F. You are anxious to hear of the fate of your "Pupp." Well, not having the tag of merit on his collar, he was shot—into our wastebasket without any ceremony.

AUTHOR. We do not undertake to reply by post to every contributor. If an article does not appear in a reasonable length of time, it may be considered as rejected. MSS. are not returned.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER. The writer of this must be left lamenting, as the event referred to is entirely too stale now.

"The Hemisphere."

WHAT OUR PATRONS SAY OF IT.

I have advertised in the *Hemisphere* for the past six months, and I still live,

J. CHEAPON,

The great clothier.

We have had an advt. in the *Hemisphere* for quite a long time, and say without hesitation that the leading articles are occasionally good.

JONES, SMITH & Co.,

Noted for cheap goods.

You ask us to say we have found the *Hemisphere* a first class advertising medium, and in return you will give us a free advt. by inserting our certificate. Well, under the circumstances we agree to say so. HODGE, PUDGE & Co., Wholesale importers of the very best groceries.

In compliance with your flattering circular we beg to say that in our opinion the *Hemisphere* is a far better advertising medium than the *Postbag*. GOOSEBERRY, SONS & Co., Importers & dealers in Dry goods. (Call and see our Christmas stock.)

I can conscientiously say that I consider the *Hemisphere* a very good advertising medium, though not to be compared to GRIP.

HARDFAT & Co.,

General Merchants.

The Coming Man.

A correspondent writes us to ask our advice upon the question of a Platform for a new paper which he is about to start under the above title. By way of reply we submit the following.—

To-day we present to our numerous readers the first copy of THE COMING MAN; a paper

we believe, destined to revolutionize the Political, Religious, Social, Criminal and Newspaper world. In this our Exordium we will briefly lay down the platform that, as Reformers, we intend to occupy; and if any man can find there in that which does not meet his particular view, we will change it to suit him. We believe that every newspaper should clearly and distinctly lay before its readers the principles by which it shall be guided; and furthermore, we believe it is the inalienable right of every man to demand and exact from newspapers, such clear enunciation of principle. Premising, thus we introduce the paper of many principles; our motto being to please all, in which we don't expect to succeed. As the question of Finance is perhaps the most important that now occupies the attention of both Canadians and Foreigners, we will take it first into consideration. If the principle be correct that money in itself is a thing of no value (which it certainly is to those who do not possess it) but only a measure of the value of commodities; if its debt-paying power is only conferred upon it by the sovereign stamp of Government being impressed thereon, thus making it legal tender, then to our mind the cheapest money is the best; and we hereby give in our adherence to paper money. We also want all money redeemable in gold, and we individually want all the gold we can possibly get. We will therefore allow the Rag Babies to have all the paper money they want, if they pay for it; and in the meantime we will try and scratch along with gold. As regards our Trade relations with other countries, we believe the less restrictions placed upon Commerce the better for any country; at the same time we want a good protective tariff for Canada. We believe the principle of Protection to be wrong, and would therefore advise all nations to discountenance it; but as we appear to be getting along pretty well with it, we would advise Canada to "hang on" to it for the present. The question of the Scott Act is one of considerable importance, and as intemperance is known to be a great evil, we would advise its adoption by every municipality except the one in which we live. We are in favor of total prohibition, and of the right of every man to sell whatever merchandise will yield him a profit, let it be dry goods or whiskey. We think our School Act one of the best in the world; and we are confirmed in this opinion by the fact that we do not understand it, and never knew anybody that did. We would advise Mr. Mowat and the Local Legislature to further amend it, at the coming Session, that is if it be capable of further amendment.

In the matter of the Pacific Railway, we believe the Syndicate scheme to be the only method by which it could be built, also we are opposed to the granting of large tracts of lands to either corporations or individuals. We believe the land, the air, and the water, to be the free gift of God to the population of the earth, and if any man possesses more than he himself can properly cultivate, he is robbing his fellow-man of his birth-right; also, if the government have any more blocks of 168,000 acres to give away we will try our best to cultivate it. We are totally opposed to the introduction of Party Politics into municipal elections, unless we are made the party candidate. In Politics we are strictly independent inasmuch as we will support both old parties and give the Beaver-Backers a lift occasionally. The measure of our support to these parties will be guided by the amount of support we receive from them.

These are a few of our principles, and in presenting them we hope they will meet with your hearty approval. Space will not permit us to give further expression to our views, but in future numbers will be found a continuation of our Platform. We invite earnest consideration and criticism of it, and hope it will receive the support which it undoubtedly merits.

THEOXY.

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USE MYRTLE NAVY

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First-class Workmanship and GOOD FIT Guaranteed

Vol. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 6.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 26TH DECEMBER, 1880.



"WOLF! WOLF!!"

SHEPHERD BOY BROWN.—O! O! Here's the wolf for sure, and I haven't breath left equal to the occasion.



AN IDYLL OF CHRISTMAS.

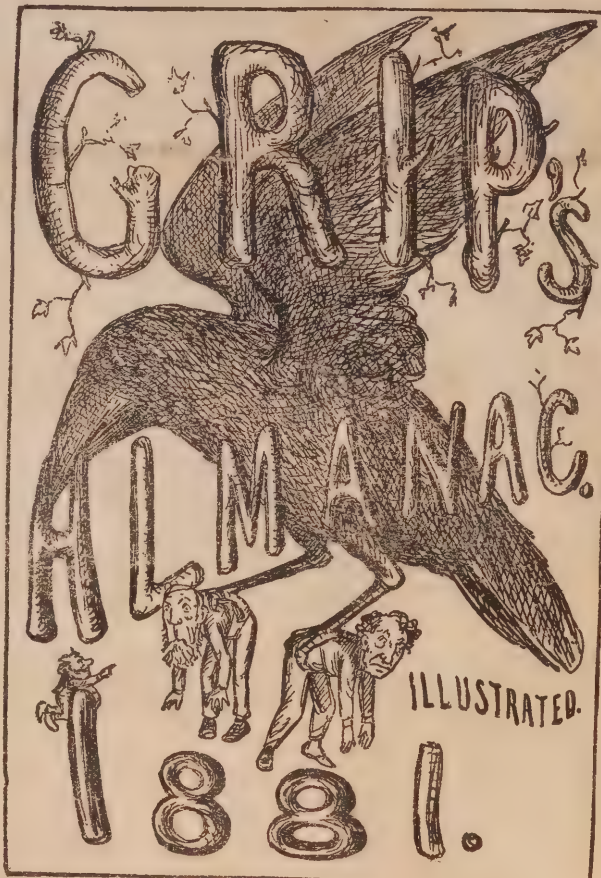
Good will to men—even to the "abandoned."

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ISSUED

IN CANADA.

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FROMCOVER TO
COVER

AND RETURN.

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EDITOR'S
NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S
NOTE.

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BENGOUGH BROS.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

VOLUME XVI.
No. 7.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1881.

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1ST GENT—"What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did verily bear blood."

2ND GENT—"Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits."

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HELP Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances, remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls, to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed, sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Special Telegrams from Ottawa.

To GRIP,—

Appearances Syndicate a tremendous sale of your Almanac.

(Signed,) JOHN A. MACDONALD.

To GRIP,—

Hold on, hold on! Keep the Almanac back until after January 5th, and give people time to get their risible nerves in order.

(Signed,) EDWARD BLAKE.

Lost by a large majority, will be out this month.

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THE MACKINNON PEN.

C. W. YOUNG,
General Agent for CANADA,
BOX 600, STRATFORD.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Our calling him "Guller" instead of "Ful-ler," last week, was not intended as an insinuation against the author of H. M. S. Parliament. It was an eccentricity of the compositor.

The Montreal Spectator appears with a handsome new heading, and Brother Bray wields as trenchant a pen as ever. He would do well, however, to "sit upon" some of his heavy contributors.

Mr. Charles Belford, formerly of the Toronto Leader and Mail, but lately of Ottawa, died at the latter place on Sunday evening, of consumption. He was a vigorous writer and rendered valuable service to the Conservative party.

Scribner's Magazine has attained the marvelous circulation of 125,000 copies monthly. This is unprecedented in the history of magazines, but then there never was a magazine before whose literary and artistic merits struck the world so forcibly.

"The Coming of the Princess," a volume of poems, by Mrs. Kate Ferguson Maclean, of Kingston, is published this week by Hunter, Rose, & Co. The poems are lyrical in form, and are of high excellence, their sweetness of melody and originality are such as to add a valuable contribution to Canadian literature.

Puck's Annual for 1881 is now on the counters of our bookstores, and certainly no holiday book is calculated to give the readers so much genuine amusement—excepting, of course, Garr's Almanac. The Annual is profusely illustrated by Keppler, Wales, Oppen and others, and contains literary contributions from many excellent writers.

Grip is very happy in his hits this week. The cartoon represents a Christmas tree, with Sir Charles Tupper as the good mother loading it with rich presents "For the dear little boys of the C. P. Ry. Syndicate." Mr. Mackenzie stands behind in an attitude of expostulation, while Sir John Macdonald shakes his fist at Mr. Blake, who is advancing as if to prevent the giving away of too many good things. The recent fracas in the House is amusingly depicted, but the best hit of all is the sketch of a large grasshopper labelled "Railway Monopoly," under which is the legend, "The new scourge of the North-West, now in process of hatching at Ottawa."—Ottawa Free Press.

The London Free Press is evidently out of stock of its edition of Fanning's Etiquette. It describes Bishop Sweetman as "His Honour the Lord Bishop of Toronto." The good Bishop is neither a Police Magistrate nor a bogus peer. To give sham titles that claim undue preeminence for any one Church is not only illegal, but a great breach of good manners. Such titles as "Lord Bishop" are titles of discourtesy.

A year's subscription to the St. Nicholas is a holiday gift the influence and the joy of which are felt twelve times a year. The North American recently declared, "It would puzzle any one to say in what respect St. Nicholas could be improved." Subscriptions beginning with the beautiful Christmas (December) number will commence the two serial stories. Price, \$3.00 a year. The Christmas number is for sale everywhere for 30 cents. Published by Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New York.

The Christmas number of the Yonkers Statesman was a masterpiece of literary and typographical beauty. We heartily congratulate brother quill on his enterprise and success.

\$10

Outfit furnished free with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in the business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

1881 1881
THE MAYORALTY

To the Electors of the City
of Toronto.

Your vote and influence at the coming Election are kindly requested for

JAMES BRITTON,
FOR MAYOR.

THE ELECTION TAKES PLACE

MONDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1881

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

A GENTLEMAN four years pastor French Protestant Church, New York, wishes to form classes. Address Rev. J. Bleaubien, 20 Alexander St., Toronto.

15 SCROLL SAW designs sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. No two alike. Address, J. MALCOLM, Parkdale P.O.

ST. THOMAS' WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are Respectfully Solicited on Behalf of

HARRY SYMONS,

As School Trustee for 1881-2.

Election on Wednesday, 5th Jan. 1881

ST. GEORGE'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE & INFLUENCE

Are respectfully solicited for the election of

EDWARD RYAN,
99 KING ST., WEST,
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The Election will take place on Monday, January 3rd 1881.

1881.

ALD. W. B. McMURRICH
FOR MAYOR.

**Economy, Reduced Taxation,
Improved Roadways, Better
Water Supply, Strict
Supervision.**

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Mr. C. W. A. Dedrickson, a well known newspaper man of this city, has become a member of Chas. Drew's "Opera Mad" Company.

Mr. Gus Williams renewed his old triumphs at the Grand in the early part of this week, and at present the attraction is Mrs. Howard's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company. This is to be followed by a brief engagement of the famous Emma Abbott's English Opera Company, who will present four very attractive works. Signor Brignoli is with Miss Abbott.

Miss Emma Verne & Co. hold the boards of the Royal Opera House this week, with their musical comedy in two acts, entitled "Fun on the Rail." Miss Verne is a most charming actress, and the comedy is replete with wit, pathos and music. Altogether "Fun on the Rail" is one of the most enjoyable things that has been put on the boards this season. Next week commencing January 3rd, comes Harry Webber in the Comedy Drama of "Nip and Tuck," which is most highly spoken of by the American press. The Cincinnati Commercial, speaking of it, says: "The play possesses all the qualifications of a great dramatic success, and the performance was without blemish."

ISABEL WALTZES.

As this is the first piece of music we have received since we gave notice of our intention to review music sent to us for that purpose, we wish to remark, before proceeding to do so in this instance, that our motto shall be strict impartiality and justice according to our view of the merits of the productions, but nothing in malice. By this means we hope to benefit all concerned; not only in letting young aspirants to musical composition know where they fail, and in bringing talent into public notice when found, but also in acting as a guide to the public in their selections of new music.

We will now proceed with our review of the above waltzes. The first thing necessary in a composition is correctness. No matter how pleasing the melody may be, if badly harmonized it is worthless in the eyes of all who understand the science of music. The above waltzes are literally full of such faults, and as space will not permit of our pointing out every one of them we will only refer to a few of the most glaring. In the second last chord of the introduction the D flat should be C sharp, resolving to the D above. It is hardly worth while noticing the unnatural accent on the quarter after the triplet in the same. In the fourth last bar of the same waltz, what musician could say what this chord is? Although the sound would be the same, the B in the rap should be C flat and the F's sharp should be G's flat. The same faulty writing occurs in fifth bar of the second waltz. We are not great sticklers about consecutive fifths and eighths, but in Waltz three, first part, second last bar, there is a progression of eighths too strong for us to listen to or even to look at. In the Finale the resolution of the last chord preceding the subsequent second figure is of course inadmissible. We notice several pauses introduced in the Waltzes. As we presume they are intended to be danced, a pause might prove very awkward if the dancers happened to be on one foot only. The best advice we can give the composer is not to sell a single copy until he has put them in the hands of some one competent to put them into proper shape, since he evidently cannot do so himself. We shall then be happy to say what we think of them as Waltzes. This must not be accepted as a specimen of our future reviews, as they will be confined to a very few words or sentences, still sufficient to express our opinion.

SHARP SIXTH.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING, go to
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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

A Happy New Year.

With a flutter of joy
And a twinkling eye,
Grip wishes his readers dear
Long life and light hearts
(Which Grip's humor imparts)
And a genuine Happy New Year.

Galt's Lament.

If you see Moses Oates send him home—
To be absent so long is a shame;
While his loving wife
Is most scared out of life
And nobody thinks she's to blame:

And since from our midst he took flight,
There is none our affairs to indite,
And we're now in the blues,
Having wardmen to choose,
With the grand civic conflict in sight,
Without Moses to lead on the fight.

So, though neither a priest nor a lord,
To want him we will can afford,
For, with insight so keen,
He's both gleg and far seen,
While beyond moon and stars he has soared,
Till his prophecies can't be ignored.

On the editor's stool and the street,
We thus miss the clay pipe and big feet,
And more harassing still,
We're deprived of his skill.
The clouds on the carry to meet,
Foretelling of sunshine or weat.

Even Nature her reckoning has lost,
And the weather has run all to frost,
Neither raining or snowing,
But freezing and blowing,
Till of sleighing our last hope is lost—
Hence Moses should be at his post.

JOHN GALT.

GALT, Dec. 15, 1880.

Grip's Christmas Cards.

GRIP expresses his entire satisfaction at the manufacture of Christmas Cards in the Dominion, and is struck with the thought that the idea may be carried even further. With this object in view he offers to supply the public with plain Christmas cards in the shape of pen and ink sketches (on fine cardboard) of Canadian events of startling interest. No. 1 represents Sir Charles Tupper inspecting the Union Pacific Railway at Cottonwood Swamp. No. 2, Sir John and Mr. Huntington walking arm in arm in Ottawa. No. 3, Mr. Gordon Brown dining with Mr. Goldwin Smith. No. 4, Major De Winton rescinding the low-necked dress order. No. 5, Mr. Perrault and Mr. Goldwin Smith receiving the honor of knighthood from Her Majesty, and many other scenes of permanent historical value to Canadians. Price \$1.25 per million which barely pays for the cards. Early orders solicited. No Rag Baby money received in exchange.

The discussion of the Pacific Railway Bill has been carried on in anything but a Pacific manner. To some the Syndicate a new way of settling the country.

Curing a Clucking Hen.

She was a long, lanky, dispirited hen of the Dorking variety, but it is useless to discuss all her points now, as she was discussed long ago. Well, this hen for some time manifested a desire for incubation, patent even to my unlearned eyes. It was in the beginning of winter too, when a young brood of chickens would infallibly perish. I had systematically stolen her eggs, and now seeing the maternal instinct strong upon her, I determined to gratify it. So I started out for the corner grocery store and asked Smith for five cents worth of eggs. He looked at me seriously, and then fished up one fine new laid egg, and asked me if I would have it in paper? I said that *quality* was not my object in buying eggs that day, but *quantity*, so after favoring me with a prolonged stare of amazement, he filled a paper bag with the merchandise, adding that he was willing to warrant that they had been in the store for *two months*. This was exactly what I wanted, so laying down my five cents I went home and put them under my yearning hen. She looked at me with thankful eyes, and settled herself on the eggs with every appearance of unspeakable joy. Well, she sat, and sat, and sat. To do her justice, she did her level best with those eggs, but it was no go. Twenty-five days passed, and one afternoon I was smoking my pipe in the woodshed and not thinking of anything in particular, when I noticed the hen step out of her nest, and gently and charily trundle one of the eggs out into the light and scrutinize it closely. She must have thought that something was up, for she gave it a furious peck driving her head up to the eyes in it. Uttering a fearful scream of dismay, she flew through the doorway and buried her head in a snow-drift. All this time the old rooster was standing in the doorway, taking mental notes and smiling inwardly. Seeing his wife fly out in that summary manner, he, with an assumption of awful dignity stepped up to the egg to investigate. After looking at it askance for a moment, he turned it over with his beak and—fled from the shed screaming at the top of his voice. This was highly interesting, and went far to prove that the egg was not as fresh as it might be. I was confirmed in this opinion a moment after, for my sister's cat came slinking and blinking into the shed, and spying the egg steered straight for it, licking her chops in anticipation. Pussy gave it one sniff and the next moment might have been observed trying to extract shingle nails with her teeth high on the roof of the shed.

I often feel sad when I think of the unmanly ungentlemanly deception I practised on that poor misguided fowl; but it is too late now for anything but regrets, and fervent resolutions never to do such a mean trick again.

DELIBERATIVE DORMOUSE.

"She Stoops to Conquer."

The moon hung placid in the sky
One summer night,
Two lovers sat upon the stoop
In the silvery light,
The drunken little stars were blinking
All their might.

He gazeth in her darksome orbs,
So liquid bright,
She gazeth fondly up again
With tear-dimmed sight,
A hermit bull-froo chanted by his
Firefly light.

Sweet maid, see'st thou yon twinkling world
Small to the sight,
That days agone rose late at e'en
And satellite?
A star shot bias o'er the azure
Infinite.

"The stars are nothing new to us,
Alphonse," she sighed,
"Like thee, each is a feeble spark—
And nought beside."
Did'st look to planet with a ring, I'd
Gaze up willingly."

BEN.

Notes from Our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP,
O.

GADFLY.

P. S.—Happy New Year and many on 'em.

[NOTE.—The above was handed in, highly perfumed with stale tobacco, and a strong suspicion of beer. Gadfly, if this happens again we shall have to call you an M.P. or something particularly disagreeable.—ED. GRIP.]

Blake's Meeting.

Perhaps a more disgraceful and disgusting spectacle has never been witnessed than that presented at the meeting called to discuss the Syndicate Bargain, in St. Lawrence Hall. The interruptions made during Mr. Blake's speech were not only ungentelemanly and absurd, but in most cases, were impertinent. However, it was at the close of Mr. Blake's speech that the audience showed to advantage. Hoots, yells, groans, and oaths filled the air, and the efforts of the chairman to preserve order only served to make confusion worse confounded. In one corner two men were fighting, in another a small clique of Conservatives were making determined and successful efforts to prevent the speaker's voice being heard, while the conduct of a great many in the audience was such as would be expected from a crowd of bar-room loafers, rather than from men of good standing in society, many of whom have had the advantages of a University education. Both political parties were equally bad, and both deserve the severest censure and condemnation.

The Champion Mean Man.

An instance of the beautiful working of the law relating to distraining for rents has recently come under our notice. Under the old law, the landlord in default of payment could seize the goods and chattles of the tenant, but was compelled to leave him certain specified articles of furniture. At present the law has been so amended that he need leave nothing, and the instance referred to is a case in point. A Toronto landlord in the disguise of a man, seized upon the furniture of his tenant and completely stripped the house, taking the bed from under the sick wife; and, coolly laying the baby upon the floor, walked off with its cot. Comment upon this is unnecessary.

GRIP predicts a very severe storm on or about the 3rd January, 1881, accompanied by a very high wind and numerous orthographical thunderbolts. The storm will be general throughout Ontario, but will be felt most severely in Toronto, and the U. E. Club will have a very close escape from being demolished. Another storm will commence about the 5th, confined principally to Ottawa, and which will raise the temperature some thirty degrees before it subsides. As GRIP cannot see more than a week ahead, we will wait until our next issue, when the dark veil of futurity will be again lifted.

The Union pays a deserved compliment to Major Theodore Byxbee, speaking of him as a gentleman of ability, standing and character.—*Meriden Recorder*.—Correct, Bro. Riggs, correct. We have some of them around here too, not just at this season of the year, but in warmer weather, and they are all of considerable ability, but very apt to give a stinging retort if disturbed. We cannot say about their standing, in fact, don't remember to have ever seen them stand, but they will destroy any single mans character in ten seconds, if they happen to catch him while out with his girl. The ones we mean have striped backs, and always carry a piece of chain lightning with them.

If you are oiling your hair and spill the oil over your face you will attain a facile expression.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the Eatble has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. quality and richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.

50 Patterns. The Nobbiest Things in the Market.—WOLTZ BROS & Co. 21 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



THE CHARITY SEASON.
ON AN ERRAND OF "GENEROSITY!"



"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Hon. W. Macdougall says he doesn't care whether the Syndicate bargain is ratified or not if he only can secure a copy of *Grip's Comic Almanac* for 1881.

Ladies should beware how they indulge in horse racing. A young lady barely escaped with her life while on the Brighton road last week, the trouble being that she couldn't hold her roan. —*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Bernhardt has a wonderful picture called "The Young Girl and Death." There are two figures in it, and you can take your choice of the two, as to which is Bernhardt and which is the young girl. —*New Orleans Picayune*.

"Well, I've done one good deed to-day," said Billington. "What's that?" asked his friend. "I have given a poor, deserving man an overcoat," replied Billington, turning about; "how do you think it fits?" —*Boston Evening Journal*.

Nineteen men out of twenty can pull a shot gun toward them by the muzzle and go their way in good health, but the twentieth man always happens to be a citizen whose loss is deplored by a whole community. —*Detroit Free Press*.

A young woman flung herself into a cistern in Newburgh but was fished out. A local paragrapher advised her as follows: "Cis-tern from your evil ways." But he won't joke that way when it comes cis-tern. —*Poughkeepsie Eagle*.

It takes five gallons of whiskey to cure an elephant's cold, and, since this fact came out, seven New York men have been sent to insane asylums, as nothing can convince them that they are not elephants suffering from colds. —*Boston Post*.

A Boston man was invited to a banquet. At the bottom of the invitation was the following: "Nota Bene.—Eight o'clock prompt." He read it thus: "Not a bean, eh? Then I don't go to the durned banquet, that's all about it." —*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A Bridgeport carpenter, while in a fit of anger, threw a hammer at a fellow workman and swallowed a screw he had in his mouth. It was an unfortunate affair, but it was better than throwing the screw and swallowing the hammer. —*Danbury News*.

Whenever you see a man mad enough to tear the azure robe of night all up the back and bust the buttons off, put it down he has been inveigled by his home ruler into some sort of millinery shebang, and got stuck for something handsome. —*Bloomington Eye*.

A patent medicine notice in many of our exchanges is headed "An Editor's Escape." We haven't read it, but we are glad that he escaped. We suspect that while the man with the bill was coming up stairs the editor jumped out of the window and slid down the rain spout. —*J. H. Williams*.

Two girls in an Illinois boarding school had a contest to see who could dress quickest on a wager. Three other girls acted as judges, and the air seemed full of lingerie, pictorial stockings and lots of things that no fellow even knows the names of, for seven minutes and thirteen seconds, when the winner smilingly emerged, faultlessly dressed, even to bonnet and gloves. —*Rome Sentinel*.

Scene in Cincinnati.—First speaker: How are hogs to-day? Second: High; are you in the market? First: Yes, are you? Second: Yes; do you intend to stick? First: To the last; how many hogs can you control? Second: Smith, Brown and Jones. First: And I've got Robinson; we'll "bull" the market. —*Phil. Sun*.

A Murray Hill girl has had one of her shapely feet modeled in marble, and has presented it as a birthday gift to her affianced husband for a paper weight. A St. Louis girl did the same thing, but the unaesthetic creature to whom she is to be united heartlessly utilized the gift as a foundation for his new residence. —*Springfield Sunday News*.

It was a Vassar girl just graduated who inquired: "Is the crack of the rifle the place they put the powder in?" Another, watching the operation of a steam fire-engine, remarked in wonder to her companion: "Who would have thought that such a diminutive looking apparatus could hold so much water?" —*Wicked Exchange*.

When a young man brings his girl a half pound of caramels, four ounces of chocolate creams, a half pound of sugared almonds and a dozen squares of taffy, and she eats them all during the evening, it is the very gall and bitterness of hollow mockery, when he is leaving, for the young man to lovingly whisper to the dear girl, "Happy be thy dreams." —*Rockland Courier*.

Gilhooley had bought a barrel of apples from De Smith's grocery, which did not give satisfaction. "What's the reason," said Gilhooley, indignantly, "that the further down I go into the apples the worse they get?" "The reason for that is that you didn't open the barrel at the other end. If you had only done that the apples would be getting better all the time." —*Galveston News*.

Two little boys in a family on Munson street had a pull at the wish-bone Thursday. The eldest won, but the parting was so unexpected that he lost his balance and went over a stool, striking on the floor with such force as to split his coat the whole length of the back. For the life of him he can't tell now what he wished, and of course will never know whether he gets it or not. —*Danbury News*.

A writer in an art journal says: "I do not think plates look well hung on a wall. They should be put on shelves in a kind of dresser." That writer's art taste is low. It needs cultivation. Next thing he will declare that coal-scuttles and wash-tubs do not look well hung on parlor walls, and he will relegate a decorated boot-jack to its proper place. If he were to go to Boston and promulgate such ideas he would get bounced.

A hatchet-faced woman, of about fifty-one summers, with a wealth of freckles in her face and a snuff stick in her mouth, got into a crowded car on Galveston avenue. There were half a dozen gentlemen on the car, but none of them offered to give her a seat. After she had waited a reasonable time, she said: "Ef eny of you galoots is waitin' for me to squat in yer laps, you are barkin' up the wrong tree, for I want you to understand I'm a lady." A dread that she was not in earnest caused six gentlemen to leave the car. —*Galveston News*.

Dolls, this season, dressed *a la mode*, cost all the way up to \$500. You can get one of the other kind—one that opens and shuts its eyes, eats ice cream, and understands handkerchief flirtation—for less money. But the \$500 doll doesn't make disparaging remarks when a man comes home weary at midnight, nor put its cold feet in the hollow of his back when he gets into bed. —*Yawcob Strauss*.—That's a fine lingo. We know one of the "other kind" that has cost us three or four thousand dollars, and the end is not yet. —*Springfield Sunday Times*.

The glow of the evening firelight had lighted up her face and she never looked more charming. Resting her head gently on his shoulder, and looking with her great round eyes full into his face, she murmured: "John, oh, John. The days of the closing year are fast being numbered, and—John, you can divide—them—by—four—" "Ah, Eliza, I've often thought of this, but I rather like addition more than division." "Then, why—should—our—lots—be divided—at all." And that bashful coot allowed himself to be carried away by her sophistries and agreed to enter that state where multiplication is the true mathematical science. —*New Haven Register*.

A Texas man said he preferred to fight a duel rather than act as judge of a baby show. This is surprising, as he could get more fighting out of a baby show. "Would you like to look through the big telescope?" asked one girl of another. To which the latter replied: "No, I'd a great deal rather look through a key-hole."—"You don't know how glad I am to see you, Clara dear." "Oh; yes, I do," replied Clara dear; "Johnny told me he heard you say you would rather die than see me."—They tell of a very cultured divine in Boston who, instead of saying "The collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks: "The accumulation of money will now ensue." —*Springfield Sunday News*.

HE SENT HER A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Christmas was a sorry day for young Mr. Woolley. For weeks he had lain awake o' nights thinking what he could send his girl for a Christmas present. Yesterday morning he again counted his money, tucked up his greasy coat collar and strolled into a bookstore. "Ha, ha!" said he, "I have it—a book of poems, thirty-five cents. But how will she receive it?" he queried, as he deposited the brass pennies on the counter. "This is, indeed, a world of tribulation; suppose my dear Charlotte should tell me that she would not accept it! The fates forbid it; and me—why, I would feel like dining in the back yard."

After a moment's reflection he bethought himself of a messenger boy. "Ten cents more gone," said he, sorrowfully, "and I must write a note. How would this sound?"

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

"My Dear Charlotte:
"I send you this little book of poems. Please accept it as a small token of my esteem."

Yours truly,

"W. WOOLLEY."

An hour later, as Mr. Woolley was picking a chicken bone in his boarding house, a small parcel and a delicately written note were placed before him. Tearing open the letter he read:

"CHRISTMAS."

"W. Woolley, Esq.:

"Book received. Can't accept it. Have no use for a book on 'False Hair and How to Utilize It.' Farewell forever. "CHARLOTTE."

The bookseller had done up the wrong package; that was all! —*N. Y. Express*.

"My children," said a New Haven man to his son and daughter, both along in their teens a trifle, "if I should give you each five dollars, what would you do with it?" "I would buy something to read," replied the boy, the light of intelligence beaming across his countenance. "And I," said the girl with enthusiasm, "would buy something to wear." "You both do yourselves credit. It is natural that a boy just on the verge of manhood should seek to improve his mind, and girls of your age, my dear," as he stroked her curls, "always are thinking of good clothes. Here is the money, use your own judgment, both of you." The boy bought a full collection of "Wild Bill; or Life on the Plains" novels, and the girl a five dollar set of diamond jewelry. —*Thos. S. Weaver*.

Our Grip Sack.

Deep thinkers. Coal miners and submarine divers.

To some sports "Life is but a Span"—of horses.

Motto for Toronto police force: "Non Est Inventus."

When one of our employees is dismissed he gets the "Grip Sack."

"Choke Damp." When a man strangles himself with a wet towel.

When is a pair of old pants like a paid account?—When they are re-seated.

Travellers stand the best chance of receiving titles.—Many travellers are Be-Knighted.

Difference between a certain Englishman speaking at a meeting and writing to the *Globe*. At one he asperates, with the other he ex-asperates.

Now is the time for the daily papers to come out and tell about the man who took too much benzine on Christmas day and has not benzine since.

'Tis sweet to court, but oh how bitter
To court a girl and then not get her;
And yet it always makes me glad
To see a chap get sold so bad.

Samuel Hicox, an old resident of Seymour, dropped dead Sunday noon as he was crossing his room from heart disease.—*Meriden Recorder*.—Just like some men. We suppose if he had been crossing from his bed, he could have crossed safely but crossing from heart disease, what could he expect. By the way, what part of the room is that anyway?

Bachelors' rejoice. Leap Year is over and we are yet free. No longer will we be haunted by dreadful visions of some deceptive female swooping down upon us and binding us in the hated matrimonial chains forever. Again our haggard care-worn countenances can assume their old time jollity of expression. For three long years we are free. Free, Free.

The *Alhambra* *Echo* tells about Justice Gott imposing a fine upon James Barrowman for assault and battering John Meek, tax collector. Bad name for a tax collector, he will have to belie it so frequently. We presume he had a Barrow man to help him home after the row. Possibly James Gott enough of it, too, before the Justice was through with him.

A DICKENS OF A FELLOW.

"Mark Tapley" is not dead. He still lives. He lives in Hamilton, and holds an editorial position on the *Spectator*. He is as "cheerful" as ever; in fact he is actually facetious on the subject of the Syndicate bargain, and Mr. Blake's visit. It is easy to see that his "humor" is painfully forced—which proves that the writer has some latent sense of propriety though he tries hard to conceal it. He knows, as well as we do, that the Bargain is a matter of the gravest concern to the people of this Dominion, and that the people as a whole entertain a decidedly unfavorable opinion of it. But he also knows that if that opinion manages to get utterance through Parliament it will result in the discomfiture and perhaps the defeat of the Ministry. Such a *dénouement* he knows would be a trivial circumstance in comparison with the disaster which would result from a temporary triumph of the Government, and yet the insanity of Party leads him to act the role of a patricide. He cannot do so seriously, however; his feelings no doubt revolt against that. His only resource is to try to be cheerful under the melancholy circumstances, and we hope he succeeds to his own satisfaction.

Skeggs, of Tennessee.

George Zephaniah Skeggs, Esquire,
Of Funkinsboro, Tennessee,
Resolved he'd sail for Europe's shores,
The Old World wonders for to see.
And so one day in July last,
He thirteen Saratogas packed,
Ten handbags, and a box or two,
And on them parchment labels tacked.
Columbia's shore he left behind,
Aboard the "Baltic," White Star Line,
He ate and drank the very best
Of well cooked food and sparkling wine,
The cabin stewards, from the chief
Down to the smallest boy of all,
Vied with each other to be first
At Mr Skeggs' beck and call.
When he was sick and like to die
They brought him sparkling "champagne cup,"
They brought him basins by the score,
And held his languid forehead up.
When he was convalescent too
They fed him up on strong beef-tea.
No one on board the Baltic fared
As well as Skeggs, from Tennessee.
Behind these kindly actions hid,
Lay half a hundred itching palms,
Which yearned for worthy Skeggs' gold,
And sought the same with low salaam
But Gratitude was not in Skeggs,
And when at last ashore he went
Loud lamentations filled the air,
He hadn't given them a cent.
But be it from me far to say
I wouldn't do the same as Skeggs:
For I'd have done the very same,
As sure as crocodiles lay eggs,
Just put yourself in Skeggs' place,
And I will bet you two to one
That when you saw the itching palms,
You'd do—what Skeggs and I'd have done,
When honest Skeggs to Paris got
He quartered at a new hotel,
With some tongue-tangled foreign name
Like "Maison de la Mauvais Smell,"
In fact I've often noticed that
While visiting these foreign climes,
I think that if I've felt it once
I've felt it ninety thousand times.
Whilst strolling out one day he saw
In lettering of blue and gold,
"Fine Champagne baths, apy within,
Terms, 10 francs hot and 5 francs cold."
"So help me," quoth astonished Skeggs,
"Just let me read this here again!
Is this the way them furin fools
Get wastin' of their good Champagne?"
He read the sign board 'ver again,
Yes! there it was and no mistake,
"Inviting all who passed that way
A most luxurious bath to take,
"I will!" at last he boldly said
"In writing 'twill be awful fun
To tell them folks in Tennessee
What Zephaniah Skeggs has done,"
And so he went and rang the bell.
An ancient negro man replied,
Who, with a most polite bow,
Invited Mr. Skeggs inside.
"A bath sah? Yes sah! Hot or cold?
A sparkling Roderer will you try?"
"No, not at all," said Mr. Skeggs,
"A hot *Veuve Clicquot*, still and dry!"
A tap was turned, a marble bath
O'erflowed with the inspiring flood.
The sight of so much goodly wine
Fired honest Skeggs' torpid blood,
And so he bathed—'as kings should bathe,
Or other knaves of high degree,
T was better than the yearly "scrub,"
Skeggs used to take in Tennessee.
And as he lolled in lordly style
Submerged to his unshaven lip,
Pray ask yourselves the question how
Skeggs could avoid a little sip?
But all things fall in course of time
So Skeggs got out and dressed,
The bath was slightly smaller then
For Skeggs had drank the rest,
"Nay, never mind," the negro said,
"The balance goes to fill the tubs
Of all our poorer customers
Who like their five franc Champagne "scrubs,"
"And after that," said Mr. Skeggs,
"What with the refuse do you do?"
"Well," said the ancient negro man,
"I really don't mind telling you.
We bottle all the refuse up,
We packs it up in empty crates,
We sends it off to New Orleans
And other places in the States,"
DELIBERATIVE DORMOUSE.

A man at Augusta, Me., recently wanted to make his wife a present of a pair of shoes. The salesman asked him what number she wore. The customer didn't know, but remembering that she wore No. 7 gloves, he got her a pair of No. 7 shoes. There was war in that man's house that night.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Capt. Tom's Meditations.

"I say Capt.," said Jim Bluffer, one of the boys down at the corner grocery, after the usual crowd had assembled and old Capt. Tom had taken his accustomed seat on the biscuit box; "What do you think of this business of arresting hotel keepers for selling liquor after hours?"

"Well now boys, I'll tell yer what it is," said Capt. Tom, expectorating on the stove—there's a good deal ter be said on both sides. Some people takes un runs down tavern keepers cause they sell whiskey. Now, I don't believe its wrong ter sell whiskey, cause the law makes it merchandise and gives 'em the right to sell it, but I believe its mortal wrong ter drink it. If yer don't want em ter sell whiskey, why, change yer laws, un I'd like ter ask yer how often do yer enquire of a candidate how he stan's on this question? But as soon as eny of yer is hurt by drink, then yer go un howl about the wickedness of tavern-keepers in sellin pisen, when its all owin ter yer own foolishness in buyin' an drinkin it. Now look here, 'tother day there was a man fined in the Police Court fur sellin' whiskey arter hours. Now, that man had a Skatin' Rink, 'un these fellers were there, 'un he refused them morn half-a-dozen times, un they got it at another place. At last they cum ter him an says, "If yer don't give it ter us we'll get it across the road, but your our friend and we'd sooner give you the money than tother chap." So considerin' as how they were his friends he gave them a drink, an then they went an informed on him. Now which was the wust man of the two I'd like ter know? Marier says any man as sells liquor is a bad man; but I say as yer don't need to drink it unless yer want to, an if you do you are just as bad as the man that sold it.

Now boys, there's another thing. I want ter tell yer how I feels about this yer business of introducing party politics inter municipal elections. In the first place I don't want to have things here like they are in the States. There they elect everything from the president down to the constable according to their politics, un if we do the same we will have an opposition in every council we have. Un then what difference does it make whether a man believes in the N. P. or not, if he is going to be a Water Commissioner? Taint goin ter make the water taste any better, is it? En what difference does it make whether the Chairman of the Board of Works supports this cursed Syndicate? They aint goin' ter give away any more lands ter build sidewalks I hope. Un what has the Deceased Wife's Sisters' Bill got ter do with the Park Committee? It may have something ter do with the Cemetary Committee, but hanged if a man's politics is going ter make much difference even in that. All this is bad enough, but the wust part is the man the Conservatives has put up. Dod gast it, I've been a Conservative so long that it most kills me, but I'll be blamed if I have anything more ter do with them. I says to Marier, says I, Marier I haven't felt so bad since I had the measles, but I'm done with 'em. Why they've took un put up a man, who if all the stories told about him are true, ain't fit ter keep a pound let alone bein Mayor. Nor I don't say as how all these things is true, but there has been a Commission appointed by Parliament, un they've found out lots of his crooked on Section B., un that he's a political jobber un ward politician, an I think he might have waited until these things were cleared up afore he cum out fur office. But that's just what we may expect if every thing is ter be run by party. Marier says so too.

TIMOTHY.

Mr. Mackenzie has taken no part as yet in the Syndicate squabble. It is rumored that he is so much interested and amused in reading *Grip's* new *Comic Almanac* that he can't think of anything else.

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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 7.

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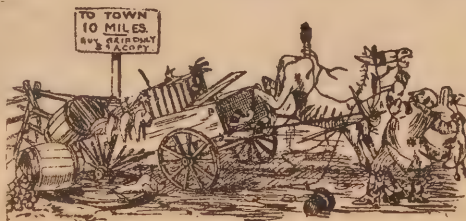


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EDITOR'S
NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

PUBLISHER'S
NOTE.

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VOLUME XVI.
No. 8.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1881.

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The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Salvini is the grandest Othello since Forrest died. The party who does Iago may well shake in his shoes when the Italian blackamoor goes for him.

Monsieur L. H. Frechette, Canada's poet Laureate, has written a poem and dedicated the same with true French gallantry to the much-abused Bernhard.

George Riley, jr., has severed his connection with the *Oseweg Record*, on which paper he served so ably as editor and paragrapher. He goes to Ottumwa, Iowa.

W. Barnett Le Van read a paper before the Franklin Institute, at Philadelphia, in which he held that ninety miles an hour was a safely attainable speed on straight and level railroads.

With the new year the *Sherbrooke Gazette* entered upon the forty-third year of its career. The proprietor signals the auspicious event by bringing out his paper in the eight page form and printing it on toned paper.

Many are the uses of the paragrapher, who, like the jester, mirthful and frolicsome, hath always a fund of merriment at hand, and this their way, demanding fun day after day, finds humor in the press reports, food for laughter in common occurrences, great aid in the scissors, and fun in everything.

The English publisher of *Scribner's Monthly* telegraphs for seventeen thousand copies of the coming mid-winter (February) number, an advance of six thousand upon his orders for the same issue last year. The mid-winter *Scribner* will be, as usual with this issue, a number of especial interest and pictorial beauty.

The *British and Colonial Printer and Stationer* is an admirable semi-monthly publication which will be found invaluable to persons interested in the lines of trade indicated. Each number is a substantial volume of carefully edited matter. The subscription price is only \$2 per year. Mr. C. Haight, 92 King St. East, is authorized to receive names.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1881 is before us, and is one of the best, if not the best ever issued by the great American seedsman. The paper is of the choicest quality, its illustrations are beautifully done, and given by the hundred, while its colored plate is a perfect gem. Although costing only ten cents, this work is worthy a place on the parlor table. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

Art has lost several of her most famous votaries during the past year, such as Pierre Paul de Pommayrac, the French portrait painter, July 12; William F. de Haas, marine artist, July 16; Philippe Lemaire, the French sculptor, August 5; Sandford Robinson Gifford, American landscape painter, August 29; Robert M. Pratt, portrait painter, August 31; Jules Jacquemart, sketcher and engraver, September 29; and Leon Cogniet, French historical painter, November 23.

At Columbus, Ohio, at the close of the performance on Saturday night, the sheriff attached the baggage of Mrs. Scott Siddons on a claim for \$1,440 preferred by Walter Eytting and his wife. The plaintiffs were discharged from the company at St. Louis for alleged insubordination. A bond was given for the release of the baggage, and the trial set for Jan. 29th. The parties drew a joint salary weekly of \$80, and the amount sued for is for the remainder of the season. A similar suit at St. Louis, at the time of their dismissal, was abandoned.

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TORONTO.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Laura Don, of San Francisco, is becoming a very popular actress of considerable reputation.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin have returned from England.

Amusements are very brisk and profitable, all over the country.

Byrne, of the *Dramatic News*, has been arrested for libel; which is nothing new for him, the "Galley Slave," and "My Partner," with Bartley Campbell, promise to make it very warm for Byrne.

RHYME FOR THE TIME.

Baby, baby Bunting
Your Close is gone a-hunting,
He's gone to get a rabbit skin
To wrap your wounded feelings in.

Messrs. Thomas & Co's Beauties and Wonders of the World, is one of the best things that has visited Toronto this season. The magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains, the beautiful Yo-semita Valley with its giant trees, scenes of Niagara, Lake of the Thousand Isles, scenery on the St. Lawrence, the most celebrated and beautiful buildings, monuments and scenery of Europe, Egypt and Palestine, celebrated paintings and statuary, follow each other with a rapidity that holds the audience spell-bound. To our mind the most beautiful parts of the programme are the transformation scenes of the Water Babies, and the interior views of St. Peter's and St. Paul's. Some of the scenes are most laughable, while the songs, which are reflected, both words and music, on the curtain, add not a little to the enjoyment of the entertainment. They exhibit in the Central Presbyterian Church on Friday, the 7th inst., and in St. John's Hall on Monday, 17th inst.

New Years week will not be remembered with particular fondness by Manager Connor, of the Royal, any more than by the patrons of that theatre. It was in every respect a lamentable seven days. All through the unfortunate engagement of a wretched troupe who, by some mysterious means, had secured most flattering press notices across the line. Mistakes will occur in the best managed theatres, and the Royal deserves our commiseration for this one. We trust Miss Emma Verne (who is a vulgar stick on the stage,) will take the broad hint she received at the Saturday matinee, and retire forthwith into private life. The popular play of "Nip and Tuck," with Harry Webster as Nicholas Nip, has drawn good houses at the Royal during the week, and will be continued until Saturday night, with matinee on Saturday afternoon. It is a most enjoyable play and is well worth a visit. Next week, commencing on Monday, January 10th, comes the greatest of all Dutch and Irish characters, Messrs. Baker and Farron, supported by their own company in their play "The Emigrants." Speaking of them the London (Eng.) *Era* says:—The amazing versatility of Mr. Farron, who in acts two and four impersonates a German frau-lieu so admirably as to conjure up a doubt as to the performer's sex, and in act three represents an impecunious Irishman, who, if not a faithful portraiture, is at least a very diverting vagabond; and the quaint dry humor and verbal contortions of Mr. Baker as the ubiquitous Dutchman, laid an irresistible hold upon the audience, and exercised to the utmost its risible faculties. The play may be described as a riotous carnival of fun, with just sufficient serious interest to impart coherence to its scenes. The stars are supported by a really capable company.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Newspaper Lying.

Lying is generally supposed to be a pretty strong word to use in reference to the press, but we want a pretty strong word, and we can think of no other that will clearly express our meaning. If we are to judge the newspaper of the day by the inexorable rule, that he who does not tell the truth is guilty of a falsehood, then it must be admitted that there has been a regular train of systematic lying carried on by the press, more particularly during the past few weeks. The practice of garbling a report has become so common, and is carried on to such excess that it is utterly impossible to get at the truth—through reading the newspapers—except, as the old farmer put it, “you knock off 90 per cent. for lies, and receive the rest with doubts.” The political speaker who would attempt to quote from the *Mail* or *Globe* would be treated with derision, while the man who would give one of the London or Ottawa papers as an authority, would be considered a fit candidate for the asylum. A case in point is the newspaper reports by the two London papers, of the meeting held in St. Marys, to discuss the Syndicate Bargain. The reports are so diametrically opposite in character that it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell what they really did at that meeting. As far as can be ascertained, the meeting was called by Mr. Cassey, who allowed his opponents the same time as he himself occupied. This appears to us a very fair arrangement, but was taken advantage of by the Conservatives to break up the meeting. The Reform papers said the disturbance was caused by a few rowdies who received the censure of both parties, while the Tory papers magnified in into a ringing denunciation by the whole community of those who were agitating against the Syndicate. There is certainly a lie floating around there if it could be nailed down. Then there is the *London World*, in an article on Sir Hugh Allan, says the money furnished by him was a mere political subscription, and that subsequent events have shown that he was in the right. This is scarcely less surprising than the *Sarnia Canadian's* statement that Mr. Blake gives no plan for the construction of the Pacific Railway, that nobody knows and probably he does not know himself what his plan would be. And thus we might go on indefinitely, even our own *Truth* making statements that have subsequently proven untrue. The moral of all this is—what is gained by these wild assertions and willful distortion of facts? Why cannot a paper give the plain truth, and nothing but the truth? What dependence can be placed in a paper that for party motives will resort to such dishonorable practices? When a man subscribes for a paper he pays for the news, the whole news, and for nothing but the news; and when a paper willfully gives a false report, it is as much cheating its subscribers as the grocer be would in giving light weight, or the merchant in giving false measure.

The Dead Beat.

He was long, and lean, and lanky. His bottle nose and saucer eyes gave evidence of great spirituality, that is, alcoholic spirituality. His rimmet, old, dirty, and ragged, scarcely covered his shivering form. His boots, more holey than righteous, spoke of many a hard day's tramp. His hat, of the most undesirable nondescript pattern, looked the very essence of sorrow and humility; and as he took his seat on the woodbox of the eastern express from Toronto, he heaved a sigh that told of a great hidden sorrow or of tremendous lack of liquid nutriment. Presently along came the conductor. Tickets? Tickets? and the tickets were quickly produced and rapidly disposed of. At length he approached our friend on the woodbox. Ticket? exclaimed the conductor, but the D. B. replied not. Tickets, said the conductor, touching him on the shoulder. The D. B. looked up wearily, heaved another sigh, and then said,—When I was Gen. Scott's Aide-de camp in the Mexican war, I—Ticket, said the conductor. The D. B. commenced over,—When I was the *Times'* correspondent in Turkey, Forbes and I—Ticket, emphatically exclaimed the conductor. He gave another half-smothered sigh, which shook his whole frame, and said,—When we were fighting the Arabs in Algiers, I was given command of a regiment of Spahis, and—Give me your ticket or get off, said the conductor. The D. B. looked him over and started,—When in command of H. M. Frigate Albatross, while off the Maderia Islands—The conductor pulled the bell cord, and by the aid of a couple of brakemen hustled him out in the snow, and as the train moved on the D. B. remarked,—When I get control of the Panama Canal, I'll—But the train was by this time too far away to hear the conclusion of his sentence.

A Hungry Trimmer.

An unfinished operetta, (ala Pinafore.)

(Suggested by the mysterious absence, from the *Berlin Daily News*, of Government advertisements, and the recent “independent” article in that paper on “The Syndicate Bargain.”)

Act 1.—Scene.—A committee room at Ottawa. Members of the Cabinet standing hilariously round a table. Maps on the walls labelled “The Syndicate Map of the North West,” “Section B.”

Cabinet Chorus.

We sail the ship of state,
Tho' our craft is now unsteady;
Our pockets well to fill,
With shekles we're are ready.
We job away the livelong day,
And bamboozle the House all night,
But if we're not stuck by this Syndicate muck,
Our prospects will soon be bright.

(Enter the Editor of the *Berlin Daily News* with a clean shirt on, and a large bundle of papers under his arm. Closes his knicked eye, and—

Recit.

Hail! gallant Shipscrew; safe pilots of our Nation!
I'm glad to see you in such high elation;
“Give me your ears”: (softly voice) my own are rather long!
Give me some printing too, I'll ne'er again go wrong.
(Unfolds and holds forth copy of his paper.

Aria.

I'm called Mr. Peter X., dear Mr. Peter X.,
Tho' I could never tell why,
For I sell all my columns at very low prices,
So I'm cheap Mr. Peter X., I.
I supply all my readers with choicest of leaders,
Some “puffs,” highly flavoured, I try,
I've local “hits” sprucey, and libel suites juicy,
For my printers to suck when they're dry!
So help your old Peter X., good Mr. Peter X.,
Hungry trimmers should never be shy.
Tho' indeed that's a failing with me not prevailing,
Try again your poor Peter X., try.

The Shy Stander for 1881.

We are all to give a free advertisement to this admirable publication, by the following extract taken from certain very advanced sheets.

The Syndicate is to be permanent proprietor of the Road, as well as of a considerable part of Canada, which they are to be paid fifty-six millions of dollars for accepting! To some this seems like selling the country, but the party represented by a notorious newspaper on King Street have no vote on the question. The railroad will be managed by a joint stock company, like the Grit party and its organ.

In Russia the state of finance is as bad as it, in addition to Nihilism, that country was afflicted with Sir Francis Hincks.

The authorities recently knouted a journalist—a punishment which might with advantage be used in the case of the editor of a certain malignant sheet which infests the purlieus of King street.

Germans want to get rid of Disraeli's countrymen. They are quite right. What should be done to a race which is brother to no man and “uncle” to all, which has a tribal faith, and a three-fold credit?

The Scotch sermons at St. Thomas are not orthodox. I do not express any opinion, yet grave moral inconveniences may result if the eighth commandment, as the Piper that played before the author who recorded it, be eliminated from the Pentateuchal archives of the cosmogonical hexahemern.

Lord Beaconsfield's new book, “Endymion” is neither a work of art nor a work of fiction. What is historical in it is false; the rest is rapid flunkeyism and caricature. His art consists only in putting the head of one character on the shoulders of another—such as the head of a King street editor on the shoulders of an Oxford professor—the result being a literary monstrosity. Disraeli is a Jew but by no means a *Jew'd' esprit*.

The Mayoralty.

MISDER GRIB,—I wants to write von gorresbondence mit you. Der candidates vos both goot men, ouver I dond like dot Glose, und I schmile oud loud ven I hear he haff gomed de schmall end of de horn oud. Dey said, if he go in, ve shall haff dose saloons und dings open all Saturday night. Vell I say yaw, ish dot zo? und dey say yaw, dot ish zo? Den I looks me roundt, und I dinks, vell, if dot pe zo, den I no can vote for him. I likes mine laper peer, but I no likes dose saloons und dings open so mine poy Hans vill go dere und spend his shpelter. Und I dinks of mine neighbor Yawcob who would shoph dere ven he got his bay on Saturday und not would come home. Und I speaks mit mine vrow, und she zay, Hans, you no can vote for dot man. Den I zay I am von Tory, un she zay, dot makes nix ause, und I know not vat to do. Ouver I not did for him vote, und I am glad.
HANS VON STROCHINVORTH.

Our Extra Cartoon.

We call the attention of our readers to the double page cartoon in this week's issue. It represents the return of the Reform members to Parliament after the holidays. The different figures will be easily recognisable, among others the smiling countenance of Mr. Wm. Wallace, of Norfolk, the father of the Rag Baby, who, although a supporter of the National Policy, is opposed to the Government on the Syndicate Bargain. It remains yet to be seen whether they have returned strong enough to take the Fort.

January is an “off” month—that is, a wearing “off” month. But the month is generally longer than the swear off.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. **Unvarying and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.**

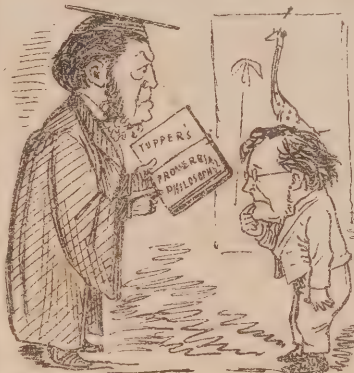
GOLD HEADED CANES.

50 Patterns. The Nobblest Things in the Market.—**WOLTZ BROS & Co.**
29 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



Wandering Again.

Mr. Macdougall has once more broken from his moorings and is again on his interminable political tramp. We know he has parted company with his late Conservative allies, because the *London Free Press* alludes to him as "Wandering Willie," whereas while he remained faithful he always commanded respectful homage from that paper. GRIP feels a deep compassion for this unhappy man, afflicted with the saddest of complaints, political *insomnia*, and driven out upon the bleak highway by the spirit which possesses him, just when the weather is at its severest. At the same time, whatever Grits and Tories may say, GRIP has a genuine admiration for Wm. Macdougall. He is about the only man of ability amongst our politicians who is able to demonstrate, on suitable occasions, that he is not the bond slave of party. It would be better for the country if more of them were "Wanderers."



A Really Valuable Lecture.

MORAL PHILOSOPHER TUPPER.—Now, my dear Edward, you should be extremely careful about saying one thing one time and another thing at another time, or, in other words, changing your mind on any subject. The man who does so is a bad man and not to be depended upon. Bear in mind, my dear, that it is the public utterances of men that fix their characters. A man who misrepresents matters, or states untruths, or stretches facts, such a man is not worthy of the respect of any good person. I warn you against these things in all affection and earnestness, because I have noticed with regret that you have a tendency to misrepresent and to stretch, and I would indeed be sorry to see you confirmed in these bad habits as some public men are! (Vide Sir C. Tupper's late speeches.)

Train of Thought

From Editorial Room of Mail Office by Men-tal Telephone.

Humph! Defeated, eh? Whopping big majority, too. Well; I s'pose we'll have to gulp it down some way, but I'm dod gasted if it ain't pretty tough. Must ha' been done mostly by our own people's votes, too, that's what sticks in my crop. Kinder looks like a back-handed slap at me, don't it? I've been just a trifle premature—rather previous and too soon, as the office boy says. Well, now, who'd 'a thought they'd 'a gone back on my little game in that ridiculously stunning manner? Never thought the Tories had so much independence about 'em, blowed if I did! I see; it was a sort of mistake for us to throw so many of our best fellows overboard awhile ago—Lok Evans, Wright, and all that crowd. Would 'a been mighty glad to have had their little services on Monday. Well, nothing teaches like experience they say, and before I forget it I'll just mark it down among my New Year resolutions—"Don't undertake to drive a team down hill before you're sure you have got hold of the ribbons."



The Snubbed Organist.

It looks just as if the citizens of Toronto did not want Mr. Close as Mayor for 1881, although it cannot be doubted that the emphatic rebuke they gave his candidature at the polls on Monday was intended principally for the edification of Mr. Boss Bunting, of the *Mail*. That gentleman is perhaps convinced now that the Conservatives of the city as a whole are not yet prepared to acknowledge a dictator. And when they do come to that frame of mind, it is likely they will want a dictator who has some other claim to the position besides the quasi-ownership of a newspaper and a fine big building. Mr. Bunting is not the sort of material that great leaders are made of. He is apparently aspiring to a position analogous to that held by the late Mr. Brown, but he resembles that gentleman only in a few of his weaknesses. We hope that imported Yankee institution—the straight political convention for nominating municipal officers—has been effectually killed by the hearty snub which the right thinking Conservatives administered to it in the defeat of Mr. Close.

The Montreal Presbyterian College Journal suggests that some of the Colleges with a superabundant stock of D.D.'s should attach those mysterious symbols to the name of Mr. GRIP. The reverend Raven appreciates and esteems this compliment, but begs in all humility to decline. Life is real and earnest, and Mr. GRIP hasn't time to think of these empty embellishments which are only calculated to please theological children. Besides he can beg a few big letters when he cares to have them.



Grip's Syndicate Map.

OPINIONS ON IT.

I had no idea the prospects of the North-West looked so utterly black until I saw your map.—Sir C. Tupper.

The resolutions passed at our indignation meeting last night were very strong, but had the people seen your map they would have been much stronger.—Sir R. Cartwright.

After seeing your map I am more than willing that the North-West should be sold out to the Syndicate bag and baggage.—Hon. W. Macdougall.

Your map is, in my opinion, excellent, and I am a good judge of maps.—J. Gordon Brown.

The Syndicat.

PAT.—Pawt do yees think av thim matins in the country. Do yees think they'll hurt the baste any?

GOTTLIEB.—I doand not gan tell. Dot sbeeches of Blake's and Gartwright's vos goot, but Ich bein afraid dey vill make noddings oud.

PAT.—Thim may their brains be knocked out wid their own coat-tails. Dy'e moind now, we'll have to lave this country or be shavard cut by the murtheric sphaelpens.

GOTTLIEB.—Yaw, correct. I vill no longer shay.

In what Country did trial by jury originate, in Jeury probably.



Dr. Lynch's Specific for Ireland.

His Grace Archbishop Lynch is a man whose opinions are listened to with respect by men of all creeds who know him. His public utterances are usually distinguished for breadth of view and sound common sense. These characteristics mark his letter on the Irish difficulty, which he has addressed to the editors of the free and independent press. His Grace is of opinion that Home Rule is the only adequate cure for the trouble, and he accordingly counsels John Bull to apply that remedy without delay. We trust John will give due weight to the Rev. prelate's admonition, though it is just possible the din now going on in the Emerald Isle may prevent the old man from hearing them clearly.



LORD LORNE AS "RICHELIEU."

(BY SPECIAL REQUEST OF THE PUBLIC, FOR THIS MOMENTOUS OCCASION.)

Richelieu.—"Mark where she stands! Around her form I draw the sacred circle of my prerogative!"
(*Bulwer, slightly altered.*)



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

It is not necessary for a man to keep his mug at a barber's shop, but he must take it there to be shaved.—New Orleans *Picayune*.

When one sees a man thrown from his saddle over the head of a horse, he must recognize the power behind the thrown.—New Orleans *Picayune*.

A prisoner at the grate. Turnkey—"Are you in for contempt?" Prisoner (with indignation)—"No, sir, I haven't fallen that low—it's a simple drunk."

A story in three chapters: Chapter I.—Jones started a drug store. Chapter II.—His cash ran out. Chapter III.—Jones followed his cash.—Philadelphia *Item*.

When a grocer advertises every variety of "raisins" for sale, does he include derrieks, pulleys, jack screws, yeast, rope and tackle and that sort of thing?—*Lampton*.

A candidate for the situation of coachman advertises in a Cork paper that he has good testimonials, and is "both courageous and a good shot."—New Orleans *Picayune*.

"Come right into the house children," shouted Mrs. Shuttle. "You are making more noise and uproar than a session of Congress. What do you suppose the neighbors think?"

A new Paris paper is called the *Idiot*. It is not as one might suppose a branch of the New York *Tribune*.—Boston *Post*. No; the *Tribune* is complete in itself.—Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

Beaconsfield ascribes all his greatness to woman. Adam laid all his trouble to the same source. Adam, we are ashamed of you. Beaconsfield, you are a gentleman.—Boston *Transcript*.

"What does 'encore' mean?" asks an exchange. It is only one phase of a universal desire among the sons of men to get something for nothing, and get it right off.—Boston *Transcript*.

A California heiress was left \$50,000 worth of diamonds which she could take possession of on her wedding day, and it is not surprising that the first fellow who offered himself was accepted.—Boston *Post*.

The weather yesterday was just what might have been expected. The President will know better another time than to put a greenhorn into the Weather Bureau just before Christmas.—Philadelphia *Bulletin*.

Clem Johnson lost his hat in a gale of wind, the other day, and after chasing it quite a distance, he sat down and said: "I gib up in dis gust, and I've afeered I'll hab to go home in dis guise."—Boston *Journal of Commerce*.

The farmer's wife would be profane who would darn the tares her husband sowed.—Waterloo *Observer*. And the farmer would be ungrateful who would tear the darns that his wife had sewed.—Boston *Journal of Commerce*.

A man who paints signs on fences and rocks fell from a precipice in Colorado last week, and was killed. Precipices should be encouraged.—*Etc.* This incident will have a tendency to bluff those nomadic disfigureurs of nature's handiwork.—Boston *Journal of Commerce*.

There was a fight imminent between two boys on Elm street Monday evening. One of them darkly intimated that he was bigger than the other. The smaller one, who is the son of a deacon, defiantly retorted, "I don't care if you're as big as a church debt; you can't scare me."—Danbury *News*.

Emma Abbott tells a St. Louis reporter that the stage kiss is "cold, dim, pale phantom—unsatisfactory, delusive and empty." Miss Abbott ought to substitute a *Hawkeye* reporter for that tenor. If there is anything the staff of this paper can throw soul into it is a radiant kiss.—*Hawkeye*.

We had to avoid meeting our enemy yesterday. We had a friend with us who would grab our coat-tails and hold us back as we started to annihilate the wretch, but there was nobody to restrain him, and it would have been very embarrassing for him. So, out of consideration for his feelings, we avoided him.—Boston *Post*.

When the cook placed the turkey on the table, upside down on the dish—that is with its back up—the head of the house got his back up, too, gave her a withering look and almost profanely asked if she "s'posed he was going to crawl under the table and cut a hole up through the plate, to get at the breast of the fowl?"—Norristown *Herald*.

Says funny Fuller, of Rockland, Maine:—"About this time the young lady of the country learns through a series of deep, dark plottings that her young man wears number four boots. The same young man will be sorry that he paravicated, when he tries to thrust his number seven feet into a beautiful worked pair of number four Christmas slippers."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed a young lady, entering a public hall the other evening, "what a dreadful odor of carburetted hydrogen!" "Mum?" said the janitor, with a puzzled countenance. "The smell of the carburetted hydrogen," she explained. "That's no kind o' gin, mum," replied the janitor, "that's gas; the pipes is leaky, mum."—Boston *Transcript*.

Nobody wants to be Secretary of the Navy for the remaining two months of Mr. Hayes' rule. A man couldn't more than get the trick of walking with his feet wide apart, pulling his trousers up every little while and hailing people with "avast there, messmate," before he'd become an ordinary landsman and then those habits would make him appear ridiculous.—Boston *Post*.

Prof. Tice, in his new Almanac, gives advice how to guard against lightning. But the Professor has forgotten one important guard against the susceptible fluid which is, "Never go into an editor's sanctum with your thumb spread all over an article, blood in your eye, and in a very high tone trumpet out, 'I want to see the dod gasted pelican that wrote that!'" Just about then is when the lightning feels for that man's liver pad with a paralyzing touch.—Lockport *Union*.

The 'Square' Man.—Josh Billings says, the square man mezzures the same each way, and haint got no wainny edges nor shaky lumber on him. He is free from knots, and sap, and won't warp. He is klear stuff, and I don't care what yu work him up into he won't swell and he won't shrink. He is amongst men what good kiln-dried boards are among carpenters, he won't season crack. It don't make any difference which side or him yu cum up to, he iz the same bigness each way, and the only way to get at him, enny how, iz to face him. He knows he is square, and never spends enny time trieing to prove it. The square man iz one ov the best shaped men the world has produced, be is one of them kind of chunks that kant alter tew fit a spot, but yu must alter the spot tew fit him.

"Well, well," said Billington majestically, "we musn't be too severe on the young fellows. I suppose I was as big a fool as any of them when I was young." "Yes," replied Fogg, "and you are not an old man now, Billington."—Boston *Transcript*.

"Well, I'm glad you've got worsted for once," said little Whippersnapper to Jimmy Tuffboy, who appeared in the back yard with a handkerchief tied about his cranium. "Worsted; you're right, it's the worst head I ever had put on me."—New Haven *Register*.

Snifkins has sprung an unprincipled trick on his friends. Christmas he made each of his seven children presents of toy banks, and now every time a caller puts in an appearance, the sacred number encircle the guest like a flame of fire, from which there is no escape without a shrive, and cry in equal chorus: "Please Mister, give me a penny to put in my bank."—Lockport *Union*.

"What good deed have you done to-day, Johnny?" said a benevolent father to his heir. "I gave a poor little boy a cent, Papa," was the good child's answer. "Ah, that was right, and why, my son, did you give him the cent?" "I gave it to him, dear Papa, for a good three cent stamp, that he thought was only a piece of green paper." "Let us prey," said the father, and he got a strap and preyed on that boy for fifteen minutes by the watch.—Steubenville *Herald*.

An exchange thus tells how to turn a horn: "Reap the horn on the outside if you wish to turn the horn in. It will give life to that part, and increases its growth wonderfully on the side rasped." Now what kind of word juggling is this. We respect a temperance man, but this recipe reminds us of the man who winks at the soda water clerk and says he will take a little coffee syrup in his.—Lockport *Union*.

"Well, my son, you have got into grammar, have you?" said a proud sire to his thickest chip, the other night. "Let me hear you compare some adjectives." Chip—"All right; little, less, least; big, bigger, beast; mow, more, most." Proud Sire—"Hold on, sir, that's not right; you—" Chip—"Toe, tore, toast, snow, snore, snort; go, gore, gout; row, roar, rout." Proud Sire—"Stop, I say; those adj—" Chip—"Drink, drank, drunk; chink, chunk, chink; wink, wank, wunk; think, thank, think—" Proud Sire—"You infernal little fool, what in thunder—" Chip—"Good, better, best; bad, wusser, wust; bile, biler, bust; sow, sewer, soup; pew, pure, purp—ouch! oh! giminedy dad—oh! oh! oh! oh!" The enraged parent had broken into the recitation with a bootjack.—*Oderous Comparison*.

Right up on their ears—Kangaroos.—Hotter than blue blazes—White blazes.—A circular saw—An old "saw" that goes the rounds of the press.—When the Indian captive is bound to the stake it is Lo tied in his affairs.—"Agreed"—as the man said when asked the meaning of the word "avarice."—"Teeth inserted without payin'"—remarked the tramp, as he bit into a stolen pie.—"What are givin' nuss?" as the sick man said, when he saw the doctor pass a bottle to his female attendant.—"Two soles with but a single thought," as the fisherman remarked, when he saw a pair of the latter fishes swimming toward his baited hook.—"When a candidate manifests a strong itching for office it is advisable to scratch him."—This is the humorous, though rash, remark of the Boston *Globe*.—An Ethiopian was examining an old gun, the other day, when it exploded, the bullet just grazing the top of his skull—went off at a tan gent, as it were.—Bluffers says that it is no use for him to try to calm his wife when she gets on one of her tantrums. Like old Joshua Whitcomb he cannot pass a fire.—Boston *Journal of Commerce*.

Our Grip Sack.

A gross deception.—Selling bad matches.

"Squatters rights."—Permission to be seated.

"The Feeling in Manitoba."—Cold just now.

Any one heard of a hen laying an information.

Some people deem it unadvisable to spend a *son* on the Sault branch.

This is the Endy-mi-own story said Beaconsfield as he finished his latest novel.

Ladies in full dress at a ball remind us of an exhibition of borrowed pictures—a sort of a low-necks-hibition.

When a farmer successfully pursues a party of small boys that have been stealing his apples he may be said to have been on a Boy-cotting expedition.

The English papers are talking about the Fenian scare. If they are anything like the *b t h* that once invaded Canada, they must be a badly stricken lot.

When Mr. Jenner makes his friends valuable Christmas and New Years gifts, would it be right to call him a Jenner-ous man, or is he only Jenner-ously inclined.

Adelina Pitt, when she is singing, makes \$7 a minute.—*Etc.* She may not have many valuable diamonds, but she has precious tones all the same.

Can hanging be considered a neck-squeeze-it sensation? Answers to this are cordially invited by the choke-ular contributor to this noose-paper.

Our funny contributor who had on New Year's day one breakfast, two dinners, one tea, one supper, and various incidentals, thinks New Year's a truly *gorge* us day.

Speaking of oysters, did you ever notice that a-fry-can be made better by an A-fri-can than by any other cook? This is A-frye of nature which is stew deep for us to explain.

Seeing "cotton illusion" advertised we wondered whether it had ever "been on a bust?" but perhaps it is better not to be cotton such dangerous grounds by our fair friends.

On the recent Kaake-Goodfellow wedding the bridegroom may have been said to have been "too sweet for anything," being a veritable Christmas Cake and getting a good fellow.

There is a girl up in the country by the name of Hattie Rack, but her people call her Hat Rack, for short.—*Etc.* Some nice young man should "set his cap" for such an hat-rack-tive young girl.

In case the Syndicate bargain is ratified, our political contributor suggests that the form of the speech from the throne should be amended so as to include not only "Gentlemen of the House of Commons" and "Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate," but "Hon. Gentlemen of the Syndicate," as they will own most of the country.

It used to be said that the southerners tied a knot in a pig's tail to keep him from crawling through the fences. This was the southern idea of a pig's tie.—*Boston Transcript.* Better send this to the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*, and Gris'll remark that they tie their pig's tails in bone-knots, in Porkopolis.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

If Sir Richard is so much opposed to Irish and North-West land monopolies, how is it that he thought of an immense tract of Turtle Mountain, and that he remains one of the largest land owners in the county of Lennox? Answers to these conundrums will be gratefully received at the *Globe* office for the next ten days. Be careful to prepay postage.

Notes from Our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP,—Look, here now. Don't you think it was a little unkind of you last week? If you had called me a scoundrel, or a snoozer, or an inebriate sot, or something of that sort, I would not have thought so much of it. But to call me an M. P. ! Why, confound it, that was too awfully unkind ! And what was it all about anyway? It was nothing but mince pie. Yes, sir, mince pie. There was, perhaps, a slight flavor too much of brandy in the mince-meat, and it occasioned a temporary spasm of a sort of general inflation ; an utter disregard for the commonplace affairs of this exceedingly commonplace world, and a kind of feeling of being "uncle" to the Rag Baby. And what was there in it? Why, it is moments like these that give warmth and color to what would otherwise be a dreary sort of neutral tint life. And talking about color, why don't the ladies learn a little more about the harmony of color in the matter of dress? We men are rough, bearish brutes. Our business pursuits invariably bring us in continual contact with all the worst phases of character, and the dark, cold, harsh, selfish side of nature. Naturally we look to the ladies for all that is æsthetic. It is always cheering to see ladies in tastefully arranged costumes, skilfully enlivened with harmonious colors, but it is really annoying in the extreme, to anyone with half an eye to the artistic, to see a girl so daubed over with every conceivable color that she only wants a thumb lath to be a paint-shop door. Very little study by our girls of the subject of color, would have an incalculable effect upon the boys, by increasing their love for the Beautiful. This is a subject that might very properly be taught the girls in our schools, but then it would be teaching them something useful, something of value to them for every day in their lives, and that would be totally contrary to the cardinal principles of our Educational system. Then again, how is it that so few of the maidens of this Canada of ours know how to walk? They hobble, they waddle, they toddle, they wag their little narratives, in fact anything but walk. Now there are two types of beauty ; style and rythm. Style is the force of the ideal ; rythm is the movement. We have any amount of style, but a sad lack of rythm. But I know you, you old deceiver you. You will insinuate that some young lady with admirable judgment, has wisely withdrawn her hand from my loving clasp, and left me the mitten, and consequently I am sort of mad like. But I tell you it is nothing of the kind. I adore the ladies, and believe it is only when in their company that we see the bright, warm, mellow, and gladsome side of nature, and that if we were to devote less of our time to business, and more to the ladies, we could not avoid being brought nearer to that place of happiness from whence all goodness emanates. Now then, that's what you get for your base insinuations. But then anyone who would call another an M. P. would insinuate anything. I'll tell your mother of you, so I will. I know you.

GADFLY.

January.

Most people are aware that this is the first month of the year ; but there are doubtless many even in our "centre of intellectual life" who, (not having secured *Garr's Almanac*.) do not know that its name is derived from *Janus*, the earliest of mythological deities. Mr. J., by the way, encouraged the ancients in a custom established by himself, of exchanging honey-cakes, sweet-meats, kindly wishes and jovial salutes on the first day of each year. Classical *litterateurs* are not very clear as to whether he favourably viewed any such usage as the one now prevalent among the ladies, of offering deep-hued nectar to those who tendered New Year's greetings ; but from the fact that he is represented in statuary with two heads, and

sometimes even with four (*vide Janus Bifrons and Janus Quadrifrons*) we may fairly assume that he was himself in the habit of making numerous congratulatory calls on the 1st January, and the number of heads he *felt* on his body next morning (and their weight withal) depended largely on the quantity of good old Olymian "proof" punished by him over-night, prior to his return to the ordinary habitation of Mrs. Janus and the little J's. Janus, according to some people, has only two faces, not two heads. We ourselves prefer the "double-header" theory ; but while firmly sticking to our belief aforesaid as to the cause of the representation, have no objections to telling our readers that classical wise-acres boldly contend that the idea sought to be conveyed is a retrospection of the past and prospect of the future. It is a very pretty theory no doubt, and would be more than pretty if people would only learn therefrom to profit by the mistakes of the bygone and "walk their chalks" more judiciously in the year to come. We have always had our doubts, though, about the fixity of New Year's resolutions, bearing in mind the reported character of the pavement in "Pluto's dark domain," and we can only hope that during the year now commencing some such present good intentions may lead to beneficial results. It is high time that the great bulk of our politicians and other 'public citizens put in the peg and started out again with a clean sheet. There is no need to enlarge. *Verb. Sap.* We have a plain and unmistakable word of advice, however, for the especial benefit of those few remote individuals who have not yet subscribed for *Grip*, and that is to form, and at once act upon, a resolution in favor of "hauling in the sheet." Make a note of it, please, and don't let your resolution remain *sans vie*. Remember that old Janus, to whose example we are indebted for our cheerful New Year's calls and good wishes, was never known to peruse a newspaper that had been paid for with another man's money.

Indignation Meeting.

The terms of the Syndicate bargain having at length reached the North West, an indignation meeting of grasshoppers was called to discuss the situation. The meeting was held in a sunny spot on the prairie, the speakers standing upon a chip, and addressing the assembly at considerable length. After some discussion Daddy Longlegs was voted to the chair, and in his opening remarks, said this was a question that affected their most vital interests, and then called upon Mr. Longhop, of Grasshollow, to address the meeting. Mr. Longhop said he quite agreed with the Chairman, that if the bargain was ratified their means of living would be in danger, and wanted to know what was the use of the National Policy if they were not to be protected in the enjoyment of their inalienable rights. (Applause.) The next speaker, Mr. Shortstep, of Shadynook, endorsed the remarks of Mr. Longhop, and said if the bargain were concluded they would have to make long hops to get out of the road, and in his opinion John A. should be invited to take a short step down and out. (Great applause.) Mr. Grasset said he was hopping mad, and that the result would be there would be no more grass eat by them. Mr. Crackwings said that it was their undeniable right to eat everything green ; but that if the Syndicate got their hands on the North West, they would monopolize the swallowing up of green things, including the green Ministry that made the bargain. In closing, the meeting the chairman said he believed it best to pass a resolution condemning the Bargain, and that as they had lived together a long time he did not care to leg out for some other pasture. The resolution was then passed and the meeting hopped off.

With some men Christmas is a *fast* day and with others a feast day.

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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 8.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 8TH JANUARY, 1881.



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"MACBETH" MACKENZIE.

"What hands are here? Ha! * * * Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this * * * clean from my hands?" Sec. 2, Act II.



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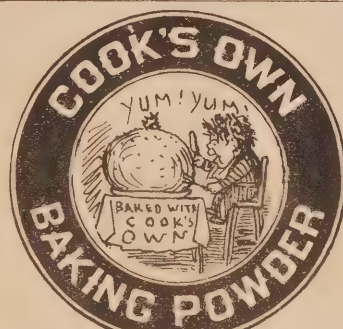
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2ND GENT—"Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits."

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COAL AND WOOD,

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

The Hungarian band has returned to Paris.

Mr. Candidus and Frau Wilda have been singing in "Aida" at Frankfurt.

Madame Schumann played at the Schumann concert at Stuttgart, Nov. 23.

Salvini is to return to New York after the run of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at Booth's Theatre.

E. E. Rice will take out "The Original Evangeline Company," starting from Boston, Jan. 15th.

La Gazette Musicale gives the full list of Offenbach's 103 operettas, from "Pascal et Cambord" to "Les Contes d'Hoffman."

Herr Albin Schroder, a violoncellist, made his debut at the seventh Gewandhaus concert at Leipzig, Nov. 25th, with fair success.

J. G. Saville has taken out a company, playing "The Governor," in which Harold Warfen is playing *Theodore Maclesfield* with much credit.

The 25th anniversary of the foundation of the Dresden Conservatoire was celebrated in January. Bach's Mass in B minor was performed.

Mr. McKee Rankin says that "The Danites" made a bad failure in Dublin, and that the Irish said they didn't know anything about Americans.

The 54th season of the Conservatoire concerts began at Paris last Sunday. The "Eroica" symphony was the *piece de resistance*, and there were no novelties.

On Dec. 6th, Madame Patti began with Nicolini and Verger an operatic engagement at Madrid. "Traviata," "Barbiere," "Somnambula," and "Lucrezia" will form the repertory.

Grand Opera House.—To-night, Salvini, the great Italian tragedien, appears in "Othello." There will be a good house to greet him, as seats are being rapidly taken.

Before it was produced at Madleburg, Wagner's "Meistersinger" had 179 rehearsals—that is to say, 17 with orchestra, 3 with *mise en scene*, 4 *d'ensemble*, 75 with the artists respectively, and 80 choral rehearsals.

Royal Opera House.—During the week, "Drink" has held the boards. To-night, "Macbeth" will be produced for the Benefit of Rose Eytinge. This talented actress deserves a full house. Next week the "Nip and Tuck" Combination will appear.

To do "Michael Strogoff" well will take a great deal of time and money, and it begins to thought advisable, both by Abbey and Coleville, to postpone the production from this season to next, in which case it would be the opening attraction of the season of 1881-82 at Booth's.

The "Mapleson" season in New York closed on Friday night, and on Saturday and Sunday people left for Boston. Mr. Mapleson has made a gross profit during the season of ten weeks of close on to \$60,000.

Those desiring a hearty laugh, one that will drive away the "blues" and make a man feel good-natured for a week, should try *Grip's* almanac for 1881. There is enough of it, and of such a genuine humorous quality, as to well repay it readers. Toronto: Bengough Bros.—*Goderich Starr.*

\$10

Outfit furnished free with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in the business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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34th SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELER'S INSURANCE CO.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1881.

Paid-up Cash Capital, \$600,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate	\$ 911,389 77
Cash on hand and in bank	211,216 69
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate	2,101,410 50
Interest on loans accrued but not due	51,314 61
Loans on collateral security	87,500 00
Deferred Life premiums	52,854 86
Premiums due & unreported on Life policies	34,844 80
United States Government bonds	281,520 00
State, county, and municipal bonds	393,200 00
Railroad stocks and bonds	670,240 00
Bank stocks	705,703 00
Hartford City Gas Light Co. stock	18,000 00

Total Assets

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, four per cent., Life department	\$3,454,212 00
Reserve for re-insurance, Accident dept.	369,562 72
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities	227,818 00

Total liabilities

Surplus as regards policy holders

STATISTICS FOR THE YEAR 1880.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Number of Life Policies written in 1880	1,743
Whole number of Life Policies in force	11,914
Amount Life Insurance in force	\$19,098,632 00
Gain in amount in force in 1880	\$916,507 00
Total claims paid in Life Dept.	\$1,630,200 43

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number of Accident Policies written in 1880	73,241
Gain in Policies over 1879	18,701
Gain in Premiums over 1879	\$284,738 24
Whole number Accident Policies written	645,766
Number Accident claims paid in 1880	11,774
Amount Accident claims paid in 1880	\$544,171 57
Whole number Accident claims paid	53,368
Whole amount Accident claims paid	\$3,981,801 51

Total losses paid, both Departments

JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.

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A GENTLEMAN four years pastor French Protestant Church, New York, wishes to form classes. Address Rev. J. Bleaubien, 20 Alexander St., Toronto.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

A half dozen American authors are reported as writing American Endymions. This is the worst blow of all, and stringent repressive measures should be used against them.

Puck now issues a monthly supplement in the form of a tinted caricature portrait of a distinguished man. The first, Gen. Garfield, is done in Keppler's best style—in other words it is simply inimitable.

The *Globe* has an addition to its editorial staff in the person of Prof. Wells, late principal of the Baptist Literary Institute, of Woodstock. The professor has had considerable journalistic experience, and will, no doubt, prove a valuable acquisition to the leading Opposition organ. We hardly expect funny articles from him, however.

Rev. Dr. Hill, of Halifax, entertained a St. John audience last week with a brilliant lecture on "The Pulpit, the Platform and the Press." In referring to the last division of his subject, the *Telegram* says he made a good hit by reading accounts of a Syndicate meeting from two rival party papers, and commenting on the "custom" of misrepresentation.

We affectionately admonish our esteemed contemporary *Chic* to put a stopper on that individual of its staff who inspired the late Bernhardt cartoon. That man has a downward tendency, and if not choked off will land the paper in the slums before long.

The *Christian Reporter* sets out on its useful and lofty mission with renewed energy for 1881. The January number is before us and presents a very neat appearance. The *Reporter* is thoroughly evangelical and deserves the warm support of all Christians.

Grip's almanac for 1881 will be welcomed by the Canadian public, containing, as it does, a complete and varied fund of information. The weather and other heavy themes are properly relieved by apt illustrations and mirth provoking passages. This unique work can be recommended to the public, and will take a high stand in the realm of almanacs. It is dedicated to the Canada Paper Company. Buy it, and you will be successful in 1881.—*London (Ont) Advertiser.*

The Traveler's Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., (whose advertisement appears in another column) have issued their 34th semi-annual statement. This statement shows the company to be in a most prosperous condition; the surplus as regards policy holders being \$1,467,601. The Travelers is one of the oldest and most reliable Life and Accident Insurance Companies on the continent, and are doing a large business, not only in the United States, but also in Canada and other countries. Any one wishing to insure, cannot do better than with this company, as all losses are promptly paid.

We have received *Grip's* Almanac for 1881. It is, if possible, an improvement on the one for 1880. The "Cosmopolitan Essays" are remarkably clever, and the different dialects are written in a style from which an example might be taken with advantage by the most celebrated of character actors. The little cartoons by Bengough, Canada's caricaturist, are admirable, and the accompanying verses contain decided and pointed hits at Canadian politics and politicians. To review the work in detail would take up more space than we have at our disposal. Suffice it to say that if any one wants a hearty laugh, the best thing he can do is to subscribe for *Grip's* almanac.—*Aurora Borealis.*

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See T. & B. on each plug.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Notice.

Copies of GRIP's Almanac for 1881 have been mailed to every newspaper upon our exchange list. If not received in due time enquiry should be made at the Post Office.

The Power of Grip's Pencil.

GRIP is proud to have evidence that his pencil—always wielded in a good cause so far as he can discern the Right—is proving effective. This week he has been honored with two protesting epistles, one from Hamilton and the other one from Kingston. As the purport of both is the same, we lay before our readers the one from the east, together with the editor's reply sent to the writer by post:—

To the Editor of GRIP, Toronto:

KINGSTON, Ont., 17th Jan., 1881.

DEAR SIR,—I must ask you to withdraw my name from the list of subscribers to GRIP. When I subscribed to your paper I did so assuming that it was the organ of no political party, and that its hits would be equally divided. The course taken by your paper for some time past, however, has been so very one-sided and so opposed to the principles I believe in, that I have very little pleasure in reading it. I regret very much having to give up what I used to consider a pleasure, but I see no use in paying for what is distasteful to me.

Yours truly,

J. W.

REPLY.

TORONTO, Jan. 18, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—I do not usually reply by letter or otherwise to notices ordering discontinuance of GRIP, but feel disposed to make an exception in your case, chiefly because you make a charge which I consider unfounded. You insinuate that GRIP is the organ of a political party. I deny it. I hold that GRIP has followed a course of pure independence, though I am free to confess that my idea of independence is not that namby-pamby fence-riding-tight-rope-walking sort of thing which would "divide its hits equally" regardless of truth. I do not know which party you belong to, but I presume it is that one which has happened to suffer most in GRIP's cartoon, and if so, it is the one that has deserved to suffer most. I have endeavored to stick to facts and reflect honest sentiment in my pictures, and I challenge you to put your finger upon a single cartoon of which you can truthfully say, that has no foundation of fact, or is in its nature malicious. If you allege—as you do tacitly—that I have favored the opposite party, I similarly challenge you to mention a single occasion, on which that party laid itself open to fair attack that I failed to take advantage of. By "the course taken for some time past," I presume you refer to our stand on the Syndicate question. If you are not satisfied with that stand it is simply because

you are so blinded with partyism that you cannot appreciate it. In opposing the expensive and ruinous bargain, and advocating the cheaper and more satisfactory one, I have taken the only course worthy of a Canadian who loves his country. In taking the opposite course, you are playing the part of a traitor whether you are a Grit or a Tory. If it is in this matter I have "opposed the principles you believe in," I can only hope that you may soon provide yourself with a better set of principles. I have as much respect for the real principles of one party as another. I believe men's principles, if not morally wrong, ought always to be respected, and I have never attacked the principles of either party in this country. I concern myself with the public conduct of their representative men, but I know there are some followers behind both flags who are so blind or so craven that they cannot see any difference between these two entirely dissimilar things.

I hope you will take the earliest opportunity of bringing forward the evidence that GRIP is a party organ, by showing where it has exhibited malice or concealed the truth—the infallible marks of the partizan. In the meantime your request shall be complied with as to removal of your name, the place of which I know will be quickly supplied by that of a man who subscribes more heartily to GRIP's maxim—*Fiat Justitia.* Yours respectfully,

EDITOR GRIP.

Tierney to the Front.

WINNIPEG, Jan. 9, 1881.

GRIP, ME DARLINT,—Shure it's so long since the lasht toime I writ til yez that I thought if I didn't send yez a line yez might niver hear from me agin, so I takes my pin in hand to let yez know I am still in the land av the livin'—bein' at the prisint toime in Manytoby. The land av the livin' did I, say? Well, begorra, if the half I hear about that Swindlelate consarn is true, it'll be hard to scrape a livin' out av it before long. But shurely they're foolin' me intirely, sor? Yez don't mane to say me ow'd chafetain, John A., is the gossoon the Grits here is thyrin' to make out? Wan av thim says to me, sez he, Tierney, fhwat do yez think av that foine shate-man av yours now, John A., I mane? sez he. Sez I, the same as iver—the cleverest owld bye av the whole av thim. Fhwat have you to say about him? sez I. Did yez rade that, thim? sez he, hanin' me a paper. I tuck it home an' I read it, an' I cudn't belave me eyes, harly. Be me sowl, if I have anny und'ershandin' av the English langwiche, the Government in that paper agrees to give away the country, or the most av it, wid powers an' priviledges fit for the Imperor av Rooshia, along wid barrels av money to the Swindlekate, for buildin' two bits av a railway! Whin I kem across that Grit agin I geve him back the paper. Well, sez he, wid a shly soort av a wink, fhwat's yer opinion av the great John A.? It sez nothin' about John A. at all, sez I, its the doins av Tupper, and betune you an' me, I wudn't put it past him—I niver did belave in Tupper. We'll but, sez he, John A. is in the box, too, for didn't he make a spache the other day backin' up Tupper's bargain an' goin' agin the offer av the new Swindlekate that wants to build the railway for less money an' no priviledges at all, at all. He did? sez I. Are ye shure? I am, sez he. it's thure! Fhwat argymint did he bring agin the new Swindlekate? sez I. He said it was a Grit consarn, sez he. For the first toime in my loife I felt ashamed av John A., sor. I say that argymint is extreamly thim. Av the min can put up their money and build us the road chaper than the other Swindlekates, fhwat business is it av moine or John A.'s whether they are Grits or not? I for wan am willin' they should remain in darkness, politically spakin', av they'll only be sound on the railroad buildin' question. Thruly yours,

TERRY TIERNEY.

The Club.

The Punster Club met on Saturday night and after opening in the usual manner, the chairman announced that the subject for the evening would be "Fish."

No. 1.—"A very 'fishy' subject indeed."

"That man deserves a 'Whale-in,'" shouted

No. 2.

"Mackerel pun will you?" said the chairman.

"Oh, you feel great Perch-ed up there don't you?" asked No. 3.

Chairman.—"Did you say that on Porpoise?"

"Minnow a better one than that," yelled

No. 4.

"What is it?" groaned the chairman.

"Did you ever see a Lam-prey?" said No. 4.

"No, but I've come across a good many Suckers," roared No. 2.

"One more such and I'll turn on my Eel and walk out," said the chairman.

"Why is the first log of a tree like a certain fish," howled No. 1.

"I'll know before Oyster from this seat," said the chairman.

No. 1.—"Because it's a Hackbut."

No. 3.—"Oh! I thought I 'Smelt' a pun in the air."

No. 4.—"What fish does the last speaker resemble?"—"A Shiner."

Chairman.—"Enough, enough. That will do. I do not want to act the part of the 'Carp'-ing critic,—therefore I will only announce that the next subject will be the months."

"Jan-u-ary fool," roared No. 1.

"F-I-be-u-ary idiot," howled the chairman.

"Come, March out of this," said the janitor.

"May I be hanged if I do," yelled No. 3.

"June-o if you don't I'll make you," roared

No. 2.

"Ju-lie," shrieked No. 3.

"The first thing you know you'll be Kn-October," said No. 4.

Here the lights were turned out and the meeting adjourned.

An Allegory.

Mr. Bunting, managing editor of the *Mail* is in a very indignant frame of mind, and we think justly so. Mr. Bunting wished to purchase an additional press, and commissioned a certain broker to procure one for him. The broker accepted the commission and went to England to procure the press. Upon his return he announced to Mr. Bunting that he had been fortunate enough to secure one from a certain manufacturing firm, but upon the terms of the bargain being made known, they were found to be outrageous. Mr. Bunting was to pay about four times as much as the press was worth; to build about half of it himself, to allow the firm to enter his office and print whatever they pleased, without cost, and various other objectionable features. Upon Mr. Bunting threatening to repudiate the whole thing, the broker explained that though the bargain was not as good as he might wish, yet it was the best that could be made. Just at this juncture, however, a new firm opened communication with Mr. Bunting, and offered to sell him an equally good press for considerable less than the former offer and without any of its objectionable features. Mr. Bunting would have willingly accepted the new proposition, but the broker, being possessed of considerable influence, forced him to accept terms of the first bargain. Of course Mr. Bunting is indignant, and we heartily sympathize with him. To be the victim of such a barefaced robbery and swindle is outrageous, but still it is rather curious that Mr. Bunting should, at the present time, be assisting the Government, by voice and influence, in the perpetration of a still more glaring fraud, of precisely the same description.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Plums 20 cents. 211-213 richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.
50 Patterns. The Nobbiest Things in the Market.—WOLTZ BROS & Co.
29 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



The Nigger on the Fence.

There's an African on the fence in this St. Paul Syndicate matter. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper are both men of keen intellect, and yet in this affair they are acting like imbeciles. They are deliberately thrusting aside a proposal to save many millions in money, and many more in privileges to the country, and up to the present time they have offered no reasonable excuse for their conduct. Now, we do not believe that they are fools, therefore we reject the idea that they think they are doing this in the interest of the public; we do not believe they are dullards, therefore we cannot think they imagine it is good party policy: they have no reason to hate Canada, and therefore we do not believe they are purposely endeavouring to wound their country. They know as well as we do that they are doing a thing unworthy of their reputation as statesmen; they know it is a bad bargain, and every time they speak a word in its favor they inwardly despise themselves. Then why are they persisting? Why are they so anxious to compass the ruin of the fairest land on earth, and to sow the seeds of future disaster? There's a nigger on the fence, and everybody knows it!

In this merry season of Tom and Jerry you may meet many bowl-legged men.—*Modern Argo*. Eggs-actly; but what an egg-otistical wretch you are to perpetrate such hen-i-ous puns as that. We do not want to "hatch" any disturbance, but if we see any more of that "breed" we shall "lay" for you in a manner that will be "cackle"-lated to make you keep your "roost" for some time to come.



The Ontario Side Show.

O. MOWAT.—Walk up this way ladies and gentlemen. We haven't got so much canvas as the Syndicate circus, but we give you more for your money than they do there!

A New Business Idea.

The *Hamilton Spectator* of the 17th inst. says of the New Syndicate:—"Had they been in earnest they would have avoided giving it (their offer) the appearance of an attack upon the Government. They would have kept the Opposition finger out of the pie as long as possible. That would have been the policy of ordinary prudence, which no ordinary business man would have lost sight of." In other words, it practically says, that if the new Syndicate want to have their offer accepted, they must rely, not upon the economy and feasibility of their scheme, which should be its best recommendation, but upon their powers of cringing to the Government and, to use a homely but expressive phrase, "by keeping on the right side" of the politicians in power.

In the life of Hanlan, edited by Rickard K. Fox, Laycock is said to have been born in Pitt St., New South Wales. Ah, yes, now we know all about it. We were born in Essex St., British North America.



A Song for the Near Future.

Air.—"Britons never shall be slaves."

When Britain first, by Heaven's command,
Gave Canada, her child, home rule,
She never thought that favoured land
Would prove herself an arrant fool.

But this was the charter—
The charter of the brave—
Canada's realm ne'er would know a slave!

CHORUS.—Rule Britannia, &c.

But traitors cursed that glorious land,
And bartered all its hopes away
Into Monopoly's grasping hand—
Heaven make them for that treason pay!

They broke the charter—
The charter of the brave—
That Canada's realm ne'er should know a slave.

CHORUS.—Rule Britannia, &c.

Go see the toiling pioneers,
Groaning beneath the Syndicate,
And cursing still for future years
The awful legacy of hate.

Then shun the charter—
The charter of the brave—
Canada's realm ne'er should know a slave!

CHORUS.—Rule Britannia, &c.

Dobbs, an artist of our acquaintance, can paint a fragment of orange peel so deftly on the pavement, that if you put your heel upon it, and don't fall, it's your own fault, not the orange peel's.



Poor Thomas White.

GRIP extends his sincerest sympathy to Mr. Thomas White, M.P. That gentleman, though a brilliant and rising legislator, and a very popular member of society, is a fair subject for any superfluous pity the public may have on hand. It is not because he is obliged, by circumstances over which he has no control, to represent a backwoods constituency instead of a division of the commercial metropolis, that GRIP pities him, nor is it because the Grip papers have been pitching into him in a violently personal manner about his recent Syndicate speech. No, it is because being intuitively cleanly in his habits, he is nevertheless obliged by "exigencies of party" to befoul his fingers with journalistic dirty work. We are not stating this as a charge against him, but simply as a lamentable fact. The phrase it merely a quotation from Mr. White himself, for as everybody must know by this time, he recently stated, through his newspaper, by way of apology for the filth of falsehood with which he had bedaubed a certain man, "that the exigencies of party compelled editors to do such things." It is a great pity for Mr. White. He is intelligent, educated and gifted, and has the makings of a really decent fellow. It is a thousand pities that the "exigencies of party" should compel him to act like a rowdy.



Too Late! Alas! Too Late!

LITTLE BOY BLAKE.—Hi there! mister, you have dropped nine millions of money in your hurry!

"GREAT STATESMAN."—It's of no consequence, sonney! Never mind it now, it is too late!



"BETWEEN THE D— AND THE DEEP SEA!"



THE JOKER CLUB

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

There is an oyster in my soup," shrieked a man at a restaurant. "Don't pay for it, then," said the man next to him.—*Sunday Breakfast Table*.

An arrow minded man—the toxophilite.—A private box—a prize fight on the sly.—A complaint and its cure—ache o'night—Aconite.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

He was making considerable noise rehearsing his part of Othello, when a dog silenced him by his howling. Thus the star actor became a cur-hushed tragician.—*Whitehall Times*.

"Is this our crowd?" asked a couple of agents, as they joined a party at a lunch counter. "No," replied one person, "this is not sauerkraut—it is ham."—*Sunday Breakfast Table*.

"Proposals for carrying the mails," mused Miss Mary, aged 36, looking up from a newspaper. Then she cried, in stormy tones, "I'd like to know who's to carry the females."—*Sunday Breakfast Table*.

Why is the meat in your sandwich like the large middle class of society? Because it lies between the upper-crust and the under-bred.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.—And is more use than both together.—*Philadelphia News*.

When you meet a man with a fancy pair of scissors in his vest pocket, you may set him down as a dry goods clerk or an editor. If his clothes are fine and fashionable, you may know he is not an editor.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A derrick is a bivalve, because it is a hoister.—*Whitehall Times*. The above paragraph explains why no man has ever been known to swallow a derrick while eating oyster soup. It wasn't there.—*Sunday Breakfast Table*.

A man wanted to buy a dozen of eggs from a market woman, but had no money. A bright thought struck him, and he asked her to lend him the price of the money. She agreed, remarking, "An eggs sell lent idea."—*Sunday Breakfast Table*.

A bang-up business—shooting glass balls in the air.—Great, lumbering fellows—the male inhabitants of Stillwater, Minn.—The farmer's favorite vest—harvest.—*Agent's Herald*. The speculator's favorite vest—invest.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Yesterday we observed a man dipping a piece of list into the bung of a whiskey barrel, after which he would withdraw it and then chew upon the woolen strip with great satisfaction. The fellow, no doubt, was of the spirit-chew-list-hio' order.—*Whitehall Times*.

No, Sarah, you cannot make good pie out of pike rust.—Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of you.—Between Mary and the lamb there existed a strong friendship.—In an active career there must of necessity be great hack-tivity.—When old Sol wishes to shave his face, he uses a sun ray sir.—*Whitehall Times*.

The story is told of a Williamsport young man who went to the Black Hills to seek his fortune, and wrote back to his father that he had done well, but added: "I will be home on Wednesday evening. Meet me at dark, just out of town, and bring a blanket or a whole pair of trousers with you. I have a hat."—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

The world should give us our daily bread for the world doughs us a living.—*Whitehall Times*. Kreet, and if some people "dough" a little work and not "loaf" around so much they would find no trouble in getting their daily bread.—*Cohoes Daily Register*.

There are two newspaper men in this State whose combined incomes amount to a trifle over \$400,000 a year. James Gordon Bennett's is \$400,000. Modesty forbids us to say more.—*Yonkers Statesman*. Ah, brother, we are glad that your modesty prevents you from "giving us away."—*Whitehall Times*.

Many sailors have their hands and arms marked with India ink. Some of this work is very fine, and the sailors exhibit it with pride, thinking it cannot be excelled. Yet almost any snare drummer can beat a tattoo.—*Rome Sentinel*. Many young ladies tat who cannot crochet, and some can tat two collars while one is being knit.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Conductors do the fare thing and masons the square thing.—*Erratic Enquire*. And editors the write thing.—*Pocahontas*: The young Indian girl who saved the Smith family from being knocked into Smithereens.—"I never saw the beat of him," as the old gentleman remarked,—speaking of a policeman who was never on hand when wanted.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A New York church choir is on a strike, owing to one or two of its members getting disliked by the others. You seldom find harmony in a church choir, anyhow.—*Norristown Herald*. There is an excellent city in New Hampshire for choirs who disagree. The singers there are always in harmony,—or Concord, which is the same thing. Capital joke, eh?—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

There is nothing like taking the conceit out of a young man. When young Ragbag put his flyer at his best speed, driving up Columbus avenue, and then hauled up to a policeman and asked: "Is it against the law to drive fast on the avenue?" The officer replied: "Yes, young man, and I'm glad you have taken care not to break the rule." And Ragbag felt awfully embarrassed.—*Boston Post*.

A matter of course—a horse race.—*Meriden Recorder*. Rather a matter of courser. We don't charger cent for the correction.—Rabbit hunters should always see that their rifles and shot-guns are provided with hare triggers, before joining in the chase.—"Though art so near and yet so fur," sighed the shop girl, when a lady with a seal-skin cloak took a seat beside her in the horse car.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

South end maiden asks: "When a young man comes twice a week with a carriage and takes a young lady to the theatre and a supper afterward and makes her magnificent presents, what does it indicate?" It indicates, dear ma'am, that he has got more money to fool away than we have.—*Boston Post*. More frequently it indicates that he is spending what little cash he has laid up—and after marriage his bride will have to take in sewing to get money to buy cooking utensils.—*Philadelphia News*.

Although there is no regular association of cooks in Boston, they are, as a class, governed by certain bile laws, to which they are obliged to conform.—"I pre-sume you understand my business," said the cen-us taker to the acrobat, "I merely wish to know your occupation." "Oh, yes! I tumble," replied the acrobat.—Eighty million dollars' worth of hogs have been sold to Europe the past year. "Lardy dah."—*New Haven Register*. Weaver notion that the Register "tried" this pork kind of a pun to bring out "scraps" from the rest of the boys.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

The train had run into a snow-drift, and the engine was butting its head in vain against a six-foot bank.

"For once the iron horse appears to be beaten," remarked a fat woman near the centre of the car.

"You shouldn't call it an iron horse," mildly reproved a solemn-faced man across the aisle. "Why not?" asked the fat woman in some surprise.

"Because it's block tin," softly murmured the solemn-faced man, as he gazed out the window and across the wintry waste with a far-away look in his eye.

The fat woman gasped, while the conductor was astonished to such a degree that he went out of the car without slamming the door.—*Rockland (Me.) Courier*.

The other night as the Buffalo express was whirling along the Erie, a queer looking old man, who might have escaped from the curiosity department of the Historical Society, got up from his seat in the sleeping car and shouted: "Is there a doctor in the car?" Commotion and excitement immediately ensued, and as there was no medical man in that particular car, several passengers hurried through the train, and finally found one. "What's the matter?" he said to the little old man. "Nothing," said he, "but in case I'm sick and yell out like thunder in my sleep, my bunk's No. 20, now, don't forget it!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

What makes a paling fence pale?—Lapland ought to produce good pedestrians.—There is only one married State—Mrs. Sippi.—Snow shoes, indeed! They are better things than shoes if they are to come down to us that way.—Does the Water Department use paper with a water-line? Here's a chance for an investigation, Mr. Caven!—The people of Santa Fe, New Mexico, are rejoicing over gas light. When the three month's bills are presented, they will think the gas is heavy instead of light!—A boy in London, Canada, swallowed a goose-quill, but, instead of being all write with him, it was all wrong.—[Ex. In other words, he made a goose of himself!—Tennyson is losing his popularity: his poetical productions only command penny-a-liner prices.—[Ex. He ought to change his name to Pennyson, then.—Who is the greatest liar? He who speaks most of himself.—[Ex. If this is accepted, we suppose the greatest truth-teller is one who is perpetually lying about somebody else!—*Philadelphia Item*.

It was just three o'clock in the afternoon—just the hour when old soakers put down their mid-watch dram. Seven or eight men were seated around the stove when one of them suddenly remarked:

"There comes Jim. Poor fellow, I feel sorry for him."

"What's the matter with Jim?" asked two or three at once.

"He swore off on the first, and he seems bound to stick to it."

"Swore off, eh? He doesn't look as if he had the sand to stick it out."

"Oh, but he has. It would make him feel awful bad to be invited up to the bar, but Jim is in earnest this time."

Jim entered the place, nodded to all hands, and was warming his toes when one of the men moved over to the bar, winked at the rest, and said:

"Eh? Jim—take sunthin' with me?"

Jim sauntered over to the bar, poured out a stiff glass of whiskey, and sent it down without a sigh. The other looked at him for half a minute, and then asked:

"Didn't you swear off on New Year's?"

"Yes."

"On what?"

"On drinking water!" replied James, as he calmly wiped his mouth on his elbow.

Our Grip Sack.

A back-biter—a F—a.

A tale-bearer—a kangaroo.

A counter irritant—a saleswoman.

Economy—the art of living on nothing while doing a good business.

Political economy—the art of always keeping on the right side of the party in power.

Social economy—The art of living off someone doing a good business, without doing any business yourself.

Now is the time to find out the exact width of a man's property,—by the length of sidewalk he shovels the snow off.

Too many irons in the fire. The man who substituted the ramrod for a bullet and burst his gun in the attempt.

Haverly's big minstrel troupe is called the Black Hundred. It don't resemble the charge of the Light Brigade when they come on the stage.

Smifkins, who is a tailor by trade, got married lately. He says now that before he was married he had only one "goose," but now he owns two.

What is the difference between a black boot and a negro boot black? One blacks the boot and the other boots the black. It's a dark subject anyhow.

The play of "Drink" holds the boards of the Royal this week, and all the toppers in the city are hanging around there. Your funny contributor went himself.

The attorney for the defence of the arrested Irish Land Leaguers has so arranged the evidence that it will require about two years to finish the trial.—Is this a case of Boycotting the judge and jury?

"What is there" howls an orator, "more cheerful and homelike than the hum of a sewing machine?" Hum—wonder if he ever came home at 2 a.m. and found his red-headed wife waiting for him with a club?

"Ewe get out," as the farmer said to the lamb in his corn.—Toronto GRIP. "Ewe try to drive me out and I'll lamb you!" as the lamb said to the farmer.—*Salem Sunbeam*. "I'll see whether you will or not," replied the farmer.—*Yavocob Strauss*. Its sheer nonsense to waste time on such sheep puns.

Lushington, after reading in a book of travels that snakes never went over a piece of matting on account of the irritation it produced on the surface of their stomachs, lined his boots with the same. He said, "I just want to make the acquaintance of any snake who will dare to inhabit my boots in future."

The greatest joke of the day—"It is abundantly clear that their (the Government's) insight is clearer and stronger (on the Syndicate question) than that of the Opposition."—*Hamilton Spectator*. They see at once that the new Syndicate's proposal is much worse than the old terms. There are no exemptions or monopolies; not even the smallest thing to make it a good bargain.

Walter Matlack, aged 14 years, John Burns, aged 17 years, and John Boyle, aged 12 years, were arrested, and this morning held by Magistrate Reilly to answer at court the charge of breaking into and robbing residences in the vicinity of Broad and Poplar.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*. Well, Reilly; it seems to us these boys are on the Broad and Poplar road that leads to a place where they Boyle and Burns, and where they Mat-lack the opportunity of more robbing.

The Statesman's Grief.

I.
Mackenzie bowed his head and wept,
His heart was filled with gloom;
The tears coursed down his rugged cheeks
And trickled round the room.

II.
His sobs rose thick with choking sound,
His bosom heaved with sighs;
In fact his utter hopeless grief
Burst forth in smothered cries.

III.
He did not weep because the lead
Was taken from his hands!
The tariff did not cause his grief,
It was the *Railway Lands*.

IV.
And even then his grief did not
Relate, as you'd suppose,
To that enormous grant of land
The Ministers propose.

V.
"Ah, woe is me!" Mackenzie cried,
"And woe is Edward Blake,
"It gars me greet to mind the rash
"Wild speeches we did make!"

VI.
"Oh, why did we run down those lands,
"And call their value nil?
"When they would be so useful now
"To hurt this little bill!"

VII.
"Oh, why did we declare that they
"Were not a dollar worth
"*Per acre*; praising up the while
"That foreign Texas earth?"

VIII.
"And when Sir John an acre said
"Was worth two and a half,
"Oh why showed Blake and I such scorn
"And why did Cartwright laugh?"

IX.
"A little calculation, too,
"We'll make, and try to count,
"What's lost us by our foolishness
"In arguing amovnt."

X.
"25,000,000 acres at
"\$1 it is clear
"\$25,000,000
"(Even that *we* thought was dear.)

XI.
"But 25,000,000 acres at
"\$2,500,
"Makes 37,000,000 and
"100 difference."

XII.
"Great Caesar's Ghost! just think of this,
"Alas! a lack-a-day,
"If only I had held my tongue
"There'd be the deuce to pay."

XIII.
"But now I can't attack them thus,
"This wretched speech of mine
"Will be brought up against me, sine,
"The days of auld lang sime."

XIV.
But here I left the wretched man,
His grief so fierce did get,
And if he has't read the *Globe*
He may be weeping yet.

JA KASSE.

Capt. Tom's Meditations.

Old Tom came in smiling, and the boys immediately stopped-all conversation and gave him the floor. "Boys," said he, "why was that mayoralty election like a regular old-fashioned nigger fight?"

"I doand gan dell," said Gotlieb, "was it because 'ose Conservatives was so dick skulled?"

"Not by a long shot," said Capt. Tom.

"Be jabers thin it was bekase thim Tories wint into it hid first and came out av it all strucked av a heap," said Pat.

"Yer wrong my Italian friend," said Capt. Tom.

"I kalkilate its because it was a 'arnation Close affair," said the Yankee.

"Perhaps it was 'ecause the Conservatives got a regular old-fashioned thrashing," said the man on the biscuit box.

"No," says Capt. Tom, "I'll tell yer. It was because the hull thing were done by Close-Buntin'."

They cacebinated in chorus, and then Capt. Tom resumed:—"Boys, I want ter say a few more words on this Pacific Railway bizness I'm feelin' good over this new Syndicate. Its just boss yer see; there makin' government a mighty good offer, an' the people know it. Tupper an' his crowd was sayin' all along that if the bargain they had made was not a good 'un, it was the best wot could be had, but now that game is busted. The new Syndicate do the work a mighty sight cheaper than the old 'un, an' they don't ask fur none of them cussed exemptions, 'un monopolies, 'un all that other trash the others was goin' to git. There's one thing, if their offer isn't accepted, they've let the country know what is trump, and them Conservatives will git beat next election as sure as my name is Capt. Tom. I've laughed considerable too over the way them Conservative newspapers is takin' it. Fust they said it was an election dodge, but the Syndicate men come down and deposits \$1,300,000 as security, an' offers ter deposit \$2,000,000 more if the fust wan't enough, an' that stops their clatter mighty quick. Now they're howlin' around that they will only build the prairie section an' not the eastern section. That's a lie an' they know it. Tory Governments don't make bargains with what they consider Grit companies, so loose that the company can do as it pleases about carrying it out. Not by a good big pile they don't. It's only their friends wot git sich bargains as that, an' I know it. An' they don't believe wot they're writin' either. They know the new offer is a long way the best an' they only come down ter sieh low mean little tricks ter serve their party. But I must be goin', so good-night boys, an' we'll hear more of this thing before it is finished.

TIMOTHY.

A Pathetic Sketch.

BY AN HUMBLE ADMIRER OF "KENNI-KHAN," OF THE *World*.

He was dead. My true, sweet friend had breathed his last and had stopped breathing altogether. He was dead. We had loved each other as brothers, and often and often had he wept on my shoulder over the pathetic sketches I wrote in the *World*. I never could tell whether he was weeping for me or for the *World*. But he was so tender-hearted. The tears welled up into his fair blue eyes and trickled down his alabaster brow whenever anything lacerated his feelings and my pieces in the *World* always did. Alas, he is dead. Also buried. We loved two sisters.—beautiful, sweet gazelle-eyed geyrels, they were. He loved one and I loved the other. We didn't both love them both, nor did he love the other, nor did I love the other. I did not love his, and he did not love mine, but we each loved our own—he the one and I the other, though sometimes I would love the one and he the other. When he died I called to see the geyrels, and I found one weeping on the other's breast. It was his one. She clenched my hand with an iron grasp and said in a harsh, hoarse voice, "He is in the cold ground, go to him at once, go!" My geyrel also told me to go. I went to the graveyard and felt the sweet shoulder and the curve of the noble form of the dead youth, and came back. I told the sisters he was warm in the ground. But they kept on weeping as if their hearts would break. Then I took out a copy of the *World* and offered to read them my latest pathetic sketch. They wept louder and louder. Then I said I would refrain from reading it and their weeping moderated somewhat. At last I promised that I would never write any more maudlin twaddle in the *World*, and they at once ceased to weep and began to look joyful. They will never weep again.

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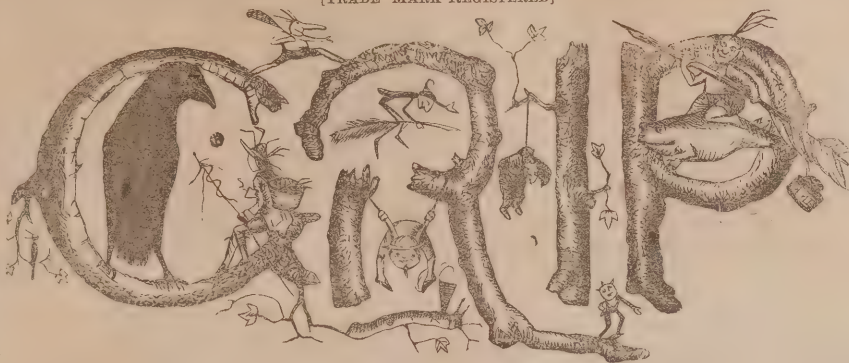
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE:—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care GRIP Office.

Sara Bernhardt fainted on the stage in Chicago. It is supposed that she saw a mouse.

There was some talk at Mantua, this year, of celebrating with pomp and circumstance the nineteen-hundredth birthday of Virgil. But the affair fell through, the day passing unnoted.

Mr. Will London, the phenomenal young graduate of Toronto University—who won his degree before passing his teens, has received a good appointment in connection with the Normal School, Ottawa.

The appointment of Mr. Baker to the Registrarship of the University is gratifying to the friends of the institution, as a recognition of the scholarly attainments and personal popularity of that gentleman.

It is said that a certain firm which bought up the negatives of all the photographs of the late Senator Brown in the interest of a chromo they intended publishing, will apply for an injunction to restrain the Globe Printing Company from issuing their steel engraved portrait of the deceased gentleman.

On the 18th of January, 1858, Dickens sent a note of thanks to the then unknown writer of "Scenes of Clerical Life," writing to the intermediary through whom he forwarded it, "If those two volumes, or a part of them, were not written by a woman, then I should begin to believe that I am a woman myself."

Mr. V. Hugo Dusenbury, the professional poet, whose struggles against the hard hearted publishers of *Puck* have deeply moved all readers of that philosophic publication, announces that he has in preparation an exhaustive treatise on "Poetry; its Theory and its Practice." The whole world will await it with impatience.

Another of the omniscient London critics has come to signal grief—the reviewer of the *Daily News*, who, after insinuating that no poem by Tennyson was included in the new volume, "English Sonnets by Living Writers," because the poet-laureat and his publishers were too mean to part with the copyright, discovered that Tennyson's fine sonnet "Montenegro," was one of the first in the book.

Mr. Chas. Davis is playing at the Grand in his famous character of *Alvin Joslin*. This is a companion part to that of *Joshua Whitcombe*, and the multitude who enjoyed the irresistible, genial and altogether wholesome fun of Den. Thompson's piece, cannot fail to be delighted with the equally refreshing humor of this other representative New England farmer. Matinee on Saturday.

Says the London *Free Press*: "One good effect of the thaw has been a thorough purging of the sewers. The streams passing through the gratings from every gutter during the past couple of days were a wholesome antidote to their pestiferous emanations." True, true; but what is the Ambassador of the *Free Press* going to do now for "sensations" for the columns of that enterprising journal?

"Endymion" still furnishes the gossips with a theme for discourse. The hero says his peculiar name was a family name borne by Endymion Cary in the time of Charles I. Faithful to his system of mystifications, Lord Beaconsfield blends in Lucius Cary (Lord Falkland), and Endymion Porter, Charles I's faithful friend. Endymion Porter was the ancestor of Lord Beaconsfield's old friend, George Swayne afterwards Seventh Viscount Strangford—he figures in the novel, also—and the name of the third Viscount was Endymion.



Lighthouse Service.

TENDERS will be received by this Department at Ottawa, up to the 5th MARCH next, for the supply of 100,000 Gallons, Imperial Measure, per annum, more or less, for one or three years, at the option of the Department, of the best quality of Double-Distilled Standard White Extra-Refined PETROLEUM OIL, deliverable at Goderich, Montreal, Hamilton, Quebec, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., in such quantities and at such times as the Department may desire.

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Literature and Art.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column:

Messrs. Rolph, Smith & Co., of this city, have offered valuable prizes for original designs for Christmas cards. The competition is confined to Canadian artists, and the drawings are to be distinctively characteristic of our own country. We want a few more such public spirited firms to make Canada what she ought to be.

It was recently rumored that the private letters of Alfred de Musset to George Sand were about to be published. This is a mistake. The letters have not been burned, however, as was supposed, but they are in the hands of a friend of George Sand, who has had copies made in duplicate, and confided them to two faithful friends. These precautions have been taken, not out of any ill-feeling toward the brother and too zealous friends of Musset, but only for the purpose of protecting the memory of George Sand from the accusation which might be directed against it. For in this case her friends would have proofs in hand to oppose the malevolence and calumny of enemies. So runs the story.

It is a curious, and one might say disgraceful, literary fact, and one worthy of being chronicled, that no public library of Boston or Philadelphia or Cambridge contains a complete set of Walt Whitman's works. In the Boston and Cambridge libraries the odd copies they have are kept under lock and key! It is doubtful if there is a single great library in the country that contains the complete edition of Whitman's books. Everybody can put his own interpretation on this fact. It is something which is hard to reconcile with the statement of Mr. Stedman (in his recent article on Whitman in *Scribner's Monthly*) that nobody is more talked about and read. One is inclined to suspect that there is more talk about him than there is reading of his books.

A contributor to the February number of the *Canadian Monthly* has dared, with sacrilegious hand, to attack the time-honored privilege of parents to "spank" their offspring. Filled, no doubt, with a keen sense of the danger he would incur were his act openly avowed, the essay which contains this social dynamite has been labelled "The Criminal of Creation," in hope to escape detection. But he will not escape. And yet probably he will not present a more saddening spectacle, or a more miserable picture of guilt and shame, than does the parent who has just completed the aforesaid "spanking" function and is caught red-handed in the act. It is more than doubtful if many parents will defend this daring writer. It is equally certain all children will. He will have a grip on their affection which GRIP would be slow to loosen. It is probably all the reward he will obtain.

If the professional authors do not look out they will be crowded from the field by writers who are merely amateurs in literature, though in some other art professionals. When the painters took to writing about art no outcry was raised, but now they rush into the editorial offices of the chief magazines with their MS., as well as the sketches of an important article. Messrs. Howard Pyle, W. H. Gibson, Blum, and Lungen are now authors as well as illustrators. And the professional writer has to suffer the competition of actors as well as artists. Twice has an English Christmas annual been put forth filled with "copy" contributed by frequenters of the greenroom. Now, too, not content with making books, they must needs turn critic too—and review them. In a recent issue of the *New York Times* was a three column article by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, eulogizing the little book on the *Histrionic art* recently published by the great French comedian, Coquelin.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Too Fresh.



It is an epithet usually applied to a clergyman who is in the habit of giving his own profession a back-handed slap occasionally in order that he may secure the applause of the church-despising world, and win the reputation of being "liberal." In the last number of the *Spec.* for example we find this, in an article on Carlyle:

"From thoughts of the ministry to the teaching of mathematics was a turn to be expected of the man who had been gifted with a hate of hypocrisy."

We wouldn't like to say that Bro. Bray is not gifted with this "hate of hypocrisy" himself, but if he is, why don't he step down and out of the pulpit? The term "too fresh" is also applicable to an editor who writes like this:

"I am glad to hear that there is a movement on foot in Toronto for the early closing of public houses on Saturday evenings."

Everybody else knows that this "movement" resulted in law long, long ago; and that the present agitation amongst the Licensed Vics. has exactly the opposite object.

A Good Word for Halifax.



see how any one can think differently.

Possibly it is not generally known that when a commercial traveler offers goods for sale in Halifax, by sample, he is at once and very properly arrested by the strong arm of the law and put into gaol, there to remain until his principals pay \$100 fine for each and every offence.

Is it likely that such business liberality can be overlooked by the Government?

Yours truly,

AN UPPER PROVINCE DRUMMER



The Lost Game.

SIR JOHN.—You might as well give it up, my hon. friend. I've got my men crowned, and they'll soon take possession of the *alternata* blocks!

Prof. Henry Toole Whind, the Canadian Patriot.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

May it please your Excellency:—I am a patriot. My heart burns with love of my country.

I am a man of honor, and am above doing a mean thing, or seeing my beloved country do a mean thing.

Please keep the above in mind, as you may be tempted to doubt my patriotism and virtue.

I was employed by the Minister of Marine to compile an index of the papers used before the Halifax Commission, and took occasion to make myself acquainted with their contents. I discovered that there were discrepancies between the statistics from the Canadian records and the Provincial records, and that these differences made the Canadian case look better than it should. Of course I assumed that the Provincial records were right and the Canadian wrong, and, to show my patriotism, I went to the British and Canadian agents and informed them of the facts. They never paid me a cent for the information.

And then, still determined to make my patriotism count, I went to the United States representative and intimated that I could a tale unfold that would startle him. He said he had no money to pay for prying into the Canadian papers. At the mention of the word money, preceded by the negative "no" though it was, I turned my back upon him.

Then I went to Delfosse, the Belgian member of the Commission, and he never offered me a chair nor a cent, but stared at me in a curious and peculiar way, and said he didn't see that my statistics were anything to him.

Then I went to Sir Alex. Galt, and told him not to take that \$5,500,000, or I would expose the rivers of iniquity through which the Canadian officials had waded. He smiled, but never offered me a cent.

Firmly resolved, as a patriot, to prevent my country from getting these millions, as the price of fish that had never been exported (two quintals and a half), I packed my carpet-bag and went to London. I wrote to the Secretary for the Colonies for an interview, explaining to him the grave and momentous nature of the information I had to disclose, and he sent me word he hadn't time to see me!

I tried to get an interview with Lord Salisbury, and other members of the Government, by writing to them and trying to intercept them at their doors and in Downing-street, but got nothing but rebuffs, and kicks and cuffs from their servants, for my pains. "And this is the fate of a patriot!" I said to myself bitterly as I started for home. "I have tried to save my country, and she will not be saved."

I returned and laid the whole case before Sir John Macdonald. He winked once or twice, put his skinny finger alongside his corpulent nose, and said, "Blackmail, you scoundrel!"

Get out of this office or I'll have you indicted!" I was overwhelmed with indignation. I would, of course, have relieved my country of the ignominy of keeping the \$50,000 or so which she got over and above what she was entitled to by accepting it myself and restoring it in some secret manner to the treasury at Washington, if Sir John had entrusted me with it—but blackmail, my lord, I'm above it.

Then I wrote to you, and was honored with a very curt acknowledgment of my letters from your Capt. Kidd.

I beg your Excellency to overlook the trifling irregularity I commit in addressing you through the medium of GRIP, and shall not be offended, I assure you, if your Capt. Kidd replies through the same distinguished medium.

I have the honor to assure your Excellency of the most distinguished consideration of your ever obedient and humble servant.

HENRY TOOLE WHIND.

Old Favorites with New Faces.

NO. I.—"WHEN FIRST WE MET."

She wore a Tam o' Shanter that morn when first we met. As we each went into Coleman's for a lunch *a la fourchette*. But her love for me had daily become lessened, not enlarged. It was this as Coleman's lunch beef, for which fifteen cents they charged, I saw her at that table, her hair dressed I know not how, All in frizzles, curls, and ringlets, with bangs upon her brow.

I met her at the Royal at a Wednesday matinee, On fair neck and arms and shoulders fell her loose hair negligee. Half-reclining in the stage-box in soft languor of repose, With the plumpness of the partridge and the red blush of the rose, Was that figure a delusion, was it, carmine that she wore? Were her "toot si cum" the dentist's, are her tresses from the store?

This I know not, nor my feelings much concerns it if they were. How, I care not—to the gazer in the distance she is fair, He who loves to see her nearer—be to him the process known. Powdered arms and padded figure, eyes of glass and teeth of bone! And since beauty is but skin-deep you and I are not above Meeting a manufactured Woman with an artificial Love.

JIMP KRO.

The Choral Society's Concert.



Mr. Fisher was in fine feather on Tuesday night, when he stood on the pedestal before his Choral Society and wielded his baton in the presence of a large and cultivated audience. The affair was a success, thoroughly. The music presented was not too classical, but just classical enough. Conductors often make the mistake of soaring over the heads

of their auditors; but Mr. Fisher's programme was made out after a careful diagnosis of Toronto's musical tympanum, and it suited the case exactly. Perhaps the most marked thing about the performance was the admirable time in which the chorus sung; the orchestra also deserves warm praise for their strict obedience to the baton. The soloists were Miss Hillary, Miss Lay (a decided acquisition to our city soprano), Miss Maddison, Mr. Beddoe, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Sherriff. In the words of His Worship, the young Mayor, Toronto has just cause to be proud of possessing two such musical organizations as the Choral and Philharmonic Societies, and it is to be hoped that our citizens will give them a generous and substantial support in their elevating work.



"One More River to Cross."

Ned Hanlan has nothing to do now but to cross the herring pond, take off his hat and bow and smile to the assembled thousands of his fellow-citizens, and retire for the rest of his days to enjoy *otium cum dig.*, in the palatial mansion which the generosity of his admirers has erected for him on—what street is this it's on? But, no matter. The cabman will be able to find it. He has finished a round of great exploits, and comes home laden with honours, sovereigns, and the *Sportsman* challenge cup. Mr. Grip congratulates him, and hopes he may long live to wear the laurels he has so nobly and so easily won.

"Shylock" at Ottawa.

When some member of the Commons in the recent debate expressed the fear that the Syndicate might be inclined to act in a hogghish manner if left free to do so, Sir Chas. Tupper calmed that member's mind and excused the loose wording of the contract by reminding the House that the Syndicate was composed of gentlemen who wouldn't think of doing anything mean or unworthy. Well, time is already beginning to show how much the childlike and confiding Minister knows about human nature. The Syndicate Shylock no sooner got the bond in his clutches—in fact he hadn't actually got it, only that he counted upon the Senate as a mere registering machine and took their consent for granted—than he began to show his teeth, and reveal a little of the avarice and greed which will before many years bring about one of the most glorious revolutions ever inaugurated by a tyrannized people. We refer to the treatment which the Toronto Board of Trade received at the hands of this party-made monster. On behalf of Ontario—a Province from whose pockets the wealth upon which this Monopoly will gorge itself is chiefly to come—the Board of Trade asked, not a great favor, but simply justice, in the matter of freight rates. It asked that the rates might be so fixed that the merchants of Toronto and Western Ontario might not be discriminated against. This request was so reasonable that Sir Charles Tupper instantly replied that it was agreed to. The good Minister thought he had the right to make this pledge; he thought the Syndicate would act like a decent gentleman. He didn't know that the Syndicate was a monster of his own creation, and that he was a powerless victim to its grasp. But so it proved. The President of the Board was requested to go to Ottawa, and on his arrival there the Minister of Railways ate humble pie in the presence of his Master, and the Shylock of the Pacific repudiated all he had promised on their behalf, and cast out the reasonable request of the people of Ontario in disdain Ontario's only business is to furnish the money—so the gentlemanly Monster says.

Parnell or Patrick

The Patron Saint of Ireland
In blustering March soon claims his day;
Devout and blushing still the band
Who honors at his shrine shall pay.

'Tis fourteen centuries can't but teach
A few sad lessons in saint lore;
And better late 'tis them to reach
Than miss them till we are no more.

The holy man he cleansed the soil
Of snakes and toads and varmints all;
'Twas with a twist—there was no toil—
On heavenly powers he'd but to call.

But if he really had the power
To work such miracles of grace,
He, short of sight, saw not the hour
When vermin worse should take their place.

He saw no landlords, saw no rents,
The age-long pests of Ireland's saints,
Else he had both with curse besprent,
And saved the land which 'neath them faints.

Or,—Oh, that we should thus asperse!
Too chill was his benevolence;
For though he saw and could disperse
The nascent brood, he'd not the sense!

So, wanting sight, or love, or strength,
The Saint blessed not the holy Isle.
As might have been, and now at length
The mischief works amain the while.

Parnell more blame than Patrick bears:
Ye boys! your dear old Saint still trust:
A noble nation for you cares—
Rebellion would but grind to dust.

Our Opera Company.



The Toronto Opera Company gave three very successful performances of the "Chimes of Normandy" at the Grand Opera House last week. They were successful artistically as well as financially, and the general feeling of those who witnessed them was one of pride that our city can boast of ladies and gentlemen so well qualified to entertain us in the dramatic art. The smoothness which characterized the presentation of the piece was the result of long and conscientious practice, and much praise is due to Mr. Tasker, the indefatigable young conductor, under whose baton the *Chimes* went so melodiously. The company was fortunate in having thoroughly competent soloists. Miss Pepworth, who took the leading soprano part, possesses a very sweet voice, well her performance done credit to the regular stage. Mrs. Cooper, as her part with all demanded, and bers allotted to her. The part of *Gaspard*, the miser, is one that taxes the ability of a first-class character actor, and considering this it was done most creditably by the gentleman to whom it was entrusted on this occasion. The chorus and orchestra furnished a satisfactory support to the leading players, the orchestra being augmented by the regular musicians of the Grand. We trust the company will make another appearance before long. Rumor is already whispering that they have an operetta in rehearsal. We trust the old dame is no further astray than usual.



Toronto is full of thieves from the States at present. When they get into a mess over there they find this a good place To-run-to.

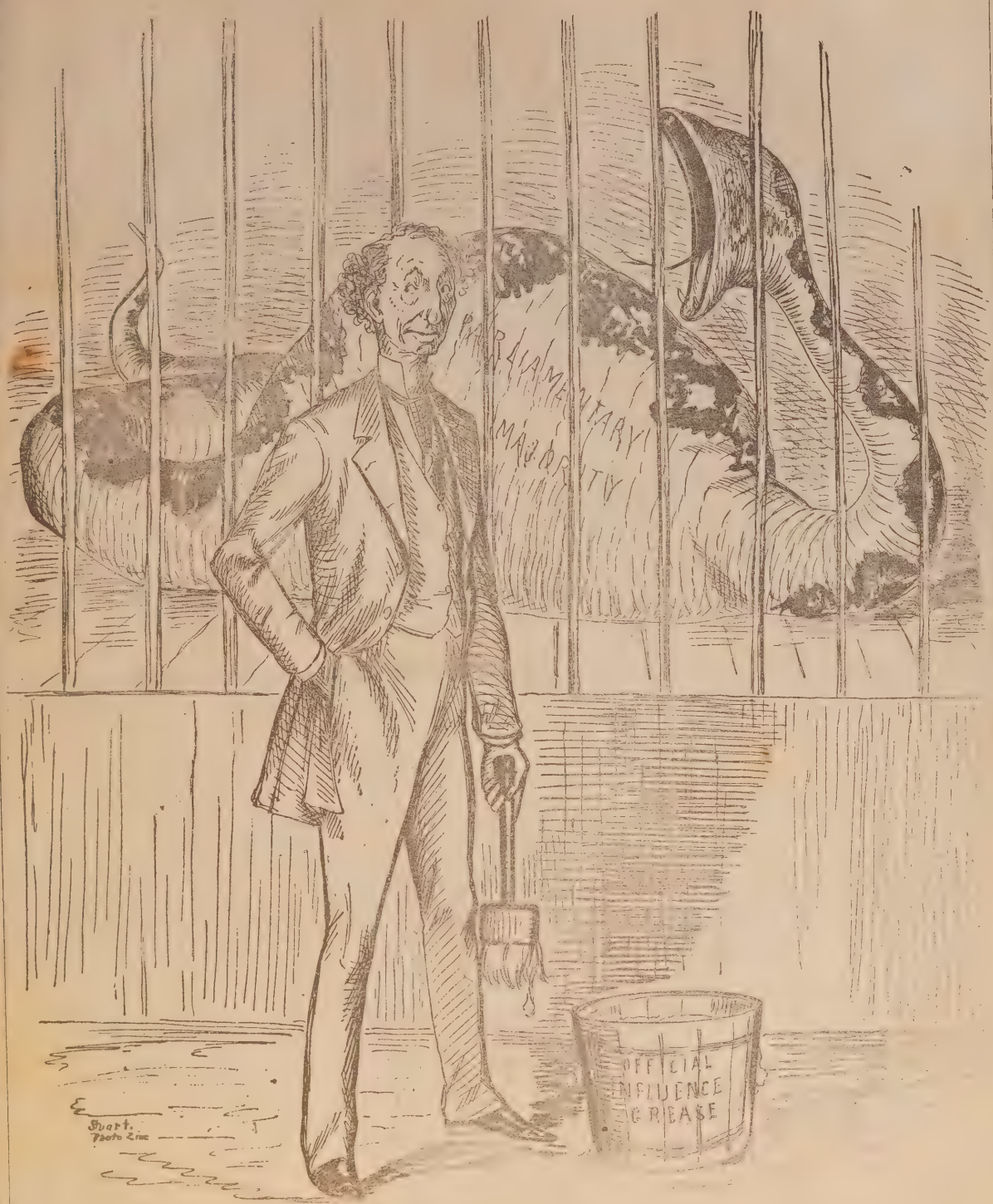


Boulton and the Curso.

The illustrious statesman whose classic countenance is presented in this little sketch is usually referred to by the papers in terms of disparagement. This penalty he pays for his prominence in common with nearly all the noble and progressive minds of the race, but he goes on his way unmindful of the cruelty or contempt with which he is treated. Nature has gifted him with a face, and especially a moustache, that is peculiarly adapted to the expression of scorn, and he wears them both in that shape systematically. At present Mr. Boulton is being attacked because he has introduced a Bill to choke off the Scott Act, or, as some of his journalistic foes put it, "A Bill for the Encouragement of Drunkenness." This Bill provides that the Scott Act cannot be submitted in any municipality without the consent of a clear majority of voters on the list. It is meant for the public good. The fact that Mr. Boulton is its author ought to settle that point. Mr. Grip has therefore carefully looked into the matter to discover wherein the Bill would benefit the public, and of course he has made the discovery, and jots down the following items for the benefit of Mr. Boulton's bloodthirsty enemies:—1. It will prevent Scott Act agitations and thus save the valuable wind of Mr. King Dods; 2. It will stimulate the building of factories for the manufacture of voters' lists; 3. It will lead to the employment of thousands of clerks, &c., who will invariably be friends of the party in power; 4. and chiefly, it will prove to the electors of East York that their member is not a useless voting-machine, as some of them may think, but an enlightened statesman, devoting his splendid intellect to the service of his country.

The concluding paper of "Glimpses of Parisian Art," in Scribner for March, will be devoted to American, Spanish, and French painters in Paris, and illustrated, as before, with rapid studio sketches, giving some idea of the artists' way of working. Frere's "Sketching-sledge," Duez's "Sea-shore Studio," and Knight's "Glass Studio" suggest some odd expedients. The sketches this month are by Jourdain, Alfred Stevens, Rico, Knight, Eguisquiza, Olivie, Madrazo, Renie, Gonzalez, and Henry Bacon (who also will write the text).

We have carefully scanned the cartoons of Grip during the progress of the C. P. Syndicate to see if we could possibly detect on what side of the political fence he leaned, and we are compelled to confess that thus far we have not been able to determine. We have been delighted with his bold, manly pencil strokes, though at times he struck our party as we think very hard. Grip's cartoon of last week is a capital pencil sketch of the present bearing of the Syndicate question on the general elections of 1883. We wish Grip success in the fearless assertion of his own individuality and convictions.—*Newburgh Reporter*.



THE CONTRACT SWALLOWED.

(A SEQUEL TO CARTOON JAN. 1ST, 1881.)

SIR JOHN.—“YES, IT’S DOWN SURE ENOUGH, BUT I’M AFRAID IT WON’T DIGEST!”

The Joker Club.

"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

There is a cockroach that makes his home on our desk that has got more sense than a delinquent subscriber. He—if it is a he one; we are not clear as to that—comes out and sits on the side of the paste dish, and draws in a long breath. If the paste is fresh he eats it and wiggles his polonaise as much as to thank us, and goes away refreshed. If the paste is sour, and smells bad, he looks at us with a mournful expression, and goes away looking as though it was a mighty mean trick to play on a cockroach, and he runs about as though he was offended. When a package of wedding cake is placed on the desk he is the first one to find it out, and he sits and waits till we cut the string, when he goes into it and walks all over the cake till he strikes the bridal cake, when he gets onto it, stands on his head and seems to say, "Yum, yum, yum," and he is as tickled as a girl with a fresh bean. There is a human nature in a cockroach. When a man comes in and sits around with no business, or any busy day, and asks questions, and stays and keeps us from working, the cockroach will come out and sit on the inkstand and look cross at the visitor as much as to say, "Why don't you go away about your business and leave the poor man alone so he can get out some copy, and not keep us all around here doing nothing?" But when the paper is out, and there is a look of cheerfulness about the place, and we are anxious to have friends call, the cockroach flies around over the papers and welcomes each caller as pleasantly as he can and seems to enjoy it. One day the paste smelled pretty bad and we poured about a spoonful of whiskey in it and stirred it up. The cockroach came out to breakfast and we never saw a person seem to enjoy the meal any more than the cockroach did. It seemed as though he couldn't get enough paste. Pretty soon he put one hand to his head and looked cross-eyed. He tried to climb down off the paste dish and fell over himself and turned a flip-flap to the bottom paper. Then he looked at us in a sort of mysterious way, winked one eye as much as to say, "You think you are smart don't you, old baldy?" Then he put one hand to his forehead as if in meditation and staggered off into a drawer, coming out presently with his arm around another cockroach, and he took him to the paste pot and he filled up too, and then they locked arms and paraded up and down on the green cloth of the desk as though singing, "We won't go home till morning," and they kicked over the steel pens and acted a good deal like politicians after a caucus. Finally some remark was made by one of them that didn't suit, and they pitched in and had the worst fight that ever was, after which one rushed off as if after a policeman and the other staggered into his hole, and we saw no more of our cockroach till the next morning, when he came out with one hand on his head and the other on his stomach, and after smelling of the paste and looking sick he walked off to a bottle of seltzer water and crawled up to the cork and looked around with an expression so human that we uncorked the bottle and let him in, and he drank as though he had been eating codfish. Since that day he looks at us a little suspicious, and when the paste smells peculiar he goes and gets another cockroach to eat some of it first, and he watches the effect.

Now, you wouldn't believe it, but that cockroach can tell, the minute he sees a man, whether the man has come in with a bill, or has come in to pay money. We don't know how he does it, but when a man has a bill the cockroach begins to look solemn and mournful, and puts his hands to his eyes as though weeping. If a man comes in to pay money the cockroach looks glad, a smile plays around his

mouth, and he acts kitteny. He acts the most human when ladies come into the office. If a book agent comes in he makes no attempt to show his disgust. One day an old person came in with a life of Garfield and laid it on the table, opened to the picture of the candidate, and left it. The cockroach walked through the violet ink and got his feet all covered, and then he walked all over the book, and left his mark. The woman saw the tracks, and thought we had signed our name, and she said she was sorry we had written our signature there, because she had another book for subscribers' names. When a handsome lady comes in the cockroach is in his element, and there is a good deal of proud flesh about him. He puts his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest and walks around. One day we put our face up to a deaf young lady to speak to her, and the cockroach looked right the other way, and seemed to be busy looking over an old copy of the *Christian Statesman*, but when he found that we only yelled at the lady, he winked as much as to say, "Well, how did I know!" O, that cockroach is a thoroughbred—*Peck's Sun*.

A Parliamentary Symposium.

A NIGHT WITH THE JOVIAL JOKERS OF THE
LOCAL LEGISLATURE.

The evening sitting was over—the Chamber was cleared and silence brooded over the arena of intellectual gladiatorialship where but lately the sonorous voice of a Lauder woke the echoes but conspicuously failed to perform the same operation for the somnolent occupants of the back seats. The reporters had folded their manuscript, like the Arabs, and silently stolen away—also pencils, foolscap, inkstands, &c., duly charged to the Contingent Fund. But in the refreshment room were gathered a few of the choicer spirits who sought recuperation after the toils of the day, and whiled away an hour with jest and song. A light repast was spread upon the board, and the fragrance of steaming glasses circled upwards to the ceiling.

"Pass the ham to Deroche, he is looking hamrously at it," said Gibson.

"No don't—don't on any account," observed Meredith, "That is, not unless you want to make him mad."

"And why should it make him mad?" queried Merrick.

"Why," returned the eminent counsel for the Biddulphs, "his name might tell you that—Hammel Madden Deroche."

There was a pause of solemn silence during which you might have heard a rolling pin drop, then a faintly appreciative smile dawned on the features of Badgerow and Tooley, then a tentative snicker from Moses Springer, and finally a wild explosive roar intermingled with deprecatory groans that shook the rafters in a way which would have scared Kivas Tully into sending for a contractor right away to put in some more supports and iron braces and things. The joke was a success.

"The usual fine!" said Wood, who officiated as symposium, and the waiters stepped forward and re-filled the glasses.

"By the way, Cook," said Watterworth, "I meant to have spoken ahead of you this evening. I rose three times but the Speaker didn't seem to see me."

"I caught the Speaker's eye first, you understand," replied the member addressed.

"Caught his eye? But I yelled out 'Mr. Speaker' as loud as I could holler before you opened your mouth. It's not right."

"No!—well, perhaps it isn't, for this thing of who shall have the floor is all a matter of, not of right, but of caught-'is-eye.'"

Cries of "Explain!"

Mr. Cook said he had nothing to explain or retract, but he noticed that some gentlemen had smoked out their cigars, and if the matter could be satisfactorily settled by the distribution of a fresh supply, all right.

His apology was accepted.

"Now this," said Tooley, sipping the beverage as he drew a match along the under side of the table, "is really a very good article of old rye. It has a bouquet which titillates the susceptibilities of the connoisseur by its aromatic pungency."

"Yes, I notice it has a *je ne sais quoi* which is entirely *comme il faut*," remarked Watterworth, sneeringly.

"Whiskey," continued Tooley in a meditative strain, seemingly unmindful of the jeer, "while excessive indulgence is always to be avoided—"

General chorus, "Oh, of course!"

"Nevertheless taken in moderation—in strict moderation you understand—cheers the drooping and downcast spirit, brightens the intellect, warms the heart, and sheds athwart our hours of social converse that genial glow which nothing else can excite. In comparison therewith, what, oh what is Watterworth?"

General exclamation and applause.

"Ask us an easy one," said the Treasurer. "Meanwhile you are fined the customary penalty. Here waiter!"

A lull in the conversation here ensued for minutes, when the Symposium rose and reminded the company that a few days since a passage-at-arms had taken place between Messrs. Creighton and Fraser over the alleged delay of the Government and their very natural reluctance to proceed with business on the night of the Speaker's dinner. As both gentlemen were present they would favor the company with a duet recalling the affair. (Enthusiastic plaudits.)

Mr. Creighton motioned an attendant to bring him his trusty lute, and after thumming its strings for some seconds, seated himself on a back of a chair and warbled as follows in a mellow contralto voice:—

Oh dear what can the matter be?

Oh dear what can the matter be?

Oh dear what can the matter be?

Parliament don't set to-night

They promised to bring up their measures so rapid,

But so far we've merely had twaddle that's rapid,

And now I declare that the climax is capped,

The people will rise in their might.

Oh dear what can the matter be?

Oh dear what can the matter be?

Oh dear what can the matter be?

Parliament don't set to-night.

They told us this time we should have a short session,

Delay such as this is a serious transgression,

To my wrath it behooves me to give full expression,

Alas 'tis no cause for delight!

Mr. Fraser then took the weapon and after the usual preliminary flourishes, executed the following in the highest style of operatic art:—

The Speaker is giving a dinner this evening,

The Speaker is giving a dinner this evening,

The Speaker is giving a dinner this evening,

And Creighton has got no invite.

So that is the cause of our friend's consternation,

He think that he ought to have had invitation,

And ripping and tearing he calls on the nation,

The thing has disconcerted him quite.

The Speaker is giving a dinner this evening,

The Speaker is giving a dinner this evening,

The Speaker is giving a dinner this evening,

And Creighton has got no invite.

The critics and carpers may howl as they please to,

A good solid gorge is a fine thing to freeze to,

So let Creighton rave if it gives him some ease to,

And we will just laugh at the sight.

Loud applause rewarded the performers and shortly afterwards the gathering broke up.

Dr. Bergin is one of our sapient M. P.'s, only he is rather more sapient than his colleagues. He has published a speech, full of "cheers" and "laughter," in his local paper, without taking the trouble of first delivering it in the House. Plumb and the other orators are laughing at him, but the worthy doctor feels that he has the country at his back. He has taken this course out of regard for the public's feelings, and if a score of other M. P.'s would follow his examples, and spare Hansard the trouble of reporting their vapouring, they would deserve the thanks of all concerned.



For the Personal Column.

Scene.—Office of the Evening Terrible.

Lady of uncertain age.—"Say that True and Faithful would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony."

Light Wanted!

BACKBOYONT, Hereawa, Feb. 1st, 1881.

DEAR MASTER EDITOR,

Gie me a *grip* o' yer han', a gude honest *grip*, just to convince me that I'm no dreamin'. Ye see I've been ettlin' this while back to gang to the Nor'-West, in the notion o' gettin' a bit grund tae make a kail yairdie. But last week, just as I was layin' my plans, in staps Sandie McWhistle wi' the paper in his hand. "I'll be hanged," says he, "if that auld Myfistofeeles hasna' gane an sell't the kintra." "Sit doon, Sandie, sit doon, sauld the kintra?" "Sauld her to the devil, body an' soul," he roared, bringin' doon a fist on the table wi' a thud that made a' the dishes dirl. "The beautiful young kintra we were a' sae proud o' gein up completely to the tender mercies o' a curst monopoly that'll sook her like a vampire. It's no the siller I grudge, although, dear knows, they're gettin' twa'ree million over muickle o' that; but it's the poorer, the awfu' poorer, it pits into the hands o' thae graspin' speculators to do just what they like an' to let a'ane what they dinna like. Mair an, waur, to mak the tariff, and rule the roost over a' the ither railways in the Dominion forsooth dictatin' tae a free people what they'll dae an pay; an' veto everything generally. Lord sake, Tam! fancy anybody proposin' to sell Auld Scotland like that! Be thankit we can aye say "that is *my ain*, my native land." I tell ye, Tam, these feckless Canadians are the very Esaus o' the nineteenth century, to sell their birthright for a mess o' parritch in the shape o' a railway that their ain folks offered to build for less siller an nae monopoly. Afore I wud gang tae the Nor'-West to be syndicated tae by a when irresponsible speculators I'd bide whaur I am. But, its—

"Oh! for three-an-aichty Tam!"
 "Oh! for three-an-aichty Tam!"
 "The deil he'll fiddle, the Tories' 'll dance;
 "Out o' that, in three-an-aichty Tam!"

An' wi' that Sandie danced out o' the hoose, snappin' his fingers an' hoohin' like an incarnate reel o' Tullochgorum. Noo, my dear Grip, Sandie's no' a drinker ava, in fact he's a Scott Act man, an I canna account for the terrible misunderstandin' he's under wi' regard tae this matter. Of course, you an me ken vere weel, the kintra would never submit to be shackled hand an' fit in this manner; but naething I could say would convince him like twa'ree lines frae you, assuring him that the whole thing was a lee, gotten up by an ill-natured Grip paper, to hurt poorer Sir John in his auld age. Noo, ye'll no' forget to scart a line or twa, to tell Sandie he's a wrang, and that or adapted kintra is as frae as ever she was frae syndicates. I am, yours sincerely,

TAMMAS CACANNY.

Our Grip Sack.

Hard cash—silver.

A blocked game—checkers.

The weathercock is a vane bird.

Wanted—a key for a canal lock.

Our floating population—sailors.

Laycock doesn't c-row so much as he did.

Pen-sive slang—Well, I should ream mark.

A man of letters—J. B. T. Jr. Q. C. D. C. L. M. P.

Photographers take the world just as it comes.

Bakers are the most persistent loafers in the world.

Good name for a member of Parliament—Frank.

A paragrapher never died from shear exhaustion.

The facetious individual is not necessarily a man of cheek.

A party we know in this town is "Thurstin" for newspaper fame.

Some of our M. P.'s are not over honest, but they are all extremely frank.

A New York candy manufacturer advertises that his goods are in everybody's mouth.

"What do you think anyway about the Canadian Syndi—Biff! Bang! Help! Police!"

St. Valentine day is followed closely by April 1st, and then the fools will have a good rest until next year.

Mrs. Garfield says her husband is obstinate. We suppose Jim learned this trait from the canal mules.

The *Mail* says Mr. Wallace is a man of "retiring disposition." True, just before the vote on a main motion.

The jury has acquitted Carroll, but public opinion refuses to acquit the *Globe* for its share in the Biddulph atrocities, as exemplified by its ferocious "cuts."

A New York physician has announced that sealskin saques are the best lung protectors known. Since the announcement consumption has become epidemic among the females of that city.

The editor of the *Hamilton Times* clamours for "Honest milk!" This is very unfilial on his part, and besides, we always thought the *Times* man had been weaned.

Mrs. Scott Siddons was recently thrown from her sleigh at Youngstown, O. Had it been Youngstown, N. Y., we should have thought that she was doing the "Falls" in winter. She is said to be recovering, but if she sees this she never will!

Theodore Thomas, in an excellently written paper in the *March Scribner*, after discussing some of the bad methods of musical culture in this country, says: I was once asked by a gentleman what he ought to do to make his children musical. He perhaps expected me to advise him to send the girls to Italy to study vocalization, and to set the boys to practicing the violin so many hours a day and studying harmony. I told him to form for them a singing class under the care of a good teacher, that they might learn to use their vocal organs, to form a good tone, and to read music; after they became old enough, to let them join a choral society, where, for two hours once a week, they could assist in singing good music; and, above all, to afford them every opportunity of hearing good music of every kind. This gentleman knew nothing of music, but thought the advice "sounded like common sense."



Mr. Mowat's Tactics.

Mr. Mowat, the Premier of Ontario, has never been compared with the Premier of the Dominion as a tactician, though if recent performances may be taken to settle the question, any unbiased judge would assuredly declare Oliver the winner. Premiers have resorted to many queer expedients in order to carry measures, but our local Prime Minister has hit upon one which so far as we know is unique and unprecedented, in connection with the Judicature Bill. The old plans for carrying such a measure were divers, such as buying up the opponents, talking against time, or "calling in the members." Mr. Mowat's plan is much simpler and equally effective. It is merely to make the Bill so voluminous that the members on both sides will be only too glad to let it pass without a division. The task of reading such a Bill, much less mastering its details, is considered worth far more than the sessional allowance, and hence all the members vote for it. But of course this trick can only be played by a Premier whose character for honesty and ability is such that everybody can trust him.

The Canadian Navy.

QUEBEC, February, 1881.

MON CHER MONSIEUR LE GRIP.—Une grande chance for les artistes Canadiens is dis old sheep "Chrybdees," dat is coming ver soon, ven de veather is so fine dat she can sail on ze vater. Un gentilhomme, he say—la belle Canadienne she say, "Vy don't you paint un grande picture? un grande tableau dat means someting?" Je comprend. "Pardonnez moi leetle mees, eferyting is mooch nouveau. Dere is no l'histoire, no narratif, no meaning in anything in Canada. Vous paint and paint bons tableaux—ver good—but no tail, no anecdote, no noting dat is old."

Den les bons Anglais, dey say, "Vat peety, de pauvres artistes Canadiens haf no models de l'histoire, no old sheep to paint." Den dey send dis "Chrybdees," vat vous call 'old hully.' Ver ancienne—ver sad—toute rodens, going all to petits morceaux. So old they not sail her in de venter, ver mooch afraid she sink. She be goot modele a la old Temeraire for les pauvres artistes Canadiens. Now dere will be less grande tableaux ven les artistes come to paint "la Chrybdees," getting towed (vat you call) into port. Une grande idee! Vive l'art Canadienne! Les Anglais haf dere "fighting Temeraire." Now de Canocks vill haf "la fighting Charybdees" from le peeg-tale contree. Ah! Monsieur le GRIP, l'histoire! le meaning! (vat you call) "intense," dat vill be in les tableaux den. Les Anglais goot,—bons—ver goot to send "rotten hully" glorieux, to les pauvres Canadiens who haf not anything vat is ancienne. Twizez-vous? Bon voyage "Chrybdees!" Monsieur le GRIP, au revoir!

JACQUES LE COQ.

A sea-sick pugilist was never known to throw up the sponge.

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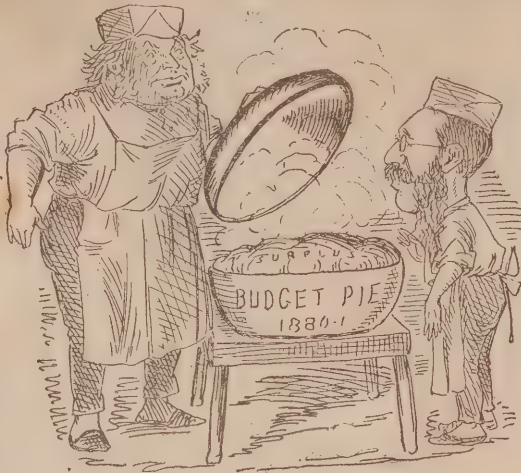
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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 14.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 19TH FEBRUARY, 1881.



A COOKING LESSON.

DICK, THE APPRENTICE.—"I'll never be able to cook like that!"



THE SYNDICATE "SHYLOCK."

THE COMING DRINK K-A-O-K-A

DESTINED TO ENTIRELY SUPERSEDE TEA AND COFFEE.

In addition to being an excellent table beverage, it is at the same time an infallible cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Sleeplessness and all complaints arising from derangement of the stomach and digestive organs. Sold in half-pound tin-foil packets, at ten cents, by all first-class Grocers and Druggists.

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ISAAC PITMAN'S PUBLICATIONS.

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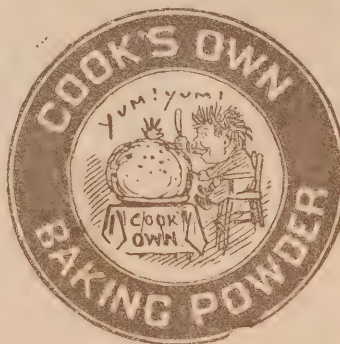
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2ND GENT—"Oh! **BRUCE** of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits."

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EDWARD LAWSON
93 KING ST. EAST.

VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 15.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 26TH FEBRUARY, 1881.



Woodman, spare that tree
T'ch not a single bough,
You'd better let it be
Or else you'll raise a row.



Depressed Manufacturer.—'How's business?' Not so good, sir. I have not sold so much stuff to foreign customers as last year.
Finance Minister, (with buoyancy) Why, sir, (as I said in my Budget Speech) diminished exports are an evidence of improved prosperity!!

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DESTINED TO ENTIRELY SUPERSEDE TEA AND COFFEE.

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2,000 Pairs Ammunition Boots

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Tenders addressed to Director of Stores, Ottawa, and marked "Tenders for Boots," will be received until noon, 1st March next.

Security will be required.

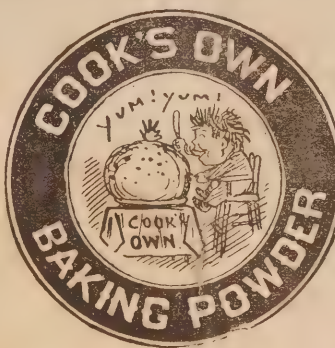
C. EUG. PANET,

Deputy of Min. of Militia and Defence.

Ottawa, February 17th, 1881.



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2ND GENT.—"Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits."
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Intending candidates are reminded that their names and addresses, accompanied by certificates of good conduct, must be sent in to the Department of the Provost Secretary for the first B.A. Examination on or before the 31st of May, 1881, and for the second B.A. Examination on or before the 31st of August, 1881.

The first B.A. Examination will be held on Monday the 18th July, 1881; and the second B.A. Examination be held on Monday, the 24th October, 1881.

Copies of the list of subjects in which candidates will be examined for the years 1881 and 1882, respectively, can be obtained on application to the Department.

The University authorities have intimated that the regulation for Degrees in Law are at present under revision, but copies of the revised regulations are shortly expected, and due notice of their receipt will be given to intending candidates in the usual way.

ARTHUR S. HARDY,

Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office, Toronto, 18th Feb., 1881.

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Waiting for Hanlan.

Hanlan seized a piece of paper and a lead pencil just before going on board the steamer at Liverpool, and wrote to the *Sportsman* to take back all he had, under mis-information, written against "his old friend Dave Ward," and to express the hope that Dave's hand would be the first he would shake on his arrival. In the interests of peace and good will amongst men, GRIP hopes Mr. Ward will be on the pier at New York in the attitude pictured above, and he feels sure the Atlanta fellows will be only too glad to let him be the first to grasp the champion's extended and victorious hand, ere they whirl him off to Delmonicos.

A Modern Psalm of David.



N those days there reigned at Rediaw, that is in Autowah, a mighty king, Jon-Lorn, the son of Auguile.

2. And he gave a great feast and called together all his people from far and near, that he might decide who was the greatest amongst them at the game of Tenys.

3. And he said unto his chief steward, take thy pen and write quickly, even unto Flori, the son of David, and bid him come with his captain and his people, and their sons and their daughters, that they also may take part in the games.

4. Now, Flori hardened his heart, and heeded not the words of the king, Jon-Lorn, nor did he bid Arma-Geddon, his captain, nor the young men, nor the maidens, to the feast prepared by the king.

5. And it came to pass that Arma-Geddon, (who was a Brokah, and a man of peace, albeit a centurion in the milishah,) chided Flori for having withholden from him the command of Jon-Lorn, the king.

6. Now, Flori, the son of David, was a mighty man of war, a valiant man, comely in person, a cunning player on the harp, but prudent with his shekels.

7. And he liked not the words of Arma-Geddon, his captain, but rose up early in the morning and took himself to the street of the Saint, which is called *Xavier*, where congregated the moneylenders and the usurers, and the brokahs.

8. And he covered his face with his armour, which was *brass*, and girded on his umbrellah, a weapon which men *borrow* but return *not*, and his sling was in his hand.

9. For he said, have I not often bragged of the lion and the bear which I slew, and this Philistine, being afraid, will fly from before my face.

10. But Arma-Geddon went his way to the temple of mammon, selling 'short' and 'long,'

scooping both ways, (after the manner of the brokahs) even until the hour when Flori awaited him at the gate.

11. And as he went forth, he took only his staff in his hand, and his *scrip*.

12. Now Flori, the son of David, met him, saying unto him, I wager thee fifty pieces of silver that I smite thee, and, moreover, fifty pieces that I slay thee either here or in the court, which is called *Rackitt*. And he poked him with his umbrellah.

13. But Arma-Geddon, the brokah, waxed exceeding wrath, and struck him with his staff and smote him hip and thigh, even until the blood ran down his face.

14. And Flori bethought him of his sling, and he slanged him in the vernacular, and even with chunks of ice.

15. And he said, I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air, and unto the beasts of the field, —but he did not.

16. And it came to pass that when the Philistines, and the brokahs, and the moneylenders saw that their champion had prevailed, they raised a great cry of joy, and they ordered many bottles of wine amongst them.

17. For they said, Lo! our champion, a man of peace, has beaten the man of war, the sculptor of images, and player on the harp and sackbut, even the *bozah*.

18. And Flori, the son of David, retired to his tent, and bound up his wounds, and cursed Arma-Geddon, but he tore not his hair, for he had none.

The Montreal Mayoralty Election.

BOSS BEAUDRY SOLILIQUEIZES.

Eh bien! Monsieur Nelson, pouff! by gar! you tink you be ze *Maire*? I tell you Sar you make one grand meestake, what for you dare contest wish me ze honaire of ze chaire? You have mooch plenty impudence, I tink, I snuff you out more quick as one small wink. What! you not know I am ze chief, ze Boss? I lift my hand *mes enfants* they you *trass* out in ze cool—oui—eh? You tink I care mooch plenty people ask you run for *Maire*, and none ask me? *non!* not one leetle pin, I am ze Tweed, ze Boss, *ma foi*, I win. You bring out Rivard one—two—year ago—Bon! you offend me—I sall tell you so—and now I have ze—*quel?*—ze teet for tat. I knock you higher zan one beeg cocked hat. You be ze *Maire*? at! bah! *je pense que oui* when our beeg mountain jumps into ze sea. You no speak French, Sar—*horreur*—yet you dare tink such an *ignorant* sall have my Chair? Non! non! *rieuse garcon* wait, *attendez*, zen I send you where I send ze Orangemen—*Chez vous*, oui, home, juste like one leetle dog with tail between his leg when he be flog. There you sall learn that I great Beaudry claim ze right to choose *le Maire* or be ze *Maire* moi-meme.

GARDE.

Out on the Loaf.



We only hope the bread will not rise too much, and seeing that the price of flour has gone down we fail to perceive why the masters can't give better wages without raising the price of the staff of life. It is not likely the strike will assume the dimensions oven national demonstration, as the employers will no doubt be able to get a fresh batch of workmen.



"What Will He Do With It?"

Scene.—Office of Bystander.

Little Journalist.—Mr. Smith, I hear you are going abroad to England for a year, and that *Bystander* is to be dropped until your return. Now, this would be a misfortune, and I just dropped in to say that I am prepared to carry it on for you, if you will give me reasonable inducements.

A St. John Fog.



Senator Boyd, being an Irishman, has a silver tongue, and his speech on the Syndicate bargain was characterized by wit and eloquence accordingly, but he has also a clear head, and therefore it is easily seen that he supported the bill under tremendous disadvantages. In his opening sentences he said pathetically that they, "the simple ones from down by the sea" were "almost lost in the mist of debate." Now a St. John man ought to be able to see through a fog without any trouble, and it is only too evident that the "mist" that bothered the worthy Senator on the occasion was the sophistry he was compelled to use throughout his address. To prove this it is only necessary to quote the reason given by Senator Boyd why the atrocious bargain should be satisfied—words which formed the keynote of the speech.

"That this road must be carried out to the end at some time is granted on all sides. Our liability is undoubted. It's in the bond; this agreement must be cancelled by all parties, or the promises carried out, or we must stand before the world branded as covenant breakers."

Are we to understand Senator Boyd to hold that the Senate has no independent function, but is simply a registering machine for the Lower House?

Rev. Dr. Wild's next sermon is to be on "The Men who lived under Water." It is not true that the rev. gentleman will use a diving bell in investigating this subject, though it is one that will naturally carry him beyond his depth.

"Your little birdie has been very, very sick," she wrote to the young man. "It was some sort of a nervous trouble, and the doctor said I must have perfect rest and quiet, and that I must think of nothing. And all the time, dear George, I thought constantly of you." The young man read it over, and then read it through again very slow, and put it in his pocket, and went out under the silent stars, and kept on thinking and thinking and thinking. He only kept on thinking.—*Rockland Courier*.

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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 15.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 26TH FEBRUARY, 1881.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

MR. SPOOPENDYKE'S ACCIDENT.

'Why, what's the matter, my dear?' cried Mrs. Spoopendyke as Mr. Spoopendyke limped into the room and dropped into a chair. 'What on earth has happened you?'

'I fell down and killed myself,' moaned Mr. Spoopendyke.

'How, where?' asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, bustling around him, all nervousness. 'How did you do it?'

'Slipped on the ice, and broke my arm from head to foot,' sighed Spoopendyke faintly.

'Great gracious!' ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'whereabouts? Where did it happen?'

'Out doors, dod gast it! Where d'ye s'pose I did it? Think I brought the ice in the house and then laid down on it? Oh, dear! I'll never get my clothes off again. I've got to sit here and die,' and Mr. Spoopendyke leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes with resignation.

'I'll help you off with your hat and overcoat,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, tenderly. 'Let me help you.'

'Be very careful about taking off my hat,' said Mr. Spoopendyke, rousing up. 'Take it off easy, or you'll hurt my elbow. Pull the left arm of my overcoat down, so it will slip off. What ye doing? Trying to skin me? That gleeve is full of broken bones, I tell ye. Now help me into a chair. I knew I must go sometime, but I never expected to die so suddenly as this,' and Mr. Spoopendyke lifted his sprained arm and dropped it again to see if there was any animation left in his system.

'Can't I do something for you, dear?' asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, with tearful eyes.

'If you could sing a hymn without starting up the cats, it might make my last minutes more peaceful,' replied Mr. Spoopendyke, putting his feet on a chair, and composing himself for dissolution.

'You'd better let me attend to your arm,' recommended Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'If it is badly sprained, you ought to have something on it.'

'Didn't I tell ye it was broken? Just got a curiosity to see it, haven't ye? Can't wait for the *post mortem*, can ye? Go ahead. Do what you please. In a little while I'll be beyond pain. Just take it and do what you like with it.' And Mr. Spoopendyke stuck the maimed arm out straight, and waved it around like a ham.

'If you'd let me rotate it a little, and then bind it up with arnica, you'll be all right in an hour,' cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke affectionately.

'Rotate it, then,' murmured Mr. Spoopendyke. 'I don't suppose it will make much difference to my estate. Take it down in the kitchen and rotate it. You might—hold on, dod gast it! What d'ye think I am, a pump? Got an idea I'm a clock? Let go that arm, will ye?' And Mr. Spoopendyke pranced around the room. 'Oh! you're a surgeon, you are. All you want is a buckaw and a broken balustrade to be a medical college. Going to pull it out by the roots? S'pose that's a tooth? It isn't; it's an arm, and it's busted like a torpedo!' And Mr. Spoopendyke, who had been brandishing the injured member, began to stroke his shoulder and sympathize with himself.

'Let me bathe it in arnica,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'That's the best thing in the world.'

'Yes, dear,' replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. Mr. Spoopendyke regarded his wife with one eye, and grunted feebly.

'And you'll put on a silver plate with my name and age, and get a few flowers? You don't want many. I shan't miss 'em if there ain't more'n six. Will you attend to it?'

Just let me turn up your shirt sleeve and I'll fix it in a minute.'

'Very good,' said Mr. Spoopendyke. 'I don't suppose it will do any harm to hurry matters. Is my dress suit all brused? Have I got a pair of socks that my immortal soul won't shine through the toes of? 'Cause if I haven't, you'd better use some of your measly arnica on my clothes. If you think I'm going into the tomb all covered with grease, and my shirt flapping around me like I was clothes-line, you're mistaken, that's all.' And Mr. Spoopendyke eyed his wife gloomingly while she prepared to lave his sprained shoulder. 'Will you put me in a casket?' he moaned, and she began operations.

'Yes,' answered Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'I'll see that you have lots of flowers and a big fu

'I don't want any big funeral. S'pose I'm being cut off in the midst of my usefulness just because funerals are cheap? Have you got a clean handkerchief to put in my pocket when I'm dead?'

'Certainly, dear,' replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, and having thoroughly bathed the arm, she bandaged it carefully. 'Don't you feel better?'

'Perhaps if it were amputated in time I might get well,' rejoined Mr. Spoopendyke, hitching his arm around to see if he could find a pain anywhere. 'What kind of a cravat have I got to wear in case of—in the event of—the worst?' And Mr. Spoopendyke approached the climax of his question as becomes a man who shrinks from the inevitable.

'The one you've got on will do, won't it?' inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke.

'No, it won't, either. Is that all I've got? Expect I'm going to be buried among strangers in a dod gasted necktie that won't hold together four days longer? Calculate that I'm going to the promised land as though I was hunting for a job? Want me to prow around among the other late lamented as though I'd busted up in business? Think I'm a measly tramp?' And Mr. Spoopendyke tore off the tie and stamped on it, and then dove into bed.

'Can't you bring up my breakfast?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke the next morning. 'My arm's so lame I can't go down stairs.'

Mrs. Spoopendyke brought it to him, and an hour later, when dressing, he asked for his necktie.

'I wish you'd look for it,' said he querulously, 'You know I can hardly move.'

'Here it is, dear,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'You tore it off last night with your sprained arm.' And she left for down stairs without waiting to hear his remark about 'measly wives, who only need a long beard and comic song book to be a Solomon.'—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A National Poet at Last!

It is with great pleasure that Mr. GRIP gives to his tens of thousands of critical and cultured readers a few selections from a patriotic poem shortly to be published, sent to him by a valued contributor, the author, MR. GUSTAVUS SLASH-BUSH, of Tamraeville. Mr. GRIP withholds the criticism asked for, as the selections from the different cantos are somewhat fragmentary, and occasionally rather abrupt in their endings, preferring to leave it to a "generous public" to judge for themselves of the intrinsic worth and manifold beauties of the composition. The poem is entitled

THE VALLEY OF HOPE.

Canto 1.

This is the prairie primeval, the far famed Saskatchewan Valley,
The new home of plenty and peace, the refuge of Europe's starved millions;
For those who had supped on burgoo, in the bleak heathery highlands of Scotland,
Or lived on potatoes and salt in the Boycotted bogs of old Erin;
For the clod-hopping, swiping chaw-bacon, who followed the slow-tail in Albion,
The dreamy, big pipe smoking Dutchman, much given to pretzels and saur kraut,

The yellow-haired, ruddy-cheeked Dane, son of the valiant old Vikings,
The swarthy padrone with his fiddle and harp from his sunny Italia,
The lantern-jawed Yank from the States, with plenty of cheek and as brassy
As the "off-side" of Cartwright's famed shield, that he showed to the folks in old England—
All can have plenty and peace in the noble Saskatchewan Valley.

* * * * *
Lo! see the train from the east, and mark now the courteous conductor,
Blue are his cap and his coat, gorgeous he is and brass buttoned.
Onward he goes with the punch, and smilingly puncheth the tickets,
Through twenty-five first-class coaches, and seventeen palace and Pullmans,
Crammed full of fares for the West, for the famous Saskatchewan Valley!

Canto 2.

Can this be the land where of yore, Bub Walsh and his mounted policemen
Scoured the wide plains for the "Rum Fiend," that is, for the Yanks who sold whiskey
To "Lo," who would hang up his blanket and rifle to get *Scenta-saw-too*,
(Thus contravening the statute, in such case made and provided),
The land of the Cree and the Blackfeet, and Sioux who with Bovine Recumbent,
Crossed from the Yellowstone canons, and squatted around here promiscuous?
Confound the old varmint
But this has got nothing to do with the fertile Saskatchewan Valley.

* * * * *
The bleak, biting blizzards that blew their blasts from the Boreal boulders,
Now never visiting the land with its teeming and dense population.
The breeze that the settler gets, from the mouth of the stump politician,
Furnishes wind in abundance, for all of his modest requirements.
The cariboo, coyote, and crane, the buffalo, blackfly, and bison,
Have all fled away to the Rockies, from the land of new civilization,
Leaving the yeoman in peace, as by his fire side in the autumn,
He looks on the festoons of pumpkins on strings, decorating the rafters,
Smoking his pipe in content, he thinks of his barn and out-houses;
Replete with the golden-hued corn, the products of the fertile Valley.

Canto 3.

The yeoman now loadeth his grain, to send by train to the seaboard,
And smilingly perched on the top, he driveth down unto the station.
Joyously now he dismounts, and walketh straightway to the agent,
"Tell me, oh agent," he sayeth, "tell me your rates to the seaboard?"
"What you charge on my wheat and my corn, my pork and my fowls and my garden sass,
"So that I may kalkilate how much I can make off my clearing,
"And stow it away in the bank, to provide for my years fast declining?"
The agent he taketh a pencil, and ciphereth long on a paper,
High-toned and haughty the agent, his style of the *nil admirari*,
"We will charge you," he sayeth, "let me see—railways are doosid expensive,
"And as we have no competition, we'll charge you just what it will "carry."
"But after you've paid the through freight, you still will have five cents a bushel,
"And reflect what is better than all, you have your fine home in the Valley."
The farmer he museth and museth and —

An article in an exchange is headed, "Meteor by Daylight." If there are any prying eyes in the neighborhood he will prefer to "meet her by moonlight."—*Norristown Herald*.

Did you ever notice how formal a man becomes after he holds a situation a year or so? Still, it's but natural a fellow should get stiff after being in one position a long while.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

"Now I understand," remarked Oldenborg with a sigh, after vainly trying to get a view of the stage over the bonnet in front of him; "now I understand what they mean by their 'height of fashion.'"—*Boston Transcript*.



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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE:—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care GRIP Office.

St. Patrick's day's music was especially appreciated this year by its absence.

The Reformed Episcopal Church are preparing a hymn book for their own use.

Mr. H. M. Arnold, the well known tenor, has joined the St. George's Church choir.

Mr. Carey, the late bandmaster of the Q.O.R., is in the music business at Kingston.

Mr. Tom. Hurst, the well known comique, has now the management of A. & S. Nordheimer's branch establishment at Ottawa.

The Saratoga Lancers, the latest novelty in "squares," was danced with great eclat at a recent meeting of one of our leading social clubs.

The management of Knox Church are to be congratulated on their deciding to introduce an organ into the church service in deference to the wish of the majority of the congregation.

The comic drama of "Who's your friend, or the Queensbury Fete," is to be performed at the Government House on the 28th inst., for the benefit of Mrs. Charlotte Morrison. We wish the entertainment success.

In a recent notice of a local concert the old song, "Where are you going to, my pretty Maid?" was announced as "The Milk-maid and the City Swell." We would suggest "Ye Bank Clerk and Lactie Lass" as more in keeping with this æsthetic age.

The Toronto Opera Company are busy in the preparation of "The Pirates of Penzance," which they intend giving this present month. A great gap has been made by Mrs. Cooper, the charming "Buttercup" and "Serpolette," having retired from the organization.

Mr. H. Guest Collins, organist of All Saints' Church, delivers a lecture on the 28th inst., on Handel, the great composer, illustrating his compositions by selections from different works, aided by local talent. From the lecturer's well known ability, a pleasant and instructive evening will be spent.

Madame Stuttaford, one of our leading professionals, whose eyesight was at one time feared to be dangerously affected, has, we are pleased to learn, so far recovered that the concert of the Orphans Society, which was postponed on her account, is now in active preparation, and will be given shortly under her leadership.

The late pastor of the Cooke's Church anti-organites, gave his opinion lately, that to suit them their preacher would require a head of copper, a brow of brass, the hide of a rhinoceros, and be prepared to live on their annual contribution of fifty cents each. From the last we should suppose that they can provide what cheek may be required themselves.

That there is a timely wakening up of the American press to the trashy songs that are flooding the country is evinced by the following, which is one of a number contained in a recent issue of an exchange:—

"D. M. LINDSAY. "Lay Her Down Beneath the Daisies." Song. 55 cents. Yes, lay her down, and with her the song, and ask the daisies to cover it kindly, so that it never can reach the surface again."

The "Isobel Waltzes," by W. B. Brayley, are becoming very popular. Arbuckle, the famous New York bandmaster and cornet player, writing of them says, "I do not see why these waltzes should not take as well as Waldeufel's. Some of the latter's are much inferior to the "Isobel." As the former are the most popular of the day, the comparison speaks for itself. The publishers are just issuing another edition.

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Literature and Art.

The small-minded attempt of a certain member of the Lum-tum class to injure the manager of the Royal Opera House by writing untruthful letters to the papers is taken for what it is worth. Public opinion is not affected by such transparent spite.

Mr. Cool Burgess has made a new departure, and all who wish to see how the old favorite acquits himself as a light comedian have an opportunity this week. Mr. Burgess appears at the Royal with a select company in a laughable specialty entitled, "Our Sleighing Party." Remember the matinee.

The publishers of *Scribner's Magazine* may be said to have literally lifted America into the proudest position of any nation in the world in the beautiful art of wood engraving. They have done this by searching out the talent that lies hidden from less keen eyes, and encouraging it when found, in a substantial manner.

The caricature group of Garfield and his Cabinet, given as a supplement with last week's *Puck*, is one of the best productions of the kind we have ever seen. The likenesses are in all cases excellent, while the grouping and management of effect betokens the hand of a genuine artist. And the humor of the picture is as charming as its artistic merit. Of course *Keppeler fecit*.

The music-loving citizens of Toronto have had no ground for complaint this week. Manager Sheppard gave them a decided treat at the Grand for the first four nights, the attraction being the Strakosch & Hess English Opera Company. The performance was very much enjoyed by all who had the good fortune to be present. The audiences, however, were by no means so large as the merits of the company would justify.

Leavitt's Grand Comic Opera Company, headed by the celebrated Marie Williams, and embracing many bright stars of the lyric stage, is the attraction at the Royal this week. Their repertoire contains the gems of English Comic Opera, which are rendered in masterly style, while the scenery, costumes, and effects are all the most exacting critics could demand. A pleasant time is guaranteed to all who secure seats in the Royal during this engagement.

The matinee and evening performance to be given on Saturday by Mlle Litta and her concert company, at the Grand Opera House, will be an event worthy the attention of all who delight in good music rendered by distinguished professionals. Mlle Litta is ranked as the peer of the best vocalists in America, and the attractiveness of her singing is enhanced by the fact that popular ballads hold a prominent place in her programmes. The prima donna is accompanied by Miss Nellie Bangs, pianiste, Miss Martel, violiniste, Mr. Cleveland, tenor, etc. We trust the generosity of the management in offering this fine attraction at popular prices may be recognized by bumper houses.

We haven't heard any more about this Free Public Library for Toronto, of late. Shall we or shall we not have it? Ald. Hallam deserves commendation for his public spirited offer to contribute largely of his private funds towards this object, but there is no reason why the institution should not be established by the City Treasury. By the way, there is an excellent collection of books at the Educational Department, St. James' Square. We would like to know who is supposed to own them. Citizens, we are aware, are not allowed to use the volumes for consultation or otherwise, and they do not appear to belong specially to anybody—unless they are for Dr. May's private edification. The works are such as are usually found in public libraries. Now, couldn't the city secure this collection as a nucleus for a public library?

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No. IV.



Sidney Smith once said that the first requisite for success was to get yourself born on the North side of the Tweed. To get himself born on the West side of St. George's Channel and persistently keep forcing that fact upon the attention of parties and administrations as the basis of a claim for recognition at their hands, are the principal stock in trade of the Professional Irishman. He is usually not without the traditional blarney, and perhaps a spice of the eloquence that has made so many of his countrymen celebrated, but the chief feature of his character is the cool assurance with which he trades upon the mere accident of birth as giving him a sort of vested right to office and emolument. Parties sit loose upon him, and he has no hesitancy in avowing it—boldly proclaiming his intention of supporting any party that will do "justice to the Irish element," in other words, push him forward as a candidate for Parliament or give him a snug office. He commences his career as Grit or Tory as the case may be, and to do him justice, as a rule, he does yeoman service in the cause as long as he has any prospects of advancement. Should a few years elapse without bettering his political fortunes he loudly proclaims his disgust for a party at the hands of which no Irishman can expect anything, and goes bodily over to the other camp. If he fares no better there a few years more will probably see him revert to his first love, in the hope that his opposition may by that time have taught them to set a proper value on his services. He is a veritable soldier of fortune, the Dugald Dalgetty of politics, with an eye single to provender and plunder.

Socially the Irishman by profession is usually a pleasant, genial companion as one would wish to meet, with a fund of anecdote and ready humor. If you keep steadily in mind the fact that you cannot place any sort of reliance on his sincerity, his acquaintance is well worth cultivating. In the long run his political tactics are apt to prove successful. After two or three changes and half a dozen campaigns he is either elected to Parliament or gets a comfortable office, which event is made the subject of an editorial by the party organ to the effect that being always willing to do justice to Irishmen they have selected him for the post on account of his eminent fitness and entirely apart from all national considerations.



"In His Mind."

A Certain Rev. Gentleman (reading from Tuesday's *Globe*).—"Rev. W. S. Rainsford moved, That it be one of the objects of this (Temperance) Association to discountenance the prevalent custom of treating." Now, if the Ministerial Association would pass a similar resolution, adding the words "the Bond-street pastor," it would be a good Christian move.

"I would think," said Mrs. Golitenham to her husband, who had just arrived and was somewhat ineffectually trying to remove his rubbers. "I would think that a proper respect and care for your family, if not for yourself, would prevent your indulging in your nightly orgies. There is Jane, she should be taking French lessons now."

"Can *Je ne suis pas* yet?" asked Mr. G., with an abortive chuckle.

"Yes, she can say *pa*, but I don't think it would be very edifying for her to see *pa* just at present, funny as you may be!" said Mrs. G., with a slight sneer.

"Well, my dear, I thought that there would be time enough for a *oui* thing like her."

"I won't stop to parley with you," said Mrs. G.

"Parlez," roared Mr. G., "Parlez! ha! ha! ha! Why you're getting almost as funny as I am. Parlez, d'ye see, ha! ha!"

"Brute," only said Mrs. Golitenham as she seized the lamp and swept out of the room.

The Statue Question.

Mr. Grip is extremely agitated at the unpatriotic, not to say Nihilistic, attitude assumed by a good many people, of reputed sense, on the subject of the statue to Cartier. The idea of any man opposing the trifling appropriation of \$10,000 for such a purpose, out of our overflowing Treasury, is indeed sickening. It is very bad taste, but that is not all. Have these heartless and nigardly Oppositionists thought the matter over carefully? Do they comprehend the full meaning and possible consequences of their action? They are spoiling the chances of all the great public men now living in Canada (including themselves) of having public statues after they are gone. Cartwright, Blake, Plumb, Domville, Tilley, Rykert, Mills, Charlton, and all the other Statesmen of our country must make up their minds to get along with a plain slab, if this Cartier business falls through. There is not a name among those just written that is not as much respected by the Canadian public as that of Cartier; there is not a man of them that has not fully as good a claim for a public statue as he. The proposal to erect this statue at the public expense is not only a fraud upon the general public, but a rather pointed insult to those Conservatives who respect the memory of Cartier enough to be willing to contribute something for such a statue out of their own pockets.

The Globe's Commission to Maine.



NOT to be outdone by the proprietors of the New York *Herald*, who sent an expedition in search of Livingstone, and another to look for the North Pole, the editor of the *Globe* has announced a startling journalistic enterprise. At enormous expense he has fitted up a committee of two, to be forthwith despatched to investigate the working of the liquor law in the State of Maine. The Canadian public have hailed this announcement with acclamations of delight, and they will be still more delighted to learn that Mr. Grip has effected arrangements by which from week to week he will lay before his readers an account of the adventures and exploits of the *Globe* commissioners, in the shape of transcripts from the diaries which have been included in their outfit. At the end of each adventurous week, the leaves containing the entries of occurrences are to be torn out and forwarded to Grip office, the Postmaster-General kindly remitting the postage in consideration of the public benefit involved. As a prelude to the forthcoming history—which cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive—we present our readers with portraits of the worthy commissioners. As it is their intention to travel strictly *incognito*, of course the above sketches are as far as possible from likenesses, and the following brief biographical memoranda are equally disguised.



Gent on the Right.—T. Total, age 57. Never touched liquor in his life. Believes in prohibition. Soundly orthodox in religion. Absolutely free from prejudice on the temperance question. Goes to Maine fully expecting to find prohibition working beautifully.

Gent on the Left.—Wm. H. Setemup, age 58. Anti-temperance from principle. Believes in modern science, and takes his brandy and soda with great regularity. Is quite sure Maine Law is a fraud, and expects to get all he can drink whenever he wants it down there. Absolutely free from prejudice on the temperance question.

Education, for March-April, 1881, pays the following graceful tribute to an older writer: "Solomon caught sight of many principles—and he propounded maxims of great value." We have been told by the dear old *Autocrat* of the "Seven Wise Men of Boston," but here is a Bostonian sage not too wise to be above patting Solomon on the head, anyway.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 461 King Street East. As a condiment for the table it has no equal. Half-pint Bottle, only 10 cents, Pints, 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.
30 Patterns. The Noblest Things in the Market.—WOLTZ BROS. & Co., 26 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

**"Ignorantia Legis Neminem Excusat."**

Scene.—St. Thomas, Ont. Time.—Saturday, March 5th, 1881.

Small Boy. (On an errand)—Say, mister, can you tell me wot part of the town—
Police Officer. (Sternly interrupting)—City! City, you mean, you young vagabond!

Tibbie and Her Bowl.

By Mrs. Marton, author of "Clarkson Gray," etc.

Wien Neidpaths wa's wi pride look doon
Upon a gude auld burgh toon,
A crankie cretur leaved lang syne
Among the gude auld frens o' mine—
Among the sib as sib could be,
But weel a wat ye sune will see;
She wasna aedraips bluid to me,
An' of the awfu' cleanin' kind,
That clean folk clean out o' their mind,
And aften, as we've seen betide,
Clean gude men frae their ain fire-side.
A fyeke fashous yammerin' yaud
That could the gear fa' steely haud
Apill-set, sour, ill-willy wile,
She had a face, 'twad yearned milk
Forbye a foud, ill scrapit tongue,
As e'er in harmless heid was hung;
To grin and growl, to work and flyte
Was aye the ill-spun wisps' delight.
O' heaven, I'm sure that Tibbie's meamin'
Was as great everlastin' cleanin',
Frae morn till night she ne'er was still,
Her life was like a tough trend mill,
She jist was like an evil spiritie
She ne'er could settle for a minute,
But when a dud she made or cloutit
Then a' the toon wad hear about it.
When'er folk couldna keep her clues,
She huckled them about their "views,"
But when the wrath began to loil
She grew real feart about their soil.
"I was queer!" but naught's sae queer as folk
An' to the workin' she wad yoke
Through perfect spite an' fair ill natur
An' the deils buckie o' a cretur
Was o' the pipe a mortal hater.
John, honest man! had aye to hap,
For peace sake, o'er the weeshen stap;
But e'er the lintel he wad pass
"Twas 'Man, for gude sake mind the bass!
Tak care o' this! tak care o' that!
Had aff the hearth, now, when it was;
When ance it's dry syne tak a heat;
Tak care, man, whar ye set your feet;
Fa' tae your parritch an' beware
To let nae jaups fa' on the flare;
To toil noo deud I'm no sae able;
(Haud yer black dottle aff the table)
Wass me! but ye hae little thought
Ye never think sae sairs I'm wrought
To hae things ricot when hame ye come,
(Confound ye, smoke it up the lum),
Some men wad hae the sense tae sae
Yer sair for foughn—like the day,
Fuir body! odd I'm sure yer wearit!
The like o' that wad gie ane speerit.
But you! whane'er ye've clawed yer loggie,
Ye mak this hoo a fair killicie;
In o'er the door there's no a steek
But s'puisioned wae yer bawcy reek,
An' tho' I clocher till I'm chokin'
It winni pit ye past yer smokin'.
What needs I toil! what need I care!
Ye've blown more siller in the air
Than wad hae built a house and mair,
Yer neist gude wife will mend the matter,
She'll no be sic a tholin' cretur
She'll gae yer weel hain'd gear the air,
My certie, lad, she'll kaim yer hair,

An' wae the saut blab in yer ee,
Ye'll mind the patience I've had wi' ye,
Do ye want to scotch me cotricht?
Ye've ne'er laid down that pipe the night,
For a I've said yer never heed in'—
Begin ye second-el, to the rea'in'!"
Ower well John kenned his hoo was cleen,
An' keepit like a new made pin,
That a' frae end to end was richt,
For Tibbie toiled frae morn till nicht,
Sae he, ta win the weary warlk,
Ance hired a lassie stout and stark—
A snod bit lassie fell and clever,
But I'll bie was as t'rang; s' ever,
Nae sinner was the cleanin' through
Than clean in' just lega anew.

Noo' on a bink in stately pride
Her favored bowls stood side by side—
Braw painted bowls baith big an' bonnie,
Bowls that were never touched by ony.
For they were honoured vessels a',
And servile wark they never saw,
But when a daintie she was making,
She whiles took ane he, morn to drake in,
Ane day the lassie a' thngs richtin'
Wi' canny care the bowls is dichtin'
And, pur thing, tho' her care increases,
She breaks ane in a thousand pieces.
"What's that?" squealed Tibbie, "Losh pre erve us!"

Is this the way the fremit serves us
Deil speed the fummilng fingers o' ye!
Ye glaikit, guid for nothing iud,
Ye'll biak us oot of hooose an' haud,
My fingers yuke to hae ye whackit,
Tell me, ye cutty, hoo ye brak it!
Ye dunnest drab! ye thoctless idiot!
I canna think yet hoo ye did it,
In Edinbro toon thae bowls were bought,
And sax and twenty milles were brocht,
Weel pack'd up and kindly carrier
An' gien to me when I was married.
In name o' a' that e'er was wrackit
In a' the warlk hoo did ye brak it?"
The lassie sabbit lang an' sair,
But Tibbie's tongue could never spare;
Lood was its clear and wrathful foun,
When in John stappit to his dinner.
An' as he drew in ower his seat
Her tongue brak' ower him like a spate.
He heard o' a' the sad disaster,
An' aye the tongue gaed fast and faster,
An' aye there came the ither gwol—
"Lassie! hoo did ye brak the bowl?"
"Wheest! wheest!" says John, "nae mair aboot it;
O'd sake! ye've plenty mair without it."
But e'er the wark was done,
Wi' face thravn like a weel wrung stockin
She squealed, "D'ye want to brak my heart?
Ye monster, will ye tak her pair?
Is this my thanks for a' my toil?
Hoo cud the gipsy brak my bowl?"
Patient John heard the endless clack
Till his twa legs were like to crack;
An' rising, stappit to the shelf,
Whaur whinnies stood the gawdie self—
An' lookin' o'er the peccious raw,
He raised the biggest o' them a',
An' without steerin' aff the bit,
Clash loot the bowl fa' at his fit,
An' as the frichted flinders flew
Quoth he, "Ye ken the way o' noo,
For sure as I'm a livin' soul
That's hoo the lassie brak the bowl!"

Scene in a Montreal Office.

AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

Mr. De Bluett, a recent importation from old England, who has been making frantic efforts to learn French, and who rather prides himself on the correctness of his pronunciation.

Enter a small boy. "Charite, sil vous plait, Monsieur, charite."

Mr. De Bluett thinks this a splendid opportunity of airing his recent acquirements. "Charity? Ha! hum! - Quel age avez vous mon garcon?"

Blank stare from small boy.

Mr. De Bluett, a trifle more imperiously, "Quel age avez vous petit, polisson?"

Small boy, innocently, "Je ne parle pas Anglais, Monsieur." ("I do not speak English, sir.")

Consternation of Mr. De Bluett and rapid and wondering flight of small boy, after cleverly dolting a flying cash book.

There must have been something radically wrong about Mr. De Bluett's pronunciation after all.

The people of Hull, P. Q., are very prudish. They won't allow a young lady to embrace a new religious faith.

**It Works Beautifully in N. B.**

Scene.—Myth's Drug Store, Woodstock (not Ontario.) Enter Seedy Customer.

Cus.—Say, pard, can you give us a pint of old rye?

Vendor.—Have you a doctor's certificate?

Cus.—Nary one.

Vendor.—Got a flask?

Cus.—Keerect, you bet.

Vendor.—All right; produce the document! (Exit customer in due time, whistling a temperance ode.)

The Prorogation Speech.

(Freely translated from the Ministerial Language.)

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Good-bye, and I'm unquestionably glad it's over.

The Syndicate Bill will, I am assured, be followed by most favorable results (to the lucky fellows of the Syndicate). It will be their duty of course to sell the lands cheaply and rapidly, and encourage emigration, etc., and of course they will do their duty. Of course. Oh, certainly! by all means.

My ministers will, however, keep right on as if nothing had happened.

The amendment to the Naturalization Laws will do big things for the country, and don't you forget it.

I'm glad you've fixed up our railway legislation, and that you haven't forgotten poor Lo. I trust the Indians will be induced to give up their wandering habits and become good politicians like Mr. Macdougall. The cable in the St. Lawrence river and gulf is a good job well done.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Thanks for the usual remittance.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Good-bye; and now vamoose!

Seeing Sara.

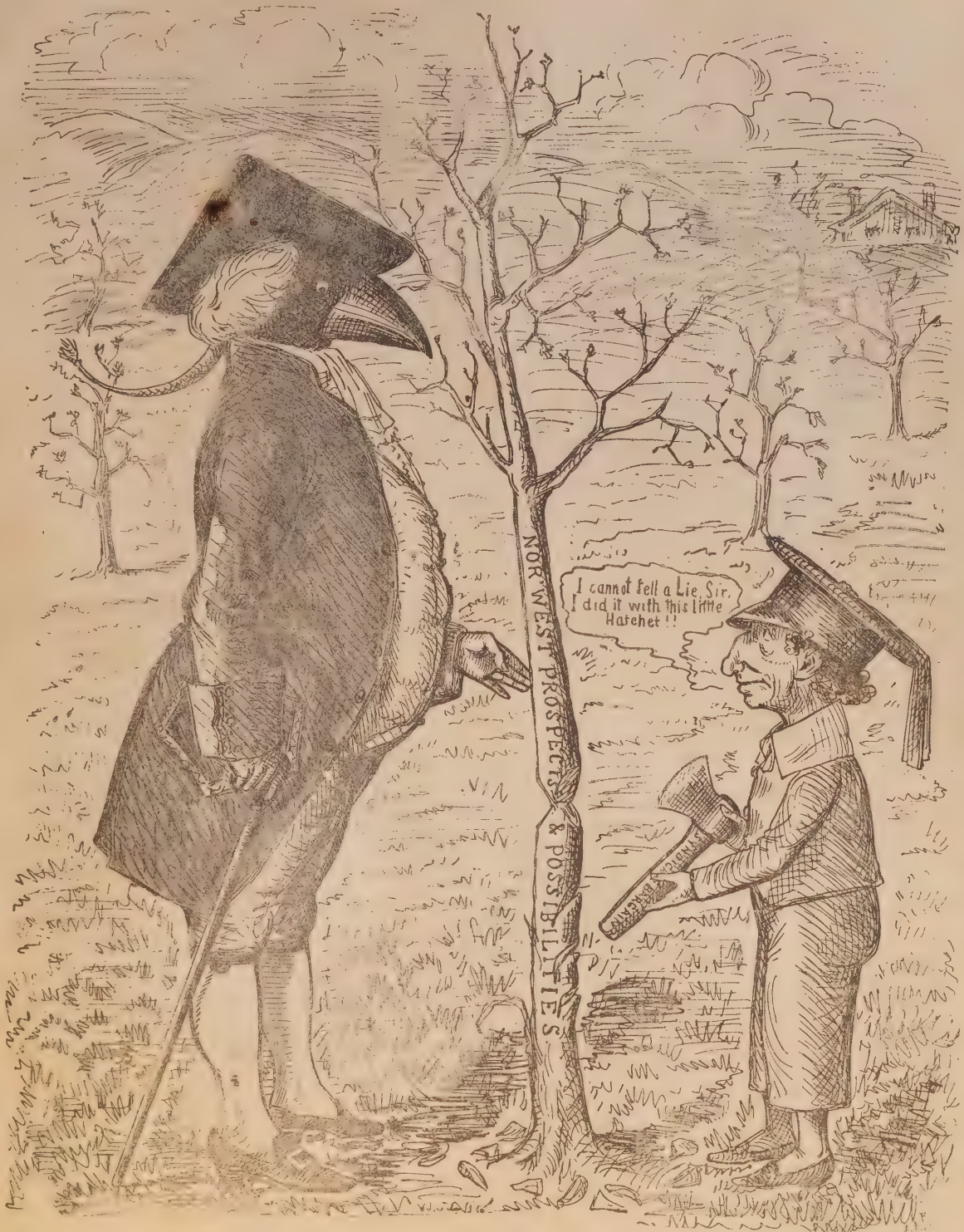
They sallied out to Sally see,
With rain their garments drenched,
Altho' they saw the matinee,
Their ardor was not quenched.

They sallied out to see fair Sal,
Altho' the drama French is,
When if she were an English gal,
She'd play to empty benches.

They came by the G. W. R.,
Grand Trunk and Credit Valley,
In Pullman and in palace car,
To see the meagre Sally.

And through the muddy streets they plow,
Disconsolate and wet too;
They must learn all about *Frou Frou*,
With aid of a libretto.

The doctors have agreed they will,
By understanding tacit,
The damp ones dose, should they fall ill,
With salicylic acid.



OUR OWN GEO. WASHINGTON;
OR THE WORK OF THE SESSION.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."



THE ASPIRING POET.
Peck's Sun.

'Would you be kind enough to direct me to the editor?' asked a brave and polite gentleman, with a kindly face and a pleasant smile. 'He is out,' responded the law reporter. 'Is there anything I can do?'

'I am Dr. Homes,' responded the gentleman.

'Where's your office, doctor? Come to see about the diphtheria? I can do as well as the editor. What is it?' and the law reporter braced himself.

'Dr. Oliver Wendell Homes,' replied the gentleman, his handsome face beaming with good nature. 'I have a little poem I should like to submit. Shall I leave it with you?'

The law reporter took it and read it aloud. 'You call it a "Winter Day on the Prairie," said he, "h'm; yes."

A blinding glare, a silver sky,
A sea of foam with frozen spray
The foaming billows swelling high,
Up dashed against the icy day.
White-laden northern whirlwinds blow
Across the pale seas heavy breast,
And fill the creamy ebb and flow
With stormy terror and unrest.
The stormbirds fly athwart the main,
Like rudderless, bewildered ships;
The stranded winds breathe sobs of pain,
And frosted froth from pallid lips.
The seething milky waves in swift,
Harsh struggles with the fate that binds,
Break into frozen rift, and drift
Against the wrecking, straining winds.
A sea of loneliness and death,
Whose waves are ghosts, whose vales are graves,
Whose perspiration is the breath
That licks in northern winter caves;
A snowy gloom, whose icy shade
Lies white beneath the spray tipped crest
Whose silver somberness is laid
A glaring pall across his breast.

'Just so, just so,' continued the law reporter. 'Did you want this published as it is?'

'I had thought something of giving it publicity,' replied the doctor.

'You'll have to get the advertising clerk to register it, then,' returned the law reporter. 'I wouldn't take the responsibility of sending it in as it stands now.'

'What seems to be the matter with it?' inquired the doctor.

'I don't think it is natural. Now, here, you take a snow storm on the prairie and make it a sea. Then you freeze it all up and make it dash around. You've either got to thaw it out or quit dashing it. We may be able to alter it so it will do, if you leave it.'

'What alterations would you suggest?' asked the doctor.

'I'd fix that verse so as to be in accordance with the facts; make it 'sequential,' as we say in law. Instead of having the blinding and silver, and the foaming billows, and the white-laden winds, and the creamy ebb, and all that rot, I'll put it in this way:

In township thirty, range twenty-nine,
Described in the deed as prairie land,
It sometimes snows in the winter time—
As we are given to understand.
This alleged snows falls fast and loose,
It's said, several feet or more,
And when the wind blows like the deuce,
It drifts from where it was before.

'In that way,' continued the law reporter, 'you get the facts before the public without committing the paper to anything. Under your poem any man who would prove that you were talking about his land could bring a libel suit, and the measure of damages would be what he could have sold it for if you hadn't written it up as a sea.'

'Will the other verse do?' asked the doctor. 'I'm afraid not,' replied the law reporter. 'This business about the stormbird without a rudder, and stranded winds and milky waves don't prove anything. They wouldn't be admitted in evidence anywhere. I suppose you want to express desolation, but the testimony isn't good. Why don't you say:

In the place aforesaid, when the sad winds blow
The tenants thereof don't go about
And such birds as find they can stand the snow,
Look as though they'd had their tails pulled out,
And when the said snow and said winds are gone,
It's found the said land finds a ready taker,
For though you can't farm much when the winter's on,
The property don't fall a cent an acre.

'There you get your desolation, and your birds, like rudderless ships, and at the same time you throw in a clause which lets you out of the libel by showing that the snow don't affect the value of the ground. The way you had it you would have brought all the Western settlements down on us. Been a poet long?'

'I—I—that is, I begin to think not,' gasped the unhappy doctor. 'But can't you do something with the last verse?'

'We might leave that out altogether, or we might substitute something for it. The last verse is a contradiction of terms. It is a *non sequitur*, as we say in law, and could have no status in court in the event of an action. You can't say snowy gloom or white shade, and as for a glaring pall, I presume you mean the white velvet ones they use for infants. I couldn't pass that in, but I might change it for you. How would this do?'



It is rumored that when the snow
Is on the land before described,
It looks as though one couldn't sow
Seed to advantage, though this is denied.
Some people hold that it empties the pouch
To buy land in the winter in the North;
For this unsupported statement we cannot vouch,
But give the story for what it's worth.

'This, you see, gives all sides to the question, without making the paper responsible for anything. I call that a superior piece of poetry,' continued the law reporter, reading the three stanzas over in an admiring tone of voice.

'But there isn't any poetry in it,' stammered the doctor.

'What is the reason there isn't?' demanded the law reporter indignantly. 'Don't it tell everything you did, and don't it rhyme in some places? Don't it get out all the facts, and don't it let the people know what's going on?'

'Of course it does,' chimed the police reporter. 'That's what I call a good item of poetry. I think you might add—startling developments may be expected, and that the police have got a clue to the perpetrator.'

'That isn't necessary,' replied the law reporter, loftily. 'We poets always leave something to the reader's imagination.'

'I believe I'll go,' murmured the doctor.

'All right, sir. Come round any time when you've got some poetry you want fixed up,' and the law reporter bowed the visitor out.

Bridget, who has charge of the stockings, says that the remark, "It is never too late to mend," is impertinent. "Sure an' I'll not put in a stitch after 9 o'clock in the avenin'!"—*Philadelphia Sun*.

It was a wealthy Philadelphian who being asked on his return from Europe how he liked the Bosphorus, replied that he didn't eat any, and preferred the ordinary home-made sausages. —*Andrews' Queen*.

The young man of the period rejoiceth at the time for swinging on the front gate approaches when the good night kiss will no more be impregnated with the odor of coal oil. —*Mauch Chunk Dem.*

The infrequency of eggs at this season suggests a possibility of a seldomness of spring chickens at the seaside hotels next summer. Guests with feeble jaws will appreciate the prospect. —*New Haven Register*.

It is remarkable how much good can be found to say of a man after he is dead. A skin flint died in this state not long ago, and numerous virtues were squeezed out of his memory by the power of the printing press. —*Danbury News*.

"Sing on, sweet sylph-like zephyrs, sing," was the heading of a poem handed in to a Colorado editor. He printed it, and the next day an avenging Providence sent a blizzard that sang and sang and souged and sifted, and the back end out of that shop lifted. —*Gate City*.

Pythagorus says,—"It is better to live lying on the grass, confiding in divinity and yourself, than to lie on a golden bed with perturbation." That may be good philosophy, but it is deucedly unhealthy, besides most people can lie anywhere and on any object without the least perturbation.

A minister commenced his sermon by observing: "What shadows we are!" and then paused as if to let the thought sink deeply into the minds of the congregation, whereupon two lean spinsters in a front seat guessed they didn't come there to be insulted and got up and strode indignantly out. —*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The wife of a Congressman having been abroad said to a gentleman: "I'm splendid on pictures; I'm a regular common sewer of art. More and over, when I play whist I play third and hand high. In France they have lots of francs and sardines for money. But I've traveled, and feel a little blase. That's French. It's a regular language, is French. They don't speak nothing else in Spain and Italy and pot-potage countries." —*Jay Chilton*.

Help the children. When they gather round the table at evening with their books and slates take right hold and show them how to do it. Never mind if you don't remember whether the Ural mountains empty into the Straits of Magellan or slide around the Cape of Good Hope. Stuff their little heads full of information of some kind, and the next day when they recite the school teacher will learn how smart the parents of the district really are. —*New Haven Register*.

More of It.

The rector of Ringwood, near Dover, England, has "Boycotted" the schoolmaster. The schoolmaster was required to marry, in order that his wife should teach the infant school. The rector, however, learned that the lady was a non-conformist, and before the marriage took place he threatened to expel the unhappy teacher should he fulfil his promise of marriage. The teacher had too much manliness to submit to the bigoted priest.—*English Paper.*

Brother! 'gainst bigot, priest, and prig, God speed thee in the strife;
In fearless manhood strive to guard, thy "non-conformist" wife!
Be bold for right of honest love, tho' stoled and mitred cant,
To "mere dissenting folk" no more than street acquaintance grant!
To her old maxim see the sect of LAUD and JEFFRIES true!
And what are words in this free land, it seems are deeds with you.
Brother! be strong, nor fear to flout the Pharisaic race,
GRIP greets thy wife though bigots scorn her sweet dissenting face!



Off on a Tour.

Mr. Blake, probably feeling the inspiration of the Spring air, has come out of his shell altogether. Those who have been inclined to cavil at the hon. gentleman as a would-be recluse, have had their mouths effectually stopped. After a long session of hard—and what is worse ineffectual—work, and without taking time to do more than rush home and kiss his family, the newly energized leader of the Opposition has started off on his long-talked-of Maritime tour. GRIP signalizes the event by making a picture of the tourist as he probably appeared, equipped for the journey. The Hon. Edward's mission has a three-fold object. In the first place he is going to talk to the people—to what an alarming and uncalled for extent may be judged by the bulging sides of the above carpet bag, which contains only the very briefest notes of a few memoranda on one or two of the subjects he intends ventilating. Secondly, he is going to eat for the glory of the Reform party; hence the other satchel, which is supplied with bottles of the excellent appetite-inducing tonic manufactured by Turner, corner of Bloor and Yonge streets (free ad.) And thirdly—and chiefly—he is going to catch votes if possible; and hence the scoop net, the appearance of which is sure to place him *en rapport* with the fishermen down by the sea. Peace go with him. GRIP congratulates the Maritime Provinces on the oratorical treat in store for them, and the disconsolate Opposition on the great harvest they will reap from the seed their leader is about to sow.

Mrs. O'Tare on Homeopathy.

SHANTITOWN, Month o' March, 1881.

MISTHER IDITER,—Shure its meself ought to be afther axin yer pardon for makin bould to be sendin the likes av yez a leththir, bein as I'm a widdy woman. But maybe perhaps now yez woudn't mind printin' me a lethther in yer bit av a picter paper, the wan wid all the quare little divils, an banshes, an fairies, an the burd wid the big black bake on the top av it. When I see *in* them the tares cum into me eyes wid laughin an, sez I, shure the boss himsilf must be the picter av good-natur, and bedad I'll write him this lethther all about the quare ways ov docthorin; shure he won't moind, seein as I'm a widdy woman:—

MISTHER GRIP—Deer sur, Mrs. Eye, in the big house beyant, she tuk sick in the night, an the nurse that cum to wash the baby she tuk bad the next day. Misther Eye he wint tarin up the street like a crazy man, but divil a nurse cud he get, they were all engaged—ivry mortal wan. At last he cum to me and sez he to me, sez he, "Mistress O'Tare" sez he, liftin his hat as if meself was a born lady, "wud yer moind comin to nurse at our house an I'll give yez \$5 a week?" "Yes, sur," says I, an I draps him a curtsy as low as meself wud give the praste. It was a boy, Misther GRIP, fourteen pounds two ounces, wid a beautiful head av black hair, an him suckin his thumbs already. Mistress Eye was a very nice woman, but she wanted a power av waitin on. "Mistress O'Tare gimme a hankercher plaze," "I'll take me toast water now iv ye plaze," "Will yez kindly make my bafe-tea." "Don't forget me finger napkin plaze," from mornin till night. Bad cess to yez, says I (to meself) sure its the threadmill I might as well be in, as trottin up and down them two pare av stairs for ivry mortal thing. An the baby it ud be scrachin an Mistress Eye ud be a trimblin an a cryin "Oh! Mistress O'Tare, wat ivir shall I do?" "Put the child to breast, Mam," sez I. "Ivry time it cries?" sez she. "Av coorse," sez I. "Oh dear," sez she, "I do i't want any more babies." Wid that the dure opens and savin your prudence, sur, in walks a big man wid a lether satchel in his hand. "Oh Lor, mum," sez I, "there's a peddler comin in." "Hoold on there, we don't want anything in your line here," but he just lukt in me face, with a quare smoi'e, an goes right up to the bedside an sez he, "Well, Mrs. Eye," says he, "and what's the best word to-day?" "Oh, Doctor, my nurse was taken sick an I had to get Mrs. O'Tare, here," sez she. "Oh! ah! another Sairey eh?" sez he. "Jist let me have two glasses av water, plaze," sez he to me. "It's afther beggin' yer pardon, I am, doctor," sez I, "if I knew it was you,—did you say hot water, doctor?" "No, cold," sez he. So I gets the wather an he claps down on a chair, an sets the leather bag atune his knees and opens it. Yez wudn't belave it, but it was bristlin wid bottles, little bottles wid corks in thim, wan row on top av the other. Then he takes a grey powder out of wan, and a white powder out av another wan, an then he put them into the water an that's all ye cud see, the water was as clear as ivir. "Nurse, sez he," "Yes sur," sez I. "You'll give a dessert spoonful of this ivry two hours," and wan of this ivry half hour, for three hours; *thin* you can give it ivry hour, an *thin* the other ivry hour, to alternate." Och! murder! sez I to meself, an the could sweat cum over me, but niver a word did I spake but "Yis sur" sez I, an thin I wint an shut the dure afther him. Whin I cum back an luk't at the tumblers the divil the wan av me cud tell which was wan and which was tother wan. First I sez, this is the wan; no bedad it isn't thin, *that's* the other wan. Begorra thin, thinks I, how can this be the other wan when its this wan here. Oh! wurra, wurra, sure its lavin me sines I am. An he said I was to "alternate." Now wat the divil's "alternate"

sez I, an wid that Mistress Eye begun snoring Begorra thin, if this isn't lucky. Now I'll fix yez, an' there'll be no mistake at all, at all. So I taste the medicine, an as sure as I'm a livin woman, it was nothin but a drop av cold water! Here's luck, sez I, drinkin the whole av it at wanst. An here snores av the same, I sez agin, an wit that chink down *this* wan, Thin I fill thim up with more water from the tap, an' whin Mistress Eye waked up I gives a dessert spoonful of the water, as I was told to. "Bedad I'll be on the safe side anyway, cold water won't hurt yez," sez I to meself, an I did this same ivry mornin. Well sure Mistress Eye whin she cum down stairs she sez to me, say she. "Mistress O'Tare" sez she, "some folks don't believe in homeopathy, but you can testify to the great good it has done me." "Thru for ye, Mam," sez I, "there's i' thin' like a sup o' cold water." No more at prisent bein' s I'm a widdy woman.

NORTH O TARE.



The Drummer.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through Fred-ric-ton streets there passed,
A drummer small, with big valise,
Who kept his eye peeled for police-
man Woodward.

He travelled 'round from store to store,
And orders in began to pour,
But every place that drummer went
A faithful hound was on his scent—
Keen Woodward.

When through, he started for the "Queen,"
Nor thought that he had "shadowed" been,
But just when stepping in the door,
A voice said, "Now I've got you, sure,
Smart drummer."

"Try not to pass," bold Woodward said,
"Or on you I will put a head;
You're peddling out your paper c'llars,
And you must "ante up" five dollars,
Instantly."

"It strikes me five is much too large
A sum for license here to charge,
Our profits here are very small,
Then why, I ask, should you grab all
Our ducats?"

"I want no more to hear your jaw;
His Worship Fisher made the law;
So if you still refuse to pay,
Your case before Judge Marsh I'll lay;
To-morrow."

"So long, detec., I'll fix it right,"
This was the drummer's last good-night;
Next morn, before the break of day
That naughty drummer stole away
From Woodward.

Fredericton, N.B., March 17th, 1881.

Colored women may not be always wise, but none of them are foolish enough to wear a piece of white court-plaster on their chin.—*Detroit Free Press.*

JACOB'S PATENT LITHOGRAM.

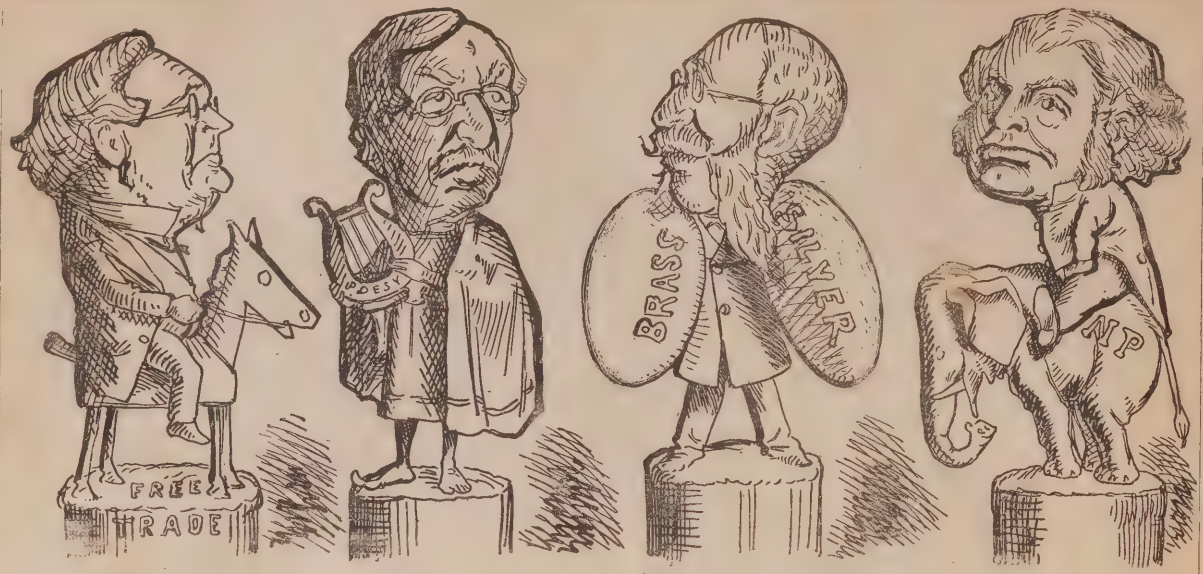
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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 19.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 26TH MARCH, 1881.



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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide-st. East, first door west of Post Office.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1881.

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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE:—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care GRIP Office.

Mr. Tennyson's song of the sisters, "Oh, Divine! Air," from his new volume of poems, has been set as a duett by Mr. Arthur Sullivan.

Mr. Carl Rosa has secured the right of the first representation in London of Mr. Villiers Sanford's opera, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan."

The Chicago *Tribune*, following the lead of the *Times* of that city, has its editorial articles on national political affairs written in and telegraphed from Washington.

Mr. J. K. Brown, of the *Telegram*, has written a drama, which has been accepted by the manager of a popular dramatic company, and may be produced in Toronto before long.

The *American*, an esteemed exchange which comes to us from Philadelphia, has just reached the end of its first volume. It is a high class literary and political weekly, and well deserves the success which has attended it thus far.

Has anybody commented on the noticeable inclination of nearly all writers of articles on Thomas Carlyle, to copy more or less the quaint and cumbersome style of that distinguished author.

Prof. Reynolds, the great English mesmerist, is making the welkin ring with laughter at the Royal Opera House this week. If you would avail yourself of the medicinal benefits of a good laugh, go and witness the Professor's experiments.

Millet's "Angelus" has just been sold in Paris for \$32,000. It was originally sold by a painter to a dealer for \$200, it was then purchased by another dealer for \$1,000 and its next sale went up to \$7,200. Meissonier's picture, the "Halte des Cavaliers," has been sold for \$25,000.

The proprietors of the *Peterborough Review* have purchased the *Canadian Lumberman* from Mr. Begg, and now issue the paper in a greatly improved form. If the *Lumberman* can be made to pay at all, the Messrs. Toker are the very men to do it. We wish them every success.

The *Publishers' Weekly*, edited and published by F. Leyppoldt, New York, has a monthly issue which communicates much information regarding publishers, authors and new books. Mr. Leyppoldt's *Literary News*, a monthly at 50 cents a year, is also distinguished, full and accurate in this respect.

Mr. Swain Gifford is about to finish an Eastern picture. It is a scene on the Nile, where two of the Dabaheahs are moving with the current, and in "lazy liberty" they make noticeable features of the painting. The sky is peculiar to Eastern climes and displays the palpitating atmosphere so familiar to many travelers.

Two well-known pictures, "The Wreck of the Hibernia," and "On the Gatinéau," by Mr. J. C. Forbes, were burned in Wilson & Orr's picture framing establishment at Ottawa, last Sunday night. They were not insured. "The Wreck of the Hibernia" was exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, when it was insured for \$3,000.

We have to thank our friend Mr. George Stewart, Jr., for a copy of his lecture on "Thomas Carlyle," delivered before the Quebec Literary and Historical Society on the 25th ult. The essay betokens a keen appreciation of the genius of the departed Sage of Chelsea, and displays the literary finish which marks all the work of this rising young Canadian *litterateur*.

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Literature and Art.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

The April number of *Quiz* (Phila.) contains the first instalment of a new story by Mrs. F. I. Duncan, the editress. It is entitled *Sir Lancelot*. The Canadian friends of the writer will no doubt have an opportunity of reading the work in book form on its completion. By the way, *Quiz* has a new and improved heading, and is in other respects exhibiting progress typographically.

A peerless professor of Mesmerism is to be followed at the Royal by an equally great master of the art of Necromancy. Prof. Hartz, who has for some time past been baffling the wits of the cute New Yorkers, has been engaged for a week's performances, commencing Monday, 11th. Prof. Hartz is the recognized leader of the Wizards, and performs his seemingly miraculous feats on a stage devoid of all the usual furniture and appliances.

NEW MUSIC.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of two new songs. "Sighing for Rest" is a ballad by Edwin Gledhill, composer of "Waiting for the Tide," It is published by Thos. Claxton, Yonge St.—the first piece issued from this establishment. The other song alluded to is entitled "Oh, Bonnie Seabird," music by F. W. Mills, words by Mrs. Florence I. Duncan, of Philadelphia. We reserve a criticism of these pieces for a future issue.

A very interesting exhibition of the work of pupils attending the Ontario Art School is now open to the public at the Gallery of the Society, King St. west. The pictures represent all the branches of art taught in the School, embracing industrial and decorative designs, sketches from the flat and round, oil and water colour subjects, charcoal studies, etc. The Exhibition is well worth a visit from the friends of culture and progress, and cannot fail to give them the greatest satisfaction. Hon. Adam Crooks will distribute the medals and prizes to the successful competitors on this (Saturday) afternoon.

Moonshine is the title of an exceedingly sprightly and witty paper published at 62 Fleet St., London, and edited by Mr. Arthur Clements. To our mind it is the best of the London comic journals. In a late number it gets off a neat thing, which is as applicable here as there, and which we commend to the notice of our Minister of Education, as follows:

Two children met by a kind lady; smaller child crying piteously.

Lady.—What is the matter, my little dear?
Big brother.—Please mum, he's crying because he's got to go to school and say his letters, and he can't speak yet!

St. James' Choir Concert took place in the School House last Monday evening, and was fairly attended. The different numbers were given with seeming satisfaction to the audience, although the music performed was not of the most interesting kind. Mrs. Caldwell, of course, delighted every one with her fine voice. She was evidently suffering a little from indisposition, however, as some of her notes, which are always remarkably true, were very slightly flat. Mrs. Cuthbert, Mrs. Davis, and Miss Warner gave satisfaction, receiving encores. Mrs. Davis' voice is very good and she sang well. Mr. Furness, from London, a new singer here, has a fine bass voice. We only wish we had heard him in a better selection of songs. In the opening of the Lullaby Song, with violin-cello and piano accompaniment, the performers got so astray they had to begin again, causing a little bewilderment to Mrs. Caldwell, who sang the song, however, with *ecolat*.

SHARP SIXTH.

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The representative of our genuine, no-mistake-about-it Canadian Aristocracy surely deserves a place in the Book of Oddities. He stands alone amidst the representatives of the Best Society in the congress of nations, his characteristics differing from all others. He has not the fine classic mould of countenance which we think of in connection with the British Aristocrat; he has not the air of historic interest which we associate with our idea of the Continental Nobleman, nor on the other hand, can we bring ourselves to bracket him with the American Grandee—not even the Knickerbocker of New York, or the awful swell of Boston. We instinctively feel that the Canadian nobleman would be tainted to some infinitesimal extent by such contact, for his blood is undoubtedly of a bluer shade—it has a royal tinge which can never, never be expected in the blood of a Republican, no matter what may be the age of his house. He stands somewhere between the two poles of High Society—though decidedly nearer to royalty than anything else. He has the same *odi vulgus et profanum* that marks the genuine scions of European nobility. At the same time he doesn't take much stock in the literary and artistic tastes which distinguish the ideal aristocrat. He looks with pride upon his children, in whose veins courses the blood of the old French noblesse perhaps, or possibly the equally noble blood of some gallant officer who came out to this colony as the A. D. C. to Governor Guy Carleton, in the dim, historic past; at all events the Canadian First Family man will not allow his offspring to play with the children of his next door neighbor, who is only a wholesale merchant.

Just So!

In his Montreal speech Mr. Blake boasted that we Canadians have an independent judiciary. We have, indeed! Look at His Lordship, Mr. Frank Shanly, Supreme Judge of the Extraordinary Court of Exchequer, for example! His appointment to his lofty and unique position was made by a Government who are independent of public opinion and his judgments have been remarkable for their independence of anything like justice.

The Globe's Commission to Maine.

Extracts from the Commissioners' Diaries.

Our extracts from the diaries of the *Globe's* Maine Liquor Investigators are duly to hand and read as follows:—

THE ANTI-PROHIBITIONIST.

March 23.—Still at the elevating work of breaking the laws and guzzling crooked whiskey for the enlightenment of the Canadian public. *Mem.*—Shall come on *Globe* Printing Company for new stomach and liver if present apparatus is permanently ruined, as I fear it will be. Companion took to stomach pad this morning. Hired horse and buggy and drove down to Cumberland Mills. Evidently no whiskey here, so had to use our Portland flask. Observed a sign-board "Mineral Water,"—remembered the "Malt Bitters," and winked at damsel and asked for some of the mineral. Directed to the back yard; convinced that law works "well" here. (Had to leave this joke out of letter, as Gordon is down on jokes.) Left Cumberland



and drove to Saccarappa. Interviewed Mr. Haskell, old manufacturing party. Got lots of points from him, but no drinks. Too much water-power here for whiskey to flourish. (This joke also suppressed.)

March 24.—In Portland again. Went on another expedition among the drug stores, in search of the fiery. First shop didn't keep it—or rather didn't give it away. (Had to strangle this humorism in letter—blame the luck!) Next shop we got a drink. Told the fellow we were Canadians. He looked pitiful and gave us a drink. Whiskey appears to be a *drug* in the market in Portland. (Nother good joke wasted.) Had an interview with Mayor Senter. Senter is a weak politician, but Portland whiskey is strong enough to counterbalance him. Mayor down on liquor law, and don't sympathize with Neal Dow. "Why," (as I remarked), "it seems strange that Portland would elect an anti-prohibitionist to repre-Senter." Mayor fainted and we left.

March 25.—Received copy of *Mail* to-day with article on our expedition. So much affected by the showing up of the immoral character of our mission that we concluded to lay off to-day and think it over.

March 26.—At work again. Effects of *Mail* article and crooked drinks gone. Work in Portland to be wound up with a grand walk-around *a la Haverly*. (Elements of joke here.) Started out after dark and did the gambling and drinking dens of Commercial Street. Found it difficult to get drinks—down. Also did Centre Street. Sketch (somewhat figurative) of this part of our onerous duties.



March 27.—Sunday, the day of rest. Up early. Reviewed our letters in *Globe* before church time. Companion opines we have given ourselves away rather badly on some points. Tell him public opinion will charge it to Gordon B. Go to church and listen to sermon on the wickedness of going to a foreign country for the express purpose of violating the laws. Companion slightly moved, whispers, "That's hard on Gordon, isn't it?" Didn't relish the sermon much myself.

March 28.—Last day of our stay in Portland. Waited upon by a deputation representing low groceries, who beg of us to prolong our visit, as we have been a bonanza to them. Make a feeling reply to effect that we are the slaves of duty and must move on to Bangor. Spend balance of time interviewing Deputy Sheriff Ring, as below.



Deputy Sheriff feels despondent over present state of the law, but hopes for improvement after our departure. Companion draws up list of facts thus far discovered, to wit:

1. Liquor can be obtained in Portland.
2. Whiskey can be had in this city.
3. It is possible to secure drinks here.
4. A jamboree is practicable in this place.
5. Portland liquor is hard on the innards.

Settle up with landlord. Take stock: Expenture—drinks, \$25.78; sundries, \$10. We're off to-morrow.

March 29.—Arrived in Bangor. This is a free-trade town—whiskey is in everybody's mouth. Interviewed Dr. Brown, ex-Mayor, who is down on the whiskey law. Also Mr. Burr, of the *Whig*, who stuck to us like a brother. Went on tour round the city, and investigated "Hell's Half-acre." Much disgusted to find that Bangor people have very inadequate idea of hell, as the half-acre was a pretty decent place. Got whiskey and rum there, however. My head feels pretty big just now—a good deal more than a half-acher, anyhow. (Had to suppress this joke in letter.) We start out into the country to-morrow.



Utterly Regardless!

The bold, bad little boy, who runs that celebrated organ by Advanced Thought, the *Bobcaygeon Independent*, gives us the raw material for the above sketch in the following paragraph, which has greatly shocked the nerves of the *Belleville Intelligencer*:

"If ever in the history of the world there was a miserable, contemptible, corrupt, imbecile, idiotic assembly of scoundrelly old worn out political duffers, it is the Senate of the Dominion of Canada. Having made the last gentle remark that body can prosecute us for libel as soon as it pleases, but we snap our fingers at it, and tell it emphatically that it can go and bag its wretched old head. Prosecute us indeed! A lot of nasty parasitic vermin preying on the body politic! We hereby kick the Senate, and we trust it will consider itself kicked, and act accordingly."

After the Blake Dinner.

From our Specially Impertinent Reporter.
Windsor Hotel.

OLD BOY.—The remittance came promptly to hand. Perhaps there is an idea somewhere in your egregious old pate that I am going to thank you for it. Banish it. When a man of my calibre threatens to resign, it brings a man of yours to his senses quickly, and, after all, what are fifty dollars? However, like all truly great men I am magnanimous—only continue to shell out freely and I'll not desert you.

Thank you, —yes,—am feeling decidedly better, and should there be no recurrence of the —ahem!—attack, shall probably be able to leave my room in a week or ten days. Oh! that wretched dinner—how I have suffered since—ugh! But I say, Old Boy, this isn't half a bad village for a man of really first-rate ability like myself to spend a fortnight in. Have met some quite passable people, and take my word for it, Grip's star is in the ascendant. That speech of mine at the dinner has done more for its popularity than the whole series of your cartoons, although some of them have not been bad—that is to say, not really bad you know. I like to give you a cheering word occasionally, although you are so singularly mean as to the merits of one who is in every way your superior. (This approaches the sublimity of impertinence. *Ed.*)

But to return. Positively it is getting to be quite a bore the way people stare after me in the streets. Ahem! I mean pester me with visits at the hotel. My friend the Honourable Edward was one of the first to call. I had just taken a brandy and soda and was feeling quite comfortable as he entered. "My dear boy," I exclaimed, "this is really kind of you—take a B and S?"—"No!"—"Take a weed then?"—"No!"—"Well, at any rate take a chair?"—"No, he wouldn't take a chair—what the mischief would he take then?" He would "take the liberty of saying that I had behaved in a most ungentlemanly manner during his speech the previous evening, and of adding, that if I annoyed him with such ridiculous grimaes on

any similar occasion he would have me removed from the room." Jedediah! And this was the return for the support and countenance I gave him. For a moment I was thunderstruck—I own it—but only for a moment. With that keen perception which is so characteristic of me I soon recognized the humor of the thing. "Ha! ha! ha! my dear boy," I exclaimed, "I twig—never let me hear again that you are prim and pokey—why, you irresistibly funny man, you're a born joker—do let me enlist you as a contributor to Grip—you—" The sentence was never completed. With a muttered "Pshaw! Idiot!" Edward the Magnificent turned upon his heel and left the room, evidently much chagrined. Poor fellow, I felt sorry for him; undoubtedly it was foolish to suppose I shouldn't see through his little joke, but he need not have called himself an ill name because I did. And so unjust too—certainly it would never have occurred to me to call the People's Edward an idiot—never. *Mem.*—Must take the first opportunity of remonstrating with him, as gently as possible, on the unwisdom of too great self-depreciation—it is a failing to which your Reporter himself is too much addicted, although, goodness knows, he strives earnestly against it.

Scarcely had the Hon. Edward left the room when the President of the Young Men's Reform Club was announced. This exalted individual is slightly of the telegraph-pole-surmounted-by-a-hatchet species—that is, he is tall and slim, but very gentlemanly withal; oh! yes. He approached me with extended hands. "My dear Mr.—Mr."—"Grip will do," I said. "Well then my dear Mr. Grip, I think your speech was admirable, and I shall be only too happy to welcome you to the meetings of the Young Men's Reform Club, and perhaps—eh! perhaps we shall be able to induce you to address us—your stirring eloquence will kindle a warm enthusiasm in the breasts of the youthful Reformers." *Mem.*—Must enquire if grey hairs are considered an evidence of youthfulness in Montreal. "Sir," I said, in my most stately manner—"Sir, I thank you for your courtesy, but be good enough to understand that the great Mr. Grip has no 'politics'—it is his mission to be above them; nevertheless I have no doubt you mean kindly." Seeing he was somewhat abashed, I said gently,—"You are unjust, Mr. President, to your own eloquence; judging from your efforts last evening, surely the young men of your club cannot need a more thrilling orator to enkindle their enthusiasm." You see I was bound to be distant and dignified with this gentleman, who had presumed to think that Grip, the embodiment of impartiality, would pose as a party orator. I say "Grip," Old Boy, because, although you wear the honors, I consider myself the body and brains of that excellent periodical. (Puppy!—*Ed.*) Awed by my chilling manner the President of the Y. M. R. C. could only falter, "I am proud, Mr. Grip, that my humble efforts met with your approbation; had I known that you were to have been present I would have stolen more time from my extensive practice for preparation." "Not at all," I said; "a trifle too prosy perhaps, but quite passable—certainly quite passable, considering your—want-of—preparation." "You overwhelm me, Sir. I had thought of asking you if Grip would be willing to receive an occasional contribution from me, but—but—suffer me now to take my leave." And I suffered him.

I say Old Boy, does your miserable request that I should be "brief but brilliant" apply to all my reports? If so I must close this.

Yours, S. I. R.

P.S.—One of the twenty dollar bills you sent me has a suspicious look of "flimsy" about it—hadn't I better burn it? Shall have to draw on you at any rate to-morrow. S. I. R.



A Bird of Passage.

Items have been appearing in the newspapers during the past twelve months stating that a glass factory was to be established in some part of the Province. Citizens of Barrie, Nananee, Belleville, St. Thomas, Thorold, Penetanguishene, and numerous other places will recognize in the above sketch the features of the discoverer of "the finest sand in the world," but will perhaps wonderingly inquire whence those features? Going down street in one of those places on the evening of Friday last humming "O! that I were a bird," a number of the citizens took him too literally at his word, with the above result. As he could not "tar himself away from the town," they tried to assist him to do so.

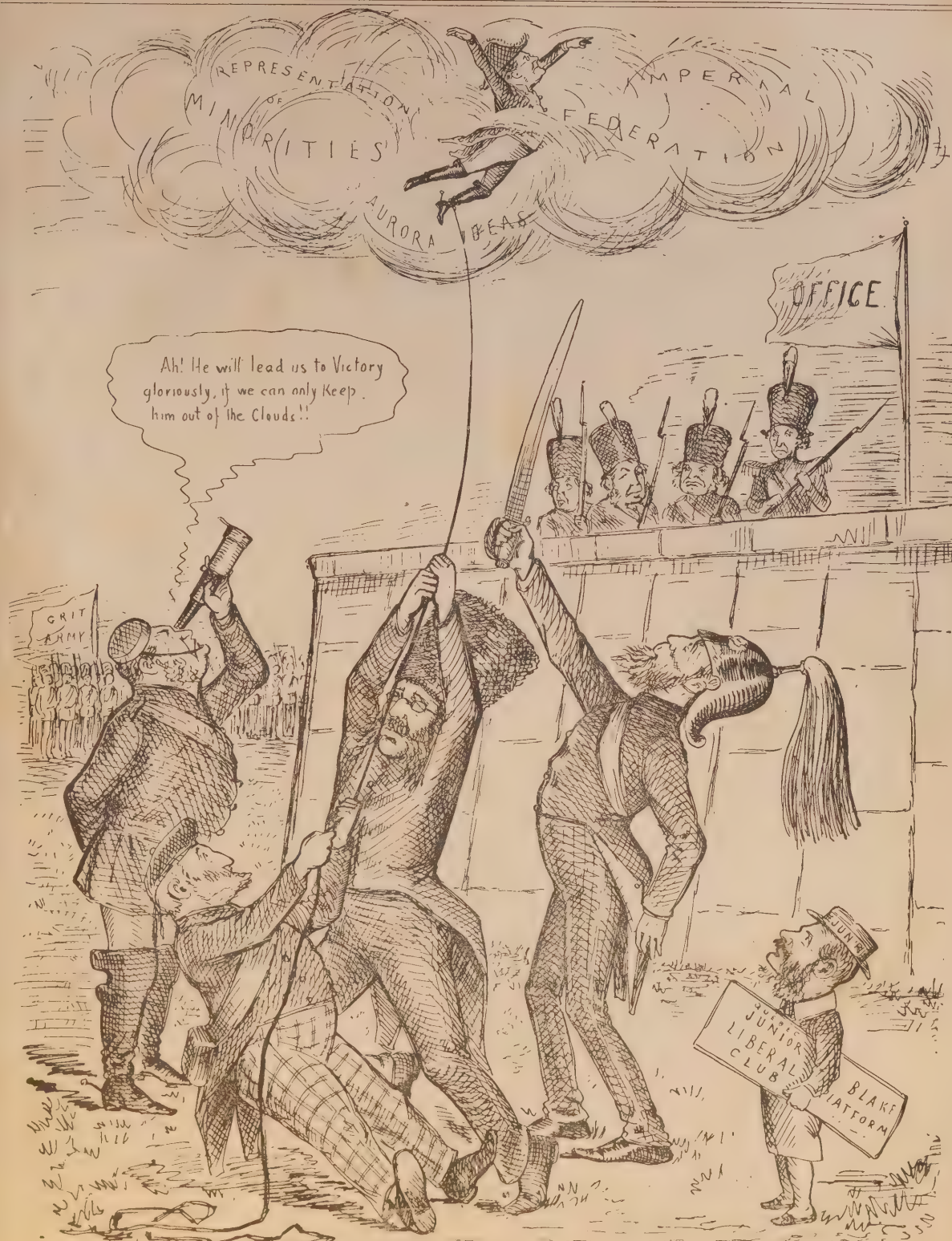
After Wordsworth.

This lesson, Sheppard, let us two divide,
The sequence sure of Cause and of Effect;
Nor let the dusky "Doc" in push-cart pride,
To East's "attempt upon his life" object!

An American Court Scene.

District Court, No. 1, York County.

The Judge was addressing the Jury and said:—"The case is as straight as the hair on my head. You all must have noticed that pretty young girl whose beauty has started my brain in a whirl; She says that the plaintiff's contention is true, (She's a nice little girl), but I leave it to you. It's true that four adults her tale contradict (I wonder their consciences have not been pricked), I lend little ear to these plain male adults, For homeliness never can quicken my pulse. But the case is for you, gentlemen, d'ye see; You mustn't be moved by opinion from me; But if I were the jury, I'd feel it my duty My verdict to make a sweet tribute to beauty." Then up the defendant's great advocate leaped, And he scattered the papers in front of him heaped, And he shouted as only great counsel can shout:—"Does your Honor not know what your Honor's about? What has beauty to do with the case now in hand? Can the truth by some fair-faced young girl be trepanned? Must my wondrous ability labor for naught When some simpering maiden your fancy has caught? Though Justice be fair, be a maid fairer still, She may twist you, your Honor, about as she will, I'm disgusted. I'm furious indeed. Yes, I'm mad; I want Justice, and Justice it seems can't be had." Then slowly and very impressively too, His Honor rejoined: "Mr. Hayleg, from you I've already endured quite enough great and small, Of the article known to the vulgar as gall, Beware should my temper still further be risen." (His Honor no doubt was suggesting a prison.) But the counsel undaunted replied in full tone:—"I know both your Honor's affairs and my own. I am right; you are wrong; you are wrong; I am right; 'Gainst that wrong I protest with the whole of my might." His Honor repeated his former remarks, And his blade from the counsel's still drew some few sparks; But at length both determined to "button their lip," And with an occasional fizzle and fip, This struggle (so common in far off places, But so new and unknown in Canadian cases) Was ended amidst the unwashed's stifled laughter, And lots of such cases will happen hereafter.



THE TOO-ASPIRING LEADER.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The neatest thing in Easter bonnets is a pretty face.—*Boston Herald*.

Young man, go to New York, join a Land League, and blow up with the country.—*Sweetly*.
Solomon was the first man who wanted to part his heir in the middle.—*Steubenville Herald*.

The man who has gathered a big ice crop wants to keep it shady.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

P. T. Barnum has recovered nearly all the flesh he lost. It pays to advertise.—*Danbury News*.

The proper remedy for a young lady who is short of stature is to get spliced as soon as possible.—*N. Y. Mail*.

The theatrical stage needs not be considered angelic simply because it has wings and flies.—*Sunday Transcript*.

Translating from the German.—Escorting your girl home from the fashionable dancing party.—*Lowell Courier*.

We don't torow bomb-shells at our rulers to destroy them. We let office seekers torture them to death.—*Griswold*.

'Tis easier to do something that some one else is doing, than to do what you are doing yourself.—*Whitehall Times*.

"Love goes where it is sent." Nonsense! It more often goes where it is dollar than where it is cent.—*Boston Transcript*.

The man who comes about solely to kill time should confine himself strictly to his own time.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A correspondent asks us what is the relation of a university to an ordinary college. It is a step farther.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Aw, thanks, you may keep them, I don't need them now. I have got a position in the Civil Service.—*Philadelphia Quiz*.

Artemus Ward once commenced a lecture thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I possess a gigantic intellect, but I haven't it with me."

"Do you drink?" said a temperance reformer to a beggar who had implored alms of him. "Yes, thank you," returned the candid pauper, "where shall we go?"—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

This has been a good winter for lecturers and amateur actors. With eggs at seventy-five cents a dozen none but the wealthy can afford to throw even rotten ones.—*Philadelphia Kronicle Herald*.

"Yes," said the schoolgirl who had risen from the lowest to the highest position in her class. "I shall have a horse-shoe for my symbol as it denotes having come from the foot?"—*Harvard Lampoon*.

A young lady was caressing a pretty spaniel and murmuring: "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah!" sighed a dandy standing near, "I would I were a dog." "Never mind," retorted the young lady sharply, "you'll grow."—*Boston Star*.

Women are such inconsistent creatures! We heard a young lady remark—rather inelegantly, it must be confessed—that she hated "that Biggs fellow, he is such a soft cake!" Well, in less than three months she took the cake.—*Boston Transcript*.

Does a man ever go into a grocery store and say, "I'll give you five cents a pound for sugar," and expect to be treated with respect? Not at all. He asks the price of sugar and pays what is asked or goes without. But the same man will offer a price twenty per cent. below rates, for a given space in the advertising columns of a newspaper and feels offended because it is not taken.—*New Haven Register*.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, in reply to a query: "what shall we do with our daughters?" says, Don't allow them to learn how to make shirts. It is better they should not know. Then, when they are married, their husbands can work twenty hours a day to get money with which to buy ready-made ones, while they knit red dogs.

We never saw but one lung pad that we would have, and that was the one Bernhardt wore in the third act of Camille. It was made of diamonds, and reached from her neck clear across the level plain to where her corsets hook at the top, and must have cost thousands of dollars. And yet she seemed to be catching cold every minute.—*Peck's Sun*.

Only a few months ago the people of Ireland were wailing and calling upon heaven to pity them, and the rest of us to give them something to eat, because they had no harvests to gather. Now they have abundant harvests and are howling and shooting if anybody attempts to gather them. We presume these unhappy people probably know what they want; certainly nobody else can guess it.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A Berks county editor had just finished an able and lengthy editorial on the "Physical Degeneracy of Women," when a robust female entered the office with a cartwhip in one hand and a copy of his paper in the other. As the editor threw open a window and was about to spring out, the woman modestly said she had brought the lost whip advertised in yesterday's paper, and she wanted the fifty cents reward.—*Norristown Herald*.

The average newspaper reporter is never abashed and is equal to almost any emergency. One of the class was interviewing Mlle. Bernhardt the other day, when she grew enthusiastic over America, and expressed the wish that the nation had but one mouth that she might kiss it. The reporter instantly suggested that he represented the nation to a certain extent, and he had "but one mouth." The rest of the story is not told, but—well, she didn't kiss him.—*Cleveland, O., Leader*.

"I presume dat mos' of dis club am awar' of de fact dat I own an ole hoss which kin sometimes light out as if de hull common council war' arter him. I hitched up de pung las' Sunday, tole de ole woman to roll in, an' we went out for a ride. Bime-by one of dem 2.40 clipped hosses came flyin' along an' turned out to go by my ole Don Juan. I sot dar an' didn't pull a rein, an' yit dat ole hoss held de road fur a hull mile agin dat flyer, an' de white man layin' on de whip fur all he was worth. Maybe it didn't look zactly right fur an ole hoss, an ole sled, an' two ole black folks to git away wid a white man's flyer, but dat's all de cruelty dar was about it. Bress you, my friends, dat ole Juan an' me have slept in de same barn, had de same sorrows, worked on de same jobs an' felt de same heat an' cold fur risin' of sixteen y'ars, an' I wouldn't hit him a lick fur a ten-dollar greenback.—*Pickles Smith, of the Lime Kiln Club*.

A wonderful physician has taken up his residence at the Canadian capital, who has discovered an ingenious and startling, but perfectly logical treatment for softening of the brain; an elaborate description of his process would read so like a chapter out of *Jules Verne*, that it will be sufficient to say that he simply opens the skull, removes the brain, freezes it, labels it with the owner's name and places it in a pigeon-hole of his surgical room, and after a few days, the owner, who has in the meantime performed his daily avocation quite unembarrassed, calls, and the doctor replaces the brain in the best condition and highest style of art. One man, who had been operated upon thus, rather to the physician's surprise, left his brain unclaimed for weeks. The doctor meeting him one day, quite by chance, said: "How d'y do? Why in the world haven't you called to have your brains put back?"

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Cylinder 4 x 9. May be seen in running order on the premises. Price \$250.

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24 in. knife, made by Rogers & Co Norwich, Conn. Cost \$175, will sell for \$75.

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4 ft. saw, rollers 38 in. long, 6 in. diameter, saws straight or bevel. Frame 5 ft. wide, 6 ft. long, pulley on mandril 8 x 14 in. Made by Goldie & McCullough. In use only 2 months. Cost \$550, sell for \$200.

STICKER.

Three moulding heads, one head for surface planing. Planes 6 in. Made by Daniels, Newcastle, Mass. Cost \$175, sell for \$75.

SHAKE WILLOW.

DRILL.

Centres 8 inches. Price \$15.

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15 feet bed, swings 24 inches, turns 10 feet. Price \$150.

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"A Disturbing Speech."

GORDON B. (reads)—"He closed by an appeal to young Reformers constantly to look ahead to better things beyond, not being satisfied by the gain of single steps in advancement. Those who do are those who start in life as ardent Reformers, and, having attained what they began working for think perfection has been gained, and in middle life settle down as staunch Conservatives."

"Now, I wonder what he means by that?"

That Safe Topic—The Weather.

Scene.—King Street; Time.—Tuesday Afternoon.

Dramatis Personæ.—Editor Mail and editor Globe. They meet.

Ed. Mail.—Beastly weather, isn't it?

Ed. Globe.—Glorious, I call it! Good and Gritty! Sort o' Northumberland and Carleton blizzard—makes you fellows bite the dust, hey?

Exit chuckling.



John Halifax, Gentleman.

"Is your port good, John?"

"Oh yes, sir, best Halifax winter port, sir"

"Got any ice?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Hesslein has just got in some fresh from the West Indies, sir. Will you have the same, sir? Good evening, gentlemen."

Lay of the Maine Martyrs.

Martyrs we've been sure enough,
Since e'er we left Toronto,
Hoisting in such wretched stuff,
In every den we've gone to.
Of course we know the *Globe's* to blame,
To send us thus to tangle
The vile intoxicants of Maine,
Till we're both maniacal.

We travelled on, what did we reck!
We crossed the Piscataquis,
The Chesebrook and Kennebec,
To seek the haunts of Bacchus,
The Schoodic Lakes bring no relief,
No time for ease or languor!
Forward still (our time was brief)
To Belfast, Bath and Bangor.

We crossed Penobscot's fretful roll
And turbid Androscoggin,
We stopped at Eastport for a "bowl."
Just time to take our grog in,
We forded the Piscataqua,
The wild Passamaquoddy,
But could not get in all the way
A glass of decent toddy.

How We Live Now.

Mamma.—Why so fretful, Florence?

Florence.—Too stormy to go to the Athæneum to hear Professor Tidleywink's paper on De-synonomization.

Mamma.—Never mind. It will be all the same in a hundred years.

Florence.—I am well aware, mamma, that identical quantities will undergo no differentiation in the course of the century.

The Troublesome Dust!

(AFTER THE BEAUTIFUL—YOU KNOW.)

Oh the dust, the troublesome dust,
Filling your eyes and ears at each gust,
In at the shop doors, down through the streets,
Painfully blinding the people it meets,
Blowing in clouds it goes whirling along,
Troublesome dust, not caring a song
For ladies' new bonnets, or new summer suits,
For light colored gloves, or neat fitting boots.
Troublesome dust, how it *does* fly around—
The greatest of nuisances just now 'tis found!

Oh the dust, the troublesome dust,
Making you swear till you're just fit to "bust,"
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
Playing the mischief with every one;
Caught by the wind and hurrying by
It flies in your face and gets into your eye;
And horses, half blind go by with a bound,
Enveloped in clouds that eddy around,
While people exclaim as they meet, "Why, oh why,
Are our streets left to get so confoundedly dry!"

Domestic.

It was quite late when Mr. Golitenham came home last evening; the children had been put in their little beds hours before by Mrs. Golitenham, who sat perusing the fashion articles in *Harper's Bazaar* by the fire. She gave one look of contemptuous disgust at Mr. G. as he entered, and again resumed her reading. "My dear," said Mr. Golitenham, purple in the face from repressing outward manifestations of one of his forthcoming jokes, "My dear, which theatre do you prefer going to, the Grand or the Royal?"

"Eh?" said Mrs. G., brightening up in fond anticipation.

"Which theatre do you prefer going to?" repeated Mr. G.

"Well, my love," said Mrs. G. smilingly, "I've not much choice, the play is what I look to. Of course in the Horticultural Gardens, it is different, for we could go early, you could enjoy a cigar before the entertainment, and the dear children could play around the grounds and see the pretty flowers; but of course it's too early yet for the Gardens. Well, love, when are you going to take us?"

"Well, my dear, I was thinking about taking (here Mr. G. burst into a roar of laughter) you about Dominion Day—Ha! ha! ho! ho!"

"Heartless beast!" said Mrs. G. bursting into tears, as Mr. Golitenham, chuckling, went up stairs to bed.



Lenten.

Pretty Niece.—Oh! Auntie Mary, I am so bewildered; do help me to select a costume for the masquerade ball I want something simple, yet striking and novel.

Aunt Mary (who is a dreadful tease).—Well, dear, if you want something simple and yet novel, suppose you go as "Lent." Take your prayer book in your hand, a fish under each arm, and the costume will be complete.

Pretty niece pouts and decides to select a costume herself.

Toronto Girlhood.

Thumb-nail Sketches by Grip's Poet-Philosopher.

NO. I.—AFTER WORDSWORTH.

She never "beamed upon my sight,"
We two are unacquainted quite,
Yet I can tell you to a T
Just what a style of girl is she,
Describing with the utmost rigour
Soul, body, buttons, face and figure,
Of this our unfair Kosamond
Abiding in the street of Bond.

Well then, to do my modest duty,
She is a sort of *hijou* beauty,
From whose slim, supple, sylph-like shape
No "pound of flesh" could Shylock scrape,
From whose bright eyes, that sometimes soften,
An angel looks, an imp more often;
Her hair is glossy brown and hangs
About her noble brow in bangs,
'Tis braided quite too lovely, just!
And all to pieces frizzed and fussed,
She wears a dress of gold-green lustre,
A hat with rose buds in a cluster,
And would you give a glance discreet
At bright hued hose, well-booted feet,
Observe her any eventide,
On King street, at the Dollar side.

C. P. M.

THE FAVORITE ALES, PORTER & LAGER THOS. DAVIES & CO.

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GRIP.

SATURDAY, 9TH APRIL, 1881.



THE BI-ELECTION CATCH!

JOHN A.—Dash the luck! What's got into the blamed fish, I wonder? I can't get a nibble.

SANDY.—Luck! Hech, mon, it's no luck ava! Its naething but a plain deespensation o' Providence, ye ken!



A PROFESSOR OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

GIPSY.—Young gentleman, the signs indicate that you will soon be called upon to lead, not only a Party, but a Government.

BLAKE (aside).—Wonderful how she knows, isn't it?



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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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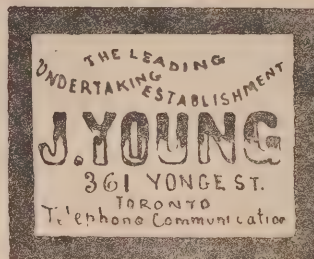
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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care of GRIP Office.

Mr. W. J. Florence has received a decoration from the King of Italy.

Miss Pauline Markham is anxious to have a chance in legitimate comedy.

The Lingards play "Betsy," the London version of "Baby," and call it "The Tutor."

Miss Margaret Cone has taken Miss Georgie Drew's place in the "100 Wives" combination.

Miss Marie Prescott is to play an adaptation of Dumas' "The Princess of Bagdad" next season.

Mr. George Clarke has succeeded in securing the sole right to perform all the plays of the late Barney Williams. His speciality for starring purposes is to be "Connie Soogah."

Prof. Hartz continues his astonishing performances at the Royal. You have another opportunity to be amused and mystified by attending the matinee or evening performance to-day (Saturday.)

Barlow, Wilson, Primrose, & West's Minstrels, an organization well and favorably known in this city, commence a brief engagement at the Royal on Friday evening, 22nd. Make a note of the fact in your memorandum book.

Whitelaw Reid, who is soon to be married to a daughter of the millionaire D. O. Mills, is to be appointed Minister to Germany, vice Andrew White, resigned. Mr. Reid has engaged passage on a steamship leaving New York in May.

Barnum and Forepaugh are at it like a couple of overgrown school boys, pounding one another's heads through the Philadelphia papers as to whose show is the "greatest on top of earth." They are both old enough to have more sense, and as everybody knows, they are both humbugs.

The next attraction at the Royal is to be Miss Zoe Gayton, who appears as *Mazepa* for four evenings and Wednesday matinee, commencing Monday, 18th inst. *Mazepa* is always an attractive piece, and Miss Gayton is said to be the best representative of the character now on the stage.

An Authors' Festival in aid of the Poe fund is to be given in the New York Academy of Music on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, and some of our most noted poets are expected to give their personal services on this occasion. Among those whose names are mentioned in this connection are Dr. Holmes, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Howells and Mr. Trowbridge.

Mrs. Schayer's story, "Tiger Lily," in *Scribner*, at once established her reputation as a writer of capital short stories, while nothing of Mrs. Burnett's yet issued has been more widely read and enjoyed than "A Fair Barbarian." In May begins Mr. Cable's "Madame Delphine." The author of "The Grandissimes" has already scored so great a success as a writer of short stories and as a novelist, that there can be but little doubt as to the quality of "Madame Delphine." Every one knows Mr. Howells, and the announcement that he, too, will contribute a novelette, to begin in the June *Scribner*, with the taking title of "A Fearful Responsibility," has been received with not a little satisfaction by his large constituency of readers. Later there will be printed a short serial by H. H. Boyesen, and another by the author of "An Earnest Trifler," whose long silence since her first success augurs well for the new story. It is expected that these last two will begin in the 'Midsummer' *Scribner*.

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No. 3. Max Muller on National Education, &c.	20

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Literature and Art.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Mr Deshler Welsh, late editor of *Every Saturday*, Buffalo, has accepted a position on the *Sunday Morning World*, a new journal of the same city.

The *Penn Monthly* for April is an excellent number of a magazine which, for intrinsic interest and scholarship, is second to none in America. The articles are Civil Service Reform, Punch and the Puppets, the future of our Public School System, Aspects of Mortality Statistics, Fresco Painting, Book Reviews, &c. This magazine is published by E. Stern & Co., Philadelphia. Subscription \$3 per year.

The publisher of the *Canada School Journal* thinks that patience has ceased to be a virtue, and in the April number he has accordingly "gone for" the editor of the *Educational Monthly* in a style that recalls the valour of *Bill Nye*. The article is very severe, though written undoubtedly under the influence of what Mr. Gage considered righteous indignation. GRIP does not propose to interfere in the quarrel; he merely expresses, in a mild way, his deprecation of the use of personalities on both sides of the house.

Mr. G. Mercer Adam, as editor of the *Educational Monthly*, speaks somewhat disdainfully of certain original illustrations which recently appeared as embellishments to a story written in another Toronto periodical by Mr. Mulvany. Certainly the pictures were not such as *Scribner* would have gone in raptures over, but they were quite passable, and suited their purpose very well. Mr. Adam, who is a sincere friend to Canadian art and literature, ought to be the last to discourage any attempts, however crude, in the line of art. The *Canadian Monthly* would gain immensely if illustrated, even if the cuts were not of the first quality.

Sir Julius Benedict, the famous London composer who, as pianist and director, accompanied Jenny Lind on her American tour in 1850, has written a biographical and critical paper on "the Swedish nightingale" for the May *Scribner's*. The article is said to contain interesting comparisons of her with Malibran and other contemporary artists. The accompanying portrait of Jenny Lind, engraved by Closson from an old daguerreotype, taken while she was in America, will be a striking feature of the number. At the end of his article, Sir Julius hints that he may follow this paper with another, upon the subject of musical conservatories in this country.

"Sam'l of Posen," which is termed, on the programmes, "Mr George Jessop's New American Comedy-Drama," was given during last week, and attracted large houses, not on account of any special merit of the play, but owing to the personal popularity of Mr. M. B. Curtis, and the capital manner in which he interpreted the character of *Sam'l*, a Hebrew "drummer." Mr. Jessop is the author of "A Gentleman from Nevada," a trashy attempt at comedy, which failed even with the support of such a comedian as Mr Polk, who did all he could to make a feature of the principal character, *Christopher Columbus Gall*—an improbable Yankee, whose want of breeding and absurdities proved him to be a clown instead of a gentleman. "Sam'l of Posen" is even worse than "A Gentleman from Nevada," because in the former there is little chance for the creation of character, while in the latter there is a good opportunity. Instead of making the interest of the play centre on *Sam'l*, it centres on a young Frenchwoman, secretly married to a trickster who is afraid to acknowledge her as his wife. The construction of the play is notably weak, and the elaboration of character bad. Mr. Curtis will be remembered in Toronto as the low comedian of Mrs. Morrison's last stock company.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Next Week's "Grip."

Pressure on our space has obliged us to hold over several favors from esteemed contributors until next week. The Grip-buying public will then, we hope, have an opportunity of reading, amongst other good things, "The Everlasting Punters;" "Rizzio; a Drama;" "Face the Music;" "Slashbush on Imperial Federation;" "Domestic;" "The Maiden Marguerite," and another letter from our Specially Impertinent Reporter.

To Correspondents.

P. W.—Will probably appear next week.
John A. M.-cd-n-l-d.—Thanks for your very appreciative letter. We imagined our artist had caught your somewhat expressive features pretty accurately, but are pleased that his efforts meet with your approbation. For the rest—Oh! fie! Johnny—the offer is very delicately put, but we must maintain our independence.

Gordon Br-w-n.—Take out your injunction an't please you. You have the letters,—we have the extracts from the diaries, and we must say the extracts are much the racier reading. No wonder you are vexed, but who cares?

Edward Bl-ke.—Good boy, Edward. We knew you would take the cartoon in good part. Stick to terra firma—don't hanker after the clouds and you'll do.

John J. M-cl-r-n, Montreal.—We refer you to our Specially Impertinent Reporter at the Windsor. If you object to the telegraph-pole-and-hatchet smile tell him so. For all his roaring you will find him as gentle as a sucking dove.

Cheap Cocoa Nuts.



IR SAMUEL sat in a great arm chair
At the Windsor, weary and
triste;
A smaller man would have torn
his hair,
Or broken the pledge—at least.
From afar the wail of a great
defeat
Rang gloomily in his ears—
His eyes were heavy and red,
alas!
And his heart was sick with
fears.

"Why is this thus," he cried in his grief—
"Did we ever vex or flout her?
No, we gave the dimes for the Murray Canal,
Then oh! why has she chosen Crouter?"

Though sad, though bitterly sad, his cup
Not yet was filled to the brim—
For cheer upon cheer rang wildly out
And he knew the cheers were for Him.

For Blake, for Blake, 'twas the banquet night,*
And the Windsor was all a-throng—
With rapturous Grits—dress-coated Grits—
Grits hungry—short and long.

Then Sir Samuel bowed his head and cried,
"Oh! why is the world so bitter—
I gave these ingrates Cocoa Nuts cheap,
Ah! to cheer for me would be fitter.

"But they leave me here to my musings lone—
Whilst they laud that Blake to the skies—
Oh! they don't deserve—no! they don't deserve,
To feast on cheap Cocoa Nut pies."

But there came a gleam to his weary heart,
A gleam of comfort and cheer—
Of the Carleton contest he thought, and cried
"There is consolation near."

"For I know them well—of my earnest faith
They will ever prove deservin'—
Let the Grits crow now, but their pride will fall
With the fate of Farmer Irvine."

Then, like the great, good man that he is,
He lifted his weary head,

And rung for a cup of catnip tea,
Then sturdily marched to bed.
How oft our lives are weary made
By disappointment's leaven.
Sir Samuel stared—"What! Irvine in—
Majority forty-seven?"

He crushed the telegram in his hand—
He muttered a mournful "Oh!"
'Twas a pitiful sight, I faith, to see
Such a good man grieving so.

"But there are left—three followers left—"
He cried in his agony—
"Three followers left to the great arch chief
Of the Cocoa Nut N. P."

He danced around—"Bring, bring my bill—"
He cried in his blank despair—
Then fled from the Windsor, moaning still,
To I'm sure I don't know where.

GARDE.

* The Knight of the Cocoa Nut was staying at the Windsor at the time of the Blake Banquet.

The Globe's Commission to Maine.

On opening our customary envelope from the Globe commissioners this week we found, instead of the expected extracts from their diaries, the following communications, which put an abrupt end to a feature in Grip which must have proven both interesting and instructive to all readers:

FROM THE ANTI-PROHIBITIONIST.

BOSTON, April 13.

EDITOR GRIP,

Sir,—We'll have to let up on that diary business. We've had the misfortune to lose our diaries containing full notes of adventures up to date. It was all owing to the voracious appetite for the crooked which has grown upon me to go with him into a dark cellar for a drink on the sly. We went, and were just in the act of noting down a memorandum of the quality of the stuff when an alarm of police was sounded, and in the terror and excitement we dropped our books in a barrel of Bangor rum, and they were instantly consumed. The alarm proved to be false, after all. Perhaps it's just as well this accident happened, however, as judging from that editorial in Tuesday's *Globe* G. B. don't seem to like our arrangements with you. In place of the usual extracts I will merely give you a brief account of our rambles. Our experiences in Bangor were tolerably pleasant, the quantity of drink to be had there being unlimited. When we left Portland the personal appearance of my esteemed prohibition companion was something like this. When we left home you may remember he was strictly shaped on the Bernhardt pattern. His appearance as presented in this sketch speaks several volumes as to the laxity of the law in Maine. We went from Bangor to Augusta, and there we went through the usual boozing, interviewing, and slum-exploring programme. Augusta whiskey is very fattening in its nature; at least I should judge so by the remarkable effect it has had on my esteemed companion, who on leaving that town looked as nearly as possible like this. We did several other small places in Maine, and having unanimously come to the conclusion that the liquor law was a decided boon to the State, we left the State and came here. I haven't time to write more just now, as we have been invited to attend a lecture by Bronson Alcott on Transcendentalism viewed with reference to the Affinities of Differentiation. We expect to have a big time.

Yours, W. H. SETTEMP.



FROM THE PROHIBITIONIST.
EDITOR GRIP,

Sir,—This diary arrangement with your journal will have to be dropped. We lost our books accidentally, through the execrable craving for rum which distinguishes my unfortunate companion. I need not detail the particulars, but let me show you what that individual looked like on leaving Portland. I think this is a rather forcible argument for prohibition, and if a still stronger protest were needed against the accursed traffic which desolates my native land, I have only to give you another picture of him sketched from life a little later on, to wit, on our departure from Maine a few days ago. We are now in a State where there is no prohibition law, and therefore we will not need to drink so much—that is, he will not. Thank fortune, I am able to control myself. I don't suppose you will feel interested in a detailed account of our wanderings since you last heard from us, so I will not go into particulars. The loss of our diaries will give your readers a rest. Speaking of a rest, reminds me that this expedition has been tough on our sleeping facilities. We suffer more or less from a species of night mare, which takes the horrible shape of Portland crooked rum, and causes us great inconvenience. I wrote to



Mr. Brown, as you suggested, with reference to using your illustrations in connection with our letters in the *Globe*, but he wouldn't come up to your figure. He has no enterprise, anyhow. Adieu, till next we meet.

T. TOTAL.

Everybody is expressing astonishment at the specimen of veal now on view at H. R. Frankland's stall, 22 St. Lawrence Market. "Four months old; live weight, 480 lbs.; dead weight, 380 lbs.!" exclaims a certain Alderman, "phew! that's even a bigger calf than I am!"

A countryman who had never heard of a bicycle, came to town, and when he beheld a youth whirling along upon one of those airy vehicles, he broke out into soliloquy thus: "Golly, ain't that queer. Who'd ever 'spect to see a man ridin' a hoop skirt."

Ask your Grocer or **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table it has no equal. Half-pint Bottle, only 10 cents, Pints, 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.
30 Patterns. The Nobbiest Things in the Market,—WOLTZ BROS. & Co., 26 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO



Preparing a Bomb.

It having reached Mr. Gair's ear that the redoubtable Mr. Phipps was in retirement engaged upon some mysterious task which concerned the welfare of political society in general, and that of the Dominion Government in particular, a trustworthy secret service representative was sent from this office to find out, if possible, what was going on. That official returns to inform us that he could not gain access to the mysterious den of the still more mysterious Phipps, the approach to his place of concealment being guarded by formidable notices to trespassers and admonitions of "No Admittance;" but by the use of certain arts known to the detective fraternity, he learned that the celebrated pamphleteer is engaged in making a fell bombshell which will shortly be projected where it will do the most good—or harm. In other words, Mr. Phipps is preparing a statement to prove his former assertion that the St. Paul Pacific Railway Syndicate are going to receive at least three hundred millions of dollars more than the Canadian Syndicate asked for. Let the members of a recreant Parliament stand from under!!

A Midsummer Knight's Journey.

On a hot day in the midsummer of the fourth year of the reign of the Douglas, a solitary horseman might have been seen slowly advancing over that plain which is described by Yankee geographers and other falsifiers of facts as "The North American Desert." He was travelling along the line of a certain road which was soon to be built, and seemed much occupied with the surfounding scenery. It was evident that he was not journeying to any holy shrine, as that portion of the country was singularly bare of such attractions, and it was also to be noticed that whenever he came to those portions of the land which the King had given to the company that was to build the road he would, on observing any evidences of superior fertility, exhibit signs of joy, and muttering to himself "The people shall hear hereof" make a certain mark on his shield as if to keep it in his mind.

Occasionally this horseman, who was evidently of noble birth, would, according to the custom of cavaliers when engaged in ordinary plain service, scour the surface for a short time, and although nature had plentifully endowed him with soft soap of a superior quality, he speedily became wearied with his exertions, and continued on his course. This particular plain had evidently not been scoured for some time, as it presented a very dirty appearance; but his irregular efforts did not at all improve it; in fact he confined his attention almost exclusively to that part owned by the king, and seemed much disappointed at finding that the rock did not appear immediately below the surface.

Now however, journeying slowly on, he disengaged his shield, a large one having sides lined with different colored metals, from his accoutre-

ments, and drawing some chamois leather from his pocket proceeded to burnish it most carefully; then, having satisfied himself with its brightness by arranging his whiskers by its aid, he slung it carelessly over his arm with the silver side out, and gathering the reins in his hand he urged his steed toward the setting sun. It might now be noticed that his coat seemed to have been turned at some past date, but in his own country it was known that this was not owing to his poverty but to a certain vow which he had made.

He had not gone far when there appeared in the distance a cloud of dust, from which shortly emerged another horseman, and on coming closer the Knight of the Shield was enabled to read these words blazoned on the stranger's helmet, "*Ruit oceano nox.*" From this motto, and from the bearing of the stranger, he was able to decide that the new comer was none other than his former chief, but now deadly foe, whom he believed to have gone to visit the people for whom he fought, and who no doubt was now returning to the Court. On drawing near the Knight of the Motto, addressing the other, said "Why ride you here? Know you not that this land belongs to a great company, even unto the Syndicate, and that you are forbidden, O Knight of the Double Shield, to wander over it or ride across it." Straightway, with winged words, answered the Knight of the Shield, "Lo, even now there will be no Syndicate—for that which it hath undertaken is too much for it; nor will the people aid it, for they groan under the burden they carry, and the Syndicate will fail; but another will arise, and I will aid it with my voice, and I will take stock therein—therefore do I ride across this land, and who is there to prevent me?" Then answered the Knight of the Motto, "You are beside yourself; too many deficits have made you mad; when the great railroad is built, then will your words be shewn to be untrue, for you were ever a false prophet and a small one, and you had better make a quick return."

Then the Knight of the Shield was greatly enraged and turning the brazen side of his shield out, he beat it on the head of his horse till a loud noise was made and said, "I care not, O man of the smooth face and wheedling tongue, for the rail road; if you were rail rode, and the Syndicate tarred and feathered, then would peace and plenty come upon the land," and pricking his horse with the spur of the moment he urged him against his adversary, but before he could reach him the shades of night fell between them and separated them, and tho' they panted for bloodshed they panted in vain, nor was even a woodshed sent to comfort them in their search, and wearied with their efforts they fell asleep, and when rosy fingered Aurora appeared they were far apart, and each continued on his road.



A Portrait of Good Friday.

The best press ever made—two loving arms.

A lady is always athletic enough to jump at an offer of marriage.



Mr. Blake "Feels Uncomfortable."

This little sketch will convey to the public mind some conception of what Mr. Blake means when he says that so far as he is concerned his present relations with the empire are not at all comfortable. He doesn't like being tied to his mother's apron-string, being a boy of high spirit and lofty aspirations. When placed in black and white, as above, this attitude does look a trifle humiliating; but public opinion in Canada for the present adjudges that, taking one consideration with another, this particular relation between mother and child is probably the safest and best. Some of the Conservative journals, we observe, are setting up a great howl of "loyal" indignation against Blake and his party on this Confederation of the Empire question. We are told that they are annexationists in disguise, but we give no more heed to this howl than we do that of the opposite party when they produce arguments to prove that the present Government are deliberately plotting to hand over the Dominion to Uncle Sam.

Voices of Spring.

1881.

FIRST VOICE.

He called and spoke of gentle Spring;
She looked upon him from the sofa,
As if he were some unclean thing,
And murmured, *sotto voce*, "lofah."
"Why this coolness? Tell me, dear,
Why look thus reproachfully?
You told me I had naught to fear,
That you'd be ever true to me,
Then why this coldness, I implore?"
She scarce could answer (she was sneezing.)
"Cold! Good gracious! shut the door."
You great big fool! I'm almost freezing."

The lover thought, "By Jove I'm sold,
It is not 'coolness,' it is cold."

SECOND VOICE.

The winds were gusty,
The streets were dusty,
It was the "wust" he
Ever saw.

The night a stinger,
Yet he had to bring'er
To hear a sweet singer
At the opera.

They went, but nary a
Song or aria,
Or aught hilari-
—ous the singer sang.

Poor Prima Donna,
Her voice was gone a,
Cold was on her.

* * * The Spring had sprung.

Once again I am a dupe he
Thought as he paid for the two-horse coupe.

A son of Erin being asked which was the greatest debating club in Ireland, replied, "The shillelah. And it's foremost in the hottest contests."



THE THREE F'S.—A FAIR, FAULTLESS FIT.

GLADSTONE.—WELL, PADDY, HOW DOES THAT FIT YOU?

PADDY.—FIT, SUR? SURE IT'S TOO GOOD, ENTIRELY! YEZ HAVE LEFT NO TAIL FOR WAN TO RAISE A BIT AV A QUARREL ON, BAD LUCK TO YEZ!!

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

HOW A SULTAN'S SUBJECT WAS ETERNALLY KNIGHTED.

Once there was an alleged humorous Constantinopolitan. One day while looking from a minaret, where he had gone to yell that Mohammed was good, and Sultan Saib was his immortal prophet, and he would bet on it, his eye glanced off on the calm surface of the Bosphorus, reflecting the ever shifting cloud-land in its crystal depths, and a happy thought struck him. It didn't strike him all in a heap, perhaps, but he reached his first base on it, and concluded he could reach home if he didn't have another attack, and didn't have to stop to curse so many dogs that he would forget his joke. But fortune and a retentive memory aided him, and he slid into the portals of his domicile, and lost no time in imparting his wonderful discovery to his wife. She being of a practical turn of mind hastened him toward the palace gates, ejecting in the willing porches of his ear as he skurried away the intelligence that doubtless His Supreme Highness the Catiff of the Full Moon would knight him, or, at least, issue an edict that he should be made lord chamberlain, and his property be forever free from taxation. He hastened onward, and by dint of much ingenuity passed the palace portals, and at last reached the throne of the Royal Peacock himself, and was enabled to gaze on the Sacred Pelican with feelings of majestic awe and wonder. The subject made a prostrate salaam and tremblingly stated his business, and that he was the father of a joke, or was willing to be delivered as soon as the opportunity presented itself.

"Let the sneaking snipe proceed," growled the keeper of the sublime harem.

"Your Potential Highness," meekly replied the joke parent, "the pun I am about to unfold to you, I swear by the horn of the sacred rhinoceros, came to me unintentionally, and it seemed so true that I have hid it in my heart, so to speak, until this time. As I have no middle-man to introduce the question, I shall be obliged to do it myself. It rippled thus:

"Why, my most Sublimated Star of the Morning, is this kingdom like the beautiful strip of sea in front of our ancient city, in reference to the common people?"

I see Your Highness nod as though asleep. I will therefore unload upon you:

"Be-cause it has from its earliest conception had a Bosphorus."

"Rockety, gee swezgtz rusty palxysm melica mash!!" thundered the keeper of the sacred beehive, which being interpreted means, "Take this man out in the alley, break him in two, and fill him full of dynamite, and I, personally, will see that he is properly blasted."

CHAPTER II.

And the blue sea shimmereth still; yea, even like unto the polish of a Vassar graduate; but the man with the mammoth brain he sleepeth with the enthusiasm of a domestic on a winter morning, and knoweth not his wife was raised to the peerage—and let down again with a bang; yea, even within two short days after her late spouse was so influentially blasted and eternally knighted.—*Lockport Union.*

It takes a brass band to fill the air with broken silence.

When he came home tipsy he told his wife he had been out sherry-nading.

A beau dressed out resembles the cinnamon tree—the bark is of greater value than the body.

When a woman leaves a man who has not earned his salt for years, he immediately advertises that he will pay no debts of her contracting.

The bass drum player makes more noise than anybody else, but he doesn't lead the band.

The short girl should not cry because she is not tall; let her remedy the evil by getting spliced.

There are many true words said in jest, as the thoughtful compositor remarked when he set it up "mother-in-jaw."

It is strange that it wears a man's legs so much less to stand in front of a bar than it does to stand by a work-bench.

Glass eyes for horses are now made with such perfection that the animals themselves cannot see through the deception.

It is said that the editor's drawer in *Harper's Magazine* is made up by a woman. So are a great many editors' drawers.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves were they in their places.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

When a man gets a kidney pad, a lung pad, and a liver pad hung around his anatomy, it is safe to conjecture that he's in a very bad way.

A young bride being asked how her husband turned out, replied that he turned out very late in the morning, and turned in very late at night.

There is nothing that strengthens a man's honesty so much as trusting him; suspect him, and you weaken his faith in himself and in everybody else.

The worst about kissing a Wyandotte girl is that you carry the marks of coal dust about your nose and other features till you reach the nearest pump.

A man who is as true as steel, possessing an iron will, some gold, a silvery voice, and a fair portion of brass, should be able to endure the hardware of the world.

"If I punish you," said a mamma to her little girl, "you don't suppose I do so for my own pleasure, do you?" "Then whose pleasure is it for, dear mamma?"

"James, did you divide your paper of chocolate with your brother?" "Yes, certainly, mamma; I ate the chocolate and gave him the motto—he is so fond of reading, you know."

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home, complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I will take all them back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

When some one can invent a five-barrelled revolver which can be sold for twenty-five cents, every city can do away with at least two school houses at the end of the first year. It is simply necessary to buy a little more burying-ground.

"Been vaccinated, Miss Black?" "Yes, indeed, Mr. White. I should just hate to die of that nasty small-pox. Why, they say if you die of it you must be buried in the middle of the night and nobody goes to the funeral!" "How very sad it is for the corpse, to be sure!"

On Wednesday night, about eight o'clock, an inebriated man was observed holding himself up by means of a lamp-post on a prominent street. This lamp-post had on it a small box, and the man had apparently stood there for some time. A reporter had occasion to pass the man, and remarked:—"Hello, there, what's the matter?" "Well," said the man, "I—hic—put five cents in the box here half an hour ago, and this car ain't started yet."—*Rochester Democrat.*

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38 inch saw, wooden frame, made by J. Meakins, Lindsay. Will sell for \$75.

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Cylinder 4 x 6. May be seen in running order on the premises. Price \$250.

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h. p. Price \$85.

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24 in. knife, made by Rogers & Co Norwich, Conn. Cost \$175, will sell for \$75.

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4 ft. saw, rollers 18 in. long, 6 in. diameter, saws straight or bevel. Frame 5 ft. wide, 6 ft. long, pulley on mandril 8 x 14 in. Made by Goldie & McCullough. In use only 2 months. Cost \$550, sell for \$300.

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Three moulding heads, one head for surface planing. Planes 6 in. Made by Daniels, Newcastle, Mass. Cost \$175, sell for \$75.

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Centres 8 inches. Price \$15.

IRON LATHE,

15 feet bed, swings 24 inches, turns 10 feet. Price \$150.

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Imperial Printing Press.

12½ x 17½ inches. In use only 2 years. Cost \$300. Will sell for \$200.

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Cuts 30 inches. Costs \$150. Sell for \$90.

Miller & Richard Paper Cutter.

Cuts 16 inches. Cost \$150. Sell for \$90.

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1½ horse power, just the thing for a person wanting light power. Requires no attendance, always ready, and there is no fear of explosion. Price \$60.

The whole of the above is in good working order.

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TORONTO.



Perfectly Candid.

GORDON B.—May I, without exciting suspicion of my motives, enquire for the present state of your health, Sir Charles?

SIR CHARLES.—Thank you, I'm improving. I hope to be at work again shortly.

GORDON B.—Delighted to hear it, Sir Charles, upon my word. At the same time it is consoling to think that when we *do* drop off there are always better and honester men to fill our places, isn't it, Sir Charles?

Aunt Polly's Opinions.

Last Thursday I was busy, and no mistake. What with turkey, and ham, and cakes and pies to cook, and everything to fix, I was fit to drop when I got through.

Melancholy claimed me for her'n while I was cleaning myself, after the table was set (and it did look beautiful with the tissue-paper roses in the middle, I must say). My opinion of parties was very low, I thought what a trouble and expense they was, and how disappointing to the feelings they most generally turn out. You don't somehow never seem to get your money's worth out of them, and the folks you ask'll go home and pick holes and abuse you. But for all I felt the worthlessness and vanity of it all, I couldn't stand there raspozding. I had to up and put on my cinnamon meriney gown, with the black ribbon velvet and yac lace, and sit myself down in the parlor to wait for the folks.

Which it wasn't long I sit there, for in a minute there was a knock, and I let in Mrs. Sam Banks, and them ten ministers, the delicats, all shapes and sizes, came trailing in after her. Mrs. Sam named each of them, and I was so took up trying to say something different to each, as "Glad to see you," "Happy to meet you," "You're hearty welcome, I'm sure," "I wish you much joy," and the like, that I never noticed the stoutest man of the lot making straight for the chair with the broken leg.

It's always the way! If you'll take notice, you'll find that if there's a weak seat, or a lame stool in the house, they're the ones everybody goes to sit on first! Oh, the perverseness of human natur!

I shouted out so quick, "Don't take that chair," but he says "It's good enough for me, Madame, I'm humble," and before I could say, "This broke," he sat down and found out for himself.

"He that is low need fear no fall," a little thin man said, and all the rest of them roared at him, never offering to help him up, which I calls rank unchristian. "Poor man, it might of hurt him dreadful, and him that fat!" I says, for I pitied him. Then he turned over and got up, that quick and red in the face you'd be surprised. After that we sat around, twirling our thumbs, metaphysically speaking, until with a great clatter in comes my nephew Billy with Weesie Juniper. It's awful funny that every-time she comes to my place she's dead sure to meet Billy on the road!

We had tea right off then, and talk about your Charity Schools and Children's Treats,

they couldn't no how come up to the lot them men put away, which I will say was flattering to my cookery, if nothing else. And the way they talked too, like all possessed! Even my head might have been turned, if it hadn't growed right side foremost so many years and got too stiff to turn easy.

One of them was from up London way, and he was telling Billy all about the Donnelly murder, and the trials and all, for Billy had asked him what it was about, and when it happened, and said he'd never heard the first word of it. This I knew was a downright lie of Billy, which I told him next day, and he only laughed and said, "I wanted to please the old man, and let him bring out his stale corpses, and pass them off for nice fresh ones."

After he'd listened to all he had to tell, Billy said it was Johnnie O'Connor did it."

"Bless'me, no, I can hardly think that," said the minister. "My idea is—"

"He did it, not a doubt of it; he did it safe as eggs. Why you say there wasn't a single individual that *could* have got out that night within ten miles, so it stands to reason the boy being there so handy did it, and burnt the house to hide his crime," said Billy getting excited and throwing his arms around. They might have been at it now, only Billy happened to hit Weesie Juniper in the eye with his elbow, and had to go to the kitchen with her to tie it up.

"Are you going to hear Bernhardt?" one of them asked the stout man.

"Well, no," he said, "a Latin or a Greek play would be more in my line, and then they have refused me a pass in."

"Where does he preach, this Mr. Bernhardt?" says I, and they raised a laugh, but they didn't tell me it was that French actress (which I make bold to say if she isn't a hussy there never was one),—I found that out after.

Well, the party was not so powerful bad when it was over, only that Billy went home with Weesie Juniper and did not get back till twelve. It's only two blocks, but somehow, he says, he lost his way, and it took him all that time to find it again.



The Gentle Skeptic.

CLERICAL CANYASSER.—Can I sell you a copy of the new revised edition of the Bible, sir. It is an excellent—

SIR LEONARD (interrupting).—They have left the Book of *Exodus* in, haven't they?

C. C.—Certainly, sir, it is all—

SIR LEONARD (with emphasis).—Then I don't want it. I have no confidence in the translators. I don't believe there ever was an *Exodus*, and I don't want a copy!!

Mamma.—"My dear, I don't think you ought to marry Mr. Waxend. He is wealthy, but he is eighty years old, and you are but eighteen! Such extremes! So out of all proportion!"

Sweet Girl (who has just left school).—"Mamma, if the means and the extremes are equal, the match is in perfect proportion. By the rule of three, it cannot otherwise be."



The Junior Bar.

I'm an independent chap, and I wouldn't care a rap, Tho' aspersions showered upon me black as tar, I wish you here to note. I have cast a solid vote, For several Junior Members of the Bar—
Junior Bar.

For the Bench (tho' it's disputed), as at present constituted, Is *not* just what it ought to be by far, And we've come to the conclusion, that we'd better try infusion Of some fresher, newer blood from out the Bar—
Junior Bar.

And although it looks like treason, we think we've every reason To make the Bench a sort of legal Candahar.

And to plan a bold assault, without doubt or fear or halt, On this prize of every Member of the Bar—
Junior Bar.

And if we once get 'there, we'll take good and precious care, That we hold the fort and bless our lucky star,

And we never, never, never—I say, never—well no, never Will forget what's due to Members of the Bar—
Junior Bar.

And we'll ventilate the doggin's of McLennan and Tom Hodgins,

Which are slightly out of perpendicular, And we'll show to the profession, what a valuable accession

To the Bench are certain Members of the Bar—
Junior Bar.

And we'll show these ancient Benchers, that they have been retrenchers

In a way which doesn't make them popular, And they're getting old and musty, crabbed, cranky, callous, crusty,

Which won't suit us Junior Members of the Bar—
Junior Bar.

We have Ferguson and Smith, Huxon W. Murray with J. J. Foy (you'll find them in our circular),

And we don't think you can ferret out men of greater merit

Than the four aforesaid Members of the Bar—
Junior Bar.

"The Song of Pahtahquahong."

"The Rev. Henry Pahtahquahong Chase, hereditary chief of the Ojibway tribe, president of the grand council of Indians, and missionary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society at Muncey Town, Ontario, Canada, has just arrived in England on a short visit."—*The Standard*.

Straight across the Big-Sea-Water,
From the Portals of the Sunset,
From the prairies of the Red Men,
Where Suggema, the Mosquito,
Makes the aggravated hunter
Scratch himself with awful language;
From the land of Hiawatha,
Land of Wigwags and of Wampum,
Land of tomahawks and scalping,
(See the works of J. F. Cooper),
Comes the mighty Pahtahquahong,
Comes the Chief of the Ojibways,
Etc., Etc.,
Punch, March 12.

Mr. Punch, you great old Duffer,
Type of English Education,
You're a hundred years or better
Lagging in the race of knowledge,
Gleaning all your information
On affairs of this Dominion
From the works of J. F. Cooper,
Perhaps you'll be surprised to hear
That this Muncey Town, Ontario,
Isn't near the Sunset Portals,
That the Prairie's now pre-empted,
And instead of the mosquito,
'Tis the Syndicate that bleeds the
Settler in the Nor' West Country.

CINGALESE HAIR RESTORER! ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT. IT PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR.

SMOKE "CABLE" S. DAVIS' "EL PADRE" CIGARS.

CHINA HALL!

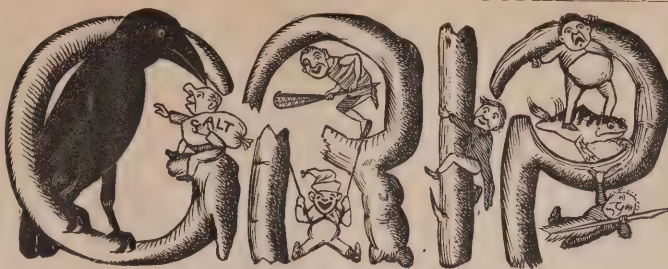
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The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.



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JONATHAN.—FAIR TRADE! THAT'S THE THING TO STOP MY SLAUGHTER MARKET BUSINESS. ASK THIS CHAP IF IT ISN'T.



1ST GENT—"What is he that did make it? See, my
lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those
veins did verily bear blood."
2ND GENT—Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else
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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.**Notice to Subscribers.**

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir Charles Tupper was, during the Pacific Railway Charter negotiations and throughout the subsequent long debate in Parliament, supported in his earnest advocacy of the Syndicate's cause by a childlike confidence in the gentlemen composing that corporation. In reply to the alarmed assertions of the Opposition that the privileges proposed to be granted would be a source of danger to the country, he declared that the members of the Syndicate were gentlemen who would not think of taking advantage of the clauses referred to. Sir Charles has lived to have this gratifying support knocked from under him. He is now aware, in common with the world at large, that the Syndicate is influenced in its conduct by business considerations—business only. Accordingly, all attempts at projecting competing railways in the north-west have been promptly snubbed (as provided for in the charter), and the land which was to have been sold so freely to settlers is either locked up or fixed at fancy prices in all desirable locations. Sir Charles has met the fate of the colored brother in the popular chromo, which we have therefore adapted to point a moral at the present juncture.

FIRST PAGE.—Comment is unnecessary. Sir John is still in England and the "Fair Trade" boom appears to be gaining force.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The obstinacy of Lord Salisbury and his fellows in the House of Peers in their opposition to Gladstone's Land Bill was such as to render no apology necessary for the introduction of the humble representative quadruped in the sketch. The Lords seemed determined not to take the jump required of them,

but John Bull is came up in the rear, and was in no humor to put up with the stupidity and insolence of the privileged class in this matter. Since our sketch was engraved, the critter has gracefully jumped the dyke.

The relapse suffered by President Garfield during the early part of this week caused the utmost anxiety throughout the Continent—or rather the world. The feeling of hope that was so generally indulged has been succeeded by a chilling atmosphere of doubt and apprehension.

W. W. Cole's circus is announced to spread its canvas in Toronto early in September. Mr. Cole is a Canadian, and they say he has one of the best organizations in the world of shows. As the exhibition will be going on at the time set for the performance of the circus, a fine financial haul is pretty well assured.

The Bradlaugh business is taking a rest, the enactment over the attitude of the Lords on the Land Bill having supplanted it in the public mind. Mr. Bradlaugh is still suffering from the effects of his Quixotic attack on the British Parliamentary Windmill, and is not likely to renew the fight till he gets real strong.

The Marquis is having a pleasant time on his western tour, apparently. He is meeting with all the enthusiasm that his presence is calculated to arouse, and we trust nothing will occur to mar the smoothness of his progress. Meantime the Dominion plunges madly along without his guiding hand upon the helm, and nobody seems to know it.

The "intelligent compositor" has been at it again. In one of the city papers there is a displayed advertisement of a brewery, in which Prof. Croft's analysis of a certain sort of beer is given in bold type. The learned gentleman is made to declare, that as the result of his examination he finds this liquor "a pure and therefore wholesale beverage."

The Duke of Argyll is said to have sent his son a letter advising him to resign the Governor-Generalship of Canada, all on account of the Land Bill. If true this is exceedingly cruel of the Duke, as it will be very hard to find another Governor-General like the Marquis—very hard indeed. It is not likely, however, that the irate nobleman's letter reached the personage in question, but if it did he ought to cable in reply: "Can't resign any official duties, as I am not performing any at present. Wait till you get cool, then write again."

The brutal murder of an inoffensive old man at Ottawa by a pack of rowdies who were carrying on a *charivari* on the occasion of the victim's marriage has evoked strong feeling on all sides, and the guilty parties, who are now in custody, will probably receive their just deserts. If the law made this senseless business of *charivari* a felony, few would have any objection to offer. It is not safe to leave the rough element under the impression that assaults of this character are in any way privileged because they are committed under cover of a "custom."

And now it is reported that Senator Boyd is to be taken into the Cabinet. When this is done they will have bonfires in St. John, where the Senator is known and liked by everybody—excepting a few. Mr. Boyd is decidedly superior in ability to any man at present in the Cabinet with perhaps three exceptions, and the Premier could hardly make a better selection if it is found necessary to take in a new Minister.

The Royal will continue under the management of Mr. Conner, under whose direction the house has been thoroughly re-decorated during the vacation. Several new scenes have been painted by Geo. Morris, Sr., while Mr. Ambler and Mr. Powers have supplied new mechanical effects and properties. The Royal is now a bright and beautiful place, and as thoroughly equipped for theatrical purposes as any similar institution on the continent.

Some American papers are making an ado over the alleged stealing by Canada of some mail-bags belonging to the United States. What mail-bags? We haven't seen any of your measly old mail-bags lying around, but see here, Jonathan, we'll look around our premises, and if we find any of the bags we'll send them over to you, providing you'll return a couple of hundred of them filled with the surplus British gold you got on the Alabama award. What do you say?

The work on Yonge street goes slowly on. The road is now broken as far as Queen street, graded up to Richmond, and paved about half that distance. If our suggestion of last week as to the aldermen holding candles to the labourers is not to be adopted, let us have the electric light forthwith. From the way civic business is managed it would appear that our aldermen are not fit to hold candles to anybody. There is no reason why a night gang shouldn't be put on and the work pushed ahead.

If we understand it correctly, the objection to Bradlaugh's taking his seat is that he refuses to take the oath, as he has no belief in a Deity; or he admits that if he did take the oath, it would not be more sacred to him than his mere affirmation. This is honest, at all events, and seeing that there are scores of sitting members who are as truly atheists as Bradlaugh, and hypocrites at that, we entirely fail to see why the British Lion should make an exceptional dead set against this one man. It is an exhibition of injustice of which we, as British colonists, are ashamed before the world.

Aha! the Prince of Wales is done for now! He is charged with having played lawn-tennis on a Sunday. Parliament ought to take action forthwith to prevent any possibility of his ever ascending the British throne. Let Mr. Bradlaugh, who resigned his membership at the Club because Albert Edward joined, see to this at once. The Prince and his friends have lost no time in denying the charge and vindicating the royal character. After all, it may not be true. Perhaps at the very hour indicated H. R. H. was smoking a cigar and reading "Nana" on his own back stoop.

An appeal to the country seems imminent as the upshot of the present English dead-lock. In that event the Conservatives anticipate good results from the agitation over the side issue of "Fair Trade." The Liberals both here and at home pooh-pooh this, but it would be better to postpone their expressions of scorn and contempt until after the event. The Englishman, as well as the Canadian, carries his heart in his pocket. If the people become convinced that "Fair Trade" will make them richer, the Conservatives will carry the day, Land Bill or no Land Bill.

The Royal Opera House will be opened for the dramatic season on Monday evening next, when Miss Ada Gray, an emotional actress, well known and highly esteemed by Toronto playgoers, will appear in *East Lynne*, supported by Mr. Geo. Darrell, a noted Australian actor, and a specially selected company. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. This attraction will be followed on Monday, 29th, by Miss Kate Glassford and her Company, who perform three evenings with one matinee, to be succeeded by a fine company in Augustin Daly's great success, "Needles and Pins."



THE CONCEIT OF TORONTO.

The ineffable conceit, the inflated pride and intolerable "puffed upness" of Toronto is just now serving as a subject for the pens of the outside newspapers in the absence of political pabulum. It is a good subject and a large one. The *Globe* has frankly admitted the truth of the allegation that Toronto is proud, and puts in a plea of justification. It mentions some of our noble institutions and asks if we have not good reason to be a trifle conceited about them; moreover, it mentions the fact that we are a self-made city, and points out the habit self-made people have of worshipping their makers. But the *Globe* passes by many interesting particulars. Toronto's aggregate of justified conceit is made up of the proper pride of her citizens as individuals; for instance:

Mr. Gordon Brown is proud because the *Globe* never tells anything but the truth, and always treats political opponents fairly and generously.

Mr. Baxter is proud because he is universally looked upon as a square man, and because no other alderman can fill a chair like he can.

Mr. Bunting is proud because he has a tall tower on his building; is the proprietor of the leading newspaper in Canada, and owns an editor that will write anything he is asked to.

Mr. Boustead feels conceited because whenever he acts as proxy for the Police Magistrate,

Doc. Sheppard doesn't dare show his ebony countenance in the dock.

Mr. Gzowski is a trifle puffed up because they can't do anything in the city, financially, theatrically, musically, religiously or otherwise without putting his name on the bills.

Mr. Wm. McMaster is excusably vain because he keeps an open purse and never grows weary in well-doing.

Mayor McMurich is proud because he is the handsomest Chief Magistrate in the Dominion, and rules over a city which manages its water and gas pipes worse than any other in the World.

Mr. George Laidlaw is conceited because he regards himself as a sort of Colossus of Roads, because he fought and conquered the Grand Trunk single handed, and because the Credit Valley is turning out to be a valley of cash.

Dean Grasset is proud because the funds connected with the Deanery have reached magnificent proportions, and because, under the maternal care of St. James' Cathedral, Stanley st., has become a most savoury thoroughfare.

Mr. J. Ross Robertson is vain because he is growing rich on the pirated productions of other men's brains, and because his paper is edited by a Young Man with a Powerful Mind.

Rev. Dr. Wild is stuck up because he has lifted Bond Street Church out of the slough of despond, and because he knows just what is going to happen in the political and religious world from now to the crack of doom. Several other city pastors are conceited because they don't have to preach to crowds like those that flock to Bond street.

Mr. Sheppard is conceited enough to think that the interests of the Grand Opera House can be promoted by neglecting due courtesies to writers on the press. This is the solitary instance of unjustifiable vanity.

Besides, Toronto is the only city that has a Yonge street and a GRIP!

The Parliament of the Cats.

It was a lovely summer night,
A summer night in June;
I leaned against the window-sill,
And gazed upon the moon.
That orb was shining overhead,
With pale and modest light,
Its mimic picture on the lake,
Was traced in moonbeams bright.

Now everything had settled down,
And everything was still,
Save for the rustling of the leaves;
The murmuring of the rill.
When suddenly from earth arose,
A melancholy cry,
And, by the moonlight, on the fence,
Gramalkin's form I spy.

I watched his movements carefully,
To see what he would do,
He calls again; and now I see,
Gramalkin number Two.
And now the cats from far and near,
Are gathering at the call,
And each one as he takes his seat,
Gives forth a "cakerwall."

They watch each other stealthily,
Maintaining all the while,
A kind of "armed neutrality,"
Quite of the "jingo" style.
The members of the Government,
Are there in force to-night;
The Opposition number strong—
—A most imposing sight.

There you behold the Speaker grim,
Sedatest of the cats,
Sitting on a flower pot,
And thinking—well—of rats.
There is the cat that always speaks,
An hour or so too long;
There is the one, who, like our "Joe,"
Indulges in a song. (?)

The leader of the royal Opposition now begins,
And reads a long indictment,
Of Governmental sins.
A member of the Government,
Upriseth to reply,
And quoteth facts and figures,
With statistics dull and dry.

The leader of the Government,
Is called on to respond,
And calls the other leader,
By pet names, far from fond.
A fiery cat gets up to speak,
With direful intent,
But finds, after an hour or so,
His energy mis-spent.

For now the fight commences,
In true Canadian style;
With "parliamentary language,"
Each other they revile.
They mind not cries of "order,"
Nor heed the Speaker's call;
With eyes aflame, and tails erect,
On one another fall.

The Speaker sits in silence,
Regardless of the fray;
But, in a pause of battle,
These words I heard him say:—
"Ye members of the Government,
"Why fight ye so to-night?"
"Ye loyal Oppositionists,
"What do ye want? More light?"

"If so, ye must not seek it,
"By force of jaw—absurd!
"Such actions and such language,
"At Ottawa are heard!
"Would ye descend to imitate,
"Those legislators' tricks?"
"And try to force your measures,
"By scratches and by kicks?"

"Such actions are unworthy,
"Of minds so vast as yours,
"Such pranks as you have played to-night,
"Just ridicule insures."

And now a silence settles,
On the assembly of the cats,
They all slink off disgusted,
Helped on by dark "brick-bats,"

For the neighborhood ariseth,
Ariseth as one man,
They pelt that cat's assembly,
With stick, and stone, and can.
And now no more at sunset,
Meets that Parliament of Cats,
For a dissolution's taken place,
And the Speaker's after rats.

F.R.H.



A VOICE FROM HOME.

D-ke of Arg-ll.—Hi, there! John Douglass Sutherland! You come home at once, I won't have you playing with that common Gladstone boy!

Probably the boy never lived who, having a drum, did not burst it to see what made the music. But Vermont has the champion boy. He broke his drum because he wanted to see the drum core his father spoke of.



THE YOUNG IDEA AT BOND STREET.

Rev. Dr. W.-d.—Now, my dear, how do you know that the Emperor of Russia is the lineal descendant of Nebuchednezzar?

Sunday School Boy.—'Cause I heard you say so in church.

Rev. Dr. W.-d.—Correct. And can you tell me what it was Nebuchednezzar fed upon when he was driven out to the wilderness?

Sunday School Boy.—Leekz!!

Fair Rosamond.

A TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS, BY GRIP'S OWN DRAMATIST.

Entirely Unindebted to Mr. Swinburne's Tragedy on the Same Subject.

ACT I.—The Palace of King Henry, the Second.

Mrs. Grundy enters. To Queen Elinor.

Mrs. Grundy:

Why please your Highness, everybody knows it, That at His Majesty, the second Henry, That hussy, Mistress Rosamond, makes eyes, Sich goings on is dreadful!

The Queen:

I'll make her, rue it. The wretch, that flirteth with my royal husband— Tell me her present post office address?

Mrs. Grundy:

The King, they say, has built for her at Woodstock, A place they call the Maze, since it amazes Whoever tries without the clew to enter.

The Queen:

I'll get the clew, and she shall get the claw, And teach such queans to hold the queen in awe.

Exit Queen, Mrs. Grundy holding her train.

ACT II.—The Maze—Fair Rosamond and King Henry in the best Parlor.

King:

Fair Rose, accept of this ice cream—'tis sweet As are your eyes, and roseate as your lips.

Enter Archbishop Thos. a Becket.

Thos. a Becket:

What, ho, sir King! are England's revenues To furnish for this minion, strawberries And ice creams, meet for mother church's picnics? See that thou pay in quittance for this scandal, A score of coined rose-nobles.

Rose:

Oh! my lord, Why pay rose-nobles for poor ignoble Rose?

King:

Will no one rid me of this meddling Prelate?

Four Knights, without:

We hear, lord King, and all are willing, very; And this place-proud high priest of Canterbury, We'll canter first and then proceed to bury.

Thos. a Becket rides away—The four Knights ride after him. For his murder at Canterbury see our local exchanges of the period.

King and Rosamond eat more ice cream.

ACT III.—The Maze—Best parlor table with empty ice cream cups—Rosamond on lounge with guitar.

Rosamond sings:

Ah moi que je suis triste ce soir!
Helas! et je ne sais pour quoi—
Ne pas pour l'amour qui va partir,
Mais cette douleur me fait mourir—
Belle Rosamond est blanche que belle
Mal d'estomac fait blanchir elle,
Maudit "ice cream" mange
Me fait malade—je sais pour quoi!

Enter Queen Elinor:

You painted hussy whom the rools call fair,
(If I'm not fairer I will eat my head off.
He! he!) As EDWARD BLAKE says in his speeches,
"One of two courses lies before you." Take
This dagger. GOLDWIN SMITH has sharpened it
'Gainst BROWN, and GORDON BROWN 'gainst GOLD-
WIN SMITH!
—This use—or else this bowl of poison finish.

(Displays huge bowl of ice cream.)

Rosamond:

In mercy, Queen, give me some other poison!
Restaurant tea or picnic lemonade—
The dire sour cider of the Queen street fruit stores—
Deadly doughnut, or pie like circular saw!

Queen:

No! no! take this, to this I guess you'll tumble.
Hear! take what suits your case—this ice cream.

Rosamond:

I scream! Dies.

ACT IV.—Enter King Henry with ecclesiastics and flagellants bearing cat-o'-nine-tails.

Queen Elinor:

Your Majesty is welcome; come and stand
Between dead mistress and live wife. Ah false one!
I have some few words for your private ear.
(Goes for his hair.)

King Henry:

Excuse me—not to night—some other night!
Fact is, most urgent business. Becket's murder.
(No fault of mine, fault of those other fellows.)
Must be atoned for by some certain floggings
From these good monks at poor dear Becket's tomb.

Aside:

I wish old Becket were alive; her scolding
I dread more than his lordship's longest sermon!

Queen:

That's so! Good monks give me the cat-o'-nine-tails;
—I know just how to warm his royal back!
I will avenge our Prelate properly.

King:

It may not be—such action in a Queen
Were too much kind of Rights of Women business!
Move on good monks, and as ye love your skins,
Be very gentle in your flagellations.

Monk:

We will but smite your Highness as the schoolmarm
Smites the inspector's girl before the inspector.
(They move away.)

Queen:

I will contrive, and do not you forget!
To comb your royal wig, a stool of repentance yet.

Tableau finis.



THE FACETIOUS MINISTER.

P-pe.—How are you, old man?

T-ll-y.—O Toller-able, thank you. How are you?

P-pe.—Pretty well, relatively speaking.



MAKE NO MISTAKE.

This is not a codfish, showing where the fish ball is located; it is a faithful copy of the *Globe's* engraving of the diagnosis of the Garfield case.

Young Canada to His Respected Parent, Squire Bull.

DEAR POP,—As I know that Mr. *Globe* has been on a visit to your part of the world, I fear, as the old lady has rather a long tongue, she may have been telling you that Mr. G. Smith, who was once a tutor to your boys, has a spite against you, and has been trying to make me feel the same. Now I want to tell you that there is no sense in that, no ways. Mr. G. Smith is a very nice young man, but he couldn't set me against you if he tried ever so, and for all Mr. Smith says, I believe he don't want to.

But look here, Pop, I put it to you if it is not a little hard on a young fellow like me in one or two things I would like you to consider.

1. If immigrants from Germany or elsewhere come to Canada, we can not give them naturalization. If they go over to a city in the States, to Uncle Sam, and are unjustly treated, we have no power to help them; less than no power, because he has an old grudge against you. So the immigrants know this and go to Uncle Sam's place instead of to mine.

2. Our militia costs Canada quite a sum every year, yet you won't let Canada appoint a single colonel. Now, Pop, is this fair? I ask you as a man.

3. Worse than all, Canada is still subject in every respect to your English rule, which is quite unsuited to our climate, social system, and habits. Lawyer Blake is going to see to that one day soon.

4. Is it fair, I ask you, that Canadian authors have no protection against being pirated in the States, all because Canada is a British colony? Is it fair that we are compelled to let doctors with English degrees, who can know nothing of our climate or habits, practice here, while you refuse to receive a Canadian doctor even as surgeon of a ship? Even the Allan steamers must all have their surgeons from England.

5. Your people, your government, your swells, and your journals snub us and give us away all the time, as they did at Fortune Bay the other day, and toady Uncle Sam who despises them for it. We are "only a colony," you know.

Now, Pop, would it not be better for us young folks, with your blessing and consent, to set up for ourselves in business right off. We don't want any money. Keep that for the Yankees if you like. Still less do we cotton to Uncle Sam, not that way anyhow, whatever Mr. G. Smith may say or think. Give love from all here to Miss Louise; we bear her no ill will for thinking our place too homely, and we are glad to hear she is getting so uncommon strong, she goes to all the picnics and socials.

From your loving son,

YOUNG CANADA.



SIR C. T.—Go 'WAY FROM DAR, DON'T YOU
BE BREEDIN' NO MISCHIEF!

SIR C. T.—WHO'D HAVE THUNK DAT ANIMAL
'D ACTED DAT WAY!

PUT NOT YOUR FAITH IN SYNDICATES!

*. See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Sun is mightier than the Sword."

THAT ONE DOLLAR BILL.

How it did rain that November night. None of your undecided showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were, between; none of your mild, persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of arrowy drops, and a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Pratlet heard the rattling up against the casements, and drew his snug easy chair closer to the fire—a great, open mass of glimmering anthracite, and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson mooren curtains, and a gray cat fast asleep on the hearth and the canary bird rolled into a drowsy ball of yellow down upon its perch.

'This is snug,' quoth the squire. 'I'm glad I had the leaky spot in the barn fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy night once in a while, when a fellow's under cover, and there is nothing particular to be done.'

'Yes,' Mrs. Pratlet answered. She was fitting about between the kitchen and sitting room with a great blue-checked apron tied waist. 'I am nearly ready to come in now. Well, I wonder, *sotto voce*, if that was a knock at the door or just a little rush of wind?'

She went to the door, nevertheless, and a minute or two afterward she went to her husband's chair:

'Joe, dear, its Luke Ruddilove,' she said, half apprehensively. The squire never looked up from his reading.

'Tell him he has made a mistake. The tavern is on the second corner beyond.'

'But he wants to know if you will lend him a dollar,' said Mrs. Pratlet.

'Couldn't you tell him no, without the ceremony of coming to me? Is it likely that I should lend a dollar, or even a cent, to Luke Ruddilove? Why, I'd a great deal rather throw it among yonder red coals. No—of course not.'

Mrs. Pratlet hesitated.

'He looks pinched, and cold, and wretched, Josiah. He says there is nobody in the world to let him have a cent.'

'All the better for him, if he did but know it,' sharply enunciated the old squire. 'If he had come to that half a dozen years ago perhaps he would not have been the miserable vagabond he is now.'

'We used to go to school together,' said Mrs. Pratlet, gently. 'He was the smartest boy in the class.'

'That's probable enough,' said the squire, 'but it don't alter the fact. He is a poor, drunken wretch now. Send him about his business, Mary; and if his time is of any consequence, just let him know he had better not waste it coming here for dollars.'

And the squire leaned back in his chair, after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter was settled.

Mrs. Pratlet went back to the kitchen where Luke Ruddilove was spreading his poor fingers over the blaze of the fire, his tattered garments steaming as if he was a pillar of vapor.

'Then I've got to starve like any other dog!' said Luke Ruddilove. 'But, after all, I suppose it don't make much difference if I shuffle out of this world to-day or to-morrow.'

'Oh, Luke, no difference to your wife?'

'She'd be better off without me,' he said downheartedly.

'But she ought not to be.'

'Ought, and is, are two different things, Mrs. Pratlet. Good night. I ain't going to the tavern, although I'll wager something the squire thought I was.'

'And isn't it quite natural enough that he should think so, Luke?'

'Yes, yes, Mary; I don't say but what it is,' murmured Luke in the same dejected tone he used during the interview.

'Stop,' Mrs. Pratlet called to him as his hand lay on the door latch, in a low voice, 'here's a dollar, Luke. Mr. Pratlet gave it to me for an oilcloth to go in front of the parlor stove; but I will try and make the old one last a little longer. And, Luke, for the sake of your poor wife and the little ones at home, and for the sake of old times do try and do better. Won't you?'

Luke Ruddilove looked vacantly at the new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it there.

'Thank you, Mary. I will. God bless you,' he said, and crept out into the storm that reigned without. Mrs. Pratlet stood looking into the kitchen fire.

'I dare say I've done a foolish thing, but, indeed, I could not help it. If he will only take it home and not spend it at the tavern, I shall not miss my oilcloth.'

And there was a conscious flush on her cheeks as if she had done something wrong when she joined her husband in the sitting room.

'Well,' said Squire Pratlet, 'has that unfortunate gone at last?'

'Yes.'

'To the Stake's tavern, I suppose?'

'I hope not, Josiah.'

'I'm afraid it's past hoping for,' said the squire, shrugging his shoulders. But Mrs. Pratlet kept her secret in her own heart.

It was six months afterwards that the squire came into the dining room where his wife was preserving great red apples into jelly.

'Well, well,' quoth he, 'wonders will never cease. The Ruddiloves have gone away.'

'Where?'

'I don't know—out west somewhere with a colony. And they say that Luke has not drank a drop of whiskey for six months.'

'I'm glad of that,' replied Mrs. P.

'It won't last long,' he suggested, despairingly.

'Why not?'

'Oh, I don't know, I haven't any faith in these sudden reforms.'

Mrs. Pratlet was silent; she thought thankfully that, after all, Luke had not spent the dollar for liquor.

Six months; the time sped along in days and weeks, almost before busy Mrs. Pratlet knew that it was gone. The Ruddiloves had returned to Sequosset. Luke had made his fortune, so the story went, far off in Eldorado.

'They do say,' said Mrs. Buckingham, 'that he has bought that 'ere lot down opposite the court house, and he is going to build such a house as never was.'

'He must have prospered greatly,' observed Mrs. Partlett.

'And his wife, she wears a silk gown that will stand alone with its own richness! I can remember when Ruddilove was nothing but a poor drunken creature.'

'All the more credit to him now,' said Mrs. Pratlet, emphatically.

'It's to be all of stone, with white mantles and inlaid floors; and he has put a lot of papers and things under the corner one, like they do in public buildings.'

'Well, that is natural enough.'

'I know, yet it seems kind o' queer that he should put a dollar bill in with the other things. He must have lots o' money, to throw it away in that manner.'

Mrs. Pratlet felt her cheeks flush. Involuntarily she glanced toward the squire. But he never looked around. She met Mr. Ruddilove that afternoon for the first time since his return to Sequosset—Luke himself, save that the demon of intemperance had been completely crushed and his better nature triumphed at last. He looked her brightly in the face, and held out his hand, saying but one word:

'Mary.'

Tremulously she replied, 'I am glad to see you here again.'

When Luke had overcome his emotion he continued.

'Do you remember that stormy night when you gave me that dollar bill and begged me not to go to the tavern.'

'Yes.'

'That was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were kind to me when all others gave me naught but the cold shoulder. You trusted me when all other faces were averted. That night I took a vow to myself to prove worthy of your confidence, and I have kept it. I treasured it up, and heaven has added mightily to my little store. I have put the bill in the corner stone of my new house, for it arose alone from that dollar bill.'

'I won't offer to pay you back, for I am afraid,' he said smilingly, 'the luck would go from me with it. But I'll tell you what I will do: I'll give money and words of trust and encouragement to some other poor wretches as you gave to me.'

The next day Mrs. Pratlet received from the delivery man at her door a bundle which, when she had opened it, revealed to her astonished gaze the most beautiful piece of oilcloth her eyes had ever beheld. This naturally attracted the squire's attention; and when Mrs. Pratlet told him all, he only replied, with some emotion: 'You were right, and I was wrong.'

'It is execrable taste for a waiter to wear a beard.' So it is: but we prefer that he should wear it than to carry it in sections on his soup plates.

A New York man has been crazed by rum and milk. One of the very worst things a man can do is to mix drinks. He should have stuck to plain rum.

'Hades,' looks very nice in print, but it lacks the ring of true wickedness when an editor is looking for an expletive to spit in the face of a delinquent subscriber.

Some editors are born lucky, some acquire luck in after life, and others have libel suits thrust upon them. There are many bright sides to the profession.

'We reach happiness,' says a philosopher, 'by making others happy.' Office hours—10 a. m. to 3 p. m. No matter how trifling the object sent, it will make us happy.

The greatest humorist America has yet produced is blissfully unaware of the fact,—N. Y. News. Well, we're glad this is settled, even if we're not the man.—McGregor News.

When a boy has a whole bunch of fire crackers to himself for the first time on the glorious fourth, the earth is just as big one way as the other, and he wouldn't—but you know how it is yourself.

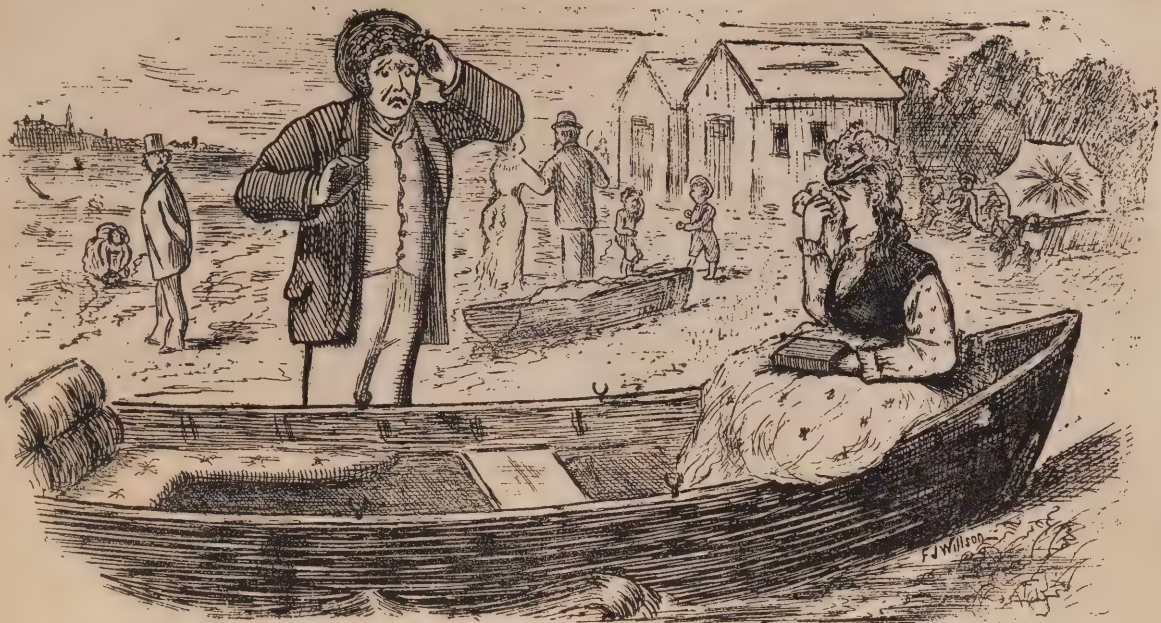
The young men needn't think they are the only ones who are having degrees conferred on them these balmy June days. Any quantity of ladies, and young ones, too, are writing M. A. after their names.

Vassar has one smart girl who will in the hereafter be heard of in woman's rights societies. She described straw as being 'a hollow thing with a ten cent man on one end of it and a twenty cent drink on the other end.'

The way to get real well acquainted with people is not to sit on their front door steps but to loaf around their back yards. The man who is the same in his back yard as he is on his front door-step is the party you want to tie to.

Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law objected to her daughter marrying a printer, because there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she didn't think the country could support three. Her prophetic vision was limited.

The 'Midnight Sun' is the title of a fine descriptive article going the rounds of the press. But in these degenerate days the midnight sun is a passably good boy; it is the three o'clock in the morning son who grieves his parents by his dissipation.



MELODRAMA AT THE ISLAND.

They were just going to start from the Island, and he found he couldn't shove the boat off. "You are too much forward," he said. She burst into tears.

Our Bluenose Man Again.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I'm in clover! Never had such luck in my life! Had no idea it was such nice work reporting for the press. Stop your press! don't publish that report of Sir Charles' address that I sent you! If it is in type, destroy the type, and discharge the one that set it up! Tell him he's crazy. Charge the loss to me, and take it out of my salary, if you intend to pay me any. That report of Sir Charles' address was all wrong; I was sick when I wrote it; I was poisoned, politically poisoned; but I'm better now, a great deal better. I've just had a telegram from Sir Charles, with a prescription for \$500. The report of Sir Charles' address was very erratic. I'm glad that I'm better now. What a great thing to understand politics and physis both. We all like the Syndicate down here, just as Sir Charles told us we would. We like the idea of allowing the Syndicate to admit free of duty everything they require for the construction of the road or other private purposes. It looks like the thin edge of the what d'you call it. It is a great deal better for us Maritimers that the Syndicate should be allowed free trade than that they should have had five or ten thousand acres more of the North-West. That North-West is of great value to the Maritime Province. We wish we had it down here, just to make us appear conspicuous, and to absorb some of the Ontario manufactures.

We also agree with Sir Charles that it costs a great deal more to run freight on the I. C. R. from St. John to Montreal than it does from Montreal to St. John. That is a down grade all the way. Besides, there is so much more freight coming down than there is going up, and so long as the R. R. tariff continues as it is now, we can't expect to see any change in the comparative volume of freight—greatly to the benefit of the Maritime Province, ain't it gentlemen. I'm so glad Sir Charles sent me that prescription; it makes me feel so different; I'm like a new creature. I'm going to make

those Tories over in Moncton stop their grumbling about Grit R. R. officials and favors shown Grit employers. They're jealous, those Tories are—I wonder why Sir Charles don't send them a prescription.

I have just had a note from Sir Leonard. He wants me to travel around with and report all his addresses; he offers me a big salary. I'm going to accept the salary. I can report his addresses just as well where I am, can't I? He says if I can't be his private reporter he'll secure me a situation on *Hansard*; or else we will get up a *Hansard* of our own. I have also had a note from Hon. E. Blake offering me any office now vacant and at the disposal of the Opposition. I think I'll take it. Also a note from Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, offering to appoint me landing waiter at this port. Just wait till he comes down here again and I'll landing waiter him. Just had a despatch from Sir L. offering to make me a K. N. P. I hope I'll never get above my business, but I'm not proof against such flattery.

VERITAS.

Woodstock, N. B., Aug., 12th.

Book Notices.

Prof. John W. Adams has favored us with a copy of his pamphlet, entitled "The Bible, Astronomy, and the Pyramids." As yet we have only skimmed over the work, but our brief glance has satisfied us that it is a remarkable production. Prof. Adams is well known in Toronto as a young man of studious habits, and here we have the results of his profound contemplation of some of the grandest themes that can occupy human thought. His deductions may not be acceptable to all readers, but none can fail to find them interesting. The rumor that the Professor did not write the entire book without assistance is a calumny; we have his personal assurance that it is all strictly his own and we accept his word, for in addition to his literary gifts Mr. Adams bears the character of

a gentleman and a christian. The pamphlet may be had of any leading bookseller; price 80 cents per copy.

Messrs. Lancefield Bros., of Hamilton, have issued in a cheap form a collection of Stanley Huntley's original and witty Spoopendyke articles, from the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Old "Spoopendyke" is one of the cleverest humorous creations of the day, and it will be a pleasure to many who have only seen occasional sketches to secure this collection. The introduction of other matter for the purpose of padding out the book was, however, a mistake.

Western Rhymes.

There was a young lady of Chatham,
Who fished for a husband and got 'im,
Now she feels very sad,
For he's "gone to the bad,"
And drinks enough whiskey to float 'im.

There was a young gallant in Windsor,
Who could sing like a lark, d'ye mind sor,
And he sang with such power,
"Will you come to the tower?"
But she didn't feel that way inclin'd sor.

There was a young man in Detroit,
Who thought himself *some* of a poet,
When the rhyme wouldn't clink,
He would then take a drink,
And was sure to let everyone know it.

There was a young lady in Blenheim,
As cool as the ice from Lake Wenham,
And her lover she froze
On the point of the nose,
By leaning her cheek up agin 'im.

There was a young maid from Belle River,
Who had such a bad dose of chill fever,
She drank kerosene,
Maltine and Quinine,
But she shook spite of all they could give her.
There was a young fellow from Dover
Who was such a general lover,
That when ask'd when he meant,
To ask Papa's consent,
Said "he'd wait till the panic was over."
SWIFT WILLIAM.

Every man is fond of striking the nail on the head, but when it happens to be his finger nail, his enthusiasm becomes wild and incoherent.



STUBBORN AS A MULE; OR, THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENTARY CRISIS.

** See Comments on Page 2.

Henry VIII.

King Henry the Eighth was the son of Henry the Seventh, and as a monarch is allowed to have been a success. Henry's specialties were wives and public executions and he sometimes combined the two. He had half a dozen wives, and as he couldn't have more than one at a time he used to hire a man-with a broad-axe to accelerate the required vacancy in the nuptial couch at intervals. Henry was a somewhat broad and bumptious personage and his subjects used to call him "Bluff King Hal." He participated in the polemic discussion of the period, and owing to his able letters in the papers received from the Pope the title of "D.F." Courtly sycophants and such said it stood for "Defender of the Faith," but when the Pope was asked about it he gently winked his dexter optic and said they might call it that if they liked, but what he intended to intimate was that he considered Henry to be a—well that kind of a fool you know. But this was after he had had a fall out with Hank No. 8 along of one of his periodical changes of wife. The Pope said he didn't have any wife at all himself and didn't think it was just the fair thing for Hank to corner the wife market in that fashion, and as he persisted, the Pope read him out of the party. Then Henry said he didn't see but what it was quite easy to run the Pope business, even if he hadn't been brought up to it, and he guessed he could make a blame sight better fist of it than that straight-laced, chuckle-headed old blatherskite at Rome, and he'd be Pope in England any how, or he would know the reason why. First thing he gave himself a dispensation to get a divorce so he could marry Anne Boleyn, whom he was sweet on, and then he proceeded to confiscate all the property of the monks and nuns without any regard for conventualities, which he divided among his principal supporters. As for the rest of the population they had a rough time of it. If a man was a catholic he was liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for acknowledging the Pope. If he was a protestant, he was also liable to the same punishment for not being a catholic. There was no prejudice or party bias about Henry. He persecuted both with the most rigid impartiality. Once when it was his day for killing catholics, the boss executioner came into the sitting room somewhat

frustrated and remarked, "My gracious liege and most royal and super-eminent bull-dozer, I'm afraid we've made a little mistake." "How so, minion?" enquired Henry in a voice of thunder. "Well, you see, I've gone and cut off the heads of a dozen protestants. How was I to know the difference?" "That's bad," said the King, "very bad. But justice must be done somehow, or the opposition will say that we run this government on party principles. What, ho there, provost marshal! Have two dozen catholics beheaded instantly, that'll make it square; and by the way you may as well include this fellow (pointing to the executioner) in the number, which will teach him not to make these absurd mistakes in future. That was a fair specimen of the way Henry ran his government. Anne Boleyn was beheaded in due course, and as she had only a small neck, Henry told the chopper he might as well cut off another head at the same time so as to make a square job of it, so they ran in one of the crowd and bisected him in short order. It was always neck or nothing with King Henry. He is now dead, which can hardly be regarded in the light of a public calamity.

Ode to the Fly

O curse of cook's domain and housewife's region,
Thy name, O! perverse summer fly, is legion;
On nectar sweets from pantry thou dost feed,
For wisdom now has taught thee not to heed,
Adhesive sheets for thee expressly made,
Nor yet through sweetened water wilt thou wade.
'Twas thou that lowered in my estimation,
The hash-house tea and daily cod collation,
For thou, with thine insatiable greed,
To satisfy thy hunger with a feed,
Of tea (how weak), and butter (oh how strong),
Hast made me damn the grub both loud and long.
Thou persevering torment! fiend of summer!
Much worse than mendicant, or tramp, or plumber.
Where ere I am, at office, or at home,
There with thy nimble legs thou'rt sure to roam
All o'er my face and head with noiseless glide,
Dodging each book or paper at thy shied.
Just gaze upon this once snow white ledger page!
'Twas done, while in an uncontrollable rage,
By hurling inky pen at thee, O fly!
I missed, just like my luck, and thou skimmed by,
To settle on my ear and laugh and wink,
While I, with outstretched tongue, licked up the ink.
'Tis waste of words to rail against thee, O fly!
One may do anything most hard as to try
And create in thee feelings of respect,
For kind advice you willfully reject;
And as for killing you, O horrid pest!
I tried that once and came out second best. PETER.

A Ballade to His Mistress' Eye-brow

Vers de Societe' Manner of Eighteenth Century

My heart is far from fast and fair
Toronto town!
As to Grip's office I repair
By Church street down;
With rhymes, which duly printed there,
Shall win me shekels rich and rare,
Red coin to match my girl's gold hair
Paid promptly down.
Since sad and centless, how could I
Of Sara sing?
Can impecunious poet try
The lyre to string?
Of reading rhymes the nymph is shy,
Yet quite well satisfied that I,
By verse or prose, the week's supply
Of dimes should bring.
Else without sense or cents I were
As village churl;
Or mad as he who sold *ma chere*,
My guileless girl.
The hat that hides her golden hair,
The old gold feather drooping there,
Now lights the cold Belfontaine air,
With gorgeous curl.
Where would that I were swiftly swept
Amid that throng,
By some excursion ticket kept
Car-borne along,
To "Forks of Credit" vale yclept,
A wish for which I long have wept;
De grace, sweet girl, like GRIP, accept,
Forgive the song. C.P.M.

A well-appearing gentleman was arrested on Thursday, charged with stealing two mattresses from a Coney Island Hotel. The evidence was mainly circumstantial, and he was on the verge of being discharged from custody when the missing property was discovered. He had hidden the mattresses between the cases of his watch. Sing Sing, eighteen months.

A German savant announces that a new moon for the earth is now in process of formation, and will take its place in the heavens in the course of a few years. This is the man for our mouey. A new moon will fill a long-felt want. The one that has been doing duty for millions of years is old enough to retire on a pension, albeit it still looks as good as new. If this German will arrange it so that his moon will thine on off nights, and thus have moonlight all the year round, it would be a great saving of gas, but the holders of gas stock would probably get out an injunction.—Norristown Herald.

ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT. IT PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR.

SMOKE "CABLE" S. DAVIS' "EL PADRE" CIGARS.

CHINA HALL!

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China, Porcelain
and Glass

IN THE CITY ALSO

Stone China Dinner
Ware.

GLOVER HARRISON,
Importer.



The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.



49 King St. East, Toronto.

VOLUME XVII.
No. 24.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1881.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The respective leaders of the Grit and Tory parties are at present engaged in calculating how many of the Provinces they will each capture at the coming general election. Sir John calculates that P. E. Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia will go into his game-bag without a doubt; as for Quebec, it is his beyond a peradventure; Ontario will be sure to go as it did on the last occasion; Manitoba will be an easy prey, and British Columbia, out of gratitude to the generous Tupper, will remain his truly. Mr. Blake's prognostications are equally clear and positive, to this effect, that British Columbia will fall before the Grit gun; Manitoba will scorn to be captured by John A., Ontario will reassert her old liberal inclinations; Quebec, liberated from priestly dictation, will go hand-in-hand with Ontario, while the Maritime Provinces, enlightened and inspired by the speeches of a certain great personage, will go solid for the present Opposition. The worthy sportsmen have fired a little prematurely; the game is yet beyond range and we will have to wait until the fall of 1883 before we know what the effects of the shots have been.

FIRST PAGE.—John Bull has finally come to the conclusion to put down the Irish insurrection with a firm hand. The issue of a proclamation declaring the Land League "criminal and illegal," and warning Her Majesty's subjects to govern themselves accordingly, seems to have paralyzed the arm of rebellion, at least for the moment. What will be the final issues of all this shindig is only known by Dr. Wild and those who either heard or read his sermon of last Sunday night.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Nothing in the political annals of Canada is more discreditable than the systematic manner in which certain Bleu charlatans, backed by a number of unworthy priests, have inoculated the simple-minded peasants of that province with the lie that the Pope's decree against "Liberalism" was intended to apply to the "Liberal" party in politics. This miserable falsehood has been a right bower in the hand of the Quebec Conservative party, and the fact that it has told so fatally against the Rouges is a striking proof of the pitiful ignorance of the general populace down there. The Pope himself has now come forward and with one imperial word he has destroyed this specious piece of clap-trap. He plainly declares that the Liberals against whom his decrees are directed are the persons so called in the religious world, and not the members of any political sect or party whatever.

"Men are but children of a larger growth!"
True, O poet! Listen to this:—

Albert Edward:—
To the Very High and Eminent Sir Knight Colonel W.
J. Bury McLeod Moore, Grand Cross of the Temple,
Great Prior of the Dominion of Canada:

"Being well assured of the loyalty and true affection of the knights of the order towards us, and of their sincere resolve that in the Dominion of Canada the brotherly hand of union shall ever exist, all joined together under our grand mastership, and further desiring to show to you our continuing affection towards you, and to assure you that the prosperity of the order and that the union and brotherly love of the great officers and members of the same under her Majesty the Queen, our patron, are an object of our most constant care, we have therefore charged our trusty and well-beloved Chancellor of the Great Priory of England, Alexander Stavelly Hill, D. C. L., of her Majesty's counsel, and member of Parliament, to be the bearer to you of this our letter, and our said Chancellor hath it further in charge to express towards you, Very High and Eminent Great Prior, our royal favour and good will, and our affection towards the brethren, Sir Knights of the order, and to the Dominion of Canada.

"Given on board the Osborne.

"The 18th day of August, A. L. 5885, A. D. 1881, A. O. 763."

There! doesn't that remind you of the bombastic mock-heroic proclamations you used to nail up on the barn-door for the edification of your "right worthy subjects," the Robinson boys and the Johnston boys, when you were in pinafores and used to play "King of the Castle?" How the presumably sensible men who listened to this balderdash could help bursting into laughter we cannot understand.

It is to be presumed the big discussion evoked by the book seizure is ended, though it will be a pity if it passes away without effecting some practical result. The Collector of Customs is still in a haze as to his duties and prerogatives, and if some definite rule is not laid down for his guidance he may make a blunder whether he has done so in this case or not.

What shall that rule be? Both *Mail* and *Globe* agree—as everybody must—that indecent publications should be barred out. This is also plainly laid down in the law. The trouble is as to mixed publications. Paine's book confessedly comes under this latter head. The *Mail* says it ought to be excluded. Smollet's, Fielding's, Burns's, Shakespeare's and other writers' works are defaced by grossness, some of them as much so as Paine's, but the *Mail* says their works ought to be admitted. What is the Collector to do? We can see nothing for it but that he shall be required to read every book and paper that enters the Custom House. If he does this he will earn his salary, which is more than preceding collectors have done.

That the result of the discussion will be a demand for the nasty books is only too likely. Paine's work was an almost forgotten thing, and as for Voltaire's, here comes Dr. Gregg, a Professor of Apologetics, who declares he never heard of it before!

The present Government claims to be pre-eminently the people's friend, and that profession is being put to the test just now. The coal dealers offer to sell coal 50 cents per ton cheaper if the duty is removed. This ought to settle the question as to whether the consumer pays the piper, and the Government's response to the demand will tell whether the people's interests are paramount or not, better than any party organ editorial.

The *Globe* has sent a special commissioner to Ireland to report upon the state of that troubled bit of green. The gentleman selected for this mission is Mr. T. P. Thompson, better known as "Jimuel Briggs," whose able letters on the state of the Maine Liquor Law, written from the Anti-Prohibition standpoint, recently appeared in the *Globe*. The old journal is to be congratulated on its enterprise, and also on its choice of commissioner who will justify the expense involved if anybody could.



Speaking of journalistic enterprise reminds us that New York has another comic paper *a la Puck*. Since the failure of *Chic*, Keppler's journal has had things all its own way as of old, but now a new aspirant enters the field, in the "person" of "The Judge," whose phiz we copy as above. The title is a happy one, being "snappy," and characteristically American. Mr. J. A. Wales has left the *Puck* staff to wield his pencil on the new paper, and *Grip* wishes him every success.

Dr. Wild's simple specific for the cure of Ireland's woes is certainly worth a trial. It is just to cut the Island adrift from Italy. This ought to be easily done, and the Liberators of the Ould Sod ought to do it just to see the effect before the "resources of civilization are exhausted."

Ald. Hallam deserves great credit for his efforts on behalf of the establishment of a Free Public Library in Toronto, and the scheme he has submitted is well worthy of discussion by our citizens. If we could only get a council that knew how to fix our streets for a reasonable sum of money, we could save enough in a year to endow a library, but we seem to be getting worse instead of better in street management.

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR,—In the powerful article in your last issue headed "The Permitted Crime," the judge, applied to by a young girl for justice against her seducer, after asking her whether she had any relatives, and being answered in the negative, is made to say:—

"Then justice you can't have. The law of Canada protects but those who have already natural protectors," &c.

That may be the law of Ontario, but it decidedly is not the "law of Canada" in the Province of Quebec. Here a young girl, in the circumstances set forth in your article, would have an action technically styled *en declaration de paternite* against her betrayer for the support of her child and for damages, and that quite irrespective of whether or not she had a single relation in the world. Seduction is not a "permitted crime" in the Province of Quebec, whatever it may be in other parts of Canada.

MONTREAL, 17th Oct. 1881.

LEX.



INJEUDICIOUS GOLDWIN.

Shade of B-knif-d.—What's the matter with you? Have you any goods in pawn?

Our Private Box.

At the Royal, Miss Cleves is appearing in "Only a Farmer's Daughter," which, despite its simple and rural title, turns out to be a most thrilling play, which is sure to please all who have a taste for literature such as Miss Bradon produces. Matinee Saturday. Next week the Star at this house will be Mr. Alex. Kaufman, (a son of Ex-Lt-Gov. Kaufman) who will appear in a new play, entitled "Lazare." His performance is highly applauded by the American critics, and the play itself is said to be unusually good.

At the Grand, Mr. John A. Stevens is now playing his popular drama, "Unknown," which is by no means unknown to Toronto audience.

Dr. Lord's Biographical Lectures at Shaftesbury Hall are deeply interesting and instructive. For dates and particulars as to subjects, our readers are referred to the daily papers.

A Model Debate.

The other day Mr. GRIP had the honour of receiving a circular to this effect:—

"The president and members of the John Locke Society for the Diffusion of Logic, request the pleasure of Mr. GRIP's attendance at a special debate to be held at their rooms on the evening of — commencing at — o'clock."

At the appointed hour Mr. GRIP proceeded to the place named, where he found a goodly company, fairly representative of the brains of Canada, gathered in comfortable anticipation of an intellectual treat. A tastefully printed programme was politely handed to each guest, and upon glancing at his, Mr. GRIP was made aware that the subject to be discussed on this occasion was, "Resolved, that the seizure of the books of Paine and Voltaire, by the Custom

Collector, was justifiable," and that the participants in the discussion were to be the editor of the *Globe* and his *confere* of the *Mail*, who had kindly consented to argue this question, chiefly to afford the younger members of the society an opportunity of hearing the principles of pure logic practically applied.

The chairman having announced that the editor of the *Mail* would support the affirmative, that distinguished scholar and gentleman came forward and said:

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—For good and sufficient reasons the speeches on this occasion are limited to one minute each, so I will at once tackle my subject. I hold that the seizure was justified, because the law provides for the exclusion of indecent books, and these books are indecent. As I have the privilege of replying I will say no more just now excepting this, that of course the law does not contemplate the exclusion of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, Rabelais, Shakespeare, and others, and therefore these ought not to be excluded.

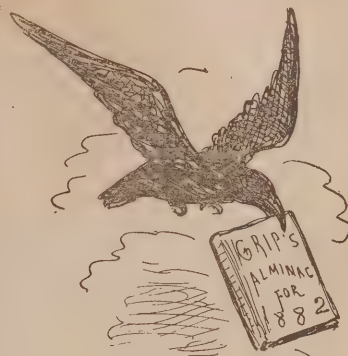
The Editor of the *Globe*.—Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—My opponent says the law is intended to exclude indecent books, and for this reason Paine and Voltaire should be shut out. But the other authors he has named are decidedly more indecent, why then should they not be excluded? To be sure, Paine and Voltaire are blasphemous, but the law confines itself to indecency. Let my opponent state plainly why the other indecent books should not be shut out as well as Paine's and Voltaire's. I am moreover prepared to prove that these latter works do not come within the law of indecency as defined by Mr. Rainsford.

The Editor of the *Mail*.—In reply to my opponent's argument I would say that he had better give up this debate and apologize to the audience. The facts cannot be concealed, and reams of paper and oceans of printer's ink cannot hide the deformity of my antagonist from view. I would recommend a little sack-cloth and ashes for him.

The chairman asked Mr. GRIP if he would kindly sum up. The request was endorsed with great enthusiasm by the audience. Mr. GRIP modestly complied, and rising in his place said:—

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—The discussion we have just listened to requires no summing up. It must be manifest to all that the *Globe* man has been utterly routed by the clear logic of the cool, temperate and sensible reply of his adversary. I would call the attention of all students of logic to the masterly method of the affirmative argument. First, it is shown that there is a law against the admission of indecent books, or books containing indecency. Next, it is alleged that the books in question fall under that law, and the syllogism is perfect. In answer to this the gentleman on the negative says. (1) That these books are no more indecent than other books which his opponent would not exclude, and therefore ought not to be excluded if the others are admitted. (2) That he is prepared to prove they are not indecent at all, in the sense of indecency defined by the Rev. Mr. Rainsford, and therefore do not fall under the law. (3) He admits they are blasphemous and profane, and would fall under a law against Blasphemy and Profanity, but the law is against indecency only, and therefore does not exclude them. All this sounds logical, but mark the ability and sagacity with which it is met and squelched by the affirmative. In reply to the first syllogism, he calls upon the negative to give up the debate. And in reply to the other two propositions he exhausts the resources of logic by advising him to go and soak his head, or words to that effect. My decision is emphatically for the *Mail* man.

Tremendous applause (in the midst of which Mr. GRIP woke up and found himself dozing at his fireplace with a *Globe* in one hand and a *Mail* in the other. The whole thing was simply a dream!)



EVERYBODY IS WAITING FOR IT!

Grip's Great Comic Almanac for 1882 is on the way, and will arrive at all the bookstalls on or about Dec. 1st. Lay by a quarter and secure yourself a copy of the best book of humour ever issued in Canada.

A Mis-leading Newspaper.

"If you take a buckskin bag and put 100 eagles into it and shake or 'sweat' the bag for three hours, gold dust to the value of \$20 will be left in the bag, and no one will know the difference, unless the eagles are weighed."

My DEAR GRIP—I cut the above item from the London *Free Press*, and if I was behind the Editor with a red hot poker I would make a black burn on him for his idiotic suggestion—I would—by Josiah!

Not being able to catch 100 eagles, I put a couple of owls and a game cock into a bag, expecting at least ten cents of gold dust. I shook the bag steadily for about three hours, and when I opened it, instead of gold dust I found three dead birds and a heap of feathers!

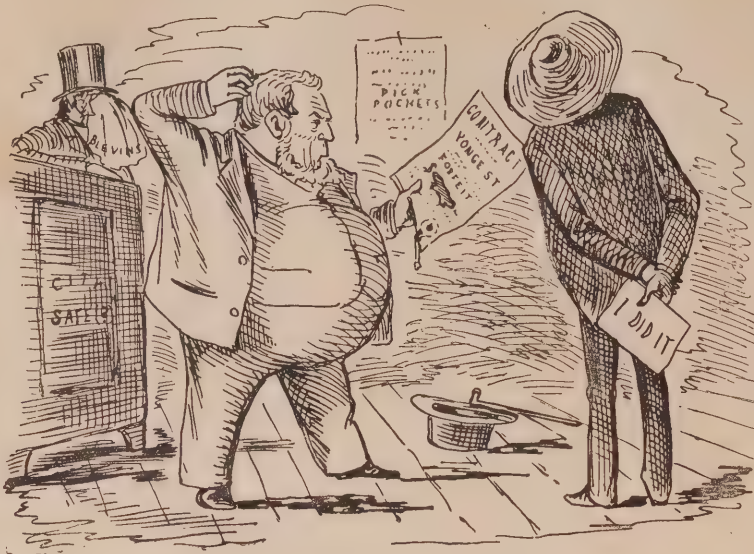
I wish that Editor would not be so foolish as to suggest gold digging in this style. Perhaps, however, I ought to have had only eagles, but they cost about ten dollars each here, and a hundred of them would be a very expensive poultry yard.

Yours,
SIMPLE SIMON.



THE GLOBE'S COMMISSIONER TO IRELAND.

Voice from the Troubled Isle.—Arrah, be gorra! Here's a man comin' to write our wrongs



HE CAN'T SEE THROUGH IT.

ALD. BAXTER.—Yes, that's the City safe, and this is the Yonge-street Paving Contract, and there's no forfeit specified, and there's an 'ole burnt just where the figures ought to be, but blowed if I can see through it!

That Contract.

MY DEAR GRIP:

There is certainly something rotten in the State of Denmark. I refer to the Yonge-street pavement business. The contemplation of that scheme and the accessories thereto is confirmation of the unregeneracy of the race. The present Board of Works and the contractors certainly move in a mysterious way, but the trouble is they fail to perform wonders. The whole business, from its inception, the way in which the whole affair has been conducted, is like the mysteries of creation, totally incomprehensible. The Board of Works lay down a certain contract which in due time is signed by contractor and the great seal of the corporation affixed thereto. Work goes on for a certain time, but ultimately the contractor gets tired; he has plenty of other work to keep him busy, and he comes to the conclusion that this job might as well lay over until next year. He says that there was an understanding between himself and the Chairman of the Board of Works that he could let the work lay over until spring. The said chairman denies this, but the contractor beards the lion in his den, and before the whole Board defies them to do their worst in the matter. The Board graciously submits, and states that the contractor is only liable to a penalty of \$10 per day anyway. But somehow it leaks out that the penalty was \$100 per day. The contractor says it was \$10, the Chairman of the Board thinks it was, the solicitor who drew up the document don't know whether it was \$10 or \$1000, and no other member of the Board ever saw it. Finally it is concluded to take a look at the document, when, behold, it is gone. Search is made everywhere but without success. Suddenly it turns up when least expected; and then it is found that the really important part of it, that relating to the penalty, is *burned out*. Everybody stands aghast, but very little is done in the matter. The funny part of the affair is the coolness with which the papers pass over the matter. Apparently the theft and mutilation of an important public document is a very trivial matter, not

worth wasting time upon. And then the spectacle of Ald. Irwin and Steiner, covered with mud and humility before their constituents of Yonge-street, is exceedingly hilarious. However the whole affair may not prove such a laughing matter before it is finished.

Next in importance to the Yonge-street pavement *fiasco* comes the despatch of the *Globe's* special commissioner to Ireland. This is, in my opinion, the best specimen of Canadian journalistic enterprise that we have yet seen. And a more capable man for the enterprise could not have been selected. We poor Canadians will now probably get the true inwardness of Irish affairs, and not have to take our ideas from bogus New York *Herald* despatches. And I can also inform you, my dear GRIP, that I am on the point of starting for that same country, which, by the way, should have its name changed from Ire-land to wrangle-land, and I hereby appoint myself GRIP's special commissioner, and will give to the bird all the latest news therefrom. Expect my first communication by special cablegram next week. Till then, adieu.

TIMOTHY.

Our Special in the Nor'-West.

BIG BONANZA HOTEL.
Winnipeg, Oct. 20.

PROFOUNDLY RESPECTED SIR:

I arrived in this lively city and formally began my career as your special yesterday. It is my purpose in this first communication to give you a slight idea of the great country and its people, and in order to do this in the most effective manner I simply jot down a plain, unvarnished account of the past day's experiences. The last stage of railway travel I found more interesting than any of the former stages. Up to a certain point it was decidedly hum-drum, but after passing that point it was more hum than anything else. My fellow passengers, especially those between the aforesaid point and Winnipeg, were exceedingly animated and excitable. I approached an old gentleman who was sitting alone, and sought to engage him in a friendly conversation, thinking by this means to get rid

of the deafening repetition of the words "speculation," "millions," "lots," "auction," "bonanza," etc., etc., which formed the staple of the eager talkers around me. Being a person, as you know, sir, of literary tastes and quiet habits, and having a special aversion for commercial and financial affairs, I found this sort of talk an intolerable bore, and I was in hopes the old gentleman, who looked like a superannuated Congregational minister, would afford me more congenial company. He greeted my approach with a pleasant smile, and politely moved over to let me sit down beside him. Without any of the conventional preliminaries, I at once inquired if he had heard Dr. Lord's lecture on Hildebrand. He nodded gracefully. He nodded gracefully. "Don't you think it was a brilliant effort?" quoth I. "No," he replied; "I'm going up to Winnipeg to try my luck in the town lot biz. What'll you give me for a couple of splendid sites just north of the railway station; I'll give them to you for \$200, and I won't take a—"

I departed for the platform of the car instant, and there I remained for the rest of the journey. I wasn't what you'd call real comfortable, as the thermometer was a little below zero, but I didn't hear any more of the town-lot talk, and that was worth all the discomfort.

I duly arrived in Winnipeg, which I found to be a neat, flourishing city, though it looked like a place that was only tenting there for the night. I gave my checks to the agent of the Bonanza, and asked him to attend to my baggage.

"Could I speak to you a moment, sir," said he, very respectfully.

"Certainly," I replied, condescendingly, and we went aside together.

"I've got a couple of lots to sell," he began "and being as you're a decent looking fellow I thought I'd give you the first chance. I'll let you have 'em for—"

With a horrible oath I tore myself away, and rushed into the bus. There was one other passenger, an old lady of seventy-five summers. As we jogged along she broke the silence by saying, "Pears to me there's plenty of mud hereabouts."

"Lots," said I.

"O, shet up about lots," she screeched. "I'm 'most talked to death about 'em. If I'd thought you was one of them specklars I'd have kept my mouth shet!"

(Continued next week.)

The Trick Exposed!

The members of the Board of Works are determined that the culprit who mutilated the Yonge-street Paving Contract shall escape punishment, and with characteristic cunning they have adopted a device which only adepts in "ways that are dark" would ever have thought of. In order to secure the safety of the individual in question from arrest they have put the case in the hands of our detectives!



THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION AS TO WHO BURN'T THAT CONTRACT!



WHOS CAPTURED THE MOST BIRDS?

(WAIT TILL THE FALL—1883.)

See comment on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

"The Policeman's Lot is not a Happy One."
Why?

Our brethren of the quill are requested to send brief, characteristic replies to this for publication in Grip's forthcoming Almanac. Already several witty answers have been received. In all cases the name of writer and paper will be given. Copy should reach us before the 10th of November—the earlier the better. Now, gentlemen, come on with your side-splitters, and mark your envelopes "Grip's Almanac."

Fall Fashions on the Piers.

Three men sat on a beam's end beside an East River wharf. Neither had much to boast of in the matter of dress, but their hats were sufficient to distinguish them. One wore a soft felt hat of a brown colour, another a high-crowned hat which had once been black, while a battered crown of straw covered the head of the third. The owner of the stiff black hat evidently believed himself a dictator of the modes. "You fellows don't know anything about the fashions," he was saying: "Look at you there with a straw hat after the 15th of September; why, every dry goods clerk knows better than that."

"Well, now, look a 'ere," returned the wearer of the straw, "It's always my sentiments that what's in season's in season, and as long as it's hot as blazes in the sun you better believe I'm going to wear a hat that was made for sunny weather. I believe in common sense, I do."

"Oh, you're way off," said the other with infinite contempt. "What's fashion is fashion. What has the weather to do with it? Fashion is fashion the world over, and when a thing's in season it's in season; and what's more, it's my opinion a man might just as well wear a rubber overcoat when the sun's pouring down like a blast furnace as wear a straw hat after the 15th of September. When a man don't pretend to be a fashionable man there's some excuse for him. Here's Sol, he wears a soft hat all the time, and don't pretend to keep in style, but when a man sets up to be fashionable, why let him keep up with the occasion; that's all I have to say."

"Yes," said the unfashionable Sol, "I believe you stand by your colours, that's all. Now, I'd as soon be a monkey and done with it as go getting a new suit of clothes every time the sun goes behind a cloud. But if a man will keep hanging round the pawnbrokers' shops to get hold of a new coat, I like to see him go at it as if he meant business."

"Some men can't seem to understand how things is," said the king of the fashions. "What's the use of living if you don't keep up to the times? I'd rather be a 'gyphshun mummy' than lie around the docks without taking any interest in society things. May'be you don't know what it is to go sparking in a bran new coat, and see the pleasure lighting up somebody's face when she sees you so smart and fine. Why, it's all life's worth living for."

"Humph! I've a wife at home myself," said the man with the soft hat; "when you have a wife of your own you'll find out that it don't make much difference what kind of a hat you wear—you're sure to come in for all the bad words anyhow. I'd rather have a good glass of lager now and then than all the new hats you could give me, and besides, the old woman gives me Hail Columbia every time she finds I have bought anything new."

"Should think she would," said the straw hat; "here you lie around all day long doing nothing, and let her take in washing. I have a wife, too, but she likes to see me look handsome, like she says I was when she took me for

better or worse. That's what she says, you needn't laugh—I didn't say it. But she don't care to see me changing for something new as long as the old is good."

"Look there," he continued triumphantly, pointing at a brisk business-like man wearing a straw hat; "don't you call him a man that's up to the fashions? Your old hat isn't much to brag of anyway. You've worn it two or three years already, and I believe you got it second-hand at first."

"Well," replied the other, somewhat crestfallen, "and what if I did? A hat's a hat, and a fashion's a fashion. A man ain't to blame for wearing old things, if he's poor, only so he's in the style, and if you think you can hold up your head among stylish folks when you wear a straw hat after the 15th of September, I just want to tell you you're mightily mistaken, that's all."

The man with the unfashionable straw didn't venture a further defence of his despised headgear, but invited them to "come and have a drink."—*Chicago Herald.*

The effect of electric light is said to be trying to blondes and favourable to brunettes. We shall continue in favour of the electric light until our present girl goes back on us.—*Marriageable Coburn, Lowell Citizen.*

A South Bend girl thanked a man who gave her a seat in a street car, and he married her and proved to be worth \$400,000. (We circulate this lie in hope of inducing the girls to be more courteous.)—*McGregor News.*

A Lockport young man recently went home intoxicated, and finding no one there but his mother, drew himself proudly up and exclaimed, "Mother, I'm the best doggone man in the house, and don't you forget it!"—*Danbury News.*

When some men go to a barber-shop to be shaved and they see a man in the chair ahead of them, they haven't time to wait until the man is shaved. They will go in a neighbouring saloon, though, and wait several hours.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

A sign in a window on Lexington-street, reads "Kids cleaned for 5 cents." What a boon this will be to mothers who have a dozen little tow-heads to get ready for Sunday-school. Surely the price will allow every child to keep clean in the future.—*Balt. Ev. Sat.*

Ice I had several Vipeles and I wished II go II the seaside and the mountains II, but be I starting I VIII some fruit sent by my be IX mother who is not I but acts like LX, but who at Xds me during my wLXXX troubles. V dl wrong forgave me.—*Syracuse Times.*

The stars were shining softly,
The moon was round and full,
But their light struck not so brightly
On Billy Johnson's bull.
As May and Paul were walking,
And dreaming of sweet fate,
That bull came prancing after,
And tossed them o'er the gate.

—*Tarheel, Detroit Chaff.*

A New York bar-keeper set his savage bloodhound upon his wife, and the animal lacerated her in a frightful manner. He was arrested and promptly fined five dollars. If he had inflicted punishment one-half as severe upon the dog, Berg's society would have caused his arrest, and he would have been fined at least ten dollars and cost. It is to be hoped that the physicians who attend his wife will present a bill seven feet long.—*Norristown Herald.*

A lady friend of ours is constantly getting mixed in her dates when telling a story. The other day she proposed the old conundrum, "Why is a bald head like the arctic regions?" the answer to which is, "Because it is a great bare (bear) place." The company pretended

not to know the answer, and on demanding of her the solution, she triumphantly replied:—"Because it is a great place for polar bears." Being rallied on her blunder she retorted:—"Well, where would you find a more fitting place for a polar bear than a bare pole?" She scored one.—*Evansville Argus.*

"Is it porcupine for?" asked the boarding boss as he passed the spare ribs; "Yes," sighed the illiterate boarder, "I beaver-y fond of it." And the man with the bald head said if they didn't quit, he wood-chuck them both out of doors; "Well, don't let u-squirrel about it," pleaded the landlady, and they didn't.—*St. Louis Hornet.*

During this and the next month corn huskings will agitate the rural mind. It is stated that the man who finds a red ear is at liberty to kiss any girl in the party. Spilkins states that he has a girl whom he kisses whenever he pleases, and the great charm of it, he claims, is that he doesn't have to do any husking.—*Puck.*

He was wealthy but penurious, and this is what he said to the suitor for his daughter's hand: "Yes, you can have her. But you must elope with her. I can't afford the expenses of a swell wedding, and the romance of the elopement will make up for the lack of show and we'll save \$500 on the expenses. Go it."—*Boston Post.*

"You can't add different things together," said an Austin school teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep and two cows." A little boy, the son of an Austin avenue milkman, held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."—*Texas Siftings.*

The London Telegraph says there is nothing new under the sun, especially in the matter of jokes. Isn't eh! Guess you never have seen the efforts of a brilliant coterie of American newspaper humorists, as they ring the changes on asking others if they "ever heard the stove pipe," or "did they ever see a re-cover," or some such side-rupturing thing. Nothing new in humour. Well!—*Rockland Courier.*

An Indiana man has invented a rolling pin which is bound to win golden opinions from certain male individuals. When the domestic utensil is lifted above the head a peculiar contrivance in the handle gives way and causes the weapon to give the woman a smart rap on the occiput, and the husband escapes the blow. It seems like taking a pretty mean advantage of a confiding and unsuspecting woman, and we shall not commend the new invention.—*Norristown Herald.*

A horse-car conductor was before the court a few days ago, charged with assaulting his wife. It was shown in the evidence that he had struck her with his fist and knocked her down. He acknowledged his assault, but pleaded in extenuation that his calling led him into habits of punching the fair. The judge said it was all right as long as he confined himself to punching the fair, but he would fine him for knocking down the fair.—*Somerville Journal.*

The meanest man in the world lives in Burlington. While a deaf, dumb and blind hand-organist was sleeping on the postoffice corner, the wretch stole his instrument and substituted a new fangled churn therefor; and when the organist awoke he seized the handle of the churn and ground away for dear life, and when the "shades of night were falling fast," that meanest man in the world came around, took his churn, returned the organ to its owner, and carried home four pounds of creamy butter.—*Burlington Enterprise.*

Col. Orlando P. Baggs on the Canadian Military.

You want to know who I am before you admits me? Waal, I'm Colonel Orlando P. Baggs of the Western Wisconsin Light Guards, and in my State they think I knows some about military matters. My real business is nutlocks, which I travels for, but I takes the military promiscuous and don't charge nothing extra. So now we're acquaintances and I'll proceed to tell you what I think about your military Review.

The barber at the Rossin told me to go straight up the Queen's Avenue, which would bring me to the Queen's Park, which would introduce me to the Queen's Own Rifles, (everyting's "Queen's" round here.) There's no denying the Avenue's straight, but what made you put it right *behind the houses*, instead of in front on 'em? Praps you think the stables and other little domestic arrangements is interesting to a discerning public? But Mrs. Baggs wouldn't want all those Queen's Rifles on the march a peeping into her nussery winders; she'd shut her shutters like a funeral till the procession was past. And would you mind telling me confidentially why you plasters your sidewalks? Out West we plasters our ceilings,—we ain't got no plasterers on our Board of Works, praps you has. But all them's details and matters of taste.

I like that Liberty Pole of yours at the top of the Avenue, and the too Rooshan guns a-taking care of it is very appropriate.

That Queen's Park is a real nice place considerin' it's in a state of nature. You can't a had it very long, I guess, as I don't see you're doin' much to make it nicer under the guidance of a modern civilization. Out West we plants our parks all over with pretty shrubs and flowers, and we have turpentine walks, and shadey groves, and quiet nooks, and all that sort of thing; but then that's details, and people may differ about 'em.

My gracious! what a lot of folks was up there! I asked the barber at the Rossin what was your population, but he said he didn't know, but it *warn't* Chinese! He's a wit, but I advise you not to lark when he has your nose in his fingers.

Waal, I worked my way up round past the Liberty Pole and the Rooshin guns to a yaller flag as folks said was the Grand Stand. I don't see why you uses a yaller flag for a parade, praps you ain't got no Union Jacks. Anyways I shoved my way well to the front amongst a heap of intelligent young men, quite civil, and easy, and familiar like,—they evidently wasn't lawyers.

The Rifles was out in line, and a real nice, true, pretty line it was, nothing better. And the Colonel was out in front, and a mighty smart looking soldier he is; not an ounce too much, sits on his hoss real clean, and looks easy in his mind, which is heaps when there's a General around.

We talked quite a bit, waiting for the General —there was too fellers next me as seemed to know everybody. One of 'em called the other Jim, and Jim called the other Charlie. I think they was too students of your University, goin' up for their degree in Fine Arts. I heard 'em say they practised music in the gallery of the Royal, wherever that is.

Presently there was a crush and a rumble, and a tall gentleman shoved through the crowd and walked straight out to the Colonel, right in the open, in front of the Regiment in line! Jim said it was the Queen's Own Aid de kamp sent out special from Windsor with a telegraph message for the General. That same thing happened to me onst when I was out in our country in front of our Guards, but the feller as came out to me was our State Attorney, who didn't know no better, so he could serve his process. My! didn't I send him back into the crowd like a Boomerang! Our fellers killed him next day, but I hopes your Rifles is more



APPLIED LOGIC.

THE A Certain Journalist (Horriified).—"You young scamp! Is that Voltaire you're reading?"
THE Young Hopeful.—"The principles of true liberty require that each individual should exercise the right of private judgment. That's what the *Globe* says."

considerate and that the gentleman is still in the flesh.

Them policemen of yours is uncommon well got up. I like their drapery, I do. Jim says they're all officers and gentlemen, which accounts for their standing in front of everybody and havin' a supreme contempt for a crowd. Out West our constables knows as our pockets is in our coat-tails and they act accordin'.

Then a open laudaw drives right up to the yaller flag with the General's family, leastways Jim says it must of been the General's family, because all the other traps with the common people was kept at a respectable distance down by the Liberty Pole, where they couldn't see nothing if it went wrong, which was very considerate.

At last up comes the General hisself with his staff, a good-lookin' lot, but on the outside of mighty poor cattle. Is them your hosses; and if they isn't your hosses, whose hosses is they? Praps your Tramway Company keeps a Livery likewise! Is that so?

Then the gentleman as Jim says is Queen's Aid de kamp tells the General what he had better do under the interesting circumstances of the present occasion. Jim says the gentleman's name is Soskinsko, and that he's a linear descendant of the celebrated General as fought and fell at the battle of Queenstone Heights when a Colour Sergeant of the name of Freedom shrieked. Jim says it was this incident as suggested to J. D. Edgar in his celebrated Canadian poem the beautiful line

"And Freedom shrieked when Soskinsko fell."

But Charlie says it *warn't* so, and he *knows* it *warn't* so, because Dr. Scaddin, as was Assistant Surgeon with the York Pioneers all through that bloody campaign, says it was when the body of the old gentleman was brought over for burial with military honours, and was carried into the Cathedral by the firing party, that it was then that the Colour Sergeant hollered so loud that he had to be taken out of the church; and Charlie says that Dr. Scaddin says he's quite sure about the shrieking, because Freedom

sat in the front pew of the gallery where the Queen's Arms used to be, and that Freedom was never at Queenstone at all until after the battle.

Of the two I think I like Jim best, because when he's beat he gives in so graceful-like. "All O K, Charlie," says Jim, "I give up, because you see if anybody knows, it art to be the Doctor, far he's been a buryin them York Pioneers steady twice a week ever since, and he has a beautiful Hellergy for ev'ry one on 'em as turns down, which is very encouraging and consolatory to them as is left, it makes the prospect so nice when their happy turn comes to have a Hellergy."

But that's a Digression and a Detail, which I don't know as it amounts to much, tho Jim larked a lot.

Where *was* I? Oh, yes, when the General gets his orders from the Queen's Aide he rides over to the right of the line. He wanted to do it up picturesk across the lovely green, but spurs wasn't long enough or sharp enough to get a cantar out of them Tramways, so he took it philosophik-like, and went over slow, which suited the D. A. G.

Then the whole cavalcade comes down the line real nice,—the band playin'—and the men just as steady as a whole row of young light-houses, all of a size! Why you could string a line from right to left and it would twee the tip of the nose of ev'ry man on 'em, they stand so close and firm, and all of a height. The W. W. L. Guards is always uncertin in that partiklar, because you see they won't stop growing just for parade purposes like your fellers.

After that, the General comes back to the yaller flag, and the Aide as had come out special from Windsor looks at the Queen's telegraph and tells the General to "put em past in collum right away." And in course the General 'put em past in collum right away,' as he was told to, and away they come, tramp, tramp, tramp, just as lively as fleas!

Orlando P. Baggs flatters hisself as he knows a trifle about marching; and O. P. B. says deliberately in the face of the whole organization of the Democratic party, including Tammany

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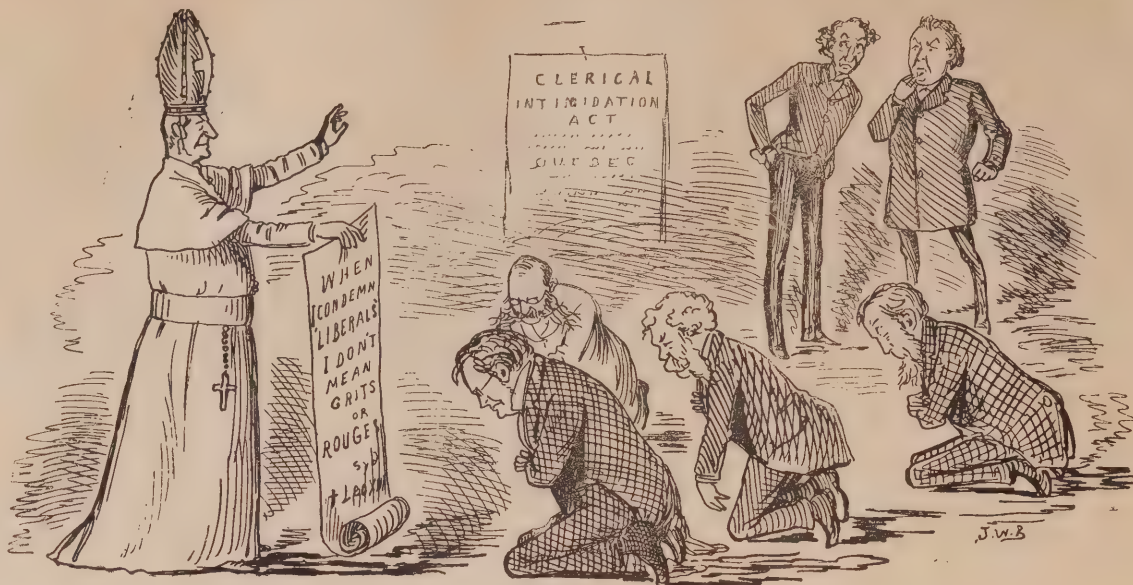
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WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE.



HIS HOLINESS BLESSING THE "LIBERALS"!!

and the Klu Klux, that your own Queen's Rifles just exactly *knows their business*—and *does it*. But the men dresses better nor the officers, who seems in a hurry for promotion to the company in front on em; and when the officers salute, they looks as if they was never gonig to stop saluting, and as if they was going to devote the rest of the afternoon to that piece of politeness. Jim says some on em recover'd before they got quite down to the Liberty Pole, which it is pleasant to know.

However them's small details as don't mar the effect, and I goes on general principles. When I get back to the Western Wisconsin Light Guards I'll just give em fits and keep em moving a few I bet, or I'll know the reason why they can't go past in collum just like that. I think the pace is just a little bit killing, and even your boys couldn't keep it up from Atlanta to the sea; but Jim says a feller of the name of Roberts did it the other day, but then climate was in his favour.

But the barber at the Rossin was tellin' me you was goin' to get a field somewhere else, because the Queen's Park is to be given over to your State Legislature. Waal, that's a political detail, and I don't know as it comes inside the range of my special sphere of vision; anyway, stealing parks isn't a plank in the platform of the Republican party this election. Out West the people takes care of the people's parks, and the Assembly-man as would go and rob 'em of a park would have a darned hard time of it! Praps its different with you, because you see you can walk down to the Lake (*we* has no lakes), and get a bit of fresh air when you want to. But that comes of having such a lovely, beautiful picturesk esplanade right on your water's front, as a safe and quiet place on a summer's evening where a poor man with his wife and a large family can ramble about at their ease. Not but what I was thinking that you must sometimes have some sick women and little children as can't conveniently walk all the way down to the Lake: but praps you aint got no sick women or little children in these parts? Or it may be the rich folk gives 'em free tickets to their verandabs and pleasure gardens just to show that parks isn't really necessary.

When your Park's grubbed up and built over, and your Legislature's in possession, that Liberty Pole oughtn't to stay there no longer: Fust, because some Assembly-man might stumble agin it and hurt hisself; aud second because

when the people's driven out, it wouldn't be decent or respectable for Liberty to stay there all by herself; she wouldn't be safe amongst the politicians after dark!

But that's another digression, and I humbly begs your pardon.

I'll try to be on hand agin when there's anything goin' on in the military way, and if you're willin' to pay for future communications I'll give you my impressions. It don't make no difference to me, as I travels all the time somewhere or another with my patent nutlocks, and I'm told there's real big chances your way just now in that line of goods. I'd share a commission with any influential parties; praps you've got *your* hand on the ropes?

Adoo—O Reevor.

Respectfully your servant,
ORLANDO P. BAGGS,
Colonel W.W.S.G.

The person who believes in the survival of the fittest must have his faith badly shaken when he looks about him and contemplates some of the survivors of the present day and generation.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Perils of the Deep.

Special to the Chicago, (Ill.) *Inter-Ocean*: The world-renowned swimmer, Captain Paul Boynton, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent at the seashore, related the following incidents in his experience:

Reporter:—"Captain Boynton, you must have seen a large part of the world?"

Captain Boynton:—"Yes, sir, by the aid of my Rubber Life-Saving Dress, I have travelled over 10,000 miles on the rivers of America and Europe; have also been presented to the crowned heads of England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Spain and Portugal, and have in my possession forty-two medals and decorations; I have three times received the order of knighthood, and been elected honorary member of committees, clubs, orders and societies."

Reporter:—"Were any of your trips accompanied by much danger?"

Captain Boynton:—"That depends upon what you may call dangerous. During my trip down the river Tagus, in Spain, I had to 'shoot' one hundred and two waterfalls, the highest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable

rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somane, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although all this was not very pleasant, and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for as long as my limbs are free and easy, and not cramped or benumbed, I am all right. Of late I carry a stock of St. Jacobs Oil in my little boat,—(the Captain calls it 'Baby Mine,' and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.)—and I have had little trouble. Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly with the article, and its action on the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me until I got hold of the Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who have been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they tried the Oil, and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it."



DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.
Toronto, 6th October, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that, under an Order in Council, Timber Berths in the undermentioned townships in the Muskoka and Parry Sound Districts will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Department of Crown Lands at twelve o'clock noon, on

TUESDAY, the 6th Day of December, Next,
viz:—Townships of Mowat, Blair, McConkey, Hardy, Patterson, Mills, Sinclair, Bethune, Proudfoot, Gurd, Machar, Strong, Joly, Laurier, Pringle, Lount, Nipissing and Hinsworth.

The area to be disposed of in the above townships as timber berths is upwards of 1,400 square miles, and to suit all classes of purchasers each township will, as nearly as practicable, be divided into four berths.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of sale, with information as to area and lots and concessions comprised in each berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Woods and Forest Branch of the Department, or to the Crown Timber Offices at Ottawa, Belleville and Quebec, and the office of T. E. Johnson, Esq., Parry Sound.

T. B. PARDEE,
Commissioner.

N. B.—No advertisement will be paid for unless previously ordered by the Department.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

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To Correspondents.

W. A. M. The speech will appear (with necessary amendments) next week.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The horn is sounded from the hill and the loyal Conservatives are summoned to a party feast. The Chieftain is to be banquetted in this city at an early date, and receive the meed of praise justly his due for creating millions of tall chimneys with his magic wand. But in connection with the banquet there is to be a convention—a much more significant thing. The Grit papers take it to signify that Sir John intends to dissolve Parliament and go to the country before his term has expired, and in that event they express themselves exceedingly ready to meet him. Meantime the query of the Cartoon might well be put by the witty Premier. Beyond a negative programme of denunciation against certain acts of alleged corruption on the part of Ministers; of reiterated condemnation of the Syndicate bargain, and repeated declarations against the N. P., the Reform party have no Policy that we know of. No doubt they would investigate the charges of corruption, but would they rescind the Bargain, or overthrow the Tariff? It is doubtful if they could constitutionally do the former, and as to the latter, Mr. Blake's utterances on the subject of the Tariff are somewhat vague and non-committal. But the Hon. Edward thought he had a Policy about him, somewhere!

FIRST PAGE.—We advisedly picture the Province of Manitoba as the Dominion Starveling. The actual and discreditable fact is that the Dominion authorities are fattening upon property which by every rule of justice belongs to the Prairie Province. A fuller statement of the circumstances is given elsewhere in this issue. As intimated, this cartoon is but the first of a series to be published with a view of arousing public attention to the anomaly and having it remedied if possible before serious trouble arises.

"Wonders sure will never cease!" as the old song says. Here we find the *Globe's* correspondent writing indignantly from Kingston that John A. has failed to fulfil certain promises made to one Mr. S. T. Drennan, who has a claim for damage against the Government.

Sir John promised that when he got into office he would "do justice to the claim," but (we actually quote these words from the *Globe*,) "after he became Premier he was not so anxious to do his friend a favour." Can this be the same John A. as we have been reading about so long in the big Grit organ? Surely not. That John A. was never known to forget his political cronies!

* *

The appearance in this city of Signor Rossi in three of Shakespeare's greatest characters is a favour for which we are indebted to the enterprise and tact of Manager Sheppard, and that gentleman deserves not only the thanks of the citizens but a good practical recognition in the shape of a heavy cash box, which we have no doubt he will receive. The prices are moderate considering the great distinction of the star and the unusual excellence of the supporting company.

* *



The Governor-General has gone home to receive the congratulations of his Royal mamma-in-law and the nobility and gentry on his late phenomenal journey across the continent. He leaves our shores attended by the best wishes of the Canadian people, who expect to have the pleasure of welcoming him back early in January. Lord Lorne will now be able to put in a good word for our maligned and misunderstood Dominion, and that he will do so heartily on every suitable occasion we may rest assured.

* *

The cartoon dealing with the Manitoba question is the first of a series which will appear in these pages, in accordance with our promise of last week to assist those who are fighting for justice to that Province. We join heartily in this fray because we are convinced that the present position of the Prairie Province is fraught with grave danger not only to the people who live within its limits, but to the whole Dominion. But aside from this, the present attitude of the Dominion authorities is mean, tyrannical and unjust—so much so that no free journal can stand by complacently and endure it.

* *

For the benefit of those who have not ex-

amined the matter, let us briefly summarize the facts of the case. Manitoba—unlike any of the other provinces—is prohibited from controlling any of the lands, minerals or other sources of revenue within her borders. Her local governmental institutions must be supported entirely by the interest on the amount placed to her credit on entering Confederation—which was some \$500,000. This interest is 5 per cent., but circumstances have obliged the Province to use up about \$300,000 of the principal, and the annual expenditure at present is not less than \$180,000. In addition to the interest on the subsidy the only other revenue at the command of Province is the annual receipt from the Dominion of 80 cts. per head on the population—which is limited to a population of 400,000. If John A. is sincere in predicting a population of "millions" in the Nor'-West within a few years, he ought to be able to grasp the gravity of the problem here presented for his consideration.

The "Dominion Churchman" on Collector Patton.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I observe, with regret, that you have been laughing very cruelly at the failure of our poor dear collector to put a stop to that dreadful thing called Free Opinion. But to show you how entirely you are in the wrong, Mr. GRIP, I enclose a copy of my favourite journal, the sweet and unctuous *Dominion Churchman*, whose high and holy mission it is to restore, in spots as it were, the good old times when dissenters were fined, and dissenting ministers turned out to starve in the ditches. You will see a letter in the *Dominion Churchman's* best style (which is much better than yours, Mr. GRIP!) calling on Collector Patton to put out of Synod a person who is it seems editor of an impious publication, called the *Canadian Monthly Review*. Now, Sir, it has come to my knowledge that this magazine has for the last several years contained articles by the *Principals of two Dissenting Colleges*, one in Kingston and the other in Cobourg! Both of these *Nonconformists* possess (we can guess who gives it to them!) a dangerous depth of thought, and an apparent candour, and those "graces of style" which are so apt to ensnare the young and unsuspecting. And yet the editor of this fearful publication is allowed to be a lay delegate for a leading parish in Toronto. Why he will entice the other lay delegates to be on more than speaking terms with Methodists!!! Honour and Anathema! I call on Collector Patton to ask in trumpet tones what is the rector of that Toronto parish about! Why did he allow such a man to be elected lay delegate?

And in that *Canadian Monthly Review*, Sir, there are articles by Sir Francis Hincks, a person of lax views on Church matters; and more by Mr. Goldwin Smith, a writer whose opinions are such that I never pass the Grange without groaning! Even that Presbyterian newspaper, the *Globe*, has often said where he is going to, and put it as strong, Sir, as St. Athanasius himself.

And, Sir, that lay delegate; *Monthly Review*, is full of idle stories, all about love-making, and such. It has poems by avowed Nonconformist writers. I am told that one of the cleverest of them is an avowed dissenter from Kingston. The minx, I should like to have her thumb-screwed till she could write no more poetry, to turn foolish hearts, about President Garfield, a deceased Nonconformist.

And yet, Sir, this lay delegate has, I am credibly informed, attended every meeting of the late Synod, and with serpent-like guile, has



ERNESTO ROSSI,

THE TRAGEDIAN.

(COMING TO THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE MONDAY EVENING, 13TH.)

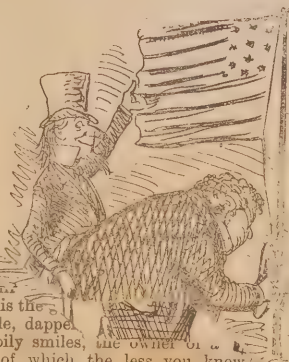
pretended to take the greatest interest in the proceedings. So I call to Collector Patton, at once to do as the *Dominion Churchman* advises.

While his hand is in, might he not do something to the publishers of the *Canadian Monthly Review*? They are Nonconformists of most dangerous views. The Collector might seize some of their books. One of them, I am told, is what worldly persons call a good-looking man, quite the person therefore to allow foolish women to attend such meetings of Dissenters!

ne cannot for this first time, and forefinger away from it. He lets it, pats it, pulls it, until the long-suffering looker is fain to walk to the window to see if it is going to rain, in order to preserve his good manners, and repress his risibilities. No young mother ever smiled and chirruped more delightedly to her first-born baby, than he smiles and chirrups and coaxes that all but invisible bit of thistle down. Bless you, he wouldn't hurt it for the world, neither would he lift a razor to it to mar the corners thereof, were it not with an eye to its future good, that it may shoot and grow more luxuriously in the future, so that others may see as he himself sees it,—without spectacles.

Moustachios are of various kinds and colours, and in some cases are a very fair index of character. There is the moustache sinister, for instance, long, blacky, glittering, with poignard-like waxed ends pointing over each shoulder, through which gleams a row of cruel, sharp white teeth, and below which grins a mouth, from which, good Lord deliver us! And then, under the patronage of the inevitable eye-glass, with it dazzling cord; aw, well, you know, the aw—pale primrose, or yellow straw-coloured moustache, with cherry lips parted by a cool Havanna. A doosed amiable sawt of a feeble awistocwat you know, little good, little ill, generally pretty comfawtably off; a nice light foil in the mosaic of humanity, who lives on legacies left him by his cousins his uncles and his aunts; not indigenous to this country—simply a visitor, like "the first white butterfly" that in the sun goes flitting by. And here, rolling up street, comes the cosmopolitan jolly tar

vermin. There is the reddish brown, long and clean, with beard consisting of two wavy silken points, falling breezily in fishtail fashion over his coat lappels, always the property of a brown-eyed, tall, rather kindly sort of man, who has a trick of combing the tails of that beard on the street with his fore fingers. And you bid a brief good morning to the bluff practical man, with moustache a la scrubbing brush, hard, curt, straight to the point, only partially covering a mouth thin-lipped, curveless, decisive, the muscles—like his purse-strings—not easily relaxed. Now look at this moustache, dark, handsome, every way you look at it, with a dash of sunlight over it that suggests generosity and warmth; a fitting ornament for the mouth it adorns but not covers, most dangerous when in company with a fine nose, and soft, dark eyes, and the smile! and the merry teeth! Mercy! let's go before we are too far gone. And now, ye gods! clear the sidewalk, for here looming darkly up street comes one with the very beard of Jove himself, dense, dark, overwhelming even the owner: "Black it stood as night, fierce as ten furies, terrible as—" ahem, hades. The forehead above is but so-so, the eyes not overly intelligent, nose only nondescript, nevertheless



on Mr. Bull's part would be a little ridiculous even if Uncle Sam didn't have his hand in J. B's coat-tail pocket as he has—further particulars of which may be had on application to Mr. Secretary Blaine.

Quid Nunc?

'Twas in a meeting lately held
Within Toronto city
That did occur this incident—
The subject of this ditty.

A man though young, yet of great zeal,
Attacked a Rural Dean, Sir,
In words which in old party days
Might have provoked a scene, Sir.

When his remarks concluded were,
The one aggrieved did rise, Sir,
And quietly de-liv-er-ed
The following reply, Sir:

"Young men ought not, I'd have you know,
To make such tabid speeches
'Gainst those who missionaries were
Ere they'd attained to breeches."

Then let us learn to have respect
For men who, born before us,
Have, though we really clever are,
Ten solos for our chorus.

November 7, 1881.

CHARLIE JAY.

Ten Minutes in the Sewing Circle.

BY J. LOES.

The ladies of the Sewing-society were in Mrs. Jones' parlour, sewing away with energy and spirit for their contemplated bazaar which they fondly hoped and firmly determined should outshine anything of the sort ever given by them or rival societies in the village of N—. A variety of articles, ornamental and otherwise, in various stages near completion, attested to the fact that a great afternoon's work had been done, and if as the time for work was drawing to a close, they were enjoying a gossip, they felt themselves entitled to that pleasure.

The conversation was animated, small wonder, they were talking about a wedding.

"Well," said Mrs. McDonald, the President of the society. "What did you think of the bride, how did she look?"

"Well enough," answered Mrs. Smith, as she turned the hem of a pinafore, "though she was a bit pale, it was natural in her to look kind of scared, knowin' her man for such a short time as she did. I hope as it will turn out all right."

"Pale! Mrs. Smith! Goodness me, when I seed her she was walkin' down the ile, and was as red as a turkey cock and almost as conceited."

"Seemed to me she held her head as much as if she'd done somethin'."

en.
refere.
cis Hincks
possibly have to a
thing no fellow can in.

Wendell P. Grip to the

To the Secretary of the Land League, Ireland.

GALLANT SIR:

The receipt of your letter asking me to cross the Atlantic and assist by my eloquence the cause of Right and Justice to Ireland, is acknowledged with sentiments of profound pride, albeit with becoming modesty. My heart leaps responsive to this cry of my fellow-men, and swift as meditation or the thoughts of love I hasten to reply. I can scarcely command myself sufficiently to write this brief acknowledgement of the overwhelming honour done me—it is a sword that I would grasp at this moment rather than a pen. Already, believe me, my heart has flown across the billows and I am in spirit in your midst, not leading the legions of

SATURDAY 12TH NOVEMBER, 1881.

Who is it pulls the tail board out,
And then in blindest tone does shout,
"Dear Sir, your pumpkin's rollin' out!"
—The Urchin.

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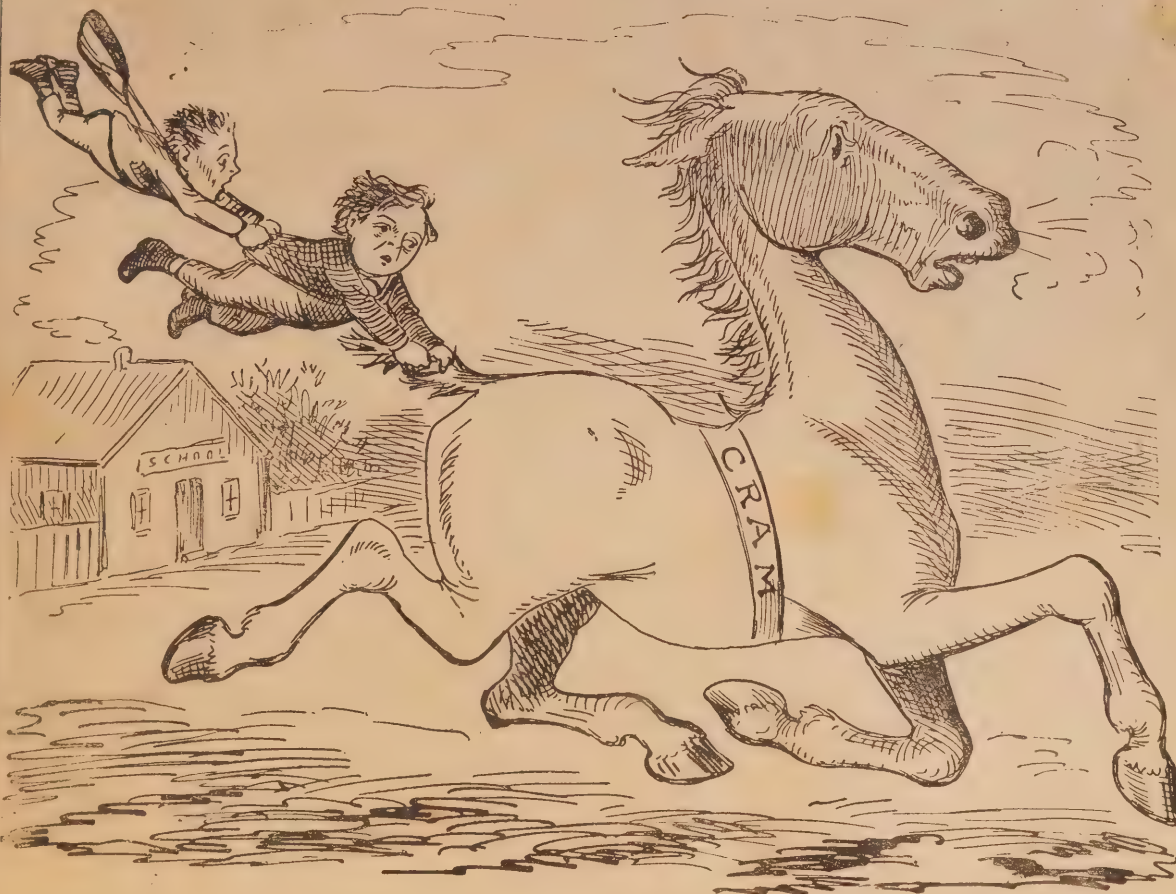
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No. 5.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

To Correspondents.

Mc., Watford.—Of course we would require photos.

E. B., Montreal.—Will return your MSS. as desired.

A. B., Chatham.—We are awaiting your second sketch.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—There seems to be a general dread that the Government will disallow the charters granted by the Manitoba Legislature to the South Eastern and South Western Railways. This apprehension at all events prevails in the Province most deeply interested, and we find our exchanges from that vicinity, without respect to party, crying out in tones both of warning and threatening. The *Portage La Prairie Review* goes so far as to intimate that the secession of Manitoba from the Dominion will be the almost certain result of such action, should it be actually taken by the Ottawa Administration. This is a question which should be looked at aside from partizanship, if ever there was one. If the Government consults the wishes of the Syndicate instead of those of the people, it will be doing a grievous wrong, and doing it gratuitously. Nobody pretends that any principle of Conservatism requires the disallowance of these charters, nor is it asserted on any side that the bargain binds the Government to do so. On the contrary, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper both gave the Syndicate and the country to understand that charters granted by Manitoba before the ratification of the contract would not be interfered with. Sir John Macdonald has never been wanting in pluck, and now or never is his opportunity for nobly showing it. Let him stand by the rights of the country against the grasping giant, and snub its insolence once for all, if he wishes to have his name honoured and cherished by future generations. We earnestly trust that he will prove himself equal to this great emergency.

FRONT PAGE.—The cramming system in our public schools has of late received a pretty thorough ventilation, and not a moment too soon. The position of the average pupils hitherto is pictured in our sketch. As a committee of the School Board now have the whole matter under consideration, we hope they will hit upon some means of rectifying the evil by rescuing the juvenile Mazeppas from their frantic charger, or

else inducing that noble steed to go a good deal slower.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A few sentences of Mark Twain's speech at Montreal were believed to have reference to our esteemed contemporary, the *Telegram* man, who is distinguished above all other "Toronto publishers" as an adapter of two dollar American books to the popular price of 15 cents. Mark's joke was very good in its way, but J. R. R. is also a great wit, and perhaps his joke will be still better when he seizes Mark's forthcoming "History of England" and publishes it at the usual discount. And we are informed he will be perfectly safe in so doing, notwithstanding Mr. Clemens' "domicile" in Canada, which is altogether too gauzy to hold legal water.

Rev. Father Stafford has written a noble letter to the *Kingston Whig* in reply to Mr. Anglin, a member of the local Public School Board, who at a recent meeting objected to the appointment of a lady teacher on the ground that she was a Roman Catholic. Although Father Stafford's letter is of course couched in the most courteous and tolerant language, he might easily have been excused had he written angrily of this irritating piece of bigotry. When the School Law so pointedly states that the teaching profession in Canada is open to all, without regard to creed or colour, it is humiliating to find a man occupying the position of a trustee in a leading city of the country who would allow his personal feelings to impose a wrong upon a large class of the community.

One sentence in the good priest's letter, however, strikes us queerly. It is as follows:—

"I have no fault to find with Mr. Anglin's preference to have his children taught by Protestant teachers, provided he does so legally and not at the public expense, and to the prejudice and detriment of other men's rights."

To this it might be replied, that if Protestant people are only right in preferring Protestant teachers when they do so at their own expense, then Roman Catholics should be subject to the same rule, and thus the whole separate school system is acknowledged to be wrong.

Mr. McMurrich is in the field for re-election to the Mayor's chair, and the citizens certainly cannot do better than return him. His course during the past year has been distinguished for just such qualities as we wish to see in our chief magistrate, and his natural gifts and graces fit him pre-eminently for the position. GRIP will plump for McMurrich!

A number of esteemed subscribers have written us with reference to the circular enclosed with the issue of a fortnight ago. Had these worthy gentlemen read the business manager's notice in the same issue, they would have learned that the circulars referred to were not intended for any excepting those whose subscriptions are unpaid. Besides, the wording of the circular itself made this quite clear.

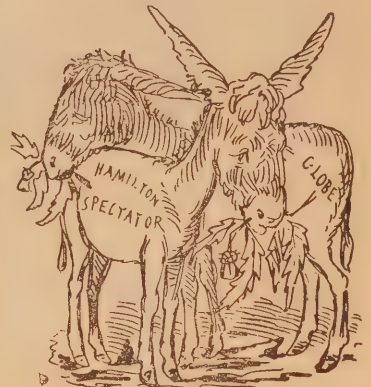
We are in receipt of a letter from a very witty but judiciously anonymous correspondent, who suggest that our title should be spelled with a final "t" instead of "p." If the correspondent means to allege that GRIP is conducted with an unfair leaning to the Grit side of politics, a few dry facts would go further to convince us than a little joke, however funny. GRIP owes allegiance to no party at present existing in the Dominion. Its mission is to hold up the weaknesses of public men and measures without regard to party, and if in any recent case it has failed to do so, it ought to be easy for our correspondent to point out the circumstances.

There is only one thing that excites our contempt more than the falsity, fatuity, and intolerance of partyism, and that is the habit some people have of making sweeping charges without backing them up by facts.

The *Budget*, an ably conducted insurance paper published in this city, is making a series of spirited attacks on the Mutual Aid Associations that profess to insure the lives of their members. These associations are declared to be illegal and fraudulent, without exception. If this is so, why doesn't our Inspector of Insurance look after them?

The Whitby Collegiate Institute has won the handsome silver cup offered by Sir Hector Langevin for competition at the annual athletic games. This Whitby school has a habit of winning things, and its muscular record bids fair to equal its scholastic fame. We acknowledge with pleasure a photograph of the cup kindly sent by the Principal, who says he would like to pledge every old boy of the school on this mighty goblet. Long may he live and the good old school too!

By an oversight of the mailing-clerk, GRIP was not sent to certain of our exchanges for the past two weeks. We hope this will not occur again.



THEY KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.

An allegorical sketch, respectfully dedicated to certain prominent journals who have worn out our patience with interminable articles on "The question of Oats."



SERVED HIM RIGHT.

An Editor's *sanctum* is a proverbially dangerous place for a certain class of intruders. Mr. Rykert of St. Catharines belongs to this class, and he found it out when he ventured into the office of the *Journal* the other day and undertook to dictate to the Editor on the subject of introducing politics into the Mayoralty contest. The Editor of the *Journal* is a thorough-going Conservative—a better one in every sense than Mr. Rykert—but he failed to see what connection there was between the N. P. and the local Mayor's chair, he therefore declined the dictation proffered, and wrote in favour of the man he considered best fitted for the place—and who happened, as we surmise, to be a Grit. It is not related that Mr. Rykert was shown out of the *sanctum* in the exact manner indicated in the above sketch, but that is exactly the way in which Editors should handle wire-pullers of either party who presume to run their papers for them.

The Time of Year.

Now is the citizen at a premium and the alderman at a discount. Now doth the energetic citizen hunt up his grievances and lay in the balance his flooded sidewalk and his foundered horse, and hath no compunction in claiming compensation for either—all his compunction arising from the knowledge that he cannot get compensation for both. Now doth the aldermanic conscience twinge on account of unfulfilled promises made to constituents last year, and now is it quieted by sundry other promises registered until the second week in January, 1882. Now doth the voting citizen carry his head proudly and step high; and the candidate for municipal honours becomes "child-like and bland," and is very hospitable to the residents of a certain ward; moreover he is anxious about the health of the families therein residing, and asks his wife for nice receipts for the cure of whooping-cough and the mumps.

Now is the school trustee very amiable, and quite as ungrammatical and pragmatical as usual. Now doth he assure his friends that he will be down on those teachers, especially the women, if they ask for better salaries, and will see that lessons to any extent are laid upon the children of ignorant parents, who use this engine as a power for keeping their growing children from their necessary play. And to the wise he saith "Why should the little ones be bored with lessons out of school and in? I will alter this thing 'an't please you."

Now doth caddy grin because he knows who will pay his election expenditures; and the saloon-keeper painteth a door so that it looketh like a window, and he studieth transformation scenes diligently. Now do loafers hang round bar-rooms, like pearls on beauty's neck, and talk high politics and go into argument on the usefulness of the *genus loafer* to the state, and especially to the city alderman. Now do ladies throw out many hints to their lords about

getting "tight" on election day. Now do the lords resent the base insinuation and look fierce and straightway go into training. Now is it a pretty sure thing that they will win. Now doth the Past Grand—Alderman—declare that the streets are a disgrace to the City and that "somethin' oughter be done."

Now doth the easy citizen declare "That's so!" swear at his horse; blaspheme his wagon; and let the Board of Works off this time.

Now doth the Toronto merchant and also the city tradesman invoke the "beautiful snow" as the best contractor for roads he knows of.

CIVIS.

The Schoolmaster to his Love.

"*Arma virumque cano.*"

When through the telescope I view
The orbs that fill the skies,
I think of their conjunction too,
And then about your eyes;
Why dost thou, like a wandering star,
Pour forth a wasted light,
No more thine orbit trace afar,
Become my satellite!

When separate sentences combine,
United by conjunction,
Each part in harmony divine
Performs its special function:
A period then—say, do not pause—
We'll make; so let me be
Your Principal; oh! I be a clause
Subordinate to me!

Whenever I and I we view,
We only see *ti*,
Then let addition make us 2—
A number prime but even.
Two integers to be in life,
Divided by Subtraction?
No! be my better $\frac{1}{2}$, my wife,
My love, my vulgar fraction!

United thus no Gaul we'll be
Divided "in tres partes,"
To conquer in detail, you see,
A general's true art is;
But I will be your Caesar,
His Cleopatra be!
He did his best to please her,
Come do the same to me!

We'll think not of the future, then,
For present joys are perfect,
Nor say too late "It might have been,"
(Subjective mood, pluperfect):
One part alone of verbs active
We'll choose—1st conjugation,
1st Plural of Indicative
Present—for recitation.

Then come and share my humble store,
Reversions of my pension,
My smatterings of various lore—
And, lastly, need I mention,
That never from that hour we'll part,
We'll live and love so true,
Reports that monthly vex my heart
Shall vex thine own heart too!!

Canadian Wayside Sketches

THE COUNTRY HOTEL (continued).

No. 2.

The average meal here is a sad affair at its best, sad enough to somehow connect it in your mind with Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy; sadder even than its hot biscuits, "without which none is genuine." We all know its bill of fare, and can repeat it far more glibly even than the attendant, Hebe, it is as immutable as the statutory enactments of the late lamented Medes and Persians—men may come, and men may go, but it goes on forever.

Beef is good, but if the beef hath lost its savour, wherewithal shall it be beef? Pork is good, but if the pork be swimming in its native grease, I take it there may be some objections, at all events from a digestion and a palate which have been, in days of yore, accustomed to other catering. Cucumbers are good (pickled, of course), such at least was your impression of them under the manipulations of Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell; but after three years' experience of three times a day, you have been forced to the conclusion that you cannot support home industries in every respect, especially when they

have ceased to support you. For my own part, I have somewhat of a bias against pickled cucumber since the day I saw my *vis a vis* at the table devouring them with hiscodfish *a la creme*, there was a sort of savage incongruity about the act that I have never quite got over. I have witnessed many and varied gastronomical performances that would somewhat startle a Savarin or a Soyer, but as a unique exhibition of a refined and cultured taste this eclipsed all—no—when cucumbers are mentioned I pass. Apple-sauce is good, but the sacredness of this time-honoured institution forbids comment, but still one cannot live by apple-sauce alone, and yet one is sometimes driven to doubt it whilst sojourning in the wilderness of the Canadian Country Hotel. Last summer's crackers are good, by way of ornament, and from a depraved artistic point of view, but despite the mandate of Johnson, from an edible standpoint one prefers to do that kind of thing as gradually as possible, though that is not saying much under present auspices. Mustard is good, it is a condiment introduced from that land of epicureanism—the East—but I am not aware that flies are to be found in the original receipt; on the whole, mustard is perhaps preferable without flies, but *chacun a son gout*. All these things I say are good, but certainly not in the way they are produced before you.

As you look round the table, the impression that time is the essence of the contract becomes convincing; constant relays of hungry guests have come and gone whilst you have been endeavouring to get your cold plate heated to the proper temperature for the reception of hot viands, and by so doing, incurred the implacable hatred and contempt of the aforesaid Hebe, and of the whole establishment of "The Dreary House." "*Il faut vivre*," and you attempt to prolong the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest as best you may; but as you rise from the table, if there is one thing more forcibly impressed on your mind than another, it is the absolute necessity for the extension of the provisions of the Act regulating the use of knives and other dangerous weapons; you have also other impressions which you propose conveying in due season.

VIATOR.

Underground Theology.

IN THREE ACTS.—ACT 2ND.

SCENE.—A small apartment in an underground basement, populated by people unable to pay an above-ground rent. A man with a decidedly intellectual cast of face, a face having a history behind it, sits mending shoes, a useful trade he picked up during his compulsory sojourn at Kingston. Enter a rather well-to-do individual with a pair of boots in one hand and the latest number of the "Truth Seeker" in the other. He starts in surprise to find in the cobbler an old-fashioned disciple of his, whom he had lost sight of for some time.

FREETHINKER, (offering his hand which the cobbler does not see)—

"Why, Leon, what does this mean? How do you do? It's more than three years now, where have you been?"

LEON (sternly)—

"Where have I been? to where you led me, sir!"

FREETHINKER (pompously)—

"Ah! to the goal of free, unfettered thought, where, freed from all conventional restraints, from fear of God, or worse, God-fearing men, you taste at last the sweets of liberty. Let me congratulate you, give me your hand. You won't, eh? are you ill? have you a venal ill?"

LEON (starting up fiercely)—

"Ill! yes, I have been ill! ill with an ill That comes to all who follow such as you. Ill to the death,—of all in me of good So freed from all restraints, that here I stand A liberated felon! Ha! you start?"

FREETHINKER (sneeringly)—

"Why, what's the matter? have these hypocrites, these sanctimonious snivellers tackled you? Or has your praying wife been a henpeck—"

LEON (clenching his fists)—

"Hold there! Another syllable, and I will stretch you prone As any galling serpent! serpent! aye, Who stole into the Eden of my life;

A DUET FROM "PATIENCE."

AS PERFORMED AT THE OPERA COMIQUE, OTTAWA.

JOHN A. BUNTHORNE, a "weird, wild, fleshy" poet.
ED. B. GROSVENOR, a politico-idyllic poet.

J. A. B. (sings)
I'm a devil-may-care young man,
A laugh-it-away young man,
A ghost-of-Ben-Dizzy-cal, quippy and quizzical,
I humb-to-my-nose young man.
Defeat me if you can!
The luckiest-out young man,
The ghost of, &c.



E.B.G.
I'm a Northern Lights young man,
A soft-felt-hat young man,
A high-theoretical, iron-rimmed "spettical,"
Mill-and-John-Bright young man.
Oh! follow me if you can;
A promising, fine young man;
An awfully sensible, scarce comprehensible
Hope-of-the-Grits young man!



J.A.B.
I'm a jaunty-old-boy young man,
A go-as-you-please young man,
A Charley O'Malley, cheer from the gallery,
And popular pet young man.



E.B.G.
I'm a Poor-Man's-Shirt young man,
A National-Hopes young man.
A close-exegetical, long-purentethical,
Lay-em-all-out young man.



J.A.B.
I'm a C.P.R. young man,
A great N.P. young man,
A practical-policy (just like St. Paul, ye see)*
Dish-all-the-Grits young man.



E.B.G.
I'm a logical, calm young man,
Sarcastic and cool young man,
An amply-sta-istical, mazy and twistical,
Wind-you-all up young man,
Oh! follow me if you can.

*All things to all men, &c.

My happy life, with wife and children crowned,
And blessed and hallowed with my mother's faith.
Aye, sneer, (yes, I was weak beyond belief)
The sneer is weapon worthy of the man
Who used his stronger mind and greater knowledge
To wrest from weaker ones the faith and trust
Wherein their strength and their salvation lay
From self and human weakness. Noble work!
But when from yonder grizzly prison walls
I came, a blighted, branded, homeless man,
Was it a freethinker, do you suppose,
Met me with smile and warm extended hand
Bidding me welcome back to life and hope?
Not you, or any of your hopeless creed!
But one of those we oft have laughed to scorn,
(Whom you call sniveling, praying hypocrites,)
Bid me take heart again, the world was wide,
And said there yet was good in store for me.
I was ashamed. Said I, "I will go home."
"Yes, by-and-bye," said she, "but come with me
And have some dinner, after we will see,
Perhaps my husband may go with you home."
So I went with her, and I told her all.
And then said I, "I'd like to see my wife;
She was like you, a Christian sweet and true,

"Had I but minded her——" but I broke down.
"Dear soul," said she, "don't fret, she is at rest!
She sent you love and blessing at the last,
And prayed for you and the dear child: en left—"
"Left! God! is my wife dead?" I cried, and rushed
Out of the house, into the glaring street,
Pursued by howling devils of remorse,
Until, I know not how, they found me here.
The Christian neighbours, *Christians*, mark you that!
They told me, since that night when, mad with drink
I broke the law, she pined and pined away,
Lying by inches of a breaking heart.
But how through all she wanted not for aught
That well could smooth her pathway to the grave.
My children, they were cared for, fed and clothed,
By one who was a Christian indeed,
Who waited for me at the prison gate,
With my dead wife's last messages of love.
*You will please mark all this was done for love,
By followers of One you call—impator.*
Hush! not a word! your words are veinless wind,
Weighed in the balance, against deeds like these.
This creed of love and hope's the creed for me!
Show me what fruit this tree of *your's* brings forth,
What have *you* done to elevate mankind?

How many creatures have *you* saved from ruin?
How many lifted to a purer life?
Have *you* at all enriched your native land?
Snatching the young from poverty and crime,
By feeding, clothing, educating them,
Till they become good men and honest citizens,
So strengthening the foundation of the commonwealth.
By that which, left neglected, proves a menace,
A source of weakness, danger, and decay?
Where are *your* homes to shield the homeless poor,
Your hospitals for children, sweet and clean,
With flowers bedecked, and pictures beautified,
And waited on with kindness and with love,
All this the followers of Jesus do.
When I contrast His pure and holy life
With that vile sheet of yours, that blatant page,
The offering of a course and vulgar mind,
Who advertises his own photograph,
Price fifty cents, upon the back thereof.
I sometimes wonder whether I was sane,
Hoping from upas tree to gather grapes.
There, go, my choice is made.—God send to you
Less power to poison and destroy His work!
(Exeunt)

JAY KAYELLE.



JACK, THE GIANT-MAKER.

THE SYNDICATE.—YOU MUST DISALLOW THAT CHARTER. I KNOW IT WILL BE AN OUTRAGE, AND IT IS NOT STIPULATED IN MY BOND, BUT I WANT IT DONE, AND YOU HAVE POWER TO DO IT. YOU UNDERSTAND ME!

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

"You lie like a tombstone," is a more forcible than eloquent expression.—*Rochester Express*.

No girl of proper spirit objects to seeing freckles on another girl's face.—*Seneca Falls Reville*.

The footsteps of Death are as silent as the brass band of a defeated candidate.—*Rochester Express*.

"He has a Florentine, fourteenth century frenzy," said the aesthete, as he beheld the man with the jim-jams.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Blifiers says that a young lady on his street plays the piano with a good deal of feeling—around after the right keys.—*Yawcob Strauss*.

A celebrated writer says, "debt is a great stimulant." If he is correct in what he says, there are some men around this town in a chronic state of intoxication.—*Lowell Citizen*.

When Charles the First was about to lay his head on the block, he sighed and murmured: "This comes of not advertising in the local paper."—*English History*.—*Detroit Free Press*.

As President Gonzales of Mexico has been shot at only thirteen times during the past week, he considers himself in better health, and will hereafter wear but one corrugated under shirt.—*Ex*.

How is it that when a young lady runs off and marries a coachman, everybody generally, and her parents in particular, raise old Cain about it, and nothing at all is ever said when a bride marries a groom.—*Ex*.

The dumb oyster is never clamorous.—*The Judge*. No more is the dumb clam b'oyterous.—*Wit and Wisdom*. Both of these assertions are, of course, offshal, but may have been committed bivalvular processes.—*Ex*.

A man in Colorado a short time ago was sentenced to a life of solitary confinement, and the judge condemned him to serve out the balance of his days in the greenback party.—*Laramie Boomerang*.

A gentleman in New York has just moved out of a flat, and gave as his reason for doing so that his fellow tenants made so much noise stealing each other's coal and kindling wood every night that he couldn't sleep.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

The Mother has made a Lap. The Boy is in the Lap. He is looking at the Carpet. What has the mother in her Hand? She has a Shingle in her hand. What will she do with the Shingle? She will put it Where it will do the Most Good.—*Denver Tribune*.

Why are small-pox pits like members of a fire company? Because they run together.... A thing that kicks without legs—A gun.... How to treat a bummer—Show him no quarter.... An election return—Brought home drunk.—*The Baton*.

It is now said that Edison has turned his attention from electricity, and is studying on a patent medicine. In this he will fill a want long felt. What this country wants is a patent medicine. There are diseases enough, but no patent medicine. If he can strike a medicine that the people can take with a consciousness that by patronizing Edison he will not invent any more electric things, they will confer a great and everlasting favour upon the country, even if they are not cured. Edison may be lighting on a patent medicine, but he is a slouch on electric apparatus.—*Peck's Sun*.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, with an expression of great disgust, after kissing his wife, "I do believe you've been smoking cigarettes, cheap and nasty ones, at that." "It's only too true," she replied, nonchalantly, "I took them out of the bundle you brought home last night."—*Brooklyn Sunday Eagle*.

The man who said the "pen is mightier than the sword" imagined, no doubt, that we wrote all of our rip-snorting articles with a pen. This is a common error. Some of our most eloquent and destructive gobs of logic were written with the stump of a carpenter's pencil on a paper bag.—*Bill Nye's Boomerang*.

Last Monday morning a poor but cheeky young man went into the employ of one of our leading dry goods houses, determined to get a speedy footing there. He got it Saturday night—the footing we mean—and now he is open for engagements, work no object if salary is satisfactory.—*Elevated Railway Journal*.

At a social party on Austin avenue the following proceedings were had: "So your nephew is going to get married?" "Yes, ma'am; next Saturday the knot will be tied." Little Johnny, who has been listening, says: "I say, ma, on the last day they let the poor fellow eat anything he wants to, don't they?"—*Texas Siftings*.

An Ohio young woman borrowed a pistol of one beau and while showing it to another fired it off. The ball struck her upper lip and went through the roof of her mouth. Here she took charge of it herself and swallowed it. The Ohio nature is the same throughout. It will keep everything that comes along.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A new boarder at the Occidental gazed at his plate, the other morning, and then said: "Is there a reliable physician stopping in this house?" "Yes, sir," said the waiter, "Good surgeon, too; eh?" "Believe so, sir." "Then, just see if he is in his room before I start in on this breakfast. I had a brother choked to death on a steak like that once, and I'm bound to take all the necessary precautions."—*San Francisco Post*.

"How to keep the boys at home" is a conundrum that is agitating the parents of the land. "It all depends," remarks the *New Haven Register*, "on the kind of boy. Some boys could be kept at home by establishing a beer saloon in the basement, others need a ball-room in the parlour; but the best way to keep a boy at home is to tell him to stay there, and make it a point to have him obey you. Begin early, and you have the problem solved."

A fond young lover who grew up in the sentimental shades of Riverdale, knelt at the feet of the girl he loved, and begged for a lock of her hair. She shook her practical head. "Can't do it, Harry," she said. "Hair's hair this season: \$5.75 for a curled bang, and a small fortune for a real switch, but never mind," she added, seeing her tender-hearted, sensitive lover weep, "never mind: just wait here a minute and I'll run up and bring you down a spoonful of my Sunday complexion." That comforted him.—*Hutchinson's Bulletin*.

There is now a brand of fine-cut tobacco known as Thistle Dew. When a man asks for a certain kind of weed and can't get it, he just purchases a package of the new variety and murmurs as he takes it, "Thistle Dew." This is an example of a new handmade English joke that we are now turning out at this office. We have, in addition to the above highly classic style of mirth, a good fair, average stoga joke at a much smaller price. Estimates made for almanacs, minstrel shows, and funerals. Send 10 cents for catalogue.—*Bill Nye*.

Its Work in Strathroy.

It often happens that the opinion of an experienced man, an expert, if we so call him, conveys greater force than an aggregation of outside, uneducated testimony. And then, too, personal experience or observation is so much more convincing than mere assertion. Trained to habits of analysis and keenest accuracy, and from the very nature of their daily occupation, given to the most incisive criticism of anything of a proprietary nature, chemists, as a class, hesitate very long before indorsing anything of a remedial nature whose virtues have been announced through the public press. St.



Jacobs Oil, however, is so universally successful and so unvaryingly accomplishes all that it promises that the able chemist, W. J. Dyas, Esq., of Medical Hall, Strathroy, Ont., sends, with his friendly recommendation, the following from David Harrison, Esq., 9th Conc., Township of Caradoc:—Having suffered with inflammatory rheumatism since last July, and hearing of St. Jacobs Oil, I sent for a bottle of the article on the 15th of October. At that time I was confined to the house, and could not possibly get out of bed without assistance. After four applications of the Oil, the pain ceased entirely, and I was able to go about Strathroy in less than a week. I cannot give too much praise to St. Jacobs Oil for what it has done for me, and I believe it to be a most reliable remedy in rheumatism. Its wonderful efficacy should be brought to the knowledge of everybody.

First Meeting of the Froggleton Association of Learned Longheads.

(By Telephone.)

(Continued from last week.)

FROGGLETON, Nov. 2nd, 1881.

Professor Fudge begged leave to draw their attention to a matter of vital importance to the public—he referred to patent medicines. A careful inquiry on his part had brought out the fact that in the United States and Canada there were, at present, 7572 different remedies. Of these 3931 were guaranteed to cure every disease known to man, while the balance would cure nine-tenths of them. Thus, if a person tried one of these cure-alls and failed to receive any benefit, he still had 3930 to choose from. If all these failed there yet remained 3641 remedies of the second class. Truly we ought to be thankful!

Professor Swillpot quite agreed with his learned friend that patent medicines were a boon to mankind. He, himself, never failed to try every remedy as soon as it came out, and, as a consequence, had only spent \$352.10 on medicines during the past three years. But his friend had left unnoticed one great benefit which the enterprising manufacturers were now conferring upon the public. He referred to the method of advertising their wares in connection with some curious, scientific or other news. Thus were the masses educated and the road to health opened to them. It was a fact, however, that persons of uncultivated minds were inclined to indulge in pro-

fanity upon reading one of these articles. He had heard, not long since, a gentleman, who should have known better, curse not only the medicine but the paper in which the article appeared. 'This was to be deplored, but no drastic remedy could be applied; time must work the cure.

Professor Thumskrew drew the attention of his colleagues to a grievous want that existed at the present time. Doubtless they knew that all young gentlemen of breeding congregated around the doors of churches and theatres at the time of closing and amused themselves by squirting tobacco juice about, and staring in the faces of the ladies. Now, this habit was such a commendable one, that he would like to encourage it in every possible way. He thought if cushioned chairs were arranged for the benefit of these exemplary youths it would be a good idea. He had thought of spittoons, but the ladies' dresses would serve that purpose in the future as in the past. Also all the ladies should be compelled to stand for at least five minutes to allow of a few choice remarks being passed upon them. If his plan were carried out he felt certain it would elevate the morals of the community very greatly.

2.30 p.m.

Professor Tearem continued the discussion, after the noon recess. He thought that a petition should be presented to Parliament asking for an appropriation for the carrying out of his learned colleague's idea. A subscription might also be opened, the co-operation of the clergy being secured.

Professor Thumskrew said he would take his learned friend's suggestion into consideration.

3.30 p.m.

Professor Kant said he had noticed during the past few years a desire on the part of several clergymen and others to show that hell was not as hot as we had supposed. In fact some doubted its existence. This must be stopped, and he knew of no body of men better able to do so than this Association. Now was the time for them to settle the matter for ever, and give the people a hell on which they could depend.

Professor Leatherworks approved of the idea greatly. Such a chance might not occur again. He thought, however, that most people were punished enough on this earth without going for them so lively afterwards. He moved that fire and brimstone be omitted, unless in the case of those convicted of the heinous crime of dancing.

Professor Thumskrew (fiercely)—"No fire or brimstone? Why, what kind of a hell do you want, anyway? No fire! By the long horn spoon, I wouldn't give five cents for such a miserable abortion!"

Professor Tearem—"I agree with my learned friend; we want fire, and plenty of it. I hope Professor Leatherworks' resolution will be voted down."

Professor Swillpot suggested that they substitute a course of *Globe* editorials for the fire and brimstone.

Professor Fudge, sarcastically—"Or the Saturday religious articles of the *Mail*."

Professor L.—"Do you mean to state that the *Mail* articles are not written forcibly and well?"

Professor F.—"I mean that I'd as soon be roasted while as wade through such balderdash. Hell is mild in comparison!"

Professor Swillpot (savagely)—"You're a bald-headed prevaricator, and for two cents I'd smash you!"

Professor Fudge—"Try it, you pot-bellied old humbug! Your chance is good."

3.40.

All is chaos. A general fight is in progress, and the air is filled with furniture and profanity. I have barricaded myself in the north-east corner of the room.

3.50.
The row still continues. Professor Fudge is trying to ram an old copy of the *Globe* down Professor Swillpot's throat, while Professor Bilker is vigorously applying the boot of his short leg to the latter's rear.

4.00.

No cessation is apparent. Professor Kant is gouging the left eye out of Professor Tearem. Professor Leatherworks is under the sofa. Professor Fudge has got part of the *Globe* down, and is now beating a tattoo on Professor Swillpot's stomach. Professor Thumskrew has four fingers of Professor Bilker's right hand in his mouth, while the latter is chewing Professor T.'s ear.

4.30.

Calm has once more resumed sway, the storm having completely subsided. The discussion of eternal punishment has been indefinitely postponed, and the Association has closed its labours for this time. The members are now busy applying sticking plasters and washing off the gore. I am given to understand that they leave town for their homes to-morrow. It was originally intended to have a grand banquet to-night at the Rotten Egg and Blue Racer, and the landlord had purchased a couple of chickens for the purpose, but it will not come off. The visages of some of the distinguished gentlemen would hardly bear public scrutiny, and they feel indisposed after the last hour's exertions. You will bear me out when I say that the Association deserves the thanks of the nation for their disinterested and arduous labours.

6.15.

The landlord tells me that he will enter an action for damages against the Association on account of the chickens. This is really too bad.



PHOTOGRAPHIC.

SOLVENIRS OF A TRIP TO THE NORTH-WEST.

A Mr. Giga-chook, (or chew potatoes) Mr. Sitting Bull's butler-in-chief, who obtained his position on account of his ability in imparting just the right coal oil flavouring to a pain-killer cork-tail, and who was presented with a silver-mounted corkscrew by a deputation of the Ontario Government when they made their celebrated trip.

B Miss Tish-won-Tish, (or terror on bread) who is now in the possession of the hearts of several of our gay and festive Mounted Police, and who is justly noted for the lovely manner in which she can do up a scalp.

N.B. She is the belle of Mr. Bull's camp.

C Hinne-ma-ma, (or bones outside) Mr. Bull's favourite charger, the picture of Maud S., and who has been known to do his mile in 2.06 1/2.

D Ko-no-mis, (or nightingale) Mr. Bull's pet canine, who is supposed to have been the original of "man's noblest friend," and who nightly fills the air with melody.

E Wia-ha-tha, (or the moon) who in these savage latitudes is beneficent enough to allow itself to be sung to without calling on a shower of boots, hair-brushes, profanity, etc.

Our Telephone.

The other morning Grip came down to his office and sat for a long time, biting his quill and meditating upon things in general. The more he thought the more bewildered he became in trying to understand the actions and motives of men. Nothing seemed to be going right, everybody seemed to be at sea, and he

finally came to the conclusion to personally inquire of everybody what everybody was doing. So, picking up the telephone which hung at the side of his desk, he first rung up Sir John A. Macdonald. The following colloquy ensued:

GRIP.—Sir John, what do you mean by all this loyalty business?

Sir John.—That's just what I mean—business.

GRIP.—But how?

Sir John.—You won't tell?

GRIP.—Never.

Sir John.—Honest Injun!

GRIP.—Hope to scream.

Sir John.—Well, I'll tell you. Don't you see I've got to have something to off-set this confounded coal tax; and to throw against this measly affair of the Syndicate gobbling up the Manitoba and North-Western, and putting the screws down upon Winnipeg.

GRIP (with a long breath).—Oh; I see. But won't it have a demoralizing effect upon Boulton's Band of Baldheads?

Sir John.—Not at all. It gives men like Ridout a chance to show their oratory who would never be heard. It thus saves life, you see.

GRIP.—What did you mean by putting Wallace forward at the Convention to talk all that rag-baby rot?

Sir John.—S—s—sh. That's a big secret. You see the N. P. will not stand more than one racket yet, so I must get something ready for 1888. Then the National Currency will come in handy, and I've opened up the way with Wallace. If I don't need his rag-baby, I can easily shove him off.

GRIP began to feel disgusted, but called up Hon. Edward Blake.

GRIP.—Hello, Ed.

Hon. Edward.—Hello.

GRIP.—Have you found a platform yet?

Hon. Edward.—Naw. 'Ain't looking for one. Let the others get up a platform, and I'll tear it into smithereens.

GRIP felt a little more disgusted, but after smoothing down his top-knot, he called up Judge Mackenzie.

GRIP.—Say, Judge, who burnt that contract? Judge Mackenzie.—Well now, d'ye see, I don't know about that. D'ye see, I've got to read about one thousand pages of evidence yet, d'ye see even then I'm only supposed to find that it was burned.

GRIP.—But everybody knew that it was burned.

Judge Mackenzie.—Well, d'ye see I can't help what anybody knows; I'm not supposed to know anything, d'ye see?

GRIP mentioned something about "knowing anything," and then called on Mr. Manning.

GRIP.—What do you mean by offering that \$2,000 for a free library? Have you struck a gold mine?

Mr. Manning.—No, but I'm in the field for Mayor, and I calculate that \$2,000 will bear interest in the shape of votes.

GRIP.—What are your chances?

Mr. Manning.—Good, as long as the *Mail* keeps quiet. But if they open out, I'll be "closed" up like a certain candidate last year.

GRIP next called up John Riordan.

GRIP.—Where is Christopher W.?

John R.—Gone to New York to try and get Farrar back.

GRIP.—What do you want with him?

John R.—We are afraid he will write the Grit campaign sheet, and if he did he would bust the party higher than Gilroy's kite.

GRIP then asked Mr. Trevalyn Ridout what he thought of the *World*.

Ridout.—It's a nasty, dirty, lying, miserable —and GRIP dropped the telephone in a fright.

GRIP next called up the Zoo, and yelled, "Harry Piper."

"What d'yer soy?"

"How goes the Zoo?"

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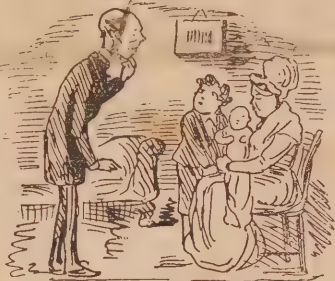


MARK TWAIN'S LITTLE JOKE.

IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A TORONTO PUBLISHER WHO TOOK THOSE DIAMONDS, 'CAUSE, YOU SEE, THE SHIRT IS LEFT!

"Blooming, my ceckey, have made a skating rink, getting in an alligator, and a Fegee cannibal, goin' to have fox hunts,"—and the rest was lost in a jumble of words in which only "take somethin'" was recognizable.

Gar thought awhile and came to the conclusion that he knew almost everything worth knowing.



A STRONG RESEMBLANCE.

Little Arthur is taken by his papa (a young-old gentleman who is constantly endeavouring to turn the hands of time backwards) to see his newly arrived baby brother.

PAPA.—Well, Arthur, do you think he resembles his father? That is, my child, do you think he looks like me?

ARTHUR.—(after a very deliberate survey of baby and father) Well, no, papa, except I think he looks like you on the top of the head.

PAPA.—Hem! That will do, my son, run away and play.

Winter.

(AFTER AN ANCIENT ENGLISH BALLAD—SOME DISTANCE.)

AIR.—Summer is a-comin' in.

Winter is a-comin' in.

Loud sing, hello!
Water freezeeth, Nor-west breezeeth,
Poor man shivereth now.

After "acmes" sigheth boy;
After "stanes" doth curlier hie.
Sing loud, hello!

Loafer longeth after drink;
Youth for ticket seeketh rink;
Nymph declareth hers are "3,"
Masquer wondereth "when 'twill be."
Fascinating band night comes,
Skater meeteth last year's chums.
Sing loud, hello!

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.



THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet
and Ears, and all other Pains
and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Hello! hello! merrily sing hello!
Sleigh bells jingle; fingers tingle.
Loud sing, hello!

Merrily sing, hello!
Frost-bites have a chance now.
Cease ye not to sing hello!
Loud sing, hello!

SHAKES-A-PAW.

"What made you so late?" asked Miss Adams of a little girl who was tardy at school the other morning. "We have got a little baby at our house," replied the girl. "Don't let it happen again," said the teacher reprovingly. The girl said she wouldn't, and took her seat.

A devout unbeliever: The great hit of the recent congress of free thinkers at Paris was the speech of an illustrious orator who, having inserted his left hand into the breast of his coat, made a passionate gesture with the right, and bellowed, "Gentlemen, I am an atheist—thank God."

"On The Hip."

This rather inelegant expression, used popularly to indicate that condition of things in which one person holds another securely by some circumstance, word or act, finds literal exemplification in the following narrative by Mr. John Rourke, of Ottawa, Canada. Mr. Rourke says: I have been subject to hip disease for 8 or 9 years, and have tried all kinds of remedies, but found nothing to give me any relief until a friend advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I tried it, and after using 1½



bottles I am entirely relieved of pain, and have not been troubled since, now nearly six months. This is what people would call getting hip disease "on the hip."

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CHINA HALL!

THE OLDEST HOUSE FOR

China, Porcelain
and Glass

IN THE CITY ALSO

Stone China Dinner
Ware.

CLOVER HARRISON,
Importer.



The grabeast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest fish is the Oyster; the grabest man is the Fool.



49 King St. East, Toronto.

VOLUME XVIII.
No. 5.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24. 1881.

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DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR.
ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.



CALLING UP THE CHIMNEY.

AND "GRIP" HOPES SANTA CLAUS WILL HEAR AND HEED.

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THE POPULAR

Who loves to square up with Nudel,
Like anyone below loves?—(Well,
The name of it I shall not tell.)

The Student.

Who loves the "Globe" like lover true,
And reads its columns daily through?
There is but one 'tween me and you—

The Student.



Angelina. Mistigush. H gave us a beautiful sermon. Frank— is a very learned man you know." Frank— "What makes you think so, dear?" Angelina— "Oh, I know he must be, Frank. I couldn't understand at all what he was talking about. But it was a beautiful sermon.—Boston Transcript.

The most useful and valuable HOLIDAY PRESENT—one that will last a lifetime—is a MACKINNON PEN—diamond pointed. The fact that OVER A THOUSAND have been sold in Canada within the past few months, is the best guarantee of its popularity and usefulness.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

To Correspondents.

M. F. S., *Port Hope*.—Not suitable for our columns.

J. H. C.—Declined with thanks.

L. G., *Chicago*.—Try, try again. You may hit on something better next time.

R. S. P.—Can't use it.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—This is the season when the school-boy is decked in gorgeous apparel, and hies him to the public examination, where, in the presence of a crowded audience of the parents and friends, he displays the net results of the season's cramming, to the astonishment and delight of all. It is this familiar and interesting scene which we depict for our Christmas Cartoon. GRIP is nothing, if not true to facts, and it will be observed that there is nothing in the picture to imply that it is a Canadian winter. Most of our contemporaries who publish Christmas pictures will be sure to have heaps of snow and ponds of ice, regardless of the facts. The little boy in the cartoon who is at the map is Eddy Blake. He is the pride of the school, for the great extent of his brains and his love of books. But the school-master is a wag, and he has thought it fit to take a rise out of Eddy by asking him to point out where West Northumberland is. In the picture, Eddy is pointing out where it is, from the Grit point of view.

FIRST PAGE.—The movement inaugurated by Aldermen Taylor and Hallam in favour of a Free Public Library for Toronto, is one with which every good citizen must sympathize, and it will be gratifying to our readers to learn that it has every prospect of success. A permissive bill has been drafted, and a measure will be submitted to the Local Legislature at the approaching session to carry the principle into effect. Meantime, our two sanguine aldermen do not relax their efforts. As members of the civic household, they feel the influence of Santa Claus in the air, and here we have them going through the potent ceremony so dear to the heart of juvenile human nature—the ceremony of calling up the names.

Loafer longeth after drink;
Youth for ticket seeketh rink;
Nymph declareth hers are "2,"
Masquer wondereth "when 'twill be."
Fascinating band night comes,
Skater meeteth last year's chums.
Sing loud, hello!

EIGHTH PAGE.—The question is, Who will be the new Senator for Montreal? Mr. Andrew Robertson and Mr. A. W. Ogilvie are the gentlemen at present in suspense. Either of them would do honour to the city in any capacity, and our paternal Government will no doubt choose wisely. It may be that Mr. Ogilvie will be conveyed thither by the Premier; and it may happen that Sir Charles will stop his fancy horse and give his kinsman a lift on the way. We make no bets, and shall be content to endorse the appointment, whatever it may be.

"The letters of a lady to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop (Lewis) of Ontario," on the subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, have been reprinted from the columns of the *Ottawa Citizen*, and issued in pamphlet form. Although in some points far from orthodox, these letters furnish a dainty dish for the lovers of keen satire and good English composition. If His Lordship has such a taste, the literary cleverness of the letters may perhaps mitigate the sting which the reading of them will cause him. But perhaps he may be one of those happy mortals whom flaying alive doesn't hurt much.

**

The fact is that "Gunhilda" talks common sense, and of course demolishes every shred of the antiquated and obsolete nonsense taught by this High Church Bishop and his followers on this subject. And she does not talk at random. Her essays are thoughtful and scholarly as well as trenchant. We hope every Senator will read the brochure, and if the bill is not carried, in all we have to say is, the Senate needs abolishing even more than we supposed.

**

The enterprising publishers of the Montreal *Witness* have favoured us with copies of the engravings they are this year offering as premiums. They are splendid reproductions of Miss Thompson's celebrated academy paintings—"The Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras," and will, when neatly framed, adorn any parlour. The *Witness* maintains its place as the leading English paper of Quebec, and uses all its great influence for good.

**

On meeting my very stout friend B. the other day an inspiration seized me—"My dear fellow," I cried, "why use Allen's Anti-fat when a single letter in the alphabet would effect all you desire?" "What on earth do you mean?" said B., impatiently,—"how—which—what letter?" "Why the letter L to be sure, as it make fat become flat!" I did not wait for B.'s remarks—I had an engagement!

Mrs. Materfamilias, who has been going for 50 years, can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

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IT'S AN AWFUL GREEN CHRISTMAS, ISN'T IT?

The Passing Show.

Manager Sheppard's bill of fare for this week has been exceptionally attractive. For the first three evenings, *Patience* was given very sumptuously by the Comely-Barton Comedy Company before large audiences, and the Star who now holds the boards is the renowned Rose Eytinge, whose power as an emotional actress is remarkable. The play *Felicia*, or *Woman's Love*, is one which is exactly adapted to the style of the actress, and a very satisfactory performance is therefore assured.

At the Royal, the present week's attraction is Miss Fanny Louise Buckingham and her trained horse in Mazeppa. Miss Buckingham has visited Toronto on former occasions, and her powers as a representative of this character are well known to all patrons of the theatre.



YOUNG CANADA STILL BLEEDING.

CANADA.—Boo-hoo! O, stop it, Doctor! DR. TILLEY.—Stop it? Nonsense! Don't you see the surplus I'm getting!

Hamilton "Spec." route carrier to "Times" ditto, insinuatingly:—"Say, Ed., how many papers does you route fellows carry every night?" Wide-awake "Times" ditto, applying a digit to an:—"We're awful cute, ain't we! he axes ye that ye don't

bottles I am entirely relieved of pain, and have not been troubled since, now nearly six months. This is what people would call getting hip disease "on the hip."

The Dire "Necessity."

TO THE EDITOR OF GRIP:

SIR,—Bein' dreadful desirous of the welfare of my country, which includes Devonshire in England as well as Albion's Corners in Canada, I allays studies with great inteness the questions which come up in the papers about what is good for her—Canada, I mean. I am therefore deeply impressed with all the argyments that have lately been a floatin' about on the necessity of the soshle evill. But, in a matter like this which aint pleasn't to think on, I cudn't bring my mind to bear on the point at all, least ways about providin', for all my four gals is married and cumfutable, and as for their purty daughters, there's Jane, a sight too purty an' modest to name on such things, and there's Viney, a smart little lass as'll keep some good man's house in order nicely at some futur' period. An' then there's Mary an' Jessiean' Kate, them's smart gels Lor' bless us, to think o' their innocent little faces ever gettin' what we used to call "brazen"—I don't know what it's the fashion to call it now—well, it was too much for poor old Granny, so I looks around at my neighbours' children, and there wasn't one as I thought ought to be devoted, as I hear the gels is in Japan—to this ness'ry evill. Somehow I cudn't stummach the idee, but praps that's because I'm so old-fashioned.

So says I to myself "they say as ravins is very clever birds, an' I'm sure our Jim's was—that was in Devonshire, when I was a gal, for it used to sit on the gate and ponder by the hour, an' if we lost anything, say a silver thimble, or a spoon, or a mutton bone, we was sure to find it in Bob's sleepin' place, he were such a thief." So says I to myself, "I see a raviu on a paper, and as that means as the paper is wise, an' knows a thing or two as we used-ter-say, says I, I'll write and ask if they knows of anybody willin' to devote their gels to the supplyin' of this ness'ry evill that must be purvided. So, Mr. Ravin, if you knows of anybody, praps you'll let me know, just to set my mind easy about the comfort ness'ry to our poor young men bein' purvided for, and if you don't know of anybody, praps you'll enquire of your noomrus readers (aint that it?) and ask which on 'em is willin' to iug up their gels for this ness'ry evill supply. I never had no boys, and tell ye the ruth I aint sorry now, cause I can't bring my mind to think as I should a liked them to a had anything to do with such a sort of ness'ries.

Yours, dear Mr. Ravin,
GRANNY.

Christmas Books.

No season has ever surpassed the present in the sumptuousness of its Christmas books. The aesthetic mania has, at all events, done good in one respect—it has spurred up the publishers to almost miraculous efforts in the line of elegant volumes. To be convinced of this you have only to step into any of the fine stationery establishments on King-street, where art books are made a specialty—notably into the splendid premises of Messrs. Hart and Company, between Bay and Jordan-streets. Their shelves and cases are groaning in the proverbial manner with treasures of the publishers and picture makers' art. One little volume is sure to attract special attention. It is a take-off on the aesthetic craze, as good in its way as *Patience*. We refer to Josephine Pollard's brochure entitled "*The Decorative Sisters*," illustrated by Walter Satterlee. Messrs. Hart & Co. are carrying on the good work begun by Hart and Rawlinson in the way of hand-painted books and cards—a line of work which not only affords remunerative employment for many talented ladies in our country, but evidently fills a "long-felt want," as the increasing demand testifies.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(AFTER DICKENS.)

The Dean stood deeply pondering. "Please sir, would you spare a trifle to help the starving," said a poor weak voice. All around were tumble-down dens of Satan. And the good man still stood pondering. He might have been thinking of the long ago; he might have been ruminating on the chime of the Christmas bells. Or perhaps he was thinking how good it would be to devote some of the enormous income of the Rectorship of St. James to the moral and material improvement of Lombard Street, the reproach of the city though the property of the Church.



"TIS HE!"

Who marches up the streets at night
And softly sings his chorus bright?
Who fills the "peelers" with delight?

The Student.

Who gazes in the peeler's eye,
With timid glance and manner shy,
And swears to "stick" to him or die?

The Student.

Who doth the peeler's thoughts engage,
And fill his manly breast with rage,
Which nothing earthly can assuage?

The Student.

Who goes into the "Gods" at times,
And chants the quaint old College rhymes,
Especially one called "Old Grimes"?

The Student.

Who always pays his little bills,
Who frequently has awful chills,
Which nothing but hot whiskey kills

The Student.

Who seldom drinks, or smokes, or swears,
Or puts on houghty toighty airs,
Nor finds it hard to get up stairs?

The Student.

Who loves to square up with Nudel,
Like anyone below loves?—(Well,
The name of it I shall not tell.)

The Student.

Who loves the "Globe" like lover true,
And reads its columns daily through?
There is but one 'tween me and you—

The Student.

And who, like Trevvy Ridout, rates
The "World," because it advocates
Our independence which he hates?

The Student.

Who is it seldom reads a book,
Or at Curricula doth look,
If he can help, by hook or crook?

The Student.

Who says this is not doggerel rhyme,
But poetry inspired, sublime,
And for it pays his half-a-dime?

The Student.

JA KASSE.



THE GUITEAU CASE.

THE CHIEF INSANITY EXPERT ON BEHALF OF THE DEFENCE.

Angelina—"I have been to hear Rev. Mr. Mistigush. He gave us a beautiful sermon. He is a very learned man you know," Frank—"What makes you think so, dear?" Angelina—"Oh, I know he must be, Frank. I couldn't understand at all what he was talking about. But it was a beautiful sermon.—*Boston Transcript*."



"THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG."

(UNAUTHORIZED) CANADIAN EDITION, DEDICATED, WITH EVERY EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHY, TO MR. MARK TWAIN, BY HIS ADMIRING FRIEND "GRIP."

Underground Theology. IN THREE ACTS.—ACT 3RD.

SCENE.—Another basement, not quite as oare as the others, the residence of an amatein baby farmer, (on a limited scale,) to wit, Mrs. Spence, who ekes out a living by selling candies and bread ostensibly, also a drop of the unlicensed ciayther (sub rosa). Mrs. S. has just given her four-months-old baby enough whiskey and paregoric to quiet it for the next four hours at least, and has now sat down to have a quiet bit of sympathetic gossip over a pint of beer, a tete-a-tete with old Mrs. Jore, her neighbour over the way.

MRS. JORE, taking the shawl off her head and adjusting herself comfortably—

"I do declare, Missis Spence, I was just a-sayin' to Mariah, As I was a-sittin' a-toastin' my poor old toes by the fire; Says I, there's Missis Spence now, no furdur than over the way, Might be dead an' buried for all we know, haint seen her since yesterday, So I throws my shawl over my head, an' here I be, Missis Spence, Come a-purpose to see how you are. How's the world been using you since?"

MRS. SPENCE, in a hoarse, fibernian voice—

"Arrah! don't yez be aftherjaxin', sure it's ruined meself will be, Wid their prachin' an' their convantin', an' fixin' folks up wid tea. The divil a dhrap of liquor I've sowld all this blissid day, An' that gurl a-comin' to-morrow to carry her brat away."

MRS. JORE, shaking her head solemnly—

"Yes, ma'am, the times is bad, an' growin' every day wuss, You can't turn an honest penny, without people makin' a fuss. You know them there three boys I rented my cellar to sleep in, An' only charged 'em ten cents? Well, ma'am, didn't they go a-weepin' To them big bugs as gets up the breakfast, Sunday mornin' at Temperance 'All, An' they've been an' gone an' took 'em for good, the one with consumption an' all. In coorse they wan't no profit, but still a few cents cum handy, To buy me a pint o' beer, or a horn to coax old Sandy To do me a bit o' pawnin', or hook a loose board off the fence To kindle the fire of a mornin'. But whisper now, Missis Spence, Don't you think, between us private, the world's turnin' upside down? With all them queer on-goin's of them big bugs there up town,

Lor bless ye! when I was young, they'd go around givin' us tracks,

Them dressed up in silks and velvets, and hus not a dud to our backs,

Much we cared for their preachin' and prayin', hus, starvin' of hunger and cold, But now-a-days things are changed or else it's me gettin' old.

It do seem strange now, don't it? to see all the trouble they're at,

A-feedin', an' clothin', an' schoolin' some poor, dirty, motherless brat.

(An' mighty small thanks they'll get for it.) That teetotal cobbler next door

Got drunk, and was sent up for somethink, but that's over three years an' more.

His wife, she took on so, she died, an' the way she was laid out with flowers

Would 'a' melted the heart of a stone. An' then there's young Polly Powers,

Well, after she had her babby, they kept her till she was well,

An' they got her a situation; ye'll never believe what I tell,

The family is all so fened of her, she's doin' so extra well. An' they do say that even them girls, they'll watch them a-passin' by.

An' they'll coax them, ma'am, so kindly, that really sometimes they'll cry;

An' I was told a great secret, that weddin' the other day, Was one of them self-same girls, brought back after goin' astray.

It's really wonderful, ma'am, the goin's on now-a-days, An' the queerest thing of all they wont take to their-selves no praise.

My little granddaughter, she tells me, them are folks as love the Lord,

An' they do it for love of their Master, an' if I can believe her word,

He was once as poor as hus, an' went hungry many a day, An' was so hard up for a home, he went up a hill-side to pray,

Nor hadn't a hole to sleep in, no more than one of them boys

As slept all the time in my cellar, with the rats kickin' up such a noise.

I declare to ye, Missis Spence, I felt like as I could pray, When she said that *This* was the One, was to judge us all one day.

I used to be so scared when I'd think of the awful Lord, A-ventin' His wrath on poor sinners, as was allus a-breakin' in' his word,

But laws! I do look so different to think of a kindly man Up in heaven, a-comin' to judge us, an' doin' for us all he can.

(An' he needn't unless he likes, seein' he's God all the same as man.)

I'd give up this rough way of livin', if I thought they'd give me a home,

For now I am old and tired, but I know I could help 'em some.

When John he lay a-dyin', (my John he was allus queer,) Says he, with his hand on his heart, 'There's something as tells me here Your eyes will be opened yet, an' then you will understand What I mean when I tell you, Mary, I'm going to the better land. Yes, really, it *do* make a differ, it's one thing to hear people pray, And another to see them a-actin' as though they believed what they say. A-comin' down here right among us, as if we were one of theirsell's, Instead o' cockin' their noses at the sights, an' the dirt, an' the smells. I tell you what now, Missis Spence, religion like that I believe in, But the times is awful changed since the times I used to live in. Lor bless ye, they'd preach an' they'd pray, but they'd care a sight more for a dog, An' the way they would look down upon you, you'd think a poor man was a frog. Yes, thank God! the times are a-changin', an' we are a-changin', too, When they offer ye love an' kindness, what can a poor body do. Now, what do you think, Missis Spence?"

MRS. SPENCE, lifting the beer to her lips—

Faix, it's little I'm thinkin' about it, 'The praste he can fix all that, an' I'd niver pretend to doubt it.

But it don't do me any good, the folks afther turnin' teetotal,

So here's luck to us both, Mrs. Jore, its meself that'll shlick to the bottle. (Drinks.)

(Exit.)

AY KAVELLE.



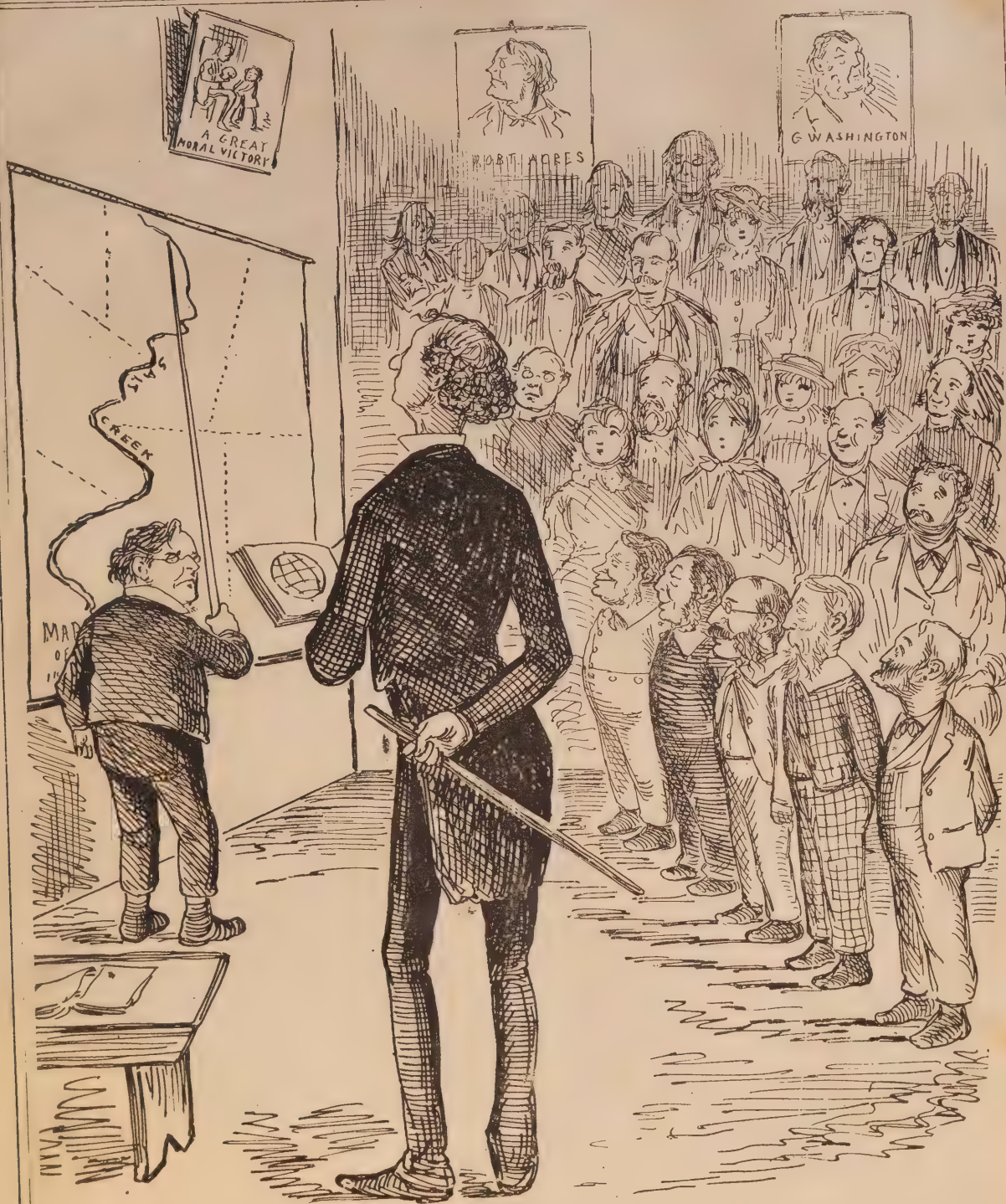
DR. COCHRANE, OF BRANTFORD.

"DISCIPLINING" THE CONGREGATIONAL BELL.

He seized the brazen clanging tongue, And all his weight upon it flung, And shouted, as he held it tight, "My people shall not—must not be Kept late for church by hearing thee—Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Mrs. Pinch's boarder, who has been reading the anti-cram editorials in the *Globe*: "I see they are trying to do away with this system of cramming students so much." Mrs. Pinch, brightening up suddenly,—*"Really now, is that really so? I'm mighty glad, I tell you. Victuals is so high, and these young growin' boys do cram so."* Exit boarder.

What is wanted is not so much a burglar-proof safe, as a cashier-proof safe.—*"Well, I'll be blowed,"* as the factory whistle said when twelve o'clock struck.—*Somerville Journal.*



THE CHRISTMAS EXAMINATION.

(First Class in Geography.)

THE HEAD MASTER.—"AND NOW, NEDDY BLAKE, WILL YOU POINT OUT WHERE WEST NORTHUMBERLAND IS?"

[There's no "cram" about this.]

. See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

For the Nursery Brigade.
(Denver Tribune.)



I.

Oh, what a Bad Mamma to Leave Little Esther all Alone in the Dark Room. No wonder Esther is Crying. She is afraid a Big Bugaboo will come down the Chimney and Eat her up. Bugaboos like to Eat little Children. Did you ever see a Bugaboo with its Big Fire Eyes and Cold Teeth all over Blood? The next Time Mamma leaves you Alone in a Dark room, perhaps One will Come to Eat you.



II.

The old Man is Blind and cannot see. He holds a Hat in his Hand and there is a Dime in the Hat. Go up quietly and Take the Dime out of the Hat. The Man cannot See you. Next Sunday you can put the Dime in the Sabbath School box and the Teacher will Praise you. Your Papa will put some Money in the Contribution box, too. He will put More than You do. But his Opportunities for Robbing are Better than yours.



III.

Here we have a Picnic. Is it not Jolly? The children are Running around and Playing Tag. But where is the Custard Pie? A moment ago it was Under the Elm Tree. Can it Be that Mr. Jones is Sitting on the Custard Pie? Alas, it is too True. And Miss Smith is Laughing at him. He looks as Badly Broken up as the Pie, does he Not?



IV.

See the Fish. The Fish is a Trout and Breathes through his Ears. He lives in the Brook and May be if you try you can Catch him. Any little Boy who catches so many Measles ought to be Able to Catch one little Fish. The Trout Weighs four Ounces, but you can say he Weighs four Pounds. Do not call him a Speckled Beauty or you will be Shot. Eat him Head, Tail, Inwards and All, and get a little Bone in your Throat if you Can.



V.

This is a Diamond Pin. The Editor won it at a Church Fair. There were Ten Chances at Ten Cents a Chance. The Editor Mortgaged his Paper and Took one Chance. The Pin is Worth seven hundred Dollars. Editors like Diamonds. Sometimes they Wear them in their Shirts, but Generally in their Minds.



VI.

Who Put the Salt in the Sugar Bowl? Mamma is Anxious to Find Out. Willie is Busy looking out of the window. Can you Guess what he is Thinking about? Perhaps he is Wondering what Mamma will Give him before he Goes to Bed without his Supper. If we were Willie, we would Feel safer with a Latin Grammar in the Seat of our Pants.



VII.

What a Delightful Mud Hole! It is quite deep and Inviting. How Cool and Pleasant it must be in the Mud Hole. Good little Boys

and Girls can Play in the Mud Hole and Make Lots of Nice Patty Cakes. Tell the Baby to come too, and then You can Put Mud in his Ears and he will Splash the pretty Black Water all over Susie's new Frock.

Sausage at wholesale price is dog cheap.—*Picayune.*

A good husband, like a good base burner, never goes out nights.—*Toledo American.*

A coal fire is a grate comfort, but a nutmeg often suggests a grater.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A new song is entitled "Sweeter than Sweet." There's lots of taffy in it.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A dog can keep up his pants without the use of suspenders.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Some are born rich, others achieve riches, while others become bank cashiers.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Eye.*

When a man has a plumbing bill to settle, he finds out what it costs to pay the piper.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

It is not so much what a man knows as what he doesn't nose, that proves his scentibility.—*N. Y. News.*

The warrant read by a sheriff preparatory to hanging a man is a sort of noose paper, as it were.—*Somerville Journal.*

Because they call a little statue a statuette, is that any sign that a little sausage is a sausage e.?—*Steubenville Herald.*

The word "presence" is spoiled in most wedding invitations. It should be spelled "resents."—*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.*

"Why sigh for dat which you can't re'ch?" remarked the darkey as he took a hen from his neighbour's coop.—*Decatur (Ill.) Blade.*

Advice to wives—Man is very much like an egg; keep him in hot water and he is bound to become hardened.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

When you see a banana peel resting on the sidewalk and a fat man unconsciously approaching it, the indications point to an early fall.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A Canadian Speaks.

When anything worth saying is spoken in that terse and pointed way that bears the impress of honest conviction, we like to have people know the nature of the communication. Of such a nature is the following from Mr. W. F. Haist, Campden P. O., Lincoln Co., Ontario. Mr. Haist says: With great joy over my restored health, I would write a few lines concerning that wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. For the last six years I have been using various medicines internally and externally, but nothing would help me. Finally I procured a



bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me after a few applications. My mother-in-law, who has also been a great sufferer from rheumatism, was also instantly relieved by the use of the Great German Remedy. St. Jacobs Oil is a great blessing to suffering humanity, and I shall do everything in my power to make known its merits.

The Chronicles of Flori, the Son of David.

FROM THE DAY OF HIS DEFEAT EVEN UNTIL NOW.

And behold Flori, the son of David, drew near, and entered into the tent of his fore-fathers, and there came out to meet him his aged sire.

And Flori lifted up his voice and wept; and said unto him, "Oh my father, the sword of Arma-Geddon, the Captain of the Host, has entered into my flesh, and his words, even exceeding bitter words, into my heart, and I am sore vexed and troubled in spirit."

And his father said unto him, "Oh, my son, be not troubled in spirit, neither let thy heart be sad within thee, for thou shalt yet have dominion over this Philistine, even Arma-Geddon, the Captain of the Host."

Then was the soul of Flori comforted and he bound up his wounds, and uncovered his head to the breath of Heaven. And he said unto his slaves, which were with him in the gate to do his bidding:—"It is well; bring forth the instruments of music, even the sackbut and the psalter, and make merry before me, and fear not."

But though he spake thus with his tongue, he hardened his heart, and took counsel with himself what he should do, saying: "In this man, even Arma-Geddon, the Centurion, the Leader of Fane and the Bearer of Brooms, shall surely die."

So he hardened his heart, and bound up his wrath within himself until the days of his fasting, even the weeks and months of the peace offering should be fulfilled.

Now it came to pass in those days, even in the days of the peace-offerings and sacrifices, that Flori went forth from the land of his fathers, and sojourned in a foreign land.

And his heart was sad within him, so he summoned unto him the wise men of the land, even the Smooth-flayers, the Bruisaks and the Boxahs, and said unto them:—"Behold now is my spirit sad within me; for the Centurion, even Arma-Geddon, the Captain of the Host, hath waged war against me, a man of peace, a sculptor of images, and a lover of music and sweet sounds, and hath discomfited me."

Then the wise men of the land lifted up their voice, and said unto him: "Let not thy heart be sad within thee, neither let thy spirit mourn, for in thy land, even in the land of Jon-Lorn, the King, thou hast a man of great skill in such matters, one who maketh the wounded spirit to rejoice, and grants comfort to the mourner. He will aid thee against this Philistine, and thou shalt lay him even with the dust. Yea, verily, and so shall it be unto thee."

Then was Flori exceeding glad, and he said unto the wise men: "Give me, I pray ye, some sign by which I shall know this wise man; lest peradventure I meet him in the way, and know him not." And they gave unto him a sign.

And Flori gave unto the wise men one shekel, for, though he had many, they were very dear unto him.

So Flori departed for his own land.

And behold, as he journeyed upon the great sea, he fell into a deep sleep, and he dreamed a dream; and in his dream the bags of sand which lay around him arose from the ground and stood up before him. And he looked, and behold the bags of sand bore the likeness of the Centurion, even Arma-Geddon. And the bag which was the head cried aloud and said unto him, "Arise, thou bag of wind, why sleep thou?" Then Flori arose in his dream, and he smote the bags, hip and thigh, until they fell, and the sand ran out upon the ground.



Then Flori awoke from his sleep, and communed with himself, and said unto himself, "Are not these the words of the wise men, which they spake unto me, saying: 'Thou shalt lay him even with the dust.' And he was comforted."

So Flori returned unto his own land, and he sought diligently among his kinsfolk and relations for the wise man who should aid him against the Captain of the Host; but he found him not.

Then was he grieved in spirit, saying unto himself, "Surely now have I been deceived by the wise men, and have given them of my wealth for naught."

And it came to pass that there was a certain slave in

the land, exceeding cunning in the art of forging iron. And Flori sent unto him, saying: "Make me, even now, iron for my raiment, that I may be safe against this man who girds himself with a staff." And Flori was urgent, and said, "If thou dost not this thing thou shalt surely die; for art thou not a slave to do my bidding?"

And the slave made haste and drew near unto him; and it came to pass when Flori beheld him that he fell on his knees before him, and said unto him:

"Oh, my friend, live forever! For surely thou art he who shall grant me deliverance from mine enemy." And the slave said unto him, "I am he, be comforted." And they

Then they communed together, and took counsel respecting the death of Arma-Geddon.

Now when the weeks of fasting, and of the peace-offerings were accomplished, even in the tenth month, and on the twenty-seventh day of the month, Arma-Geddon arose early and said unto himself, "Behold the harvest is at hand; the harvest of stocks and of margins, and the season for the gathering in of shekels. Now must I hasten and get me down right early, lest they be all devoured by the bears of the street and the bulls of the corner."

So he went forth from his tent, and journeyed through the land of the Black-Gregor to that of the Shimmering-Sun. And as he journeyed he thought not of Flori, the son of David, but he said unto himself, "Oh, self, live forever! Thou art mighty in warfare, and comely in person. The strong men and the fair maidens bow down unto thee, and thy name is of great report in the land."

But as he thus communed with himself a great noise smote the air, and a mighty voice, as of thunder, said unto him:

"Art thou he who girdeth himself with a stick?"

Then the knees of Arma-Geddon smote together, and he



quaked with fear, and trembled exceedingly; so that his staff, which was in his hand, fell upon the ground. For he knew that the voice was the voice of the bag of wind even of Flori, the son of David.

Then the wise man, even the forger of iron, upon whom Flori leant, said unto him, "Be mindful of thy dream, and smite him, for I am with thee, so that thou shalt prevail, and he shall surely die."

So Flori fell upon him and smote him, so that he fell, and the blood, even the blood of the Centurion, Arma-Geddon, flowed out upon the ground. Then Flori smote him again and again, and buffeted him, until the words of the wise men, which they spake unto him were fulfilled.

And Arma-Geddon, the Centurion, the mighty man of valour, the Commander of Fane, and the Leader of many, lay humbled in the dust, wallowing in his own gore. And he groaned in spirit and cried aloud, saying:—"It is enough, go hence from my sight, and mock not the voice of my groaning."

But Flori said unto him: "If thou wert a man, then wouldst thou do battle as a man; but behold now art thou but a child, even a mere babe before me." And he smote him upon the right cheek and upon the left, and reviled him with exceeding bitter words.

Then spake the wise man, even the cunning forger of iron, unto Flori, saying: "Let us go hence, it is enough." So they mounted into the chariot and departed. But the wise man took with him the staff of Arma-Geddon, which was in his hand, saying unto himself, "It is a token of remembrance for them that shall do likewise."

And Flori returned unto his own tent, and they prepared a great feast and made merry. For they said, now is the house of David exalted above its fellows. For we have smitten our enemy and laid him even with the dust. So they feasted and made merry, even until the eleventh hour. But on the morrow there was silence in the house of David, for the heads of the people were sore amazed and very heavy.

But Arma-Geddon lay within his tent, sick unto death, and troubled in his heart. And he called unto him the wise men of the land; the Physicians, the Scribes, and the Counsellors. And they took counsel together for many days.

Then one of them, a Counsellor, mighty with his tongue, and cunning withal, but of short stature, said unto them: "How long shall this man trouble us! For he is a noisy and a turbulent fellow, and no man's life is safe while he is abroad."

So they took Flori, the son of David, and cast him into prison, and made his feet fast in the stocks.

And it was a custom in those parts to do unto prisoners, even as they did in the days of Samson, to take their strength from them; but, though they searched diligently from morning until evening, they touched not a hair of his head. For it was not.



Then was there mourning in the house of David, and a great cry went abroad in the land, for they said, "Where is the wise man, the mighty Counsellor who shall deliver us?" And one said unto them, "Fear not, for I will bring unto you him of whom ye speak. And behold he brought unto him Gulielmus, the son of Hastings, a mighty Counsellor, a man of stately carriage, and comely in looks, who spake words as sweet as honey, yet were they sharp as barbed arrows."

And he said unto them, "Be of good cheer, fear not, for I will deliver him." And they took comfort, and gave unto him many shekels. And the number of the shekels which they gave unto him was so great that they filled even the whole car in which he rode.

In those days there ruled over the city a mighty judge, Sagud, the son of Calix, and when all these things were made known unto him he summoned before him Flori, the son of David, and a great multitude, even the whole city. And when they were all assembled together, even the Counsellors, the Scribes, the Physicians, the Smooth-flayers, the Brokaks, and the Boxahs, they wrangled and strove with each other for many days, respecting Flori, the son of David, and Arma-Geddon, whom he slew; and there was strife in the city, and between the Brokaks and the Boxahs.

Then stood up the Counsellors, four in number: He, who was short in stature, yet cunning with his tongue; Gulielmus, the son of Hastings, whose words were as honey on his lips, yet full of venom in his heart; Alderic, the son of Joseph, the spokesman of the great king; and another, who is surnamed the mellifluous; and there stood also before the people those who were to give testimony in the matter, four score and ten in number.

And they all shouted and harangued together in the Court which is called Smell-dom during many days.

And on the third day, even at the eleventh hour of the night, the people shouted with a loud voice and said: "Let Flori, the son of David, be exalted in the land, for he hath done good and not evil before us, and hath eased down the mighty, the proud, and him of high stomach, even Arma-Geddon, the Leader of Dances and the Bearer of Brooms."

So they broke the bonds of Flori, the son of David, and set him free; but the great Judge, even Asgud, the son of Colix, said unto him, "Be thou henceforward careful in thy doings, oh, thou son of David; and that thou mayest remember these days, I command thee to cast into the treasury of the great king two mites."

So Flori, the son of David, triumphed in the land; and Arma-Geddon, the Centurion, went mourning many days, seeking rest but finding none.

Now the rest of the acts of Flori, the son of David, and the oaths which he swore, are they not written in the books of the Upper Ten, as a remembrance against him unto this day.

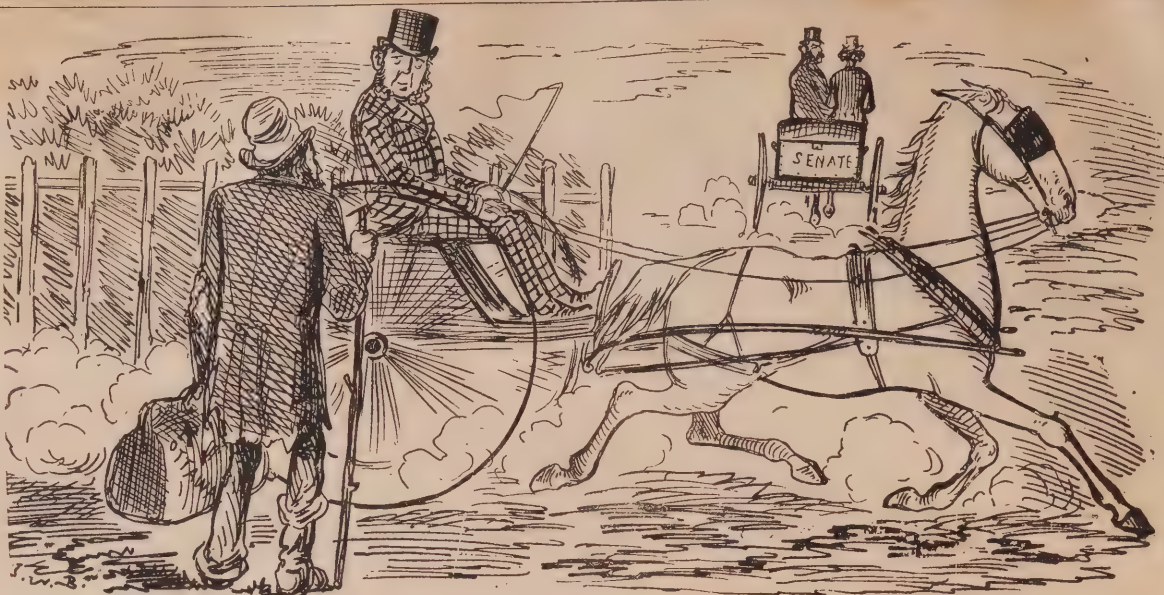
A Lady's Experience.

Mrs. G. A. Gist, No. 1204 Walnut-street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I had inflammatory rheumatism very badly. In one foot and ankle it seemed to have taken hold with the determination to stay some time; and the morning I obtained St. Jacobs Oil I could not put my foot down to the floor, even for an instant. I used it that evening for the first time, and the next morning for the second time, and that afternoon put my foot down for several minutes. On Sunday following I could stand up and walk a few steps. On Tuesday could walk about my room, and went down stairs by holding on to the banisters. Now I can walk quite well, and there is very little pain left. Just think! one bottle and a half and I am almost free from pain. It is a wonderful medicine."

The champion nine of the country—feminine.—Burlington (N. J.) Enterprise.

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PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.



"GIVE US A LIFT, SIR!"

WEARY TRAVELLER, (who resembles Mr. Robertson, of Montreal) ON HIS WAY TO THE SENATE CHAMBER AT OTTAWA.

The only thing in this country that is not injured by bursting is applause.—*Marathon Independent.*

If there is ever a time in a man's life when he indulges in reflections about the welfare of his future, it is when he fails in a prolonged effort to get off a pair of boots at least three sizes nearer to nothing than his feet.—*Job Trotter, Boston Times.*

A penny makes more noise in the contribution box than a five dollar bill, and the man who gives the penny makes more noise than the giver of the bill when it comes to saying "amens" or voting on church management.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Mr. L.—writes to inform us that his son has a taste for poetry, and asks, "What should he do?" Send him to us—he's the very young man we've been looking for! We have two baskets of spring poetry; we will let him eat the whole of it!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

To the humourist who is also a sentimentalist it must be pleasant to reflect that his witticisms have caused red lips to smile with delight, and white throats to swell with laughter that begets no sorrow. And, by the way, lard is fifteen cents a pound.—*E. R. Wick, Danbury News.*

Where is the use in puzzling one's brains over such intricate problems as the origin of man and the whitherness of his future, when one cannot tell so simple a thing as how the small boy in rubber boots gets his feet wet going twenty rods over frozen ground?—*Boston Transcript.*

W., the lawyer, did not like visitors. One day, being "annoyed" oftener than usual, he determined to insult the next man who entered his room. In came D., and in his usual cheerful manner said, "How are you, old boy," and sat down. W. was boiling over. "What is the difference," he asked, looking savagely at D., "between that stove and a jackass?" D. saw something was wrong, so he got up and walked toward the door. "Can't you answer?" said W. "Not positively," said D., "because I have not a foot rule with me. I'm going to get one to give you fair measurement! Please don't move until I return!" And he shut the door with a bang that made W. jump in his chair!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

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Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
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[Montreal (Canada) Post.]

A Good Thing from the States.

In this age of quackery, it is consoling to discover that there is something solid in existence, and that, though there are vendors who lie most cheerfully about their wares, there are others who tell the truth and allow time to test the merits of what they offer for sale. As year after year rolls over, the frauds and the shams sink away out of sight in the pools and morasses of obscurity, while what is really good and true stands boldly forth all the grander for its age and solidity. Thus, while within the present decade thousands of patent medicines, puffed at one time to inflation, have shrunk before the test of analysis, St. Jacobs Oil has bravely borne the strain, and is to-day renowned all over the world for its famous curative powers. It is truly one of the phenomena of the age we live in. The sale of this article is incredible. It is to be found all over the civilized world, and in a good many places that are not civilized—for, unfortunately, the bones of sorrowing man are racked and ache with pain no matter what region he inhabits—and we believe it is yet destined to be found in every house, and to supersede the many nostrums which still remain abroad to rob and defraud humanity of its money and its health. The firm of A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, spend half a million dollars yearly in advertising St. JACOBS OIL, and hence we may guess at the full extent of their enormous business. It is truly marvellous, or would be, did we not know the circulation of this inestimable blessing.

The man who says that water is not the proper thing to drink is apt to go a-rye.—*Greenbush Gazette.*

EL PADRE, EL PADRE, EL PADRE,

CHINA HALL,

THE OLDEST HOUSE FOR

China, Porcelain
and Glass

IN THE CITY, ALSO

Stone China Dinner
Ware.

CLOVER HARRISON,
Importer.



The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.



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VOLUME XVIII.
No. 6.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1881.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Grip's Greeting, 1882.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! friends and patrons all,
Health and good luck to each fair lot fall.
Behold our ebony claw extended now
In friendly greeting, while we make our bow,
Perched on this milestone labelled '82,
Pausing a moment ere we journey on.

And first, let me just ask, in passing, whether
You ever saw such uncanadian weather,
Political or otherwise? The atmosphere of life
With changeable electricity is so rife,
One never knows where next a storm may burst,
Who next with bell and book and candle curst.
Now thunders reverberate throughout the *Globe*,
And call on each long-suffering modern Job,
To swoop down like a typhoon on the *World*
Till no flag save Reform be there unfurled.
In first and second parties to believe
But from a third the country to relieve
While like a comet coming to o'erwhelm,
The modern Mercury's flash from realm to realm.
One, nothing loth, enlists in Bacchus' train,
But leaves the thirsty god for dead in Maine.
One like a witch astride an ancient broom,
On an old buckboard scours the northern gloom,
And "Jimuel," brandishing imaginary tongs,
Sets out to investigate old Ireland's wrongs.

While for the *Telegram* the lightnings play,
As though Jove had gone out to spend the day;
While thoughtless youngsters fired his bolts in mirth,
Heedless of whom they struck en route to earth.

With sails well trimmed to meet the coming gale,
Anchored on N.P., rides the *Daily Mail*;
Champion of medicos and midnight mirth,
Of high-taxed coal, and that more monstrous birth,
Monopoly, that, like a nightmare pressed,
Defies the awakening powers of the North-West.

Now gaudily arrayed in pale pink dress,
See *Mrs. Evening News* come forth from press
With saucy, jaunty, independent mien.
Blushing to think she once was young and green,
While simpering *Truth* with smiling tact displays
Her scissored patch-work to our weekly gaze.

Straight to the front the *Citizen* is bent
On noble aims and purpose high, intent
To beard the lion here in his own den,
And raise and elevate his fellow men.
Last but not least, the darling of our boys,
The youthful *Varsity*, with learned noise,
Depicts the doings of these college days,
And claims Grip's modicum of hearty praise.

A goodly bill of fare where each may choose
What best he likes as on his way he goes.
So judge we of the man by what he reads,
By wherewithal he ministers to his needs.

But all, of every shade alike, read *Grip*,
And gaze with pleasure where his merry claw
Delineates some familiar eye or lip,
Or doth on his imagination draw.
For incarnation of his fancies quaint,
That slip the thin end of the wedge of truth
Where not the finest logic of a saint
Could pierce the harness or dispose to ruth.

So friends and patrons all, to you again
A Happy New Year, filled with all that tends
To your best benefit in the end and main,
So *Grip's* oration on the milestone ends.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The cartoon in this issue requires no explanation; like Miss Thompson's famous Academy picture (which it slightly resembles) it speaks for itself. Major-General Grip rides to the front to review the battered warriors who have survived the terrific en-

counters of another year. The maimed limbs and broken heads of the heroes are eloquent of the glories of political warfare; and every Canadian heart must swell with pride at the contemplation of the *tout ensemble*. Lieut. John A. is calling out the roll, and the men are gallantly answering to their names; but although most of the figures may be "speaking" likenesses, our artist thought it prudent to label them with their names for the benefit of those who may not hear them speak. On the threshold of another campaign, the General seizes this opportunity of addressing his political army in words of praise for the bravery they have displayed in the past, and of encouragement for the engagements of the future.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Gladstone's spirit is not yet crushed by the partial failure of his measures for the amelioration of the condition of Ireland. The Land Act has fallen short of the requirements of the case in some respects, and the satanic element of opposition to the grand old leader is still strong. But Gladstone is doing the best he can, and it is safe to say that is the best that can be done. Everybody believes he does sincerely wish Paddy a Happy New Year, and that he will do his very best to realize that blessing for the troubled isle.

EIGHTH PAGE.—These companion sketches require a few words of comment to bring out their full beauties. They are intended to illustrate "the jewel, consistency," as presented in the case of Mr. Robinson, M.P. for Hamilton. Everybody knows that this distinguished politician was exceedingly eloquent during the last campaign, as a supporter of the N.P., whose watchword was "Canada for the Canadians." So well did he plead the cause of native industry as against the Yankees, that he was returned to Parliament, where he enthusiastically voted the measure through. But that was several months ago. Mr. Robinson's latest public appearance was on his back in the mud in a certain street in Woodstock, and he reached that dignified position at the hands of some of his "dear Canadian working men," while engaged with a number of Yankee monopolists in endeavouring to "replevy" a rattan splitting machine which the furniture firm of Hay & Son had secured with a view of starting a new industry—the manufacture of cane-seated chairs. Mr. Robinson was aware that this new factory would give employment to about six hundred men, but his anxiety for the Canadian artisan was not too great to prevent him from becoming an ally of the foreign monopolists in their attempt to throttle the Canadian firm on a flimsy technicality. We are sorry to hear that Mr. Robinson was rolled in the mud, but no doubt the big fee he got for his efforts will enable him to get a new suit of clothes.

Mr. T. P. Thompson ("Jimuel Briggs") has made a decided success of his Irish Commission for the *Globe*. His letters have called forth the admiration of all readers for their genuine usefulness as well as their literary finish. Mr. Gordon Brown might bestow a

graceful compliment, as well as make a good move for his journal, by offering Jimuel an editorial chair or his return. Meantime, a complimentary dinner is talked of among the press men, which we hope will be very successful.

* *

This is the season of good wishes, and in the most profound sincerity Mr. Grip wishes—

For Mr. Blake—That he may not be hampered any more by "other engagements" when Tupper is to be met.

For Mr. Mowat—That he may get that Boundary Award before he is too old to understand it.

For John A.—That when he looks down from a higher sphere upon Manitoba he may not see a second Land League ruction going on there.

For Mr. Gordon Brown—That he may soon find rest for the sole of his foot on the Trade Question.

For Sir L. Tilley—That he may get all the information he asks for from the Banks.

For Sir R. Cartwright—That he will have a large and entirely new set of poetic quotations ready for his speech on the opening debate of the session.

For Mayor McMurich—That he may do even better this year than last.

For Chief-of-Police Draper—Much joy on the happy occasion.

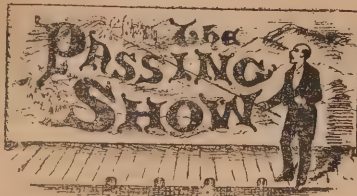
* *

GRIP is always most ready to make the *amende honorable* when he has made a mistake and is informed of it. The little cartoon published in our last issue, over the caption "A Christmas Carol," was such, as we are assured, and did an injustice to the Rector of St. James' Cathedral. Of course, in any case, it was not intended to reflect upon Dean Grassett in any but his official capacity, as the representative of the church; although we regret the misrepresentation none the less on that account. The cartoon implied that the whole of Lombard-street was church property, and a contrast was made between the wealth of the congregation and the miserable squalour of the locality.

* *

We are informed by a gentleman, whose connection with the diocese entitles him to speak with authority, that the only portion of Lombard-street owned by St. James' Church is that between the Post-office and Church-street, on the south side, and this section is occupied by good buildings tenanted by respectable people. The suggestion, therefore, that the Church has any special duty to do for that thoroughfare, is the way of material improvements, is wide of the mark.

With a view to encourage the car-drivers on Sherbourne-street, in the discharge of their duty, and to foster kindly feelings between the passengers and themselves, the ladies and gentlemen who are accustomed to use the Sherbourne-street cars have decided to offer the drivers a New Year's gratuity. The inhabitants of other routes might do worse than to follow this good example.



On Monday the theatres did a rousing business at both matinee and evening performances. This was probably owing to the weather, which was well calculated to drive the crowds anywhere, anywhere out of the streets. Certainly the attractions presented did not merit the great patronage. At the Grand, Mr. Geo. Fawcett Rowe, a gentleman who has convinced himself that he is an actor, gave his tiresome Micawber business. He also appeared during this engagement in some of his own alleged plays. At the Royal, fate was still harder on the devoted patrons of the drama. Miss Buckingham was bad enough in *East Lynne*, but the character she personated in the evening—the leading figure in a dramatic monstrosity called *The Child Stealer*, was utterly bad. Nothing but an antiquarian interest in the blood and thunder ranting that used, in olden times, to be served up to the "gods" in the Bowery and in the English penny gaffs could have induced the audience to sit it through. It was grotesque enough to answer for a Christmas pantomime, though we hope our managers do not think seriously of making the change. Miss Estelle, an emotional actress of higher talent, is now at this house, to be followed next week by an Operatic Company.

The Toronto Choral Society, under the leadership of Mr. Fisher, intend producing the *Creation* on January 10th. The principal soloists are to be Mrs. Osgood and Mr. Geo. Werrenrath of New York.

True Love and Town Lots.

AN EAST YORK CHRISTMAS LOVE STORY.
(By Titania Todmorden.)

CHAPTER I.

"Father," said Belinda Ann Fallowdale to her stern parent, as he stood before the drawing-room fire just six years ago, "if you separate me from Edwin I shall die."

The speaker was a lovely girl just entering her fifteenth year, of slight though elegant figure, with a wealth of florid auburn hair, and a most exquisite little *nez retroussé*, she looked almost too utterly lovely for anything, as she gazed piteously at the old man though her beautiful olive eyes.

"Can't help it, Belindy," replied her papa, "There ain't no dog-goned, penniless, whipper-snapper gits you if I can help it. Why, the feller ain't worth nuthin', consarn his impudence!" burst forth the old man in a rage.

"But, papa, look what an aristocratic position he holds; you know he is clerk in a dry goods store. Oh! pa, let him intercede for himself!"

"Where is the cuss?"

"Here!" And Belinda Ann opening a closet door, the manly but trembling form of Edwin Delano stepped into the room.

"Why, you consarned critter, what were you doing in that closet?" roared the old man. "You know I forbade you the house? I've a good mind to kick you out!"

"Oh forgive him, father!" implored the fair girl. I told him to—you see you came home so unexpectedly—"

"Just so," said old Fallowdale sternly. "Well, young feller, what have you got to say to me? hey?"

"Only this, sir, that I ask the hand of your daughter."

"What wages do you get?"

"Well, only \$5 a week at present, but I expect a rise—"

"You'll get a rise?" said the old man significantly, "from my boot, if you don't git up and git! but stay—can you ride?"

"Yes, sir," said the astonished Edwin. "Then take my advice—go to Toronto and join the Mounted Police, and see if a diet of pemmican and Buffalo bull steak won't knock some of the love out of you. If within six years from this date you can show \$5,000, come and talk to me, if not, keep away, now git!"

The young man, after casting one lingering look at the weeping Belinda Ann, silently departed.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the old man, "\$5,000! It'll take him some time to raise that sum on sixty cents a day!"

Old Squire Fallowdale was one of the wealthiest farmers in East York. He owned 800 acres of the best farming land and had mortgages on the lands of his neighbours for miles around. He was a staunch Grit of the most ultra uncompromising and cast iron type, and voted for George Washington Badgerow, M.P.P., (his solicitor every time), so every right-thinking reader will acknowledge that in his actions towards young Delano he did what was quite right, besides, as every body knows, "the course of true love never runs smooth," for if it did there would be no love stories, and the readers of *Grip* would never have the opportunity and pleasure of reading this tale.

CHAPTER II.

Belinda Ann Fallowdale sat by the kitchen stove. The fire had gone out in the parlour and the night was cold. She was knitting a lamp mat to be sold at a church bazaar in Leslieville. "Six long years this night," she said with a sigh, "since dear Edwin left to scour the plains in search of the Buffalo and crooked whiskey dealers, while I at home have been scouring pots and pans. Ah! Edwin, does your heart beat as warmly beneath your scarlet tunic on the cold plains, as it did beneath your ten dollar single breasted Ulster while we stood together under the pale moon at the garden gate? Ha, a knock! who can it be? 'tis not papa!" and the sweet girl wearily arose, and went to the front door. She opened it, and a well-known manly figure that no capuchin overcoat with red sash could disguise stood before her. "Edwin!" "Belinda!" was all that was said as she fell into his arms just as old Fallowdale stumbled into the door, (he had been to a meeting of the Reform Association in Toronto). "Now what in the 'arnal thunder is all this, and who the dashed blank are you?" he shouted. "Explain or I'll kick you into the middle of West Northumberland in one minute!" (He had West Northumberland on the brain).

"'Tis I," defiantly said Edwin.

"Who?"

"I, Edwin Delano, whom you so cruelly sent to exile six years ago—dost know me now, old man? I, Edwin Delano, have come to claim my bride!"

"Now see here, you," said the old man, "you jest git! I told you you could have Belindy when you could raise \$5,000. I guess you hain't got it, so git!"

"Ha! Ha! old man, you're away off this time. Listen. During my stay in the North-West I enlisted twice; each time I enlisted I was granted a lot of land; they proved to be the sites of future cities. I sold one for twenty and the other for FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. I can lend you \$5,000 if you're any ways hard up!"

"Wall," said the old man, "that does put a kinder different look upon the thing—you kin have her."

Next day the chimes of St. James rang out a merry peal, and the Rev. Mr. Rainsford was the recipient of a cheque of \$1,000.



A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Prepared after long and anxious mixing, and spiced particularly to suit the tastes of land companies and English Lords.

"Hung up."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(By a Tramp)

I hung up my stocking at chimney-piece high,
But naughty old Santa Claus never came nigh;
I hung up some drinks, and they called me a beat,
And the bar-tender fired me into the street.

Would you ever believe
That on Christmas Eve
I feel like a criminal waiting reprieve;
Alas! 'tis true!
Oh! what shall I do?
I'm afraid I'll get copped by a man in blue.

Stay—happy thought!
I'll not get caught!
A hope now awakens my bosom's chords,
I'll hang up my Ulster at Fleming and Ward's.

Jocular Jumbles.

Mark Twain should have had more clemency shown him in Canada. Since his application for a copyright has been refused there is doubtless a marked wane in his admiration for Canucks. P.S.—This is "in-no-sense a-broad" joke.

A rabbit canning factory is about to be started at Sable River, N. S.—*Exc.* They ought to make money rabbit-ly.

Does the printing material in Scribner's Magazine office resemble an aloe because it's the *Century* plant?

There are six starch factories in P. E. Island. They must be doing a "stiff" business.

A doctor in St. John, N. B., who is considered very skillful, refers to his departed patients as "specimens of his s-kill."

If murderers can escape punishment by pleading insanity, why cannot bank robbers—beg pardon, we mean, irregular bank officials—get clear by pleading money-mania?

"I'm in a hawk-wad dilemma," as the chicken said when the hen hawk swooped down and carried it off.

An appropriate dancing term for a firm when dividing profits at the end of the year, "Balance to partners." Especially if it's a Co-tillion.

Finnys-uns. John Tront, Toronto, Miss Had-dock, St. Andrews, and Charles Fish, Newcastle, were all at the Royal Hotel, St. John, N. B., on the same day, and it wasn't Friday either.

What is the difference between a chaplain in an Allan steamer and vultures? One prays on the sea and the other seizes on the prey.

J. S. K.



Miss Thompson Dixit, Jr. Begavuh Hookit.

THE (POLIT
WITH APOLOGIES TO MISS THOM



ROLL CALL.
THE PAINTER OF SOMETHING SIMILAR.



MANITOBA'S EMPTY STOCKING

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the land
 St. Nicholas was travelling with generous hand,
 The Provinces hung up their stockings with care,
 And Man-i-to-ba too, expected a share.
 St. Nicholas came down like a lamb on the fold
 With a bag-full of surplus of treasury gold
 He filled all the stockings—that is, all but one,
 Little Man-i-to-ba, the starveling, got none.
 Now wasn't St. Nicholas a shabby old cheat
 To neglect the poor Province that can't make ends meet,
 For her minerals and timber and lands and so on
 Are all in the merciful hands of Sir John!

A Talk about Christmas

BY DICK DUMPLING.

To begin with—this is Christmas; and in case that all should not know it, I repeat this is Christmas. Some unenlightened individual who has been asleep ever since he was born may ask, "What is Christmas?" To him I reply: Christmas generally comes in the winter, on or about the 25th of December, sooner or later, and is that joyful time when a man hangs up his socks, not on the floor as he is wont to do every other night in the year, but on the wall, mantel, or bedpost. When he arises in the morning he finds the above-mentioned articles filled with slippers, pipes, dressing gowns,—hideous, to scare the crows away from a hundred acres farm—and a smoking cap embroidered with a wreath of yellow ivy and four green roses. He makes good use of all his gifts, but in a fortnight, when the usual half-yearly bills come in, he is disagreeably surprised to find some asking payment for pipes, slippers, gowns and caps. Several chills run races down his spinal column; he has vague suspicions, but thinks it best for the peace of the neighbourhood to hold his tongue, metaphorically speaking. He enjoys satisfaction by resolving to be deceased and clad in a wooden Ulster with four sides, next Christmas.

And again, Christmas is the season so joyfully anticipated by a man with a family of fourteen growing sprigs of himself, to say nothing of scores of more distant relatives, every one of them expecting a Christmas box from dear John; "to remember him by, you know." Oh, yes! and dear John wants them to remember him; John would take a cat-fit, combined with mumps and small-pox, if he once thought that those affectionate relatives did not think of him.

And this is the season of good things. What piles of turkeys, mince pies, doughnuts, pumpkin pies, and "other delicacies of the season," too numerous to mention, rise before my visionary organs, and make me wish I were a boy again. Well do I remember when in the days long lost in the misty past I used to hover around my mother's kitchen table at Christmas

tide, and by scraping the batter from the pans, thereby do away with the necessity of washing them.

'Tis now that the American or Canadian who treats himself well, is filled with roast turkey and plum pudding, while the Englishman revels in roast beef and the tame dessert which he calls "jolly plum duff," and if the English, American, and Canadian indulge in roast luxuries at Christmas, why should not all the other nations eat their favourite food in roast condition? Of course they will, they must do as we do, for are we not the foremost and most civilized people in the world? Of course we are, and the others *must* follow our example. Therefore the Scotch will eat roast haggis, the Irish, roast potatoes; the Welsh, roast onions; the French, roast salad; the Germans, roast bologna; the Italians, roast macaroni; the Chinese, roast rice; the uncivilized barbarians in the heart of Africa, and the cannibals of the Fiji islands, roast missionary.

But beware! Feed not thyself too well. After the joy of the day cometh on the gloom of the night. Gorge nor thyself—hast ever had the nightmare? Beware, I say, and at Christmas dinner eat sparingly of those toothsome dishes, or thou wilt awaken during the night and find a seven-headed Santa Claus dancing hornpipes on thy bed, and with two leg—lim—no, branches of a turkey beating music out of a plum-pudding. Thou wilt see two witches pouring red-hot brandy sauce down thy safety valve.

What is the most suitable thing to give as a Christmas gift? Well, that depends. If some one, charitably inclined, wants to give something to the United States, let him give them a court capable of trying Giteau—one that will not turn the court-room into a circus-ring; give Giteau, first clown, a cap and bells, and if there is any change left give the same to those in charge of the trial; give the Hon. Ed. Blake a platform—he wants one; give the long-winded M. P.s something to talk about at the forthcoming session; give O'Dynamite Rossa a few thousands for "skirmishing purposes;" give a certain preacher a subject for a sensational sermon; and last, but not least, give GRIP a hearty support and a long subscription list for 1892.

"The Hoss."

A COUNTRY TAVERN IDYLL.
 (By a Wayfarer.)

"At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
 And the streets are all dark in the absence of gas,
 I sit in the tavern, gloomy and chill,
 And wonder what way the long evenings I'll pass.

I view in the bar-room the rustics. A grove
 Of them sitting, and all of them spinning long yarns;
 While showers of tobacco-juice light on the stove,
 And the air is suggestive of stables and barns.

I list to the topics that, on the *tapis*,
 Seemed each of their bucolic minds to engross;
 They touched upon dog-fights and on the last spree,
 But the favourite subject by far was the "hoss."

They talked about trotters and of their condition—
 This one was a "daisy," the other was "boss";
 They argued so long that I couldn't help wishin',
 That each one was tied to the tail of his "hoss."

I visit the "settin' room," still all the talking
 Of "pacers" and "rackers," and brood mares, and colts;
 How "Fan" could beat "Nell" if it wasn't for baulking—
 How "Jack is a rattler," except that he bolts."

They know all the horses that's bred in Kentucky,
 For their weights or cognomens they're ne'er at a loss;
 How this one is "sure" and another unlucky;
 I believe while they're sleeping, they're dreaming of "hoss."

Oh, why don't they change it to mules, say, or asses!
 I'd as soon get a blow from the fist of Geo. Goss,
 That would knock me as high as the heights of Parnassus
 As slowly die under the horrible "hoss!"

A Prominent Actor's Belief.

Mr. Tony Pastor, of New York City, the great humorist and actor, was signally benefited by the Great German Remedy, and felt constrained to testify to its efficacy for the benefit of others suffering in the same way.



PAUL PRY TILLEY.

(AT THE DOOR OF THE BANKING FRATERNITY).

"I'm not at all curious, but then I'd like to know, you know, all about your customers, and credits, and discounts, and securities, and so forth et cetera.

WEEFLECTIONS OF THE HON.
C. BUFFER.

D'y'e know, it stwikes me that the pwesent wun upon the lands in Manitoba and the pwewawies is one of the most absa'd and widiculous ewazes that eweah, so to speak, stwuck this cownty. Some yeabs ago a stwuch glamouah came ovah people's minds wegawd-ing Twontio lands, and fabulows pwices weah given faw them. It is of caus-two that the anticipated values of the pwopaties weah realized, but not for yeabs aiah; and mostly all the then speculatahs sold shawt. The—aw—Manitoba—awangement is somewhat, as a wule, in this way. A speculatah owns a certain numbah of acahs of land, situated some-weah on the pwewawies, and someweah neah the line of the C. P. R. He pwceeds to get an engineah and stakes out a pawtion of it into small lots. He leaves a space faw a Cawt House, City Hall, Opewa House, Collegiate Institute and—aw—a Pawk, &c., in fact leaving woom faw ewevy awchitectual attribute of a city. He takes the engineah's notes and bwings them, say to Twontio, and gets a clewah dwafstman to plot them out on a map. The dwafstman makes a vewy pwetty picthah of them, colowing it in all mannah of gawgeous tints, making it as attwactive to the eye as possible. The map is then emblazoned with the name of—aw—something—city—a pwetty name, of caus—such as "Diamond City," "Amethyst City," "Emewald" or "Wuby City," and the like.

The pwetty map of the imaginawy City is then pawaded in the auction woom, and the lots go off like hot cakes, and at compawatively high pwices, even if the places weah wealities,

instead of being mewely in embyo, and which nevah may weach eawly childhood. Theah are seweval "Cities" on the Michigan shoahs of Lake Huwon, which yeahs ago weah mapped out in the same mannah as the pwesent ones faw sale in the "Gweat Naw-West" which aw yet undistinguishable fwom the suwounding pwimeval fowest. Theah is no doubt that some of the of these "Cities" may awise to respect-ability in time, but I should imagine the chances to be a—aw—meah lottewy; faw, except a wailay station is placed at the exact spot, I don't mean neah it, faw in that case the "City" would inevitably centah around the Station house—its chances to amount to anything in the immediate fuchah, except something of a most extwaordinawy nachah should take place, would be extwemely pwoblematical. Yaas, indeed. People, of caus, with a few loose thousands of cuweny to invest, and not knowing what else to do with them, might possibly do worse than wun theah chances, blindly, but faw those who embawk in these specious and faw-off lands, without evah having seen them or even having a knowledge of theah weal situation, with a view of making a stwike with theah—aw—savings—I should certainly advise to considah befaw investing theah all in—aw—possible—aw—wild cat lands.

There are speculatahs in hundweds now in Winniepe on the look out faw all the—aw—good snaps (if I may be allowed the expwession) and mattahs of this kind being these smawt fellows' business, you may west assuah'd that they will let nothing escape them if theah is—aw—any money in it. Of caus, I don't pwend to stigmatize, by any means, all the Manitoba land sales as "plants." I would only advise the aspiwing imigwant pe'chasah to look shawp, before he entahs into the speculation, or he may find himself like ouah deah though fictitious fwend, Chuzzlewit, at Eden City, in a bad box—without a Mawk Tapley to help and console him. Faw my pawt, I don't think I'll invest in pewawie city lands—aw—just at pwesent—I think I'll wait awhile—I do indeed.

One more Lesson.

We'll sing you a song to a tune about Noah,
There's one more lesson to learn;
We're sadly afraid you've not heard it before—
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

One more lesson, there's one more lesson to cram in,
One more lesson, there's one more lesson to cram.

The folks in Toronto are making a fuss;

There's one more lesson to learn;
They say that "our brains will be turned into pus"—
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

"I don't care for that," says Minister Crooks—
There's one more lesson to learn;
"I'm bound to examine, so stick to your books"—
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

It's always examine, examine, examine—
There's one more lesson to learn;
And yet they keep saying that this isn't cramming—
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

We're shut up all day in this hideous place—
There's one more lesson to learn;
And if you don't know it there's music to face—
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

For us out of school there's small recreation,
Such lessons as we have to learn;
Comes Algebra, Latin, Greek, French and Dictation—
There are too many lessons to learn.

Chorus—

Too many lessons, there are too many lessons to cram in;
Too many lessons, there are too many lessons to cram.

Lightning never strikes twice in one place.
It isn't necessary.—*Modern Argo.*



ONE GOOD TERM DESERVES ANOTHER.

Dedicated, with GRIP's compliments, to the re-elected Mayor—one of the best we have ever had—John Barclay McMurrich.

The Very Latest.

Have a plate of soup?

What soup?

Turtle soup.

What Turtle soup?

Green Turtle soup.

And then they step into Jewell & Clow's, amongst the candidates who are practising for aldermen by getting up a taste for the old aldermanic dish.

Canadian Wayside Sketches.

THE COUNTRY HOTEL. (Continued).

No. 3.

The poet who propounded the query "Oh, where shall rest be found?" must have been inspired thereto by a visit to the Country Hotel, but of a surety the walls of the Dreary House in answering could echo only "where?"

You seek relief from your dismal and aforementioned surroundings in your own chamber; you prefer solitude and bed at eight o'clock to these, and you make the ascent to your room. No, there is not much choice in the way of rooms, the one is the twin counterpart of the other. We all know it, with its bare white-washed walls, its bare floor (save an oasis of a yard of carpet), its bare windows, its bare bed; with its one empty pitcher (broken), its one chair (attenuated) and its general air of most forlorn destitution.

Its windows being securely nailed against any attempt at ventilation, you commence a mental calculation as to the number of cubic feet of oxygen requisite to sustain the human system a given number of hours, and being somewhat doubtful of the result, you surreptitiously break a pane of glass and retire to bed. It is impossible, of course, to attempt any reading by the light of your dismal lamp, with its pestilential odour, and it is also equally impossible to sleep. It is true you are afforded the full benefit of the interesting conversation that is going on down stairs, owing to the invariable stove-pipe hole in the floor, which not only enables you to do this but also affords you a splendid opportunity for breaking your leg. Presently you hear the varied steps of your fellow sufferers seeking their respective rooms—there is the young dry goods clerk who comes singing snatches of

some popular song, and keeps it up entirely for his own edification; there is the man who, go where you will, always performs his ascent by falling upstairs, and whose profanity finally becomes less and less audible, as he becomes lost in the labyrinths around. There are these and all the other steps we know so well, which always haunt the passages of the Dreary House.

Weary nature seeketh rest and findeth none, and after cogitating all night on the miseries you have endured whilst here, you say, "I will arise and go unto the Commercial Travellers' Association, and will say unto them, 'Travelers, long suffering and gentlemanly travellers, how long will ye suffer these things so to be—ye have it in your own hands to bring about a reform—ye have hardships enough to contend with without continuing to endure the horrors of a Country Hotel under the present regime—arise in your might and demand a renovation of the whole institution from top to bottom; and if any leading statesman is in want of a policy offer him this for a subject, and generations yet unborn shall bless you for sweeping from the face of civilization the present Country Hotel.'"

VIATOR.

NOTE.—There are some few and laudable exceptions to the average Country Inn here portrayed and which are in every respect worthy of the highest credit, but on the whole we are about 2000 years behind the rest of the civilized Globe in this respect and it is about time we had a change.

An Amusing Scene in Court.

HOW A WITNESS WON A POINT AND CONVULSED THE COURT WITH LAUGHTER.

It is not often that Levity raises her laughing eyes before the face of blind Justice, but when she does, the rogue, she is sure to cause more merriment than (as they say over in the States) "the laws allows." The very surroundings which are prone to give birth to any thoughts other than those of laughter, are exactly what will make anything ridiculous seem doubly so. It appears that in the course of a trial pending before one of our tribunals, one of the chief witnesses proved to be our very highly respected and well known friend, Alderman John Baxter. Mr. Baxter, on being questioned by the Crown's Attorney as to his knowledge of the defendant, &c., said, among other things:



"If your Worship please I called on the defendant and had an interview in private with him; I drew him to one side, and said, while I looked him fairly in the eye with a very penetrating glance, 'Did you do it, sir.' It was fully a minute before my penetrating gaze was removed from his face. He bore the look calmly, and answered: 'Mr. Baxter, I am as innocent as an unborn child.'"

Now, this was all quite commonplace, and Mr. Baxter, in the innocence of his soul, saw nothing in it. The prosecution for the Crown, however, in his argument before the court, in referring to that portion of the testimony said:

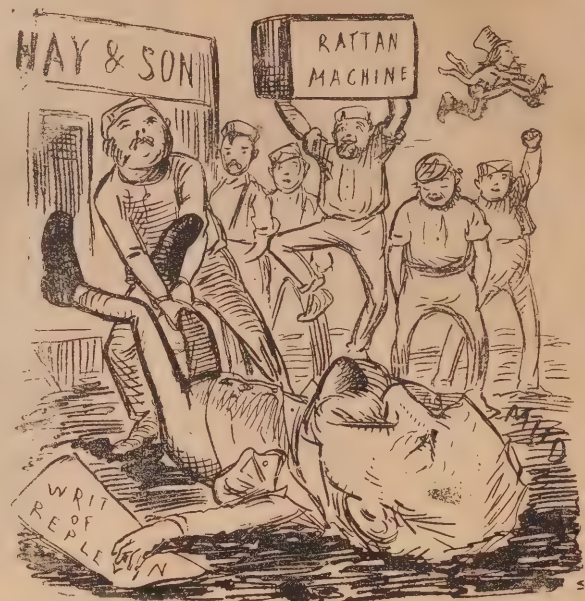
"May it please your worship, when I entered

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THE JEWEL, CONSISTENCY.
SHOWING MR. ROBINSON, M.P. FOR HAMILTON, DECLARING IN FAVOUR OF HOME INDUSTRIES.



SHOWING MR. ROBINSON, M.P., ASSISTING IN CRUSHING AN INFANT INDUSTRY AT WOODSTOCK.

on this case I did so with a firm conviction that the defendant was guilty, as charged in the indictment, with the offence therein named and contrary to the law; but since my esteemed friend, the Hon. Mr. Baxter, (he of the penetrating glance), hath gazed in a penetrating manner into the eye of the defendant, and he (the defendant) having understood that awful gaze instinctively, I feel that I must submit when I contemplate the tremendous powers of penetration possessed by the optics of my learned and honoured friend. And especially the left one. And if I mistake not Mr. Baxter looked at him with the left one. May it please your Worship, I know of nothing that possesses penetrating qualities equal to Mr. Baxter's eyes—I may say the left eye—but St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy!"

This sally from the Crown's Attorney produced unusual mirth in the court, and for the time being it seemed that the attorney was, as is usually the case, going to have the best of it; but not so. Mr. Baxter could not let it pass in that way, so he simply rose to his feet, and in the dignified manner characteristic of the gentleman, he said:

"May it please your Worship, I am delighted to hear my able colleague speak in such terms, for despite any allusions which that gentleman may have made as to my eyes and their penetrating qualities, I wish to say that if they do possess the penetrative power of St. Jacobs Oil, they are infallible truth-searchers, and the innocence of the prisoner is established beyond doubt, for St. Jacobs Oil possesses penetrating qualities unequalled—it will penetrate to the bone to drive out pain. I know it for I have tried it. And I wish to say that it hits the mark every time. If, therefore, it cannot fail—and from the gentleman's view of the case my eyes possess the same qualities, it is time the defendant was dismissed."

Mr. Baxter was decidedly ahead on this rencontre, as the laughter which followed, and in which even the court joined, fully testified. After adjournment a representative of this paper met with Mr. Baxter, and the gentleman laughingly said:

"That little affair pleased me in more ways than one, and I am glad it came off. I wanted a chance to 'speak right out in meeting' for St. Jacobs Oil, it did my rheumatism so much good, and that was my chance."—*Toronto (Canada) Globe.*

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—This is the first number of GRIP for the new year, and it would of course, be inexcusable to issue it without a cartoon appropriate to the season. We therefore present a beautiful little allegorical sketch of Father Time setting out cheerily with the youthful Year. For the first time the traditional whiskers of Father Time (mere stage whiskers) are ruthlessly torn off, and the ever young old fellow will be at once identified as no other than the Premier of the Dominion. At the discovery there will be a sensation of profound joy throughout the country, in which all parties will share, excepting perhaps a few persons who are looking more or less anxiously for the leadership of the Conservative Party.

FIRST PAGE.—For some reason best known to themselves, the electors of St. Patrick's Ward saw fit on New Year's Day to decline Mr. Baxter's proffer of his services as Alderman for 1882. Perhaps they thought that Mr. Baxter was in danger of coming to regard the Aldermanship as a sort of profession at which he could make an honest livelihood; or perhaps they considered that it was not reasonable of the City to expect them any longer to permit so much of the Ward to be absent from its precincts every Monday night. Whatever may have been the reason, the deed was done. When Mr. B. called he found Mrs. Toronto was "not receiving."

EIGHTH PAGE.—This picture is intended to epitomise the general bearing and effect which the new Nor'-West Land regulations are likely to have. In our opinion they offer long odds in favour of the Speculator and the Monopolist; the reader cannot do better than read the document itself by way of commentary on the sketch.

The Evening News of a late date gave the acts in the case of Nicholls vs. Waters, and a more utterly heartless outrage under forms of law it would be hard to conceive. Briefly stated, it was this: A poor old coloured man who had become possessed of a home by honestly paying for it, is, after many years' quiet possession, forcibly turned out because it has been discovered that a few inches of his property really

belongs to his next-door neighbour. Having absolute confidence in his deed, and being too ignorant to appreciate the niceties of the law, he fails to defend himself in the action duly brought and judgment is given against him with the result already mentioned. The poor old man is now living in a miserable condition in St. John's Ward, vainly endeavouring to see what he has done to deserve this treatment. We commend the case to His Worship, the Mayor, and to all who feel disposed to relieve worthy objects of charity.

And so Judge Mackenzie can't make up his mind as to who burned the contract. A long and wearisome trial, enlivened only by the forensic wit of Mr. Fenton and Mr. Blevins—with occasional characteristic flashes from the bench—ends in smoke. No, not in smoke, but in a substantial volume of several hundreds of pages of printed evidence which may now be filed away on the shelf alongside of the Iron-mask and other mysteries of history.

Whatever possessed us to write our worthy mayor's name *John* instead of *William* in last week's paper, and thereby spoil what was intended for a well-earned compliment? Could we have been thinking of the terrible fate in store for our esteemed Baxter as we wrote? As Dundreary used to say, "it's one of those things no fellow can find out." However, we are consoled to learn that Mr. McMurrich intends to do his duty just as earnestly as if nothing had happened.

We have a partiality for letters like the following:

Tilsonburg, Dec. 31, 1881.

DEAR GRIP,—In return for your 52 happy greetings during 1881, full of mirth and irony, and by a stroke of your pencil illustrating the true inwardness of prominent men and thoughts occupying the public mind, I wish you a happy and prosperous New Year, and renew my subscription by enclosing two dollars for 1882.

Very truly yours,

T. B. BAIN.

This worthy man's name ought to be Antidote, after that.

A brilliant magazine article by Mr. N. F. Davin has been reprinted in pamphlet form, and lies upon our table. It is entitled, "Remarks suggested by the death of President Garfield," and under this caption the writer gathers up many significant lessons on the subject of partyism and the civil service. The pamphlet ought to be read and studied by all our public men, for sound views on these topics are sadly needed in Canada. It is needless to say the writing itself has the old-time charm of eloquence.

The fact that misfortunes do not come singly is why we are doubly glad when they are gone.—*Springfield (Ill.) Register.*

Special from Ottawa.

Last week's *Grip* contained by far the most successful hit that has appeared in our popular Canadian *Punch*. The principal cartoon—occupying a double page and artistically coloured—is founded upon Miss Thompson's celebrated picture, "The Roll Call," an engraving from which has been on exhibition in the city for several weeks. Sir John Macdonald, with roll in hand, is passing down the ranks of the wounded political warriors for the purpose of finding out who is missing after the fight. The leading political men of the country, all more or less wounded, show signs of having passed through a trying ordeal. Every face is a striking likeness. In prominent political circles yesterday this cleverly-executed cartoon was a subject of eulogistic comment. Latterly a decided improvement has been noticed in *Grip*. The clever artist is to be congratulated upon the success of his latest effort.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

The Opening of the House.

They sat together on the red damask sofa in the back parlour. Her father was out at a ward meeting and he generally stayed out till a late hour.

"Aramintha," said Alfred, "I see in the paper that your pa is going to be away next week with other gentlemen to take a look over the Credit Valley line. For one week, dearest, we can have the evenings to ourselves. Now, how shall we pass them? How would it strike you if we should take in the theatres, the Grand and the Royal, on alternate nights?"

"Why, Alfonso Shallout!" exclaimed the astonished maiden, "go to a theatre! You know I'd be disgraced if it was found out that I went to such a wicked place. Well, I never!"

"I believe there's going to be a concert or a lecture or something in Shaftesbury Hall, there surely could be no objection to that."

"Oh, I don't care about concerts, and I hate lectures, I'd just as soon go to church," replied the fair girl rather petulantly.

"What do you say to a skating rink?"

"Say? why, I can't skate."

"Well, I'll tell you what would be nice—and—cheap," said young Alfonso after some deliberation. "The Provincial Assembly meets next week, and we'll go to the Opening of the House."

"Oh, of all things!" Aramintha replied, as a flush of pleasure mounted to her celluloid brow, and almost put her ruseate bangs to shame; "Just the very thing!"

"Then," said Alfonso, "it is settled—the Opening of the House—" when the sound of a heavy footstep crossing the room (it was Aramintha's father who had unexpectedly returned) caused them to turn around.

"Young man," said the stern parent, "I thought I forbade you coming to this house! Now what fiendish plot have you been concocting, and what have you been saying to my innocent daughter, hey?"

"I was only—only—saying—that I was going to the—a—Opening of the House—"

"So you shall! so you shall!" said the old man with a fiendish chuckle, as he proceeded to the front door, and throwing it wide open, roared, "Here is the Opening of the House!—now git up and git!"

Alfonso meekly complied, and thus were two hearts made sorrowful and sad.

A fisherman's favourite musical instrument—the castanet, of course, wherewith he can get a bassoon. The lyre is rather a favourite among fishermen too.—*Buffalo News.*

"Can't we have scoloped oysters some day?" asked a dainty boarder of his landlady. "I don't think I know how to scolop oysters," was the reply. "Then bias some," said the funny man.—*Omaha Times.*



No. 1.—He was born young.



No. 2.—He was a very studious youth.



No. 3.—In due time was sent to U.C. College.



No. 4.—Where he became the Head boy.



No. 5.—And passed on to the University.



No. 6.—Afterwards becoming a law student.



No. 7.—He ultimately became a leading lawyer.



No. 8.—He entered Parliamentary life.



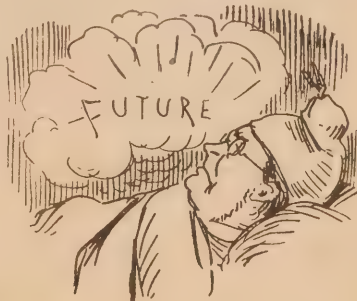
No. 9.—But still remained a great lawyer.



No. 10.—He introduced many good measures.



No. 11.—Declined the honour of knighthood.



No. 12.—Intends to do something more sometime.



CONSOLING A MONTREAL FRIEND.

JOHN A. MICAWBER.—BEAR IN MIND, MY DEAR ANDREW, "THEY ALSO SERVE WHO STAND AND WAIT"—FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.

A New Year's Call.

BY BELINDA BERTHA BUSSELFRIEL.

George Jehosopht Joseph Gray
Was a nice young man in a general way;
He got himself up in his best array,
And went out calling on New Year's Day.

G. J. J. Gray was timid and shy,
Though he dressed so spruce and he looked so spry;
So to pluck up his courage he thought he'd try
A glass of Gooderham's best old rye.

Then to the first "boozin' ken" he went,
To take one glass was his sole intent;
But some fellows on similar errand bent,
To drink a "John Collins" gained his consent.

G. J. J. Gray's head was not very strong,
And the "bowls" affected his brains ere long;
And with voice as loud as a dinner gong,
He commenced a verse of a comic song.

His comrades chorused long and loud,
The bar-tender stood up the drinks and bowed;
And all the young fellows felt happy and proud,
As they left the saloon, a drunken crowd.

"I say, old fel', now where'll we go?"
Said one, "Is there no nice gal that you know?"
"I think myself 'twould be *comme il faut*,
To bring this whole lively gang in tow."

So away the gang started up the street
Ogling every young lady they'd meet;
At every tavern they'd stop and treat,
Till they found it some trouble to stand on their feet.

Now G. J. J. Gray had an aunt—a mail,
In manner prim and demeanour staid;
With ducats she often did young Gray aid,
And on this lady they made a raid.

The lady sat in her parlour prim,
She'd coffee and cakes and bread cut thin;
When her ears were shocked by a horrible din,
As young Gray and the gang came tumbling in.

"This, boys," said Gray, "is my aunty dear,"
His voice was uncertain and far from clear;
"The boys" then shouted for brandy and beer,
While the old lady trembled with rage and fear.

They scouted her coffee and sneered at her cake;
Of the lady herself huge fun did make,
Each acted the part of a vile young rake,
And they kicked up a row like an Irish wake.

They scared the poor lady clean out of her wits,
Her favourite china they broke in bits;
The lady fell down in a series of fits,
Then out of the house each one of them "gits."

Out on the street came these lively lads,
The pride of their mammas, the hope of their dads,
Where they acted like drunken, ill-bred cads,
Or U-ni-ver-sity undergrads.

But a dread Nemesis was after them straight,
They had not got far from the front door gate;
When patrolman Flynn who was on his "bate"
At the very next corner was lying in wait.

"Be Japers!" said bold policeman Flynn,
"If they come this way and give me any chin;
Although they are full of brandy and gin,
By the powers av Moll Kelly I'll run them in!"

The gang came along with a wild halloo!
And commenced to make fun of the man in blue;
When says Flynn "Now, lads, that'll do for you,"
And he run them all in to No. 2.

With hair unkempt and eyes ablaze,
Next morning the magistrate fell on their gaze;
Said the Colonel "I'll try for to mend your ways,
One dollar and costs or 30 days!"

They were all very sorry and horridly ill,
But their friends came in and paid up their bill;
Young Gray only laughed at the joke until
He found that his aunty had altered her will!

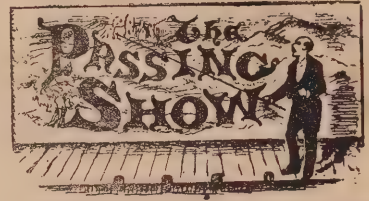
And so it was, this New Year call
Had raised the old maiden lady's gall,
And to alter her will a lawyer did call,
And G. J. J. Gray got nothing at all.

MORAL.

Young men, when you go on a New Year's stroll,
Avoid the intoxicating bowl;
Remember the pitfalls that stood in the way
Of George Jehosopht Joseph Gray.

It is easy enough to knock a man down with
a straw, but one end of the straw needs to be
in the bung hole of a full barrel of whiskey.—
Syracuse Times.

An Irish jig-dancer, who applied for a position as brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was refused, because the officials feared a break-down if he was on a train.—*Philadelphia Item.*



The Sacred concert at Bond-street Church on Tuesday evening, was highly successful. The soloists on the occasion were Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Morris, and Messrs. Warde and Warrington. The first-named lady, who is a favourite in Toronto, acquitted herself admirably in the oratorio numbers, and shared in the applause bestowed for several well-rendered quartettes. Perhaps, however, her solo selections were not of the happiest, as they afforded but little scope for the display of her highly cultivated voice. Mrs. Morris, the acknowledged queen of Toronto soprani, sang "With Verdure Clad," and "Hear ye, Israel," with her accustomed brilliancy. Mr. Warde exerted himself commendably in the numbers allotted to him, and if he did not score a great success it was chiefly owing to his voice, which can only be called tenor by courtesy. He certainly did as well as any man could with a similar organ. Mr. Warrington's selections, as well as his rendering of them, were, as usual, capital. No singer is more certain of a good reception than this gentleman, for his appearance invariably means a treat for the audience and a triumph for himself. The Misses Corlett added much to the pleasure of the occasion by their duet "Ruth and Naomi." Messrs. Doward, Tasker and Lawson were the organ soloists, and each did well. Mr. Lawson rendered two stirring marches, which captivated the audience in a special manner. Mr. Doward acted as accompanist throughout the evening.

The Amy Lee Opera Company are giving highly amusing performances at the Royal, in an operatta called "The Two Medallions." Next Monday the Palmer-Graham Comedy Company come to this house and remain throughout the week.

The attraction at the Grand at present is Hermann, the celebrated Magician, who has a habit of telling his audiences just how he does his wonderful tricks.

The Rinks are all lively now, the thermometer having gone down and the shareholders' hopes correspondingly up. The Granite Club's splendid establishment on Church-street is, as of yore, the rendezvous for hundreds of the devotees of skating and curling.

The Bond-street Progress Society have issued their programme of fortnightly entertainments for the first quarter of 1882. Dr. Wild will devote a half-hour of the first evening, (Friday of next week) to the consideration of "Three Funny Things."

Mr. Charles Roberts, a distinguished elocutionist, of New York, is announced to give two entertainments in Shaftesbury Hall, on the evenings of Jan. 27 and 28.

One of the precepts of the Talmud urges a man to "descend a step in choosing a wife." Many a young fellow has descended a number of steps—and in something of a hurry, too—when on that very errand.—*Buffalo News.*

Some men would sacrifice their pew in church for a chance to say something mean. The other day a man entered the corner grocery, looked around for five minutes, and when the grocer playfully murmured: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it," he answered: "Well, I am looking for a grocer who will give twelve eggs for a dozen, but I don't see him.—*St. Louis Hornet.*



ANOTHER MILE-STONE PASSED!

OR, FATHER TIME AS SPRY AS EVER!

The Chronicles of Flori, the Son of David.

FROM THE DAY OF HIS DEFEAT EVEN UNTIL NOW.

(Reprinted by Request.)

And behold Flori, the son of David, drew near, and entered into the tent of his fore-fathers, and there came out to meet him his aged sire.

And Flori lifted up his voice and wept; and said unto him, "Oh my father, the sword of Arma-Geddon, the Captain of the Host, has entered into my flesh, and my words, even exceeding bitter words, into my heart, and I am sore vexed and troubled in spirit."

And his father said unto him, "Oh, my son, be not troubled in spirit, neither let thy heart be sad within thee, for thou shalt yet have dominion over this Philistine, even Arma-Geddon, the Captain of the Host."

Then was the soul of Flori comforted and he bound up his wounds, and uncovered his head to the breath of Heaven. And he said unto his slaves, which were with him in the gate to do his bidding:—"It is well; bring forth the instruments of musick, even the sackbut and the psalter, and make merry before me, and fear not."

But though he spake thus with his tongue, he hardened his heart, and took counsel with himself what he should do, saying: "This man, even Arma-Geddon, the Centurion, the Leader of Fans and the Bearer of Brooms, shall surely die."

So he hardened his heart, and bound up his wrath within himself until the days of his fasting, even the weeks and months of the peace offering should be fulfilled.

Now it came to pass in those days, even in the days of the peace-offerings and sacrifices, that Flori went forth from the land of his fathers, and sojourned in a foreign land.

And his heart was sad within him, so he summoned unto him the wise men of the land, even the Smooth-flayers, the Bruihahs and the Boxahs, and said unto them: "Behold now is my spirit sad within me; for the Centurion, even Arma-Geddon, the Captain of the Host, hath waged war against me, a man of peace, a sculptor of images, and a lover of musick and sweet sounds, and hath discomfited me."

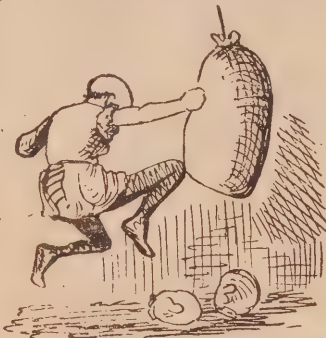
Then the wise men of the land lifted up their voices and said unto him: "Let not thy heart be sad within thee, neither let thy spirit mourn, for in thy land, even in the land of Jon-Lorn, the King, thou hast a man of great skill in such matters, one who maketh the wounded spirit to rejoice, and grants comfort to the mourner. He will aid thee against this Philistine, and thou shalt lay him even with the dust. Yes, verily, and so shall it be unto thee."

Then was Flori exceedingly glad, and he said unto the wise men: "Give me, I pray ye, some sign by which I shall know this wise man; lest peradventure I meet him in the way, and know him not. And they gave unto him a sign."

And Flori gave unto the wise men one shekel, for though he had many, they were very dear unto him.

So Flori departed for his own land.

And behold, as he journeyed upon the great sea, he fell into a deep sleep, and he dreamed a dream; and in his dream the bags of sand which lay around him arose from the ground and stood up before him. And he looked, and behold the bags of sand bore the likeness of the Centurion, even Arma-Geddon. And the bag which was the head cried aloud and said unto him, "Arise, thou bag of wind, my sleepiest thou?" Then Flori arose in his dream, and he smote the bags hip and thigh, until they fell, and the sand ran out upon the ground.



Then Flori awoke from his sleep, and commended with himself, and said unto himself, "Are not these the words of the wise men, which they spake unto me, saying: 'Thou shalt lay him even with the dust.' And he was comforted."

So Flori returned unto his own land, and he sought diligently among his kinsfolk and relations for the wise man who should aid him against the Captain of the Host; but he found him not.

Then was he grieved in spirit, saying unto himself, "Surely now have I been deceived by the wise men, and have given them of my wealth for naught."

And it came to pass that there was a certain slave in the land, exceeding cunning in the art of forging iron. And Flori sent unto him, saying: "Make me, even now,

iron for my raiment, that I may be safe against this man who girds himself with a staff." And Flori was urgent, and said, "If thou dost not this thing, thou shalt surely die; for art thou not a slave to do my bidding?"

And the slave made haste and drew near unto him; and it came to pass when Flori beheld him that he fell on his knees before him, and said unto him:

"Oh, my friend, live forever! For surely thou art he who shall grant me deliverance from mine enemy." And the slave said unto him, "I am he, be comforted."

Then they communed together, and took counsel respecting the death of Arma-Geddon.

Now when the weeks of fasting, and of the peace-offerings were accomplished, even in the tenth month, and on the twenty-seventh day of the month, Arma-Geddon arose early and said unto himself, "Behold the harvest is at hand; the harvest of stocks and of margins, and the season for the gathering in of shekels. Now must I hasten and get me down right early, lest they be all devoured by the bears of the street and the bulls of the corner." So he went forth from his tent, and journeyed through the land of the Black-Gregor to that of the Shimmering-Sun. And as he journeyed he thought not of Flori, the son of David, but he said unto himself, "Oh, self, live forever! Thou art mighty in warfare, and comely in person. The strong men and the fair maidens bow down unto thee, and thy name is of great report in the land."

But as they thus communed with himself a great noise smote the air, and a mighty voice, as of thunder, said unto him:

"Art thou he who girdeth himself with a stick?"

Then the knees of Arma-Geddon smote together, and he



quaked with fear, and trembled exceedingly; so that his staff, which was in his hand, fell upon the ground. For he knew that the voice was the voice of the bag of wind even of Flori, the son of David.

Then the wise man, even the forger of iron, upon whom Flori leant, said unto him, "Be mindful of thy dream, and smite him, for I am with thee, so that thou shalt prevail, and he shall surely die."

So Flori fell upon him and smote him, so that he fell, and the blood, even the blood of the Centurion, Arma-Geddon, flowed out upon the ground. Then Flori smote him again and again, and buffeted him, until the words of the wise men, which they spake unto him were fulfilled.

And Arma-Geddon, the Centurion, the mighty man of valour, the Commander of Fans, and the Leader of many, lay humbled in the dust, wallowing in his own gore. And he groaned in spirit and cried aloud, saying:—"It is enough, go hence from my sight, and mock not the voice of my groaning."

But Flori said unto him: "If thou wert a man, then wouldst thou do battle as a man; but behold now art thou but a child, even a mere babe before me." And he smote him upon the right cheek and upon the left, and reviled him with exceeding bitter words.

Then spake the wise man, even the cunning forger of iron, unto Flori, saying: "Let us go hence, it is enough." So they mounted into the chariot and departed. But the wise man took with him the staff of Arma-Geddon, which was in his hand, saying unto himself, "It is a token of remembrance for them that shall do likewise."

And Flori returned unto his own tent, and they prepared a great feast and made merry. For they said, now is the house of David exalted above its fellows. For we have smitten our enemy and laid him even with the dust. So they feasted and made merry, even until the eleventh hour. But on the morrow there was silence in the house of David, for the heads of the people were sore amazed and very heavy.

But Arma-Geddon lay within his tent, sick unto death, and troubled in his heart. And he called unto him the wise men of the land; the Physicians, the Scribes, and the Counsellors. And they took counsel together for many days.

Then one of them, a Counsellor, mighty with his tongue, and cunning withal, but of short stature, said unto them: "How long shall this man trouble us? For he is a noisy and a turbulent fellow, and no man's life is safe while he is abroad."

So they took Flori, the son of David, and cast him into prison, and made his feet fast in the stocks.

And it was a custom in those parts to do unto prisoners, even as they did in the days of Samson, to take their strength from them; but, though they searched dili-

gently from morning until evening, they touched not a hair of his head. For it was not.



Then was there mourning in the house of David, and a great cry went abroad in the land, for they said, "Where is the wise man, the mighty Counsellor who shall deliver us?" And one said unto them, "Fear not, for I will bring unto you him of whom ye speak. And behold he brought unto him Gul-elmus, the son of Hastings, a mighty Counsellor, a man of stately carriage, and comely in looks, who spake words as sweet as honey, yet were they sharp as barbed arrows."

And he said unto them, "Be of good cheer, fear not, for I will deliver him." And they took comfort, and gave unto him many shekels. And the number of the shekels which they gave unto him was so great that they filled even the whole car in which he rode.

In those days there ruled over the city a mighty judge, Sagud, the son of Calix, and when all these things were made known unto him he summoned before him Flori, the son of David, and a great multitude, even the whole city. And when they were all assembled together, even the Counsellors, the Scribes, the Physicians, the Smooth-flayers, the Bruihahs, and the Boxahs, they wrangled and strove with each other for many days, respecting Flori, the son of David, and Arma-Geddon, whom he slew; and there was strife in the city, and between the Bruihahs and the Boxahs.

Then stood up the Counsellors, four in number: He, who was short in stature, yet cunning with his tongue; Gulielmus, the son of Hastings, whose words were as honey on his lips, yet full of venom in his heart; Alderic, the son of Joseph, the spokesman of the great king; and another, who is surnamed the mellifluous; and there stood also before the people those who were to give testimony in the matter, four score and ten in number.

And they all shouted and harangued together in the Court which is called Smell-dom during many days.

And on the third day, even at the eleventh hour of the night, the people shouted with a loud voice and said: "Let Flori, the son of David, be exalted in the land, for he hath done good and not evil before us, and hath east down the mighty, the proud, and him of high stomach, even Arma-Geddon, the Leader of Dances and the Bearer of Brooms."

So they brake the bonds of Flori, the son of David, and set him free; but the great Judge, even Asgud, the son of Calix, said unto him, "Be thou henceforward careful in thy doings, oh, thou son of David; and that thou mayest remember these days, I command thee to cast into the treasury of the great king two mites."

So Flori, the son of David, triumphed in the land; and Arma-Geddon, the Centurion, went mourning many days, seeking rest but finding none.

Now the rest of the acts of Flori, the son of David; and the oaths which he swore, are they not written in the books of the Upper Ten, as a remembrance against him unto this day.

[Toronto (Canada) Globe.]

Happiness in the Royal Opera House, Toronto.



One of the finest and most popular places of resort in Toronto, is the Royal Opera House. There enjoyment, "pure and unalloyed," can be obtained, and thither the pleasure-seeking multitudes of our city hasten when they wish to have "a good time." This institution is under the able and successful management of that genial and popular gentleman, Mr. J. C. Conner, whose personal magnetism and versatile ability are felt



(From Grip's Almanac for 1882.)

MOTHER SHIPTON DISCOMFITED.

FATHER TIME.—HA! HA! WE HAVE GOT ANOTHER, YOU SEE.

to the extreme limit of every transaction affecting the essential interest of the enterprise. In a recent conversation with Mr. Conner, (who has been suffering severely) he spoke as follows to one of our representatives in reply to a question concerning his health: During the early part of last October I had a severe attack in my right knee, of what my physicians pronounced acute rheumatism. I used many so-called rheum-



atic remedies, without receiving any apparent benefit. Observing that St. Jacobs Oil was being constantly recommended by many of the leading members of our profession, I decided to give it a trial. Accordingly I purchased a bottle of the article and applied it as directed. From the first application I commenced to improve, and before I had used two-thirds of a bottle, I was entirely cured, and have experienced no return of my ailment. If the publication of this statement of my experience with the Great German Remedy will induce any suffering member of the human family to test its marvellous efficacy I shall consider myself amply repaid in thus relating my opinion of its merits.

The Farmer and his Child.

A farmer old and his daughter fair,
Locks of silver and golden hair,
Sabbath eve on the homestead farm,
Quiet and peaceful, secure from harm.

The old man says, in accents slow,
"Child, to the meetin' I must go.
I'll harness up the old bay mare
And in a short time she'll bring me there.

"Though the night is dark and the road is rough,
Both the mare and I are old but tough;
We both have travelled it many a year,
So, daughter of mine, you have naught to fear.

"Sit thee down in the chimney nook
And keep on reading the nice little book;
The book you got from the Sunday-school,
And see that the fire does not lack fuel."

The maiden answered, "If you must go,
Be sure, dear father, you journey slow;
For the road has many a devious turn,
And you and the mare are both infirm.

"So take my advice, before you go,
Be sure that you drive the old mare slow."
The old man kissed his daughter fair,
And went to the barn for the old bay mare.

From the fair girl's bosom was lifted a load,
When she heard the old mare trot down the road:
She heaved a sigh, to the window went,
And gazed on the starless firmament.

And the wind outside gave a mournful wail,
As the window reflected her face so pale;
Then she placed a candle on the window sill
And said, "What on earth has become of Bill?"

When just at seven by the old Dutch clock,
At the kitchen door she heard a faint knock;
Oh! how that knock made her bosom thrill,
As she jumped to the door to let in Bill.

So Bill came in in his Sunday best,
With an oriole watch chain across his vest;
His hair was oiled, got up to kill,
A particularly fascinating boy, young Bill.

"The old man's out, I rightly guessed,"
He said, as her head lay on his breast;
"I saw him rattling down the hill,
With the old bay mare," said the cunning Bill.

"So I hurried up with might and main,
To see my dearest 'Liza Jane."
The youth and maiden sat together,
Nor thought of time, or tide, or weather.

Plenty of time for an hour or so,
They knew the old man would drive slow;
But scarcely had one short hour passed,
When the lovers felt a rigid blast.

There was the door thrown open wide,
And an angry old man by their side;
He seized young Bill by his store coat collar,
And kicked him till he made him holler.

And with demoniacal roar,
He fired young William through the door;
And yet his wrath did not abate,
Till he kicked him through the garden gate,

And booted him right down the hill,
Alas! alas! for poor young Bill;
Returning, to the girl, he said,
"Now pack yourself right straight to bed."

"If I was not a kind old pap,
I'd make you acquainted with the strap;
The reason why, I now well know,
You begged of me to drive so slow."

"You 'feared I'd meet with some mishap,'
You only thought to fool your pap!"
And this is the story, drawn so mild,
About the farmer and his child.

Never despise a man who wears a paper shirt-front; he may have no mother to support him.—*Omaha Times*.

When Fogg cut off three of his toes, he smiled grimly as he remarked that he was now reduced to a piece footing.—*Boston Transcript*.

False hair is now so artistically adjusted on a person's head that it is almost impossible to determine which is switch.—*Erie (Pa.) Graphic*.

"I now resemble a sword," sighed the young lady who had been jilted by her beau, "because I am a cutlass."—*Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Stylus*.



THE LION'S SHARE.

The Late Seizure (?) at Woodstock.

The Yankees came down like the wolves on the fold,
With their Q.C. and constables fearless and bold;
And the ink on their writs was scarce drier, dear me,
Than the eyes, very soon, of that M.P., Q.C.
Like a pair of new boots, when the streets are kept clean,
Were Q.C. and party at 8 a.m. seen:
Like a pair of old boots, which no one would own,
Were they, half-an-hour later, out in the mud thrown.

For Anti-Monopoly gave them a blast,
And took a hand in, while the Yankees—they passed;
And their eyes waxed as big as their lawyer's bill will,
And their hearts, with one heave, very nearly stopped still!

And there lay Magee, through the cab-door quick shied,
Quick through it he rolled, and was landed outside;
And the tails of his coat lay around on the turf,
And his boots flew about as if tossed by the surt.

And there lay the Q.C., all muddy yet pale,
On his stomach sat Hay. Jopp clutched his coat-tail,
And the Yankees were silent, their dodges made known,
The "Machines" unabstracted, their plans overthrown.
And the "Rattan Monopolists" took speedy leg-bail,
And they carried their heads as a dog does his tail;
For the ways of these pirates, hitherto unexplored,
And so rudely exposed, are not all above board.

MORAL

Ye pirates from Yankee-land, bear this in mind,
On his stomach sat Hay. Jopp clutched his coat-tail;
Ye constables, too, don't forget, when you grab,
A machine in the hand is worth two in a cab.
And ye Q.C.'s, as well, don't straddle the fence,
Don't sacrifice principles for a paltry few pence,
Or you'll find, like our friend who was rolled in the street,
If you once lose your head, that you can't keep your feet.

SCRANTON.

Woodstock.

P. T. Barnum Fall-into-Line.

Scanning our various exchanges, we notice especial distinction given in prominent New York dailies to Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson's strong endorsement of St. Jacobs Oil as a pain-reliever. They, too, have fallen into line, it would seem.—*Cincinnati (O.) Enquirer.*

An actor, however uneducated, is always a man of parts.—*Boston Score.*

How much superior is a Christmas present to a Christmas past?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"I think I must really marry one of these fellows some day, just to get rid of him," said a giddy young thing of twenty-two thanksgivings. She did marry him, and he is now taking his meals at a restaurant alone. He got rid of her.—*Andrew's American Queen.*

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Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet
and Ears, and all other Pains
and Aches.*

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JANUARY 10th, 1882.

Toronto Choral Society.

EDWARD FISHER, Conductor.

In the production of Hayden's famous oratorio the chorus and orchestra will be represented in stronger force than ever before in the history of the Society, and these will be supplemented by a powerful pipe organ, placed in the pavilion specially for this occasion.

Also the following eminent artists have been engaged to sustain the soprano and tenor solos in this work, namely:

MRS. E. ALINE OSGOOD

AND

MR. GEO. WERREN RATH,
OF NEW YORK.

The plan of seats will be opened to honorary members January 4th, at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's.

Any persons desiring the privilege of first choice of seats should send in their names as honorary members of the Society before the above mentioned date.

Applications for membership received at the office of Messrs. C. G. BRUSH & Bro., 3 Wellington-st. East.

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cause,
And be silent that you may hear.'
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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Messrs. J. S. Robertson & Bros., Whitby, are Special Subscription Agents for GRIP, and have authority to appoint Sub-agents and countersign receipts issued by us.

Mr. George Crammond, our sole Advertising Agent, is also authorized to transact subscription and collecting business. Mr. C. is about to visit Montreal in the interests of the paper, and we bespeak for him a kind reception by our many friends there.

BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir John Macdonald's forte is comedy. He is immense as the *Artful Dodger*, he plays *Micawber* with imitable humour, and few can equal him in the character of *Col. Sellers*, but he has just demonstrated that he is a tragedian as well. Our cartoon this week pictures him in his great impersonation of *Macbeth*. The scene is that in which he announces to the over-mastering *Lady Macbeth* that her behest has been obeyed, and the murder of the Manitoba Charter to the South Eastern Railway has been accomplished. There he stands, with the fatal dagger falling from his clutches, and a great dread creeping over him. The next scene of the play will witness a great row in the House and ultimately fitting punishment will be visited upon those who have "done the deed."

FIRST PAGE.—The Local House is now in session, and as busy as bees talking for the glory of the Province. A solid programme of downright work is before the members, however, and we trust the session may prove to be a really fruitful one. The leader of the Opposition shows a commendable inclination to take off his coat and help the leader of the Government to get through his work. This is as it should be. It is right of course for the boys to have a little fun playing at Partyism occasionally, but we never could see why play should take the place of work altogether—so long as sessional indemnities are paid.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The current number of Rose-Belford's *Canadian Monthly* contains a splen-

did paper on Canadian loyalty by Mr. W. D. LeSeure, B. A. It is a reply to Mr. Alpheus Todd's article in the preceding number, and, in our opinion, a conclusive one. Mr. Todd's idea of Canadian loyalty is illustrated in the first of the two sketches given on our eighth page, to wit: the loyalty of the big, overgrown calf of a boy who thinks his mother will feel offended unless he insists on being carried; Mr. LeSeure's idea is that Canadian loyalty ought to mean loyalty to Canada; that England and the world will think more of us if we show a little self-reliance, and relieve the already overburdened mother of the responsibility of taking care of those who are well able to take care of themselves. This is the view held by the *Monthly* itself, if we mistake not—and it is a view with which all manly Canadians must sympathize. *En passant*, we are glad to observe that this national magazine is flourishing. As the only purely literary medium of the Dominion, ably conducted as it is, it merits the earnest support of all.

The *Century Magazine* (late Scribner's) surprises the world by improving steadily, because most readers had made up their minds that further improvement was out of the question. Both in the editorial and artistic departments the *Magazine* more than sustains the high reputation that the late Dr. Holland won for it.

The complimentary dinner tendered to Mr. T. P. Thompson on his return from Ireland, came off with great *eclat* at Albert Hall on Tuesday evening. Mr. Thompson's letters to the *Globe* have won for him an extended reputation as a skilful special correspondent. We trust Mr. Brown will find an editorial chair for this able writer.

The *World* is suing somebody for libel. The damages are laid at several thousands of dollars, and we hope the *World* may get the money, as it will strengthen the resources of that journal—the only paper besides *Grip* that practically calls its soul its own, and isn't afraid to speak out what it conceives to be in the interests of the public.

The *Citizen* publishers have struck out in a new direction which will prove a great boon to English book readers. We have long groaned under the heavy prices charged for our *Graphic* and *Punch*, and we cannot do otherwise than recognize the proposal of the *Citizen* to supply its subscribers with "English books at English prices," as a premium which ought to bring them an enormous subscription roll.

The *St. Thomas Journal* expresses itself in this way:—

"To-day's issue of *Grip* is one of the best that has yet appeared. The artistic cartoons, large and small, are on current topics and hit the nail right on the head. It is also pleasing to see that while the press of Canada seems to have been gagged by the Railway Monopolists and land "scoopers," *Grip*, with arguments

more forcible than words, depicts the evil of the present system with the independence that carries more weight than partizan zeal."

We have been shown an autographic letter from the Princess Louise, in which she expresses her great interest in "Picturesque Canada." The Marquis of Lorne has also written to say how fully he appreciates the beauty and fidelity of this illustration of Quebec scenery. It is probable that Picturesque Canada will do a great work for this country in making our beautiful scenery known in England. It is certain that no such work has ever yet been issued in illustration of any part of the Queen's dominions.



Millie Rhea, a distinguished French actress, appeared at the Royal on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The plays were *Camille* and *Adrienne*, and her acting was such as to sustain her high reputation.

Miss Annie Graham is the star at the Grand this week. She is ably supported by Mr. F. Gardner and company, in a capital play entitled *The Legion of Honour*. The piece affords an excellent evening's entertainment.

Those who love music should carefully remember the performances of the English Bell-ringers and Gleemen, at the Pavilion, on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week. No written description can convey any idea of their charming concerts. A matinee is to be given on Saturday, at popular prices.

Mr. Leslie Main is a platform genius who has struck out a new line of entertainment. Being a first-rate vocalist, as well as an accomplished elocutionist and lecturer, he provides an evening of literary and musical good things, tastefully spiced with humour and fun. His lecture on "Tennyson," on Tuesday evening, and on "Poets and Singers," on Thursday, were brilliant artistic successes. Another opportunity remains of hearing him at Shaftesbury Hall this (Friday) evening, when he will give a new lecture entitled "Grave and Gay," introducing many of his best readings and songs. He proposes to visit some of the leading towns of the Dominion, and we cordially assure them of his sterling merits.

Mr. Chas. Roberts, Jr., the distinguished Reader who is to favour Toronto with two recitals next week (26th and 27th), is regarded by good critics as fully equal to Vandenhoff—some say decidedly superior. Judging by the encomiums pronounced upon him by the best New York papers, we have no hesitation in promising a rich literary treat to all who attend his entertainment. His Honour the Lt. Governor and His Worship the Mayor are to be present on the occasion.

Commander Cheyne, R.N., is about to visit various towns in the Province to lecture on the Arctic Regions. This chilly subject in Mr. Cheyne's hands always evokes warm interest from the auditors.

Remenyi, the greatest of all violinists who have ever visited Toronto, is coming again. He will give two concerts—on the 31st inst., and 3rd of Feb. respectively.

Unhappy Thoughts.

BY A CANADIAN COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR OF "HAPPY THOUGHTS."

NO. I.

I am the author of a great work as yet in manuscript, to be entitled "Pessimistic Positivism; or the Mistakes of Existence," the object of which is to prove that all things are as they ought *not* to be, that life is a miserable delusion, and that the vexed question left undecided by Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, ought to have been summarily answered in the negative.

I recommend all those desirous of appreciating my system of philosophy, to study previously the ingenious lectures of Mr. Bob Ingersoll, and the works of the late Thomas Paine. They cannot be obtained through the Toronto Custom House, but may be picked up occasionally at Mr. Cook's well-known store. ("Unhappy Thought:" Strong meat only at the Cook's shop.)

With a view to contemplating the darker side of human existence, I intend to pass some time at the various Toronto boarding houses; also by sending my eldest daughter to a Toronto school, to become intimately acquainted with our system of Public Education. The "Unhappy Thoughts" suggested in the course of these sombre experiences will be noted from time to time as material for "Mistakes of Existence." My dismal diary is as follows: Toronto, Jan. 6. Somewhat exhausted by a lecture on "Evolution" at the Young Men's Unchristian Association at Dufferin Hall, I slept soundly last night till 5 a.m., when I was awakened by a hideous outcry from the poultry yard outside my window. I looked out and saw in the full moonlight an enormous Cochon rooster as big as one of Rev. Mr. Stinson's emus! Unhappy Thought: Why is this rooster like Macbeth? Because "Macbeth hath murdered sleep." More Unhappy Thought: "He will do it again." See remarks on Repetition as a cause of Evolution in "Mistakes of Existence," Vol. I, p. 23. Lay awake meditating sadly till 6 a.m., when attempted to dress. Water in pitcher frozen hard. Went to kitchen for hot water. Kitchen a den, where interviewed the cook, a fat woman using snuff profusely. Unhappy Thought: Material probably at breakfast for notes on "Deleterious effects of Tobacco when mixed with Food," (see Mistakes of Existence, Vol. I). Dressed slowly, razor had an edge worthy of the Glacial epoch, bit of soap jumped out of my hand and ran away under a chest of drawers, where I had to tear my hand against a nail getting it out. (Note.—Intimations of spitefulness in inanimate things). Breakfast at 8. Tea and coffee. Unhappy thought: Tea imperfectly differentiated from coffee. Sausages and fried liver: snuff clearly traceable, see notes. Boarders; four young men, two of them Normal School students, one a medical student, one a dry goods store clerk. Two young ladies engaged in sewing. One a school teacher. The young men never talk during meals, they act as if by machinery. The sewing girls giggle at each other. The teacher sits next me, she comes down late, eats little, goes away the soonest. Dinner at 12. Boarders come and go in silent haste. Bill of fare, same, with addition of pie and baked beans. Medical student, who seems to have some faint molecular sense of wit, informs me that the former is named "What-is-it pie." (Note.—Missing link in Evolution may yet be found in Toronto Pie Factory). Tea at 6. Same as breakfast. No animal food. Pre-historic apple pie. Size and consistence of circular saw. After tea, went to parlour, comfortable room, fire in stove, only one in house except in kitchen. Sat down to write notes for "Mistakes of Existence." Room delightfully still, no sewing girls, no students, only very quiet young man with our proud young lady on sofa. Settle pleasantly to write. Not a sound in room except the soft and not unpleasing

cheep produced by the meeting and parting of two sets of labial muscles. (Note.—To collect by observation of the actions of these young persons, materials for essay in next chapter of diary on "The Philosophy and Evolution of Kissing.")

(To be Continued.)



MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

SCHOOLMASTER.—Where is the finest town property in Manitoba?

HEAD BOY.—On paper.

SCHOOLMASTER.—Right. And what do they call it when town lots ten miles from town are sold at auction?

BOY AT FOOT.—A sell.

SCHOOLMASTER.—Correct. Go up head.

Divided.

I heard to-day some people say
There's been a little breeze;
The Marquis is come back again
Without his dear Louise.
And is she ill, or is she well,
Or is she bamboozling,
Upon the Rhone or Danube's
Delightful waters cruising?

Where warmer winds are blowing
Upon familiar faces,
And old acquaintances are bowing
With fascinating graces.
Where fashion and good breeding
Seeks a change of air,
To mollify their feelings
Of ennui or despair.

I do not write with levity,
Or the least desire to mock,
But if she ne'er comes back again
We shall survive the shock.
We are too plain and homely
For pampered royalty,
Who cannot feel but ill at ease
Surrounded by democracy.

And to the gallant Marquis
We extend our sympathies,
For indeed, without a wife
A lonely life is his.
When his official term is ended
Let us graciously decline
To receive another Governor
Alien to this clime.

S. S.

Intelligent Reporting.

TO THE EDITOR OF GRIP:—

SIR,—The unreliability of the average newspaper report is nothing new to those who have the opportunity of comparing the actual occurrence with its subsequent record in the press. No one will, however, deny that there are several grades of correctness to which every report deserves more or less to be assigned, and perhaps, as a rule, the nays have it. Still there

is reporting and reporting. And certainly the report of Miss Smiley's Bible-readings as given in the *Mail* of the 9th inst., is gravely open to criticism. To my mind, a report should be a photograph of the occurrence it professes to record. Like a photograph the report may be wanting in some of the high lights, but certainly all the salient points should appear; and so they will if the reporter knows his work.

In the report to which I have special reference, we are informed that "the full seating capacity of the room was called into requisition the audience being composed principally of ladies." If crinoline were in fashion I could understand the connection between the "audience composed principally of ladies" and the "requisition" of "the full seating capacity of a room," as, however, Canadian ladies are of the aesthetes, aesthetic, I fail to see the correctness of the logical deduction to be drawn from the statement in question.

We are next told that "His Lordship, Bishop Sweetman, introduced Miss Smiley," and I am thus led to wonder whether the reporter does not know that "His Lordship" is a style only applied to lords temporal, and not to the lord bishop of a diocese. To call the Lord Bishop, "his lordship," is just as proper as to say "his lordship, Lord Dufferin," which would be ridiculous even in a school-girl's ears.

The reporter proceeds to say that "Miss Smiley then began what cannot be termed otherwise than as explanations." I cannot help wondering whether the reporter expected to hear the audience read in turn like a class in a Sunday-school, that he takes so much trouble to expound Miss Smiley's method. For my own part I have always understood a "reading" to be a *rendering*, whether by word or manner, and this, I believe, is the idea that most intelligent people have of the term, readings.

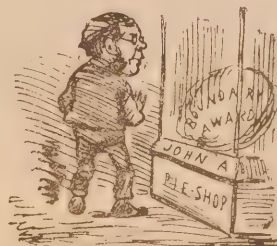
From what elevated position the *Mail* reporter surveyed the proceedings of the meeting I cannot guess, but certainly he could not have stood on the common level, or he would never tell his readers that, "To aid her audience in following her explanations or deductions, Bibles or portions of the Scripture were furnished to each one present." Well, I was present and I received, as did everyone else, a sheet of hymns to be used during the services of the week. And on leaving the school-house, in accordance with Rev. W. S. Rainsford's request that the audience should use them for the purpose of persuading others to attend who could best thus be reached, I received a paper headed, "Bible Readings for Ladies, etc.," which contains the credentials furnished to Miss Smiley by the Bishop of Pennsylvania and the Bishop of Michigan. These two were the only "portions" furnished the audience, and were neither "Bibles" nor "portions of Scripture;" and had they been, I cannot imagine how they could have helped an audience to follow either "explanations" or "deductions," especially the last.

Hoping that the art of reporting may make due progress in the coming year,

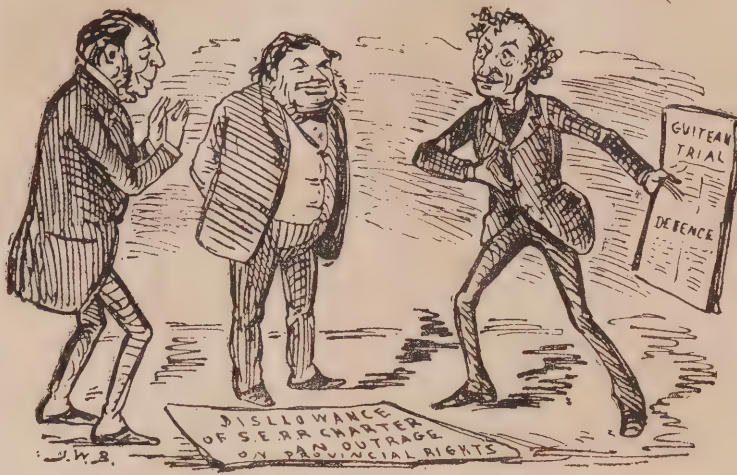
I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,

CRITIC.



"THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR"



HAPPY THOUGHT FOR THE DEFENCE.

SIR JOHN.—THERE'LL BE AN AWFUL ROW ABOUT THIS DISALLOWANCE; BUT I CAN SAY I WAS IMPELLED TO REMOVE THE CHARTERS BY THE PRESSURE OF THE SYNDICATE!

West Lynne.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

VOL. I.

Lady Isabel lived in the utmost harmony with her noble and wealthy husband. The daintiest dishes graced their table; together they perused the sparkling pages of *Grip*, as each week's post brought it to their ancestral castle in the Queen's Park, Toronto. Isabel was waited on by pampered menials in gorgeous liveries. Every afternoon's hour of winter sunshine saw her step from store to store on the dollar side of King-street, while obsequious dry-goods men, jewellers, and fancy-work vendors, tripped forth smilingly to deposit her many purchases in her carriage drawn by high-stepping bays. So time passed till her husband was suddenly called away to the neighbourhood of Winnipeg, where his presence was required as an important member of the Syndicate. To cheer her up during his absence, he asked his eldest sister, Tabitha, on a visit, and requested his friend Mowbray de la Till, the most aristocratic bank clerk of the period, to call frequently in the evening.

VOL. II.

Sister Tabitha came, and did not seem inclined to go. She made herself as disagreeable as ever she could to everybody, from Sarah Jane, the hired girl, to Isabel herself. She ordered *Grip* to be immediately stopped, for she disapproved of innocent mirth, which could find no place in her own starchy face and thin lips. She ordered Sarah Jane's young man to be turned out of the kitchen on the Sunday evening after she arrived. She took control of the money for housekeeping, so that poor Isabel's housekeeping came to an end. It was even so mean that she stopped the pocket money of Isabel's children, and Flossie. She would only allow each week between the two of them, and she expected Isabel to expend. If their pocket money should go to buy petticoats for the cannibals in Africa, and if they wanted amusement, let them read the tract about good little Samuel. "I am sure," sobbed Isabel, "I think any lady ought to feel real mean going in to spend one cent on two children. I shan't do it." "I

hate that nasty little Samuel," said Tommy. So times were far from gay at West Lynne Castle.

In spite of Sister Tabitha, Mowbray de la Till came to the castle most every evening to tea. Whilst Tabitha went fussing around the hired girl in the kitchen, he sat in the best parlour, talking to Lady Isabel and hearing her play. He deducted considerable sums from what ought to have gone to pay his weekly bill at the pie-foundry where he resided, in order to present Isabel with expensive presents. She accepted them, thinking, as many ladies still do, that bank clerks and millionaires are synonymous; and he meant no harm whatever. But one day Sister Tabitha came in just before tea, and told him to go to his own boarding-house, and Isabel said it was no business of hers, and things were too rough on Mowbray, who went home to Mrs. Wriggley, his hostess, who demanded the board bill. This, being unable temporarily to pay, he left at once for Manitoba, and entered the mounted police. Meanwhile Isabel got so insulted by Sister Tabitha that she started that very night, by a different route, to join her husband and tell him all about it, and Tabitha was wicked enough to write, and tell the street milkman that his wife had eloped with the bank clerk.

VOL. III.

Isabel could not find her husband, and she had been a week in Winnipeg when she saw by the *Toronto Telegram* that her children were very ill of the measles, in fact she noticed an advertisement for a sick-nursery-governess at West Lynne. She resolved to disguise herself, and, so to speak, to ante up on the red and eunche Tabitha. She laid aside her lovely beaver hat with scarlet feather, her point lace collar, her tight-fitting black velvet jacket and poignaise, and put on a poky black imitation fur cap with thick veil, and a common shawl over a dress from a second-hand clothes store. Not a store-keeper in King-street would have known her. Tabitha was glad to hire her at four dollars a month, and no followers. But Isabel had pawned her watch and six of the rings, and every day she bought the children oranges and figs and chewing gum. Meantime her husband met Mowbray de la Till in Manitoba, heard the true story from him, and at once

set out for home, when Tabitha at once got sacked, and the supposed governess revealed as their own dear mamma to the children, who tumbled to the notion every time. *GRIP* was taken in once more, and happiness reigned. Of course Isabel made her husband give Mowbray funds to pay his board bill, and to purchase a new Ulster, scarf pin, and *solitaire* diamond, which made him the envy of every bank clerk in Toronto.

There's a Good Time Coming, Girls.

(Tune, "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys,"—
H. Russell.)

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
I may not live to see the day
But you shall bask within the ray
Of the good time coming.

Prejudice may preach and rave,
But progress is the stronger,
There's a good time coming, girls, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming
Oppression in our eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity.

In the good time coming
Woman's speech shall not be gagged
To prove man is the stronger,
But all her words command respect, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
Woman then shall have a vote
Her opinions to denote,

In the good time coming.
Have the right to cure the soul,
Or make the body stronger,
Discourse of learning, or of law, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
Woman shall not slave and moil,
Day by day in hopeless toil,

In the good time coming.
Woman shall the good things share,
Nor die of cold and hunger,
Remuneration shall be fair, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
When a widow's family
Shall not be her misery,

In the good time coming.
Girls shall earn the same as boys,
Nor slaves nor toys be longer,
Their prospects then no more be sad, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming
Peace and mercy then shall meet,
Truth and righteousness shall greet.

In the good time coming.
Nations then shall join as one
To make earth's welfare stronger,
The advent of millennium come, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,

The good time coming.
Smallest helps if warmly given
Will make the movement stronger,
O hasten then the happy day, NOR WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

S. A. C.



THE UNACCOMMODATING "DRAPER."

FENTON.—Please, sir, I want material for several suits.

DRAPER.—You can't have it.



MACBETH HATH MURDERED THE MANITOBA CHARTERS!

MACBETH.—"I HAVE DONE THE DEED!"—*Act. II., Scene 2.*

[Markdale (Ont.) Standard.]

Fooled Once More.

MR. EDITOR:—



HE most of people relish a good story, provided it be a truthful one. Tales of adventures, daring, heroism, dangers of the deep, battles, &c., all have their charms. Who amongst us could read the adventures of Robinson Crusoe half way

through, and not have a desire to know the end of it. We confess being of this class. Now, the first thing we do when we receive our weekly newspaper is to hurriedly glance through it and pick out what we consider the most important items. These are generally distinguished by their headings; but you don't catch us trusting any longer to these glaring impositions. We could laugh at being fooled at once or twice, but to get caught a third time is our reason for remonstrating. Two or three weeks since we got to reading what we thought was a very nice story in one of our Toronto weeklies and toward the end it informed us about St. Jacobs Oil; we only laughed and said humbug. The week following we noticed another heading, "How Mark Twain Entertained a Visitor." Well, thinking we might learn a little etiquette, in case Mark should take a fancy to send us an invitation, we read it, but by St. Patrick, if they didn't finish by making Mark introduce St. Jacobs Oil. Well, confound it, we exclaimed, but they have got another dose of that St. Jacobs Oil on us again, determined not to be caught so simple next time; but now, sir, I admit the corn; along comes our *Toronto Mail* on Thursday, down we sat, and almost the first thing that caught our eye was the adventures of Captain Paul Boynton; it appeared quite interesting; it told how he had bumped against sharks, etc. At this point we began to feel a little incredulous, because, from our knowledge of these gentry, they would relish the captain alive or dead, all the same. However, determined to learn some more of his exploits, we read a little further, when—O, well, it don't matter what we said, you can't find it in any of the dictionaries. I'm—dashed if the captain wasn't oiling himself all over with St. Jacobs Oil, it may be, the more easily to evade the sharks, for we made no further search, our curiosity was satisfied. Now, Mr. Editor, in order to fool us again, it will require to be printed wrong end up. We have made up our mind to look out for anything and everything in the shape of St. or Saint attached to their name.

We are sorry for the readers of any journal to be thus "taken in," so to phrase it, but what can they expect when we editors are caught in the same storm without any protection. Whilst sympathizing with them, we can only admire the ability shown in any enterprise which can thus compel, as it were, the attention of the people. When it is considered that only a short time ago St. Jacobs Oil was scarcely known in Canada, and now has so commended itself to the people of the Dominion as to become the household remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, pains, bruises, chilblains, etc., and all because of its surprising efficacy in these ailments; we think it will be regarded by everybody as a matter of congratulation that we possess, so easily attainable, such a reliable means for the cure of disease. Such is our view of the matter, although we are "fooled," on an average, about five times a week. If St. Jacob can stand it, we've made up our minds to "fight it out on that line, if it takes all Winter."

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A Half Column of Humor.

Our foreman has just put his head in the door and asked for a half column of humor. There was no more ceremony about it, and no more thought of a refusal from us, than if he had requested a chew of tobacco or the loan of a dime, indeed not so much, for we do run out of tobacco occasionally, and there have been times, when an embarrassment has been ours, not wholly unconnected with an absence of money; but a demand upon us for humor we always honor at sight.

It is a pleasant thing to be able to promptly respond to such calls, and it is a source of constant pride to us that we are able to do so. Every week we purposely refrain from supplying the printers with enough copy so that we may have our whole being thrilled with the exquisite satisfaction afforded us by some such request as the above.

Occasionally, too, there is an addition to our pleasure by the fact of the request being overheard by some admiring friend who may happen to be visiting us. At such times we are afforded an admirable pretext for excusing ourselves to a long-winded friend; if he is a good sitter and waits for us we fire our fun into him when we have finished; and that never fails to fetch 'em.

It is a good thing to be funny, for the world is good to funny people. Many people are born that way, and when they are so funny as to be unable to take care of themselves they are placed in magnificent houses built and maintained especially for them by the State.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

If the wind were wisdom we'd all be philosophers.—Who ever saw a rich young lady that was not beautiful?—*Bowen, Oil City Derrick*.

Climb as high, young man, as a worthy ambition will let you; but never despise the ladder which assisted you upward.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Debt is man's grim shad-ow.—Right is the best end of an argument.—School-houses are the watch towers of civilization.—*Whitehall Times*.

You can always tell the fastidious man by his sending twenty-seven cuffs and collars to the laundry accompanied by a single shirt.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"Fall overcoats" is a frequent sign just now And many a poor fellow would like to fall over one or have it fall over him.—*Steuben (Ind.) Republican*.

The speaker is he who does not speak, and the President he who does not preside. What a beautifully simple language it is to be sure.—*Boston Transcript*.

Telephone is a mighty handy thing to have in the family when you want to order something and have not the cheek to ask the man to his face to give you more credit. Yes, it is.—*Bowen, Oil City Derrick*.

Gilded Youth: Can you judge of a man's character by his eyes? Sometimes. If he has a black eye you can infer that he is a conceited rooster and thinks he knows more about fighting than he does.—*Boston Post*.

A dog is valued according to his scents, a rich man by cents, and a wise man according to his sense, but a paragrapher and a poor man, alas, according to their non cents.—*Greenbush (N. Y.) Gazette*.

The mouth is the keyhole by which the devil unlocks a man's heart with a whis-key.—The world accords more room and greater respect to a lively donkey's heels than it does to a lazy man's head.—*Whitehall Times*.

When a man tells you that he lies, believe him.—The dumber a man is naturally, the more he naturally thinks he knows.—Some men gain quite a reputation by using the originality of other people.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Sun*.

Mr. L— writes to inform us that his son has a taste for poetry, and asks, "What should he do?" Send him to us—he's the very young man we've been looking for! We have two baskets of spring poetry; we will let him eat the whole of it!—*Philadelphia Sun*.

A man deposited \$53 in one of the Hartford savings banks, left it there and died. The bank paid the executor last week \$179 or \$426 for the use of the \$53, more than nine times the amount of the original deposits. The lesson this teaches to be frugal and die should be treasured by many.—*Danbury News*.

To the humorist who is also a sentimentalist it must be pleasant to reflect that his witticisms have caused red lips to smile with delight, and white throats to swell with laughter that legets no sorrow. And, by the way, lard is fifteen cents a pound.—*E. R. Wick, Danbury News*.

W., the lawyer, did not like visitors. One day, being "annoyed" oftener than usual, he determined to insult the next man who entered his room. In came D., and with his usual cheerful manner said, "How are you, old boy," and sat down. W. was boiling over. "What is the difference," he asked, looking savagely at D., "between that stove and a jackass?" D. saw something was wrong, so he got up and walked towards the door. "Can't you answer?" said W. "Not positively," said D., "because I have not a foot-rule with me. I'm going to get one, to give you fair measurement! Please don't move until I return!" And he shut the door with a bang that made W. jump in his chair!—*Philadelphia Sun*.

**TENDERS.****CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

Bridge over the Fraser River, B. Columbia.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received on or before the 10th day of FEBRUARY, 1882, for furnishing and erecting a Bridge of Steel or Iron over the Fraser River, on Contract 61, C. P. R.

Specifications and particulars, together with plan of site, may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, at Ottawa, on or after the 10th of January, inst.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms. An accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$500.00 must accompany the tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the work, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of *five per cent.* on the bulk sum of the contract, of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

(Signed,) F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, January 5, 1882.

A Tale of Fair Women.

Mr. GRIP has great pleasure in giving to the public the following letter from Miss Susan St. Clair, as well as the stanzas of her friend, showing as they do the sentiments of Canada's fair daughters on the importation of their European sisters to poach, so to speak, on what they consider very justly their own preserves.

Piche Island, Co. Kent,
Jan. 18th, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP:—

I, among the other young ladies living "west of Chatham," feel indebted to one of our own sex who, in a letter to the *Mail* of the 14th instant, under the *nom de plume* of "An O.D. Maid" gives a piece of her mind regarding the presumed exodus of the surplus female population of Great Britain to this country as a "promised land" for their matrimonial ventures. This invasion of unmarried young persons is, I believe, encouraged by no less a personage than our own Governor-General, and a horrid rumour is afloat that the Dominion Government is to grant aid to this scheme, which is directly antagonistic to the vested, or shall I say vestal rights of our own young women, who certainly, according to the spirit of the National Policy, ought to be protected from the foreign market. I send in its entirety a few stanzas written on the subject by a young lady of my acquaintance, and which I hope, with your well-known gallantry and sense of justice, you will publish in GRIP, that terror of evil-doers.

Yours patriotically,

SUSAN ST. CLAIR.

P. S.—I am only eighteen myself.—S. St. C.

A Modern Girl's Ideas on Female Emigration.

What is all this talk about emigration

That Lorne is making "over the sea,"

If I understand the situation,

I think he had better just let things be.

"Women are scarce"—well, I'd like to know it,

Here we are, numbering seven to one;

Our chances of husbands are slim—I can show it,

And will be slimmer if this thing goes on.

Here are we maidens lingering, sighing,

"Wasting our sweetness on desert air,"

And for all our scheming, and all our trying,

We can't get husbands our lot to share.

It ain't that we're useless—we know our duties,

We can cook and wash, can scrub and sew—

We may not be rosy like English beauties,

But we've style and accomplishments—that I know.

Don't we take interest in all around us?

In Churches and Sunday-schools, missions and such,

Why, if men were so plentiful, they would surround us,

And force us to marry—but do they?—not much.

And as to these pioneers out on the prairies,

Who are dying for wives—I know it ain't so,

Why don't they ask us, they've no cause to fear us,

Let them say "Come along," and we'd willingly go.

Now let me advise all my fair English sisters

To calmly reflect ere they cross o'er the sea,

They are just as well off in the pay of their masters,

With as good chance for husbands at home as we have,

No, no, let us girls have a chance first to marry,

Then bring out your shiploads if girls get scarce,

But to talk of that now—every Tom, Dick, and Harry

Knows perfectly well that the thing is a farce.

ALMIRA.

Chatham, January 7th, 1882.

The Heathen Chinese.

We are advised by newspaper paragraph, that a poor heathen who had come to London, Ont., and settled down there with the intention of earning an honest livelihood by laundrying, has been jeered at, hooted, and stoned out of that Christian, church-going, law-abiding city, and was fain to escape with his life to Toronto, all of which is coolly recorded by that enlightened and liberal instructor of public opinion, the daily paper, without one word of protest or disapproval therefrom. GRIP has hitherto

been of opinion that it was the dark places of the earth, yclept heathendom, which were full of cruelty. That a merciless crowd of lawless loafers should be allowed by Christian citizens to persecute and hound a poor inoffensive laundryman out of their city, for no other offence than being an emigrant from that land to which we are implored in Macedonian accents to send missionaries in order to convert them from the evil of their ways, is an anomaly anything but pleasing to contemplate. It strikes GRIP that that paragraph, descriptive of the stoning of a lonely and defenceless foreigner, if translated into Chinese, and sent to the flowery land, might form an appropriate text wherewith to illustrate to the worshippers in the pagodas, the evil effects of that Christianity which is sought to be disseminated among them, and might perhaps induce them to subscribe funds to send missionaries to convert the unbridled youth of the Forest City to the gentler, unoffending manners of the Celestials. It is to be hoped that Toronto, to which he has fled as to a city of refuge, will act consistently with her reputation as a city of churches and missions, by showing this stranger and sojourner, this representative of a people we are so anxious to convert, that in this city at least he shall be protected with the strong arm of Christian justice, in his humble endeavours to earn a living, and to owe no man anything.



THE MUNRO DOCTRINE.

YOUNG CANADA.—That doctrine of yours is sound, Sam! This continent is intended to contain only one nation. The question is:—which of us it is to be!

Goodwill among Men.

A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL AFTER THE MANNER OF THE OTTAWA "CITIZEN."

The London *Advertiser* is a nasty, scurrilous sheet, whose editor delights in falsehood, slander and vituperation. In his issue of Thursday he called Sir Charles Tupper a "sea coast snorter." How elegant! how dignified! He then goes on to charge this distinguished and able gentleman with being "a bully and a coward." What very abusive and disgusting language. It is simply horrible to think of the manners of these Grit hireling sheets that are ever ready to belch forth their spleen against their enemies. But Sir Charles Tupper is not a coward; it is Blake who is such, and not only is he a coward, but a mean, miserable poltroon as well. Who but a coward would make a boast of stabbing under the fifth rib, and kicking out Alexander Mackenzie with a "speak

now" letter? Coward, indeed! Blake is the biggest coward in the world. As for a "bully," look at Cartwright, that wretch Cartwright! Was there ever a greater specimen of bullying than the way in which he left the Conservative party and joined the Grits? The miserable mixer and muddler, the nasty, crawling, cringing bully! But language utterly fails to adequately paint these besotted cowards and bullies of the other side. When will the time come when personalities will be banished from Canadian politics?

Johnsoniana.

One evening at Lady Beauclerc's, Garrick, Gray, Walpole, Wilkes, and others of the *virtuosi* being present, Boswell, in order to show off to his noble hostess the large and comprehensive knowledge of the sage regarding the public men of the time, asked the great man, "Doctor, what is your opinion of Baxter?"

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, looking sternly at his questioner, "do you mean 'Saints' Rest' Baxter?"

"I crave your pardon, sir, most humbly," explained the obsequious 'Bozzy,' "I made bold to allude, sir, to Baxter, one of the greatest of our retired City Fathers."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, turning fiercely upon his follower, "why do you worry me with such puerile and semi-idiotic questions? What have I to do with City Fathers? I know nothing of them except from their indifference to my impetuosity and callousness to my extreme indigency during my sojourn in Grub Street. Sir, you're an ass! However, to oblige my Lady Beauclerc, I will say that Baxter is the double quintessence of a rhetorical ward politician, obfuscated with the protuberance of his own corporosity."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Lady Beauclerc.

"Now," said Dr. Johnson, "I'll take a waltz down Fleet Street."

"Oh, sir," said the faithful Boswell, "may I, with humility and a thorough appreciation of your valuable time, ask you as an especial favour to Lady Beauclerc, to condescend to give us a gentle synopsis of your opinion of Blake?"

"Who? Admiral Blake?" roared the great lexicographer. "Madam, he is an infamous son of a sea cook, and should be keelhaunched under his own flag-ship."

"Sir," exclaimed the frightened Bozzy, "I allude to Blake, the leader of the Opposition."

"Ned Blake, sir," said the great Doctor with great deliberation, at the same time inverting one of her ladyship's candles to make it burn brighter, and spilling the melted wax on the carpet, "Ned Blake, sir, is an Irish Red Shank who would be better riding steeple chases over the stone walls and through the sodden bogs of his ancestral Galwayan deserts, than endeavouring to act the part of a statesman. He is a *doctrinaire*, a visionary and a dreamer. Sir, Ned Blake is a nefarious nisi prised popinjay, beleaguered with the bulksification of illudosed bri eosity."

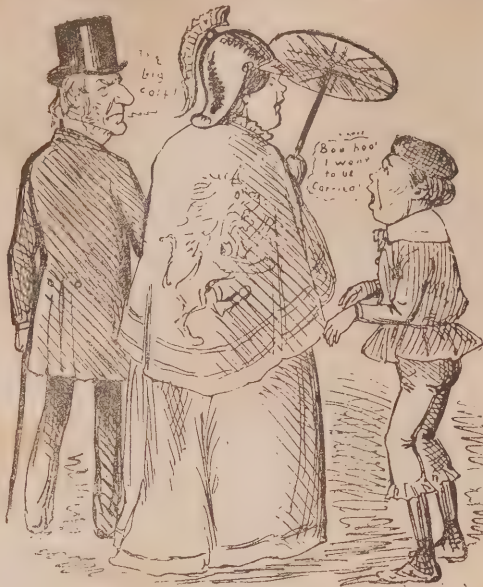
"Do tell!" said Lady Beauclerc.

"Now, as I said before," said Dr. Johnson, "I'll take a skip down Fleet Street."

"Not, I hope, before giving me your opinion of Sir John, Doctor," said her ladyship, with one of her most bewitching smiles, that always subdued and mollified the roughest moods of the ursine pundit. "I would like so much to hear your opinion of Sir John!"

"Madame," replied the Doctor, "if your Ladyship wishes information as to Shakespearean characters, I must take the liberty of referring you to Mr. Garrick, whose vagabondish so-called profession obliges him to read of such. My opinion of Sir John Falstaff—"

"I beg your pardon, Doctor," interrupted her Ladyship. "his not about the wicked Falstaff, but of Sir John the Chieftain and Pre-



CANADIAN LOYALTY

AS IT IS.

AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

mier that I would like to have your much-prized ideas."

"Madam," said the learned Doctor, "Sir John is by birth a Scotchman, and being a Scotchman, not much can be expected of him, but the fact of his being caught when young, clad in civilized costume and fed on provender more substantial than oaten cake and pease brose has had the effect of bringing out some brilliant qualities, which, though never discovered, may possibly lie latent in his heathenish, sans culottes clad fellow-mountaineers. I think, Madam, if Sir John would drink more tea," (here the Doctor emptied his nineteenth cup) "and less raspberry syrup, a pernicious tipple to which Horace refers when he says:

"Homo qui est inebriatus
Non potest budgelari,
Rasberi surepi,"

he may yet be a great man. Yet," said the Doctor, sententiously, "as his case now stands I consider Sir John to be a self-sufficient Syndicated sophist, palpably pragmatic in his Pacific ponderosity."

"Thunder!" ejaculated Lady Beauclerc.

"Now," said Dr. Johnson, "I will takea waltz down Fleet Street," and he and the faithful Bozzy bowed themselves out.

Artemus Ward and the "Michigan Regiment."

In a Louisville, Ky., hotel one day, Artemus Ward was introduced to a colonel who had commanded a Mississippi regiment in the war. Artemus, in his way that was "childlike and bland," said: "What Michigan regiment did you command, Colonel?" Then it was that the Colonel spun like a top and swore like a sailor, until pacified sufficiently to hear an explanation. Artemus, with surprise, observed, "that he was always getting things mixed about the war." It is always unfortunate to get things mixed, but never more so, than when one is sick. Then it is that the right thing in the right place is wanted more than at any other time in life, or under any other circumstances. It is a pleasure for us to note in this connection, the experience of our esteemed fellow citizen, Colonel Samuel H. Taylor, who, as is well known, does not get things mixed. In a recent communication he writes: "I do hereby certify that I suffered very much from rheumatism and neuralgia during the fall of

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1879, and tried many remedies with little if any good results. I had heard of St. Jacobs Oil, and concluded to try it; more as an experiment than with any hope of good results. I can with great pleasure commend it to others, for the reason that I know it cured me." Such an emphatic endorsement coming from one of the very foremost lawyers of our state, well and widely known, carries with it a degree of importance and suggestiveness, which cannot be over-estimated.—Washington (Ind.) Gazette.

If there is ever a time in a man's life when he indulges in reflections about the welfare of his future, it is when he fails in a prolonged effort to get off a pair of boots at least three sizes nearer to nothing than his feet.—Job Trotter, Boston Times.

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The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.



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VOLUME XVIII.
No. 12.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1882.

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CHAPLEAU.—YOU SEE, QUEBEC HAS SOMETHING TO SAY!

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Mr. George Crammond, our sole Advertising Agent, is also authorized to transact subscription and collecting business. Mr. C. is about to visit Montreal in the interests of the paper, and we bespeak for him a kind reception by our many friends there.

BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be prepared to send a memo. of present address.

Notice to the Public.

No person is on any occasion authorized to represent Grip in any capacity unless under special credentials signed by the Editor. Managers of theatres and entertainments, please make a note of this.

All authorized business *attaches* of Bengough, Moore & Bengough are duly certified by card signed by the Business Manager, S. J. Moore. Cavassers purporting to represent this firm, should be asked in all cases to produce such certificate.

To Correspondents.

A. B., Chatham.—"Duck Shooting" sketch arrived too late for this issue.

C. M. R., Brantford.—Will attend to your case next week.

A. L.—Very welcome. Come regularly.

"Porcupine."—Contributions welcome. Always dealt with on their merits.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The disallowance by the Ottawa Government of the South Eastern Railway Charter, which had been granted by the Manitoba legislature, is regarded by all excepting the members of the Syndicate and a few blind partizans of the ministry as a dangerous exercise of the prerogative of interference with Provincial autonomy. The feeling throughout the Dominion and especially in Manitoba is very bitter on the subject, and it is not at all unlikely that grave trouble may follow the bold and needless action of the Dominion Cabinet. But just at this juncture the comedian comes on the stage, and for the nonce the growlings of dissatisfaction are turned into laughter. This mirth provoking gentleman is Mr. Premier Norquay, in the character of "Toots," assuring the audience that although

the feelings of the Manitobans have been lacerated and his own ardent desires unceremoniously squelched, "it is of no consequence, it is not of the slightest consequence in the world!" Mr. Norquay is afraid that the affair may end in a clash between him and the Ottawa magnates, and the result may be his deporal from office—in comparison with which in his opinion "nothing is of any consequence anywhere." In other words, Mr. Norquay (who is now at Ottawa on Provincial business), says in an interview that the disallowance of the charter has not offended the people of Manitoba much, and he thinks they'll soon get over it.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Mowat's government throws out hints about resorting to physical force in order to obtain the territory awarded by the Dominion Boundary Arbitrators. This would be a great mistake, besides being highly unjust to Sir John, who is really not in a position to hand over the document. A glance at the sketch will enable the reader to see just why he is not in a position—all on account of Chapleau.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Great minds run in the same channel. Not long ago Mr. J. Burr Plumb, M.P., got himself into an unparliamentary fury because he was pictured in Grip, and now Prince Bismarck has got his autocratic back up about a cartoon in Punch. Our English contemporary has been forbidden to enter the Fatherland until further notice. Bismarck thus demonstrates that he is an ass, notwithstanding his political abilities.

The Bishop of Montreal is a good Christian man, and therefore he doesn't burn Mr. Houde at the stake, for writing his honest opinions in his paper, *Le Monde*. He simply orders the editor to take it all back. Mr. Houde is also an excellent Christian, and therefore he doesn't tell the Bishop to mind his own business, but takes off his hat and says he is sorry he cannot take it back, but is ready to give up the paper if that will satisfy the reverend father. And this is the nineteenth century!

Our Loyalty cartoons continue to call forth correspondence, and the letters received evince a deep interest on the subject in all parts of Dominion. The time has evidently come when Canadians must take the position of men in the world, and complete their charter of self-government by securing the right to conduct their commercial affairs with foreign nations for themselves, which authority they can have simply for the asking.

The anomaly of the present copyright law is one of the things that needs fixing. "Mark Twain" was refused a copyright for his latest book in Canada, quite properly, because his people will not grant a similar favour to any Canadian. But Mark knows a thing or two. He understands, for instance, the present relation of Canada to the Empire, so he goes to England and copyrights his book there. An

English copyright, of course, extends to Canada, and so Mr. "Twain" has secured his purpose via London instead of Ottawa, and all other American authors are at liberty to do the same.

Apropos of Mark's unsuccessful visit to Ottawa, Nast has a cartoon in a late number of *Harper's Weekly*. The fact that copyright business is in this country entrusted to the Minister of Agriculture seems to amuse the artist immensely, and that is the chief idea brought out in the drawing. It does appear to be a rather ludicrous arrangement, and if Nast's laughter will cause a change to something more seemly, he will deserve our thanks.

One placard in the cartoon bears the words, "We (Canadians) cabbage all we can from the Americans." This is well fitted to provoke a retort, and the material is abundant. We have only this week received a letter from a correspondent, who tells how he entrusted funds to an institution in New York (the American Book Exchange), and has failed to hear anything of his money, though he has written to the Receiver in Bankruptcy, a Government official in charge of the concern. Harpers themselves are scarcely in a position to throw stones when "cabbaging" is before the house.

In a handsome volume just published in the States under the title of "The Household Library of Catholic Poets," we are proud to observe that a young Canadian author finds a place of honour. We allude to Mr. Thos. O'Hagan, at present Head Master of the Chatham Separate Schools. The editor of the volume points out that Mr. O'Hagan's special characteristics, as a writer of both prose and poetry, are beauty of diction, energy and pathos. Two of his poems are given, which quite sustain this estimate.

It ought to be pleasant for the St. George's Society blackballers to read that Mr. Goldwin Smith has been the honoured guest of Lord O'Hagan (Lord Chancellor of Ireland), Rt. Hon. Mr. Gladstone, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, during his present visit to the Old Country.

We hope and trust that the Government will respond to the appeal of the newspaper publishers to repeal the law which at present obliges the latter to pre-pay the postage on all papers sent out. The publishers only ask that newspapers be carried free in the counties in which they are published, and considering the prosperous state of our revenue, and the difficulty publishers of country papers have in collecting their subscriptions in advance, the request is a very modest and reasonable one. The petitioners should have added a clause advising the abolition of the present unnecessary and burdensome duty on type and printers' supplies.

The Ohio farmers are barbarians; some of them shock a cornfield by their actions.—*Hor-net*.



MR. TOOTS NORQUAY AT OTTAWA.

(Vide "Dombey & Son.")

"MISS DOMBEY," SAID TOOTS, TAKING OUT HIS POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF, "IF I SHED A TEAR, IT IS A TEAR OF JOY. IT IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE, AND I AM VERY MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU. * * IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, THANK YOU. IT'S NOT OF THE LEAST CONSEQUENCE IN THE WORLD!"

(Toronto (Canada) Globe.)

Even the Gods Commend it



IT very often happens that it is not always upon the stage of a theatre that the most fun takes place. There are little episodes which occur occasionally, and are not down on the bills that create as much, if not more laughter, than the regular "biz." For instance: a short time ago, while a well-known Opera Co. were playing "Patience" at "The Royal Opera House," a scene, not down on the bills occurred which is well worth relating. It appears that in the narrative of the play it is made known that one of the characters suffered rheumatism. This fact is made known by the basso-profundo, who in very thrilling tones asks: "What will I do for this rheumatism?" The other evening while the play was progressing very smoothly, an urchin up in the gallery, one of the "gods" cried out, "Jes you rub it wit' St. Jacobs Oil." The thrilling melo-dramatic tones of the Basso followed by the piping, though matter-of-fact squeaking of the "god" was too much for the audience, and as a result, they were convulsed with laughter. Now apart from any foolishness in the matter, for we are averse to advertising either Dramatic Companies or St. Jacobs Oil, we have to say, that a representative of this paper lately met with Mr. Geo. R. Edeson, American War Correspondent, Michael Strogoff Combination, and that gentleman, among other things volunteered the following information, which we cheerfully give our readers, hoping they may heed it:



"I suffered," said Mr. Edeson, "for a long time with the rheumatism, and I tell you that I felt it hotter than I guess I would even on the banks of the 'Volga,' as a War Correspondent. It's elung to me for a long time quite tenaciously. I tried several remedies, scores of them, but at last had to give them up entirely, for they did me no good. I made up my mind though from advice given me by a friend, to try St. Jacobs Oil, reluctantly though, as I had no faith in it at first. But I soon changed my mind, and found that St. Jacobs Oil was just what I wanted. It cured me of my rheumatism in a little while and I have felt no return of pain since. I recommend it now on all occasions and travel with a bottle of it in my trunk."

Why?

Why doth the gentle rustic when he drives in with his "hosses," Pull up his team just at the place where everybody crosses?

Why doth the merry street car man not care for anybody, And land you at the likeliest place to get your boots all muddy?

Why doth the friendly bar keepaire become at once less merry, When half a dime is offered for a mug of "Tom and Jerry?"

Why doth the lovely maiden use the hairy bangs, oft borrowed, And hide the lovely outline of her alabaster forehead?

When the careful, high-toned maiden meets the man she used to date on, Why doth she try and cut him if he's got a shabby coat on?

And lastly, why should people be a prey to melancholy, When a five cent piece will buy for them a GRIP, to make them jolly?

The Joker Club.

"The Hun is mightier than the Sword."

A man may smile, and smile, and be a fillin' Is it more blessed to give than to "receive" on New Year's Day?—*Lowell Courier*.

Died by suicide in Newport, a clarinet-player. Cornet-players please copy.—*Puck*.

Boiling hair in a solution of tea will darken it, says an exchange: but some folks don't like to have their tea darkened in that way.

Yes, my son, make all the friends you can in this world. It will amuse you to see them desert you in your time of necessity.

A Sunday school teacher in Albion, N. Y., asked her class the question, "What did Simon say?" "Thumbs up," said a little girl.

The man who thinks to please the world Is dullest of his kind—

For let him face which way he will, One half is yet behind.

—*Laramie Boomerang*.

"America," says an Englishman, "is a country where a man's statement is not worth two cents unless backed up with an offer to bet you \$10."

Where one woman scans the horizon for signs of the dawn of a bright era, ten are scouting among their neighbours trying to borrow salaratus.

He said: "May I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" She said: "Yes, next week; come through the alley and peep through the cracks in the fence."

"It is not right to spoil a golden wedding," was the ground on which a Missouri judge recently refused a divorce in a case where the parties had lived together forty-nine years.

A while ago a party of lynchers, down south, postponed the hanging five minutes to allow the victim time to finish smoking his cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

Mother seeking a situation as footman for her rawboned son. Lady—"Does he know how to wait at table?" Mother—"Yes, ma'am." Lady—"Does he know his way to announce?" Mother—"Well, ma'am, I don't know that he knows his weight to an ounce, but he does to a pound or two."

"You did wrong to shoot that man's dog. You might have pushed him off with the butt of your gun," said the *Galveston Recorder* to a man who was charged with shooting a neighbour's dog. "I would have done that," replied the prisoner, "if the dog had come at me tail first, but he came at me with his biting end."—*Galveston News*.

"Have you ever been whipped by your teacher before?" he was asked by his Pa. And then the little boy who never told a lie said: "No sir," and as he went out he finished the sentence by remarking, "But I've been whipped behind."—*N. Y. Dispatch*.

A Lowell firm recently sent a lot of bills west for collection. The list came back with the result noted against each name, one being marked dead. Three months after the same bill got into a new lot that was forwarded, and when the list came back the name was marked, "still dead."

The latest marvel of science is instantaneous photography. By the aid of this process it is possible to obtain a picture of yourself and girl in the act of being thrown over a stone wall by

a runaway horse. This picture can be placed on the mantelpiece in a maroon velvet frame as a warning to young men to never let go the reins with both hands.

A party of vegetarians who were boarding at a water-cure establishment, while taking a walk in the fields, were attacked by a bull which chased them furiously out of his pasture. "That's your gratitude, is it, you great hateful thing?" exclaimed one of the ladies, panting with fright and fatigue. "After this, I'll eat beef three times a day!"

Darwin in his new book estimates that there are in gardens 53,767 worms to the acre. This tallies with our count when we were digging gardens and didn't care a nickel about finding worms; but when we wanted bait for fishing the garden didn't pan out a dozen worms to the acre. They had all emigrated to the garden of some other fellow who never goes a-fishing.—*Norristown Herald*.

Oakland girls ought to be warned of the frightful danger incurred in marrying railroad men, especially brakemen. It is related that down at the Point, the other night, a member of that hard-working fraternity, on being aroused from a dream of an impending crash, was found by the neighbours sitting up in bed holding his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted the terrified woman's head off in his ineffectual exertions to "down brakes."—*Oakland Times*.

"Why, Mr. DeSmith, what occasioned that large swelling on the side of your face?" asked Mrs. McSpilkins. Before Gus could reply little Johnny, pointing to the cotton in Gus's ear, spoke up and said: "I know what's in that lump on Mr. DeSmith's face. It's cotton. I see some of it sticking out of his ear. He stuffs cotton in his ear just as you, Mamma, stuff cotton—" Gus DeSmith didn't know to this day why Mrs. McSpilkins nearly jerked Johnnys arm off, and passed on down the street without giving him a chance to say what was the matter with his protruding jaw.—*Texas Siftings*.

The commercial traveller of a Philadelphia house, while in Tennessee, approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said: "Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, my friend, you can do me a favour, and it won't cost you anything. You see I have two rousing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket, and we'll euchre them. See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you said you were going on this train?" So I am, but I'm the conductor." "Oh!" He paid extra as usual.

Remember, young man, dat de man what han'les de most books ain't de best ed'icated. I knowed a bookbinder once dat couldn't read. I may differ frum de religious folk when I say dat I've got more respect fur de woodpecker dan I has fur de dove. De dove is 'ceitful. He'll coo around an' coax yer inter sympathy, but soon as yer back is turned he goes ober inter der field and pulls up de young wheat. All dis time de woodpecker has been diggin' a worm outen a tree.

Ebery provision ob nature may be wise, but I doan see why a body should suffer so much in cuttin' teeth. A dog doan hab no trouble, neder does a coon, but natur gives fits to de baby. And dis, de preachers tell me, is on account ob de political trickery ob Adam. I see glad dat he was counted out ob de garden ob Eden. Eberybody what walks de fio' wid a teethin' chile is a natural enemy ter dat man.

I hab noticed dat all great men retains in arter life de early impressions of childhood. Dis scar heah is where my fodder hit me wid a sassafras spout.—*Little Rock Gazette*.



Haverly's great Mastodon Minstrels are consulting the town as usual. They are at the Grand.

Remenyi and his company appear again this (Friday) evening. The great violinist met a hearty reception on Tuesday evening, and renewed his old triumphs. Mr. Beale, the pianist of last season, is again to the fore, while the singers, Miss E. C. Nason and Mr. Chas. J. Ross, are a decided improvement in those of the former company.

Mr. J. C. Conner, manager of the Royal Opera House, was, the other day, made the recipient of a neat present at the hands of the employees of the theatre. It was a collection of photographs of the donors, handsomely mounted and framed, embracing a very fine picture of the recipient placed in the centre. Mr. Conner has given the present a place of honour in his private room, where it will serve to remind him of the mutual good-will reigning in the establishment.

Mr. Charles Roberts, Jr., gave his first entertainment in Shaftesbury Hall, on Thursday evening, J. K. Cameron, Esq., *Monetary Times*, presiding. The programme was one which required considerable compass on the part of the reader for its proper rendition, ranging, as it did, from the humorous to the pathetic. Mr. Roberts' interpretation of the various selections was most successful. He is possessed of remarkable facial powers of expression, and an extremely flexible and well-cultivated voice. While all was excellent, we must particularize the "Irish Philosopher" and "Buck Fanshawe's Funeral," in both of which he convulsed his audience. "Shipwrecked" and Edgar A. Poe's poem of "The Bells" were rendered magnificently. The latter, under Mr. Roberts' original and graceful manner of delivery, was scarcely to be identified with the same poem so often and so ruthlessly murdered by amateurs, and even by the majority of professionals.

He got a "Soft Thing."

"I wouldn't mind going to Manitoba myself if I thought I could drop into a soft thing," said Spifkins to young Scraichgravelle, who had just returned from that region.

"How did you make out there?"

"Well," replied young S., after some hesitation, "I fell into a soft thing myself, but I didn't make much out of it."

"How's that," enquired the curious Spifkins. "Well, ye see," continued young Scraichgravelle, "I bought a nice-lookin' lot on spec, and after a long search I found its exact location; I rode out on hoss-back to the land, and found it was partly under water, and the most solid portion was made up of mush-rats' lodgins houses. Well, just about the time I arrived the darned varmint came out of their houses in droves, and made such a dog-gon splashin' around in the water that my hoss got skeered, rared up, and chucked me into the mud. So I was nearly drowned on my own lot!"

"Well," exclaimed Spifkins, "it couldn't be worth much. I apprehend you won't make much out of that speculation."

"Well, no," sighed the disappointed Scraichgravelle, "but thar's no disputin' the fact—I fell into a soft thing."

"Just so," said Spifkins, "Good day."

"It was the Pie."

A "POE" METICAL NIGHTMARE, BY "MAX."

With sincere apologies to Edgar Allan's dead body's ghost.)

In the night—solemn night,
I awoke in fearful fright,
And my chest
Seemed oppressed,
As if lead, heavy lead,
Aton or more of dead
Weight, was pressing, cruelly pressing
On my chest!

And a demon with a pie—hot mince pie
Perched upon my bedpost high;
And blue devils
Held their revels
O'er my brain, aching brain,
Racked with pain
And kept dancing, madly prancing
On my brain

Then I cry, wildly cry
Give me rest or let me die;
Let me sleep
Sweetly sleep.
But the demon perched on high,
Yes! the demon with the pie
Hoarsely shouted, Never—never!!
Quoth the devils—"Hardly ever!"

Then the joke, heartless joke,
Startled me and I awoke,
Awoke in pain,
Half insane,
And I said, simply said,
Do I dream? or am I dead?
Have I fallen out of bed?
From the gloom there came reply
Silent be,

'It was the pie!'

Innocent Bigamy.

A DRAMA OF THE PERIOD, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLANTER'S WIFE."

ACT I.

A room in Mr. Bradway's house. Enter Laura Ries.

Laura.—I am a person of an innocent, refined and stainless nature. I believed Miles Riffles to be a polished, high-cultured gentleman. But when I married him, I immediately discovered him to be a thief, a low-minded cad and a professional burglar, which it may be said does little credit to my good sense and powers of observation! Because I would not become a professional burglar, he persecuted me. By his mysterious influence with the Toronto police he had me sent to the Mercer Reformatory. But he is now dead. I read the fact stated in one of Grip's numerous exchanges. It is, of course, true. So I am free to marry the handsome, the wealthy, the high-toned Mr. Bradway.

Enter Spriggles, a friend of Mr. Bradway.

Spriggles.—But I am an old acquaintance of yours, and I will tell you your whole history to Mr. Bradway.

Laura, wildly.—Ha! Strikes attitude and lets down her back hair

Spriggles.—I have the strongest evidence that you are guilty.

Laura.—But I assure you on my word and honour that I am innocent. Great sensation. Orchestra plays soft music.

Spriggles.—Then I am bound to believe you. He believes her.

Enter Mr. Bradway, with clergyman, marriage license, champagne, &c.

He and Laura are married.

ACT II.

Drawing-room in Mr. Bradway's house. Mr. Bradway, to Laura.—My dear, here are some securities worth thousands of dollars, which I confide to your care. Laura locks them up in her workbox.

Enter Riffles.—Chords from orchestra.

Laura. Ha! Horror! But, you can surely be only your ghost.

Riffles.—Ghosts are played out, except at

spiritualistic seances, which are generally admitted to be a fraud.

Laura.—Then you are? Wild minor notes from orchestra.

Riffles.—Your husband, Riffles the burglar! At once give me the contents of that workbox, or—

Laura.—It is locked, and I haven't the key. Riffles.—That, I think, is a fib. If you don't unlock it I will break it open with this crow-bar.

Laura.—Here then, monster! Gives him the securities. Exit Riffles. Laura faints. Enter Spriggles. He supports her in his arms. Enter Mr. Bradway unseen.

Bradway.—Ha! so the villain makes love to my Laura in my absence. Confusion! But I will have his bel lud. For the present let me retire unseen. Exit.

Spriggles.—You have had a sort of spell, madam.

Laura. Oh, I am ill all over. Spriggles gives her bottle of St. Patrick's Oil. She at once recovers.

ACT III.

Same room. Enter Mr. Bradway's sister Polly.

Polly.—I am just sixteen, but I feel quite grown up, and I wear a train, and despise the mere school girls of the short-skirt brigade. Besides, I am in here with Simon Slimcoe.

Enter Simon Slimcoe.—I am the Globe's special correspondent to the Cannibal Islands. I have just seen a burglar burglarizing a lady's workbox in this house and I feel like fainting. Will no one support me? Polly runs to support him with her back to his. They stand knocking their heads together. This is a specimen of the most exquisite humour of the modern drama, and excites loud laughter and applause.

ACT V.

Same room. Laura. Enter Mr. Bradway. Mr. Bradway.—I'll just trouble you for the money securities I left in your charge a while ago.

Laura.—They were removed thence by a professional burglar.

Enter Riffles, disguised as an aristocratic friend of Bradway's.

Riffles.—Don't believe a word she says. I beheld her giving them to that fellow of hers you saw hugging her yesterday.

Enter Simon Slimcoe and Polly.—Just so! They were stolen by that ruffian who threatened her with his crowbar till she unlocked her workbox.

Riffles.—I must retire. 'Tis true, the Toronto police do not often molest an able-bodied burglar, still one must be on the safe side. Withdraws.

Bradway.—'Tis well. But that man in whose arms—

Laura.—I had fainted? he is the Toronto agent for St. Patrick's Oil, whose incomparable restorative powers he was successfully applying to my unconscious brow.

Bradway.—'Tis passing well. Bless you all.

To Polly and Simon Slimcoe: Approach, my children! kneel! They kneel. To Simon Slimcoe.

Come to my arms, my noble, talented boy! Accept this purse, which the lofty needs and precocious income of a journalist may render not undesirable! Gives purse to Slimcoe. Pay, an it so please you, those debts which a too generous disposition have led you to contract, provide thee with a new Ulster, and it may be a change of linen. Buy a pretty engagement ring for Polly; be virtuous and you will be happy.

Tableaux. Orchestra plays wedding march.

C. P. M.



MR. M—RT—N J. GR—FF—N,

ABLY FILLING THE CLOTHES OF MR. EDWARD FARRAR, AND THE EDITORIAL CHAIR OF THE "MAIL."

Canadian Wayside Sketches.**THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER (Continued).**

If I were about to take a long trip to any part of the habitable world, I would immediately obtain the services of some Commercial Traveller as courier, and I am convinced by so doing would rid myself of much expense, annoyance, and loss of time; he understands the art of travel thoroughly, and I should have absolutely nothing to do but to hand him my purse, put my hands in my empty pockets, and enjoy his various squabbles and occasional fights; and should have besides the calm and satisfied assurance, if death happened to overtake one in some gigantic smash-up, that the samples of my remains would be neatly packed up, addressed and forwarded, per quickest route and lowest rates (C.O.D.) to my family's burying ground; and added to this, the additional consolation that he had got even with the railroad company by taking an accident ticket, and on the proceeds thereof he would live long and happy ever after.

In the railroad car, the C. T. is unmistakable, he has a certain knack of spreadeagling himself into the wholesale monopoly of seats, and but few will venture the mild enquiry as to whether he has engaged the whole section—he has no fear of intrusion from the ubiquitous woman with her numerous market-baskets; he withers the young bridal couple with a look of ineffable scorn, and should that fail, resorts to the most expressive wink at the bride as a final and decisive settler; no timid mother with string of noisy children dare approach him; no deaf old gentleman with a propensity to talk will hazard an intrusion; none, in fact, dare invade the sanctity of his presence but those whose company he wishes or for whom he has a predilection. And I have observed, by the way, that his predilections often run towards a pretty widow or a "femme sole." I find no fault with him for all this, on the contrary, I envy him the art, which he has acquired by long practice, of securing himself from all unwelcome intrusion. Englishmen, as a rule, can

do this pretty well, but in this country the C.T. can discount him every time.

He is sometimes observed to spread his rug and lay himself out as if asleep, he has no fear of disturbance from the peanut-boy fiend, or of the inquisitive conductor, and yet, strange to say, he never sleeps whilst on the cars, one eye at all events is always open, and he keeps it on the advent or departure of rival men in his line, and sharp indeed must that one be, who gets on or off without his knowledge.

It is part of his business, I suppose, to withhold the knowledge of his destination from his conferees, for I myself have counted twenty different replies in answer to as many enquiries, till I at last began to wonder if he would not really forget himself just where he was going. He has a habit of getting off at stations and pretending his journey is finished, but in nine cases out of ten this is only a blind, and you will find him presently in the last car, looking supremely unconscious and happy; This has become so fixed a habit with him, that I fear when he shall finally come to the Stygian Lake he will try the same game with our old friend, the ferryman.

As to what his religious views may be, I am on the whole unprepared to state, but I am inclined to think he is given at times to adapt them to those of his prospective customers, for on one single Sunday I have seen him attending the somewhat varied services of a Methodist, Catholic, and Baptist Church, and from this I opine that his views are inclined to be somewhat broad and undogmatical, and that he carries out the apostolic injunction, "to be all things to all men."

The great aim, however, of the C. T.'s life is to become a partner at some future day in "his House," or failing that, to start a "House" of his own. If he succeeds in the former he usually does well and prospers, but in resorting to the latter, generally makes a sad smash sooner or later, and then returns again to the road.

He is sent sometimes to Europe, and performs the duties entrusted to him with fidelity

and despatch. I have met him there, but could hardly recognize in him the same being, for there he is simply as any other ordinary mortal, and his glory seems to have departed, and even the very bell-boy does not quake before him. A sad, far-away look is observable in his eyes, and he is never really happy or himself again till he arrives home.

There is no gainsaying the fact, that taken altogether, our C. T. lives better, travels better, dresses better, and enjoys better, than you or I or any other uncommercial traveller of life's highway, and that though he is not the man you would exactly choose for an argument on the subject of psychology, or any other "ology," still he is, as times go, fairly informed on general subjects, and is a very useful and agreeable member of society.

Outside of his own business he is by no means bigoted in his views, and is generally prepared to admit two sides to every question (saving, of course, politics, for in that proposition no one admits the axiom except Mr GRIP), and for this worthy characteristic he is indebted chiefly to travel. The worst case of bigotry ever extant could be cured by a few years' travel, and I would willingly subscribe to a monster excursion round the world, for a certain class of our population whose views are now, alas! confined to the narrowest possible limits by a species of continued moral tight-lacing, sad alike for themselves and their posterity.

I don't know where Commercial Travellers go to when they die, but think they are somehow deserving of a better fate than that frequently assigned to them. I know, however, that they do die sometimes, and I have no doubt that when future paleontologists ponder over their fossilized remains, they will find a certain prominence in their cheek bones, which will render understandable some of their present characteristics, and lend weight to the theory on which I ventured on starting, that the C. T. is a specific creation; but be that as it may, he is altogether a jolly good fellow, and I hope to have the pleasure of meeting him somewhere in the happy hunting-grounds of the Future.

VIATOR.



NEELON

Before the shrine of the great N. P.

"What's the difference, Pa, between the Upper House and the Lower House?"

"The difference, my dear, is this: The Lower House means a-bility, the Upper House no-bility."—Judy.

A Lesson in Zoo-ology.

A "speculator" in "North-west" lands called at the Zoo the other day to interview Mr. Harry Piper. He had a roll of gorgeously-coloured "maps or plans" of Manitoban "cities" under his arm, and his object in calling was to impress upon the mind of the great Canadian Showman the desirability of embarking in a town or city lot venture. The ever popular exhibitor was at his post in the box office as the man of maps entered, when the following colloquy occurred:—

SPECULATOR.—"You air the man I've bin wanting to see for some time, Mr. Piper. You air a live man—you air a speckilatin' man, and you air jest the man we want to settle in our great "Nor-west." Now if you'll jest look over these maps—"

MR. P.—"Thanks; I've concluded all my wild-cat purchases for this season. I've got the finest specimens in the country—don't want any more."

SPEC.—"What do you mean by that, sir? Do you believe the false stories now in—"

MR. P.—"Well, they may be lion for all I know."

SPEC.—"They are lying, every one of them, who speak ill of us; now if you will look at these certificates—"

MR. P.—"Are they under seal?"

SPEC.—"No, of course they're not under seal—not required, but it's hard, hard to—"

MR. P.—"Hard to bear?"

SPEC.—"Yes, sir, hard to bear. Now if you will just take a look at the situation of this city (pointing to map), you will see it that it will be a connecting point for all routes from the East to the West."

MR. B.—"Just so, one of the lynx."

SPEC.—"Yes, sir, one of the links, as you say and its position makes it equal in value to the best."

MR. P.—"Of course, quite eagle."

The speculator here tumbling to Harry's last and worst pun, arose and said, with truthfulness depicted in his countenance, "I reckon you're trying to kid me a little, ain't you?—you don't look like a man that is prepared to buy anything, anyhow."

"You're wrong there," replied the urbane Harry, playfully poking the stranger in the ribs with his exhibition staff for stirring up the animals, "I'd like to buy you for a 'where is it' from Manitoba, and put you in a cage to represent the expressions coming from your customers when they go out there hunting in the swamps for their city lots; or I could put you into the aquarium as a land shark. Now git, or I'll set the Gnashtutututoo at you." The "Agent" gathered up his maps and fled for his life.



THE MECHANIC "LIEN" ACT.

Ye Evening Costume.

(Vide a description of Oscar Wilde's dress at some late New York receptions.)

Oh! ye æsthetic youth
In his search after truth
Becometh so utterly Wilde,
That his evening dress
Is a cause of distress
To the soul of this High Art child.

To his tailor he strides,
With willowy glides,
And his order sounds mild as milk—
"Aw—they wealdy must be—
Aw—weduced to the knee—
Aw—the west will be thttockinged in thilk.

This change he effects,
And forthwith directs
That shoes, with big buckles all bright,
Be made for his feet,
(Which to see is a treat,
For the tens are a trifle too tight.)

Then with necktie sky-blue,
Of Too—Too—Too hue
And a handkerchief brilliant blood-red,
Which is thrust in the breast
Of his quite utter vest,
And his hair worn long on his head.

Behold him attired,
Adored and admired,
Ever soaring for unattained height—
A disciple of Art,
He stands far apart,
An æsthetic and Wilde-looking sight!

F. J. M.

The Roses of England.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM ONE OF THE MANITOBAN BRIDES PROSPECTIVE.

MY DEER SARAH ANN:—

This comes hopping you are all well as it finds hus ere at preasent thank god i am quite well in hopes you are the same, also your bo. i am going to tell you somethink. you no the princess usband him as they call the markis forlorn hese come back to Hengland to get a lot of young Women to go to the north west territory wich he says wants wives for all the unmarried usbands as Ain't got no sweethearts nor nothink, he says they are all rich farmers Whats got farms of their hown and are making fortunes only its all men there, and theres no women in canada that wants to be married. it Must be a Drole country. The Markis says they are in grate need of the roses of hengland, meaning hus. so i gave missis notice last night. She ast me what was my reasons, i up and told her none of your bisness mam, but since she wanted to no partikler the markis forlorn wanted me to go out with a lot more to marry a rich young farmer in the northwest territory you Oughter seen her stare spiteful thing when i get married ill write and tell her i can put on style as much as she can ill have my silk dresses and ladysmade as well as her. She thinks i didnt see her giggling like everything when she was telling the company all about me leaving, but i forgive her because i have got religion dear Sarah i hope you are sober minded and serious, dear sarah i raly dont no wich is best to go to canada or utah. the moarmon missionaries go round tryin to get wives for their men too, and if you marry one of them you get sealed to the lord. i ast the missis t'other day if they would seal us in canada. She said no we would only be sold, wich i suppose means body and soul, dear sarah i do hope you think about your old friends, and their soals, its of grate importans. deer sarah ann i think ill come out in the first ship load so i can have the first pick of the usbands i am getting my wedding dress made this weak ashes of roses—seeing we are the ro es of hengland trimmed with mauve lace and satin two and sixpence in giving for the making and a bokaye in my hand i'm going to put it on when i come on deck to select a usband with a reeth of horange blossoms and a looshin long veil. deer sarah i do hop my usband wont be red headed,

John tomas is awful upset about me going away and i feel awful about him to. manys the good hot supper ive given him evenings when missis was out but he never did come up to the popping pint. he neednt think i'm going to be a hold maid for him. o how that bloomin butcher boy will miss me, he kissed me hover and hover in the airy he said i was his rale troo love and he would give hold suet notis at onst and foller me to ameriky but the dog ran away with the leg of mutton while we sade farewele so i'm afrade his master will keep the price of the leg out of his wages so he wont be able to go. but dear sarah ann i leave my hart in that meat-basket the rose is read the violets blue—farewels my troo love farewels. we'll meet above. deer sarah ann i hop these men will bring their carriage and pair from the north west rite up to the ship side and drive us strate from the key to haltar. deer sarah you will be my bridesmaid. its a pity you are pockmarked, if you had a rose complecksion like me you might stand a good chance along with hus coming out in the next ship. i think the markis forlorn is a very nice man he nose what it is, and he has a feeling hart for his fello men. deer sarah if your house is near the north west territory try and find out all about the nicest and richest of the farmers so i can pick out a good one. i want to keep a cook andousemaid and play on the pianny. no moar at presant but remain's your loving cousin

LUCY TOMKINS

E. I. terrace

London, hingland.



HARD

This is our contemporary, *The World*, searching for the "independent" lines of railway built on subsidies and bonuses granted by the Government and Municipalities of Ontario, which have not been swallowed up by amalgamations. A Committee of the Local House is wanted to assist in the search.

Lines

BY A LUNATIC.

A base manufacturer thought to invest
His means in a big iron foundry,
So he built up a place in the far distant West,
Away on the disputed boundary.

And the wild Winnepiggers in legions came down,
For they felt awful glad and hilarious
When they found by the laws of the country and crown,
That the foundry was theirs—not Ontario's.

The Cariboo screamed from his nest in the pines,
It's a subject to howl and to bawl over,
Where do I belong to? It's very hard lines;
I'll write to Toronto to Oliver.

CHORUS.

High diddle diddle, oh, what shall I do?
The state of the country is very precarious;
I'm afraid I'll be taken and caged in the Zoo,
Because I'm a Cariboo now of Ontario's.

MACHINE OILS.

Four Medals and Three Diplomas awarded at
Leading Exhibitions in 1881.

McCOLL BROS. & CO.,
TORONTO.



"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN," &c.,

OR, BISMARCK EI G PUNCH.

Something Very Funny.

DEAR GRIP,—Like the Hon. C. Buffer, I also am unable to make out the practical value of the military college at Kingston.

For what purpose are we preparing ourselves with a supply of sucking Wellingtons and Bonapartes? Does Canada contemplate of engaging in war with the nations of Europe? or are we preparing a force to resist the ever onward march of the yellow-skinned, almond-eyed, irrepressible rat-eating heathen Chinese? Or do our rulers seriously think of engaging in combat with our friends and neighbours south of the line? Can it be that we have had in view the organization of a force that would protect a frontier three thousand miles in length against the armies of a nation more than ten times as numerous, and far more than ten times as wealthy as we are?

The ideas above suggested may not at first sight seem exactly the thing for a comic paper; it is perhaps hard to see where the fun comes in. And yet, Mr. GRIP, is there not something sadly but exquisitely ludicrous in the idea of a people being so besotted with loyalty to an empire, the press and people of which seem for the most part scornfully oblivious of our existence, as to complete the fabric of ruin that we have been laboriously building up by refusing to trade with our nearest neighbours and natural customers, on the only terms which they could be expected to grant. By taxing ourselves to create an army whose only possible employment would be to attempt the conquest of the strongest nation on earth.

And perhaps the most comical part of it is, that the utter and transparent absurdity of the whole affair seems to have never yet been noticed by any one in Canada.

I remain, &c.,
F.

They are discussing a new play.

"It is a fine thing—a tremendous success," exclaims one of them, a Bohemian. "I had complimentaries for the first performance."

"Ah, so you know the author?"

"I should think so. Why, he owes me fifty francs."

"The deuce you say!"

"Yes; I asked him to lend me a hundred francs, the other day; and he had only half the money about him."

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM,

*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet
and Ears, and all other Pains
and Aches.*

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

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Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

New York Post Office.

Wm. H. Wareing, Esq., Asst. General Supt. Third Division Mailing and Distributing Dept., New York Post Office, in writing concerning St. Jacobs Oil, says: The reports from the several superintendents and clerks who have used the Oil agree in praising it highly. It has been found efficacious in cuts, burns, soreness and stiffness of the joints and muscles, and affords a ready relief for rheumatic complaints. Hon. T. L. James, now Postmaster-General of the U. S., concurred in the foregoing.

If Bennett seeks in Arctic zones,
No advertising pelf,
Then let him risk no brave men's bones;
But find the Pole himself! —N. Y. Star.



TENDERS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Bridge over the Fraser River, B. Columbia.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received on or before the 10th day of FEBRUARY, 1882, for furnishing and erecting a Bridge of Steel or Iron over the Fraser River, on Contract 61, C. P. R. Specifications and particulars, together with plan of site, may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, at Ottawa, on or after the 10th of January, inst.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms. An accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$300.00 must accompany the tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the work, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent, on the bulk sum of the contract, of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, (Signed,) F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, January 5, 1882.

W. H. STONE { Yonge 219 Street. } FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
Telephone Connection.

EL PADRE, EL PADRE, EL PADRE,

CHINA HALL,

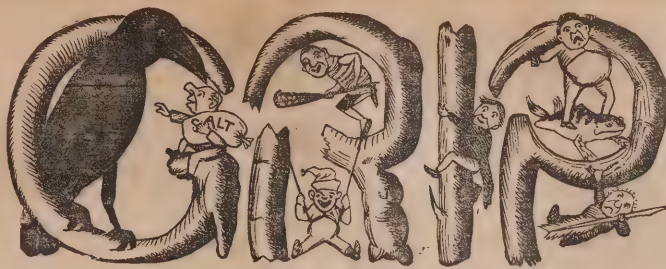
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The grabest Fish is the Opster; the grabest Man is the Fool.



49 King St. East, Toronto.

VOLUME XVIII.
No. 13.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY II, 1882.

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And be silent that you may hear."

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
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Mr. George Crammond, our sole Advertising Agent, is also authorized to transact subscription and collecting business. Mr. C. is about to visit Montreal in the interests of the paper, and we bespeak for him a kind reception by our many friends there.

BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

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No person is any occasion authorized to represent GRIP in any capacity unless under special credentials signed by the Editor. Managers of theatres and entertainments, please make a note of this.

All authorized business attaches of Bengough, Moore & Bengough are duly certified by card signed by the Business Manager, S. J. Moore. Cavassers purporting to represent this firm, should be asked in all cases to produce such certificate.

To Correspondents.

The following articles are held over for want of space: "Short Hair." "Lay of the H. I." "Popular Mysteries, No. 2." "Letters from Youthful Aspirants." "The Latest Imported Novelty."

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—When a Dominion Premier is applauded by an influential portion of the people for disallowing a railway charter in one Province and a Streams Bill in another, and meanwhile receives three cheers for attempting to override Provincial rights in respect of a Boundary Award, it is fair to assume that there are citizens in the country who believe in the centralization of power. Otherwise, we must conclude that those who applaud Sir John Macdonald's recent proceedings do so against the promptings of their own consciences, and purely from party considerations. Applause means encouragement, and encouragement in this matter means the ultimate centralization of all power at Ottawa, and the degradation or extinction of Provincial autonomy. For the admonition of those who support the Premier in his high-handed programme, we have pictured the probable condition of things in the near future.

FIRST PAGE.—Col. Sellers has found a better representative than Mr. John T. Raymond in the late Secretary of State, Blaine of Maine. That bumptious and visionary gentleman has fairly eclipsed the Colonel's Eye-water project with his Pan-American Peace Congress enter prise, though it appears to command the confidence of the public no better. The fact is, Uncle Sam is at present engrossed in the study of Aesthetics, under the tuition of Mr. Wilde, and has no heart for Blaine's big scheme. The ex-secretary doesn't see his bantling strangled without some manifestations of feeling, however; on the contrary, he has worked himself up into quite a passion against his successor in office, who threw diplomatic cold water upon the proposed Congress, and also against the President, who seems to have aided and abetted him in so doing. Blaine has a reputation for statesmanship, but he might have known that a congress of American nations to which the greatest of them—Canada—had not been invited, would end in a fizzle.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The House is now in session at Ottawa, and the leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition has an opportunity of showing that GRIP is at fault in this little matter. Perhaps Mr. Blake has a policy in some of his inside pockets. We shall see.

BRADLAUGH's attempt to take his seat in the British House of Commons has failed again, notwithstanding that he has the sympathy of Gladstone, Bright, and other leading members. How long this pig-headed course of conduct on the part of the majority will continue is uncertain, though it seems too ridiculous to last a great while. We begin to suspect that it is not Bradlaugh's atheism chiefly that bars the way, as there are many atheists already in the House. It is more likely that his inconvenient curiosity on the subject of perpetual pensions has a good deal to do with it.

The *Globe* is greatly exercised over the monstrous project of exhibiting Guiteau's body, believing that such a pandering to the morbid curiosity of the public would be productive of evil. This is sound doctrine, and it raises our opinion of the *Globe*—until we turn over to the next page and find three columns of murder news, illustrated with a diagram of the scene of the tragedy, together with all the latest prize-fight news.

The following is a cable despatch from London, in the *N. Y. Tribune* of January 29th, 1882:

"An important unpublished work by Thomas Carlyle has been discovered lately. It is entitled 'A Tour in Ireland in 1849,' and comprises notes on the moral and political condition of that country of the most striking character and greatest interest. This manuscript was unknown to Mr. Froude, and it was submitted to his examination. He was so delighted with it that he volunteered to write an introduction when it is published in book form. Meanwhile it has been secured by Edmund Gosse for *The Century Magazine*, where it will shortly begin to appear as a serial, simultaneously in London and New York."

The Century Magazine goes bravely on, not only holding its own, but winning new laurels with every number. The new cover is a decided improvement, and worthily adorns outwardly the feast of fatness within.

**

The *Montreal Star* aptly quotes the following from a new book of humour just published in New York:

THE KIND-HEARTED SHE-ELEPHANT.

A kind-hearted she-elephant, while walking through the jungle where the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle, heedlessly set foot upon a partridge, which she crushed to death within a few inches of the nest containing its callow brood. "Poor little things!" said the generous mammoth, "I have been a mother myself, and my affection shall atone for the fatal consequences of my neglect. So saying she sat down on the orphaned birds.

Moral.—The above teaches us what home is without a mother; also, that it is not every person who should be entrusted with the care of an orphan asylum.

"The Bookworm's Lament."

A FAMILIAR LYRIC, SLIGHTLY AMENDED, BY J. R. M., MONTREAL.

I.
"How hard where those who do not wish
To lend (that's lose) their books,
Are snared by angler-folks that fish
With literary hooks,
Who call and take some favourite tome,
But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home
By making one on you."

II.
"Even *Glover's* works I cannot put
My frozen hands upon,
Though ever since I lost my *Footie*
My *Bryan* has been gone.
My *Hoyle* with *Cotton* went; oppress
My *Taylor* too must fail.
To save my *Goldsmith* from arrest
In vain I offered *Bayle*."

III.
"I *Prior* sought but could not see
The *Hood* so late in front,
And when I turned to hunt for *Leigh*
Oh where was my *Leigh Hunt*.
I tried to laugh old care to scorn
By flirting hard with *Hanna*,
Behold me now upon the *Horne*
Of a very verse dilemma."

IV.
"My life is wasting fast away,
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I've fixed a lock on *Gray*
There's grey upon my locks.
And now they cry 'Give us a *Gale*'
With which I quick comply,
And when they ask about my ail
'Tis *Burton*, I reply."

V.
"They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my griefs divide;
For oh! they've cured me of *Burns*,
And eased my *Akenside*.
Yet all I think I will not say
Nor let my anger burn,
For as they never left me *Gay*
'They have not found me *Sterne*."

Secret Correspondence.

AS RESCUED FROM "GRIP'S" WASTE-BASKET BY A HUNGRY PRINTER'S DEVIL LOOKING FOR COPY.

Hon. E. Bl—k—, to GRIP.—What in the dickens does this move of McKenzie's mean? I thought he was shelved for good. What means would you propose for shunting him on to a side track? If he persists in this presumptuous self-assertion do you think I would be justified in employing O'Donovan Rossa to waft him out of the field?

GRIP, to *Hon. E. Bl-k*.—Mac-kens-his ain business, and although GRIP don't deny that he is thoroughly posted as to Mr. McKenzie's intentions, he is not in a position to divulge them to anyone but that gentleman's friends. GRIP don't mean to propose any means of shunting him at present, as Mr. McKenzie is not quite so tractable as the Grit party. As for the Rossa scheme—for shame! Edw—rd, you must restrain your Irish proclivities on this side of the Atlantic.

Sir J—hn A. M—cd—n—ld, to GRIP.—Look here, old boy, between you and me and the North Pole, how many acres of town lots in the North-west will you take to let up on those cartoons about my knuckling under to the Syndicate? Don't you realize that I am as helpless as a babe, and that, if I had not choked off Manitoba, and given the Manitoba & South Western railway the grand bounce, these tigerish syndicates would have tightened the screws, and proceeded to transfer the responsibility of Premiership from my own shoulders to Tupper's a little sooner than would suit my notions of the eternal fitness of things? Come, GRIP, be merciful. Name your price, but stop those cartoons. They haunt me like a spectre to which Banquo's ghost was a mere shadow.

GRIP, to *Sir J—hn A. M—cd—n—ld*.—Your pun about the syndicates is quite unpardonable. GRIP never has any dealings whatever with punsters, and therefore denounces your proposal as dishonourable in the extreme. If it had not been for that pun, your offer, regarded from a purely political standpoint, might have been entertained as an honourable emanation from the innocence of your young heart. But no, that pun puts you on a level to which GRIP can never descend. No, Sir J—hn, public opinion must have expression, and though thou ghost frantic the little game shall be cartooned in spite of all thy "toon" lots this side of Alaska.

Hon. Mr. Cr—ks, to GRIP.—What under the moon shall I do? The high-fluting educational aspirations of this Province are becoming too perfectly preposterous for anything. Here are two distinct and separate girls, Misses Fitzgerald and Sheppard, demanding admittance to University College lectures, and the whole of the press and people supporting their ridiculous claim. They are not content with being allowed to get up the work of the first two years in the county towns where they live, but have the impudence to demand the same tuition and privileges as the male students, for whom the College was expressly built. Can't the public see the utter folly of giving girls a University training. Ugh! I'm near distracted.

GRIP, to *Hon. Mr. Cr—ks*.—Be sensible. Give the girls their right. Try and realize that ideas have advanced a little since your school-days, and there is less barbarism prevalent now than then. Ontario boasts of her educational system. Are you and the Senate of Toronto University going to keep us behind England, France, Italy and the United States, all of whom have thrown open their college halls to girls, in accordance with the common sense of modern civilization? Try to keep even with the times, do.

Marquis of L—rne, to GRIP.—What's all this row about my little immigration scheme?

GRIP, to *Marquis of Lorne*.—There appears to be a slight discrepancy of opinion between Your Excellency and Canadian maidenhood. Our girls want husbands, not sisters in celibacy; and besides, Your Excellency, don't you think your efforts would be better directed in securing strong, independent farmers for the country, instead of weak, dependent women?



The Granite Rink evidently takes the lead amongst the many skatorial resorts of the city—a result due to the fact that it is excellently managed, and the ice is nearly always in good condition, whatever the outside weather may be. The occasional masquerades are brilliant affairs, and afford a splendid evening's enjoyment to the crowds that attend, both as participants and on-lookers.

"The Jolly Bachelors" who are now disporting themselves on the stage of the Royal in a mirth-provoking operatta, are well worth a visit from all who enjoy an evening of laughter. They are pretty sure of crowded houses during their brief stay, if merit commands success.

Happy Thought.

A VALENTINE TO COUSIN YANK.

A happy thought, it is my lot,
To be the message over—
Across the stream to cousin Yank,
From Canada the fairer;
From Canada! Miss Canada!—
Miss Canada the fairer!

'Tis great Sir John*! who puts me on
To bear the message over—
The happy thought—to ask of you,
Dear cousin Yank, to love her;
To ask of you that you'll be true,
To cherish, ah! to love her.

Her pure sweet kiss and loving peace
She sends to you with honour;
And hopes that her dear cousin will
Always friendly look upon her;
That cousin Yank, with friendship frank,
Will always look upon her.

O come, b—, to bear cousin Yank,
And tell the honest story,
If the olive branch—O happy thought!—
Would not add a little glory
To Canada? To Miss Canada
Would not add a little glory?!

NOTE.—* Sir John Macdonald said in a late speech that he would rather see Canada annexed than see her independent.

A New Enterprise.

MONTREAL, Jan. 21st, '82.

To GRIP:

SIR,—I'm a pore woman but hi've a hi to business, as my ole man hused allers to say, says he, "Betsey Jane, you've a hi, my lass, you've a hi," and sir, 'avin a hi it stands to reason has I wants to use it, and so I writes to you to hadvise me ou to begin a nice tidy little trade as I now sees a springu' hup 'ere.

Yer see, we've got a tip-top 'igh-toned woman 'ere whose name is Greig, hand wat does she do but goes and hinvents right out of 'er own 'ead, a brand new kind of punishment for the youngers, and it is just that good that it can be made a huniversal remedy for hall sorts and sizes hof wickedness; and, sir, would you be pleased to write me hout a little hadvertisement, or print the one I send you, just as you thinks best. Lor, sir, only to think the money I shall make, sellin' plasters to hall the hinstututes and schools and prisons and hevery wheres, and 'ou the gentlefolks will buy—lor! it does make me laugh to think on it; and 'ou when a lady gets mad (nervous they hallus calls hit) and 'er 'usband hused to buy 'er a fine 'andsome dress, or a new bonnet to settle 'er nerves, now, bless you, it will honly be a 25 cent plaster. Good old Dame Greig, but I loves 'er, hindeed I does.

BETSEY JANE SMART.

"Betsey Jane Smart (late Spankum) begs to hinform the public in general, hand hinstututions in particular, that she as made har-rangements to hopen a factory for the proper making of Mustard Plasters, hand opes by hattention to er business to give general satisfaction.

"Single Plaster, mild . . . \$0 25.

" " " rather strong . . . 0.50.

" " " very strong . . . 0.75.

"Hextra quality for very bad boys 1.00.

"A liberal discount hallowed to schools, halso to those who buys by the dozen. Halso hsthetic plasters, beautifully painted by and, for gentlefolks,—warranted to smart has much has the plain ones."



NO ADMISSION.

It has been suggested that, in consideration of the fact that our Board of Police Commissioners have the disposal of a large sum of public money, their meetings should be open to the people who provide the funds, or their representatives, the newspapers reporters. This reasonable request is further modified by excepting all occasions on which the Board may unanimously desire to keep the door closed. It will surprise all who know the Commissioners personally to learn that they are very much opposed to the proposition even in its modified form. Being at a loss to know their reasons for this strange conduct, Mr. GRIP despatched one of his able interviewers, with the following result:

Mr. Mayor McMurrich had no objection to be interviewed. Was opposed to the doors being opened. Would frankly state why. He was (unfortunately) a bashful young man and couldn't bear the idea of being stared at by the public. Was particularly bashful before ladies, and (being (also unfortunately) rather handsome, his position would be simply intolerable, as ladies would flock to the Commissioners' room at every session to look at him. Being a married man this would be unseemly.

Mr. County Judge Mackenzie was next waited upon. Didn't mind being interviewed. Objected to the doors being opened. Took legal ground. It would be an infraction of the consolidated statutes of Upper Canada. Moreover, he didn't want his jokes made public. Often sang Gaelic songs at Board meetings and didn't want such published.

Mr. Police Magistrate Denison received our representative cordially. Was opposed to the doors being opened. Loose characters might be present at meetings, and the Commissioners often said very hard things about such people which it wouldn't be nice for them to hear. Moreover, the rules of the Horse Guards were against open doors, and the Police Commission was Horse Guards under another name. The public funds were carefully disbursed and that ought to satisfy the ratepayers.



"THE MAN IN POSSESSION."

COME ONE, COME ALL, THIS ROCK SHALL FLY
FROM ITS FIRM BASE AS SOON AS I!

Gunhilda and the Bishop.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—GUNHILDA, THE BISHOP, AND THE TWO TURTLE DOVES.

The arguments about the Deceased Wife's Sister have converted Gunhilda, and as the whole argument used against her is a verse in Leviticus (which by the way has no bearing on the subject), she became convinced that whatever is laid down in Leviticus she should do. She was reading the 5th chap., and seeing that if one commits a little sin, a female from the flock—a lamb or a kid of the goats—was to be brought to the priest, she bethought herself that she had no flock. But she found by the 7th verse that if the sinner could not get a lamb, he or she could bring two turtle doves, the neck of one to be wrung off, (v. 8). Well, Gunhilda waited on Bishop Lewis last Sunday at 8 o'clock with two turtle doves, and said, "Offer these for me."

BISHOP LEWIS.—What do you mean.

GUNHILDA.—I am told to do this in the 5th of Leviticus, please wring this fellow's head off.

BISHOP LEWIS.—Why, Gunhilda, that is all past. Leviticus is no longer binding on us.

GUNHILDA.—Then why do you quote Leviticus against the deceased wife's sister?

BISHOP LEWIS.—Oh, well, give me the doves and I'll take them home for breakfast. "Let your light so shine before men, etc."

CHAPTER II.—GUNHILDA, THE BISHOP, AND THE SAUSAGES.

Bishop Lewis was so pleased with the two turtle doves which, through the conscientiousness of Gunhilda, he had had for breakfast, that he invited her and M. Girouard to dinner.

Gunhilda had provided herself beforehand with a bon-bon containing a motto from Lev. xvii. 10. The Bishop is fond of black puddings as a side-dish. Just as he had swallowed a mouthful of black pudding Gunhilda handed him the bon-bon to pull.

BISHOP LEWIS.—Wait till after dinner.

GUNHILDA.—Now! I have the privilege as a lady to take my bon-bons when I please. Pull, my Lord!

M. GIROUARD.—My Lord, will you read the leedle moddo?

BISHOP LEWIS.—Wait till I finish my black pudding. But (with a bow to Gunhilda) the ladies before sausages, and so I'll read. What's this? "I will even set my face against the soul that eateth blood." (Lev. xvii. 10.)

M. GIROUARD.—The diseased wife's sister. She has you dere, my Lord!

BISHOP LEWIS.—Well, we'll drink her health. Here's to Gunhilda, common sense, sausages and bishops forever.

CHAPTER III.—GUNHILDA'S BON-BONS AND THE LAME DEACON.

Bishop Lewis made another dinner party, and had his whole diocese to meet Gunhilda, who, he said, knew more ecclesiastical history than he and all his clergy combined. Gunhilda had her bon-bons ready, and when a convenient opportunity occurred she turned round to a lame deacon and said, "Pull!" He pulled and read: "A blind man or a lame shall not approach to serve the Lord." (Lev. xxi. 18.)

LAME DEACON.—My Lord, why did you allow me to go so far?

BISHOP LEWIS.—What do you mean?

LAME DEACON.—Why, here I'm forbidden to do that for which my education has been designed to fit me.

BISHOP LEWIS.—Oh, Leviticus is not binding

on us now. I wish it was only your foot that was lame.

Just at this moment Gunhilda gave a bon-bon to a flat-nosed cleric. He read the motto "Nor shall he minister that hath a flat nose." (Lev. xxi. 18.)

FLAT-NOSED INCUMBENT.—My Lord, what am I to do?

BISHOP LEWIS.—Get a false nose, of course. It is not half so dishonest as stealing sermons; besides, Leviticus is out of date.

GUNHILDA.—And if out of date in one thing, out of date in all.

M. GIROUARD.—The diseased wife's sister! She have you dere, my lord.

BISHOP LEWIS.—O, well, here's to the deceased wife's sister. Grandmother the whole question. I wish I had let the bill alone. Rise, my children, and take my blessing. The first deceased wife's sister that marries in my diocese I'll perform the rite myself. Thomas? bring another bottle of wine.

(Gunhilda and the ladies rise and leave the room.)

After a few minutes a song heard from the drawing room:

"Here we are, misters, six deceased wife's sisters,
All lucid in outline and lucid in brains;
Breathes there man so blockheaded as would leave us
unwedded?
Six sisters with roses for chains,
With roses for chains."

BISHOP LEWIS.—Capital! Encore! Let us join the ladies.

The "Bob-Tail Car."

The bob-tail car! the bob-tail car!
It rattles along with a jolt and a jar
On its noisy path in a series of shocks,
As you try to deposit your coin in the box;
And the five-cent piece from your freezing paw
Will likely fall in the carpet of straw,
While the cold blasts blow through the door ajar
Of the economical bob-tail car.

If your destination is not very far,
Avoid ye the villainous bob-tail car;
The wretched driver is almost froze,
As the cold blasts beat on his rubicund nose;
And blue are his chilly fingers bare
As he hands you the change of your coin for fare.
Subjects for pity they verily are
Who drive on the man-freezing bob-tail car.



BETROTHED.

After Millais' well-known picture.



"CENTRALIZATION,"
OR, PROVINCIAL AUTONOMY ABOLISHED.
IS THIS WHAT SIR JOHN IS AIMING AT?

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

In life the printer composes, in death he decomposes.—*Boston Star*.

The way of the transgressor leads straight to Newark, N. J.—*Boston Star*.

While stingy husbands are not popular, every maiden likes to have her beau very close.—*N. Y. News*.

A French critic says it takes a genius to use short words, but that a parrot can learn to repeat long words.—*The Judge*.

Milwaukee has thus far escaped small-pox, but we understand vaccination is prevailing to a terrible extent.—*Peck's Sun*.

Young man, in beginning the journey of life, don't take the train from the wrong deep-owe.—*Whitehall Times*.

The female looks for bargains in dry goods, but the female looks for bar gains in wet goods.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

Some cold-hearted people could take lessons in shaking hands by watching a respectable dog wag his tail.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Polygamy in this country looks to foreign nations just as a huge grease spot would on the snowy surface of a bride's satin robe.—*Chaff*.

Bliffers says the young lady on his street plays the piano with a good deal of feeling—around after the right keys.—*Yuccob Strauss*.

The small-pox is a very rash thing, and is very humorous, but no one can see where the laugh comes in when it breaks out.—*Bloomington Eye*.

What is home without a night key?—*Lowell Citizen*. It's equivalent to a ticket to a first-class lecture or a symphony in white.—*Boston Times*.

A girl has been arrested in Kansas City for flirting with the mourners in a funeral procession. That girl takes the cranberry tart.—*Peck's Sun*.

Bread and butter is the dress of the world; love and kisses its trimming. Young people, put this in your pipe and smoke it.—*Steubenville Herald*.

From the persistency with which Vanderbilt waters his stock, it is thought that at one time he must have been a milkman.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The man whose chances in the matrimonial lottery secured him a scolding helpmeet, declared "he had a real smart wife."—*Gouverneur Herald*.

Save your coins with holes in them for the church missionary collections. The heathen can easily string them together for necklaces.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

"Smile whenever you can," says Henry Ward Beecher. No wonder the young men of the day bankrupt themselves buying cloves.—*New York Press*.

A girl was vaccinated with matter taken from the arm of a silly lover of hers. She said she preferred matter right from the calf.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Rochester *Express*: We have often heard ministers advocate the "elevation of the stage." Their motive is plain—they can't see over the big hats.

"If the good die young," asks the Modern Argo, "how do you account for bald-headed editors?" We presume they also must have dyed young.—*New York News*.

"Junius:" No, it is scarcely possible that the milk was put into the cocoa nut after the nut was grown; it must have got in some udder way.—*Syracuse Times*.

A correspondent asks: "Where is the best place to be vaccinated?" At the city physician's office, if you have not a doctor of your own.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

It is the fashion to throw old shoes after the bride at a wedding. After the marriage the husband keeps up the custom, only he tosses them with his foot.—*Webster Times*.

Kate Field doesn't think a press club worthy of the name, that ignores the existence of women. But how can it be a press club, Kate, without the ladies?—*Webster Times*.

We found the same old thing in our Christmas stocking that we always do, but it was smaller than last year. We stayed in bed till it was darned over.—*Gilbert's Argus*.

Life is made up of small things, the smallest being the man who runs in debt for his newspaper, and then orders his paper stopped before paying his dues.—*Whitehall Times*.

Counter attraction—a pretty saleswoman.—*Yonkers Gazette*. All right, Brother Holden, but have a care how you look at one, else you may encounter Mrs. H.—*Hartford Journal*.

Thus "Imperial Caesar turned to clay,
Now stops a hole to keep the wind away."
And Garfield, murdered by a cranky scamp,
Is busted to adorn a postage stamp.
—*Fall River Advance*

They are going to illuminate Hell Gate with the electric light. It has been generally understood that hell's gate has been previously illuminated by red noses.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

Charles Edwards Smith of Barkhamstead has asked the legislature to change his name to Charles Smith Edwards. Charles is probably on the back of some heavy note.—*Danbury News*.

Much time is spent in discussing the best way to get to the North Pole. Suppose we consider the question how those who go there are ever going to get back.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "Some one wants to know if England is sending us veal in exchange for American beef." No, England has sent us Oscar Wilde, but no veal.—*Peck's Sun*.

"Make Somebody Glad" urges a recent poem. Hundreds of young men can comply with this request by simply bidding her good night two or three hours earlier Sunday nights.—*Norristown Herald*.

A man in St. Louis has gone crazy on account of witnessing a hanging. We know a man in New York who went crazy on account of seeing one. It was his wife, and she was hanging on another man's arm.—*The Judge*.

The Oil City *Derrick* says a great many people don't go to church for fear they may catch the small-pox. There is danger that the disease might "mark" the perfect man.—*Boston Transcript*.

If Cæsar had met Oscar Wilde on the fatal day he went to the Senate Chamber, he never would have said, "Et tu Brute." He would have remarked instead, "Et tu tu."—*Steubenville Herald*.

Days are getting longer, but they are still so short that a thirty day note comes due in about two weeks, and they are not half so short as the fellow who gives the note usually is.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

The kind-hearted farmer can easily be detected. When it is very cold he takes the

blanket off his wife's shoulders and puts it over his horses when he comes to town in his wagon.—*Texas Siftings*.

Professor Williams, of Yale, who lived forty years in China, discredits the report about the beheading of a returned Chinese student at Hong Kong, for the crime of wishing to marry a New Haven girl.—*Puck*.

To think that after all my historic triumphs I should live to have pickled cucumbers thrown at me by a mob! And why, forsooth! Because I am a Jewess, and ha! ha! don't, ha! ha! eat any ha! ha! ha! pork!!!!!! O, this is ter-r-r-rible!—*Sarah Bernhardt*.

Gen. Terry, who has never yet been known to do anything to bring his name into reproach, in reporting the Indian troubles in Montana, is represented as saying of the Mussel Shell Valley that, until the Indians are removed, some kind of a Mussel be going on all the time.—*Rome Sentinel*.

It was in a smoking car. Seeing a party playing at cards, a gentleman stopped to look on a moment. Turning to another who sat in the next seat, he said, interrogatively, "All fours?" "All fours!" was the reply; at all jackasses, I should say. They have been at it for the last twenty miles." Evidently he was not a lover of cards.—*Boston Transcript*.

What is that noise we hear, mother? That is a man learning to play the violin, my child. Is he sick, mother? No; he is not sick, my child, as you suppose, but everyone in the neighbourhood is. They wish he would be sick and die. Will he die, mother? No, my child, he will not die. He will keep on in this way for years, and finally get so he can play second fiddle in a very poor orchestra.—*Hartford Globe*.

Twenty years ago a man with hair was looked upon as a crack-brained spiritualist. Nowadays he must be regarded as an æsthetic yearner after the beautiful. As far as the brain is concerned, however, there is very little difference.—*Norristown Herald*.

He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an enquiring face over the stair rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too," said the lady; and further remarks were unnecessary.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

"But I pass," said a minister recently in dismissing a theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of enche. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Short Dialogue in a Fur-rin Tongue.

OVERHEARD BY A SACQUE-RELIGIOUS REPORTER.

ANGELINA.—"Adolphus, darling, if you love me supremely you'll make me a present of a \$300 seal sacque."

ADOLPHUS.—"I should beavery much pleased to do so, Angelina, deer, but the price is too otterly otter. How would one made of squirrel strike you?"

ANGELINA.—"Oh! you are just horrid, and I can hardly con-seal my dislike for you."

ADOLPHUS.—"Don't think, love, that I'm mink-cape-able of appreciating your affection for me, but how can you expect a poor bank-clerk like me to afford such luxuries?"

ANGELINA.—"Oh! Adolphus, darling, I never thought of that. The squirrel will look just consummately lovely. Let us seal it with a kiss."

BOTH IN CHORUS.—"Yum, yum."

(Drop Curtain).

Dooley at Halifax.

MR. GRIP, MY DEAR SIR:—

I am a regular reader of your paper, also a subscriber. I consider that your paper has few livin' equals. It is just in politics, just in impartiality, and just in cheek. Politically speaking. These are the valuablest of all virtues, especially as they are so rare in Canady papers. If you will permit me I will write a few words to this paper which I admire so much.

I've just arrove at Halifax. Once more I visit the gay and aristocratic city. On my way hither from the metropolis of N. B. (New Brunswick) I passed thro' the Cornwallis Valley. As to wherefore it is called so I don't exactly comprehend. If it is after Corney the Great, of Ameriky Revolute fame. I must say I don't admire the taste of these Acadians. I fancy this valley beats all Canady for raisin' apples, potatoes, and pretty girls. There is an awful lot of each, and such fine ones! I never saw the beat. They are hunky. Next time you visit old Acadia come this way. There's millions in it. As I before observed, I'm in Halifax. I got here at one o'clock Sunday morning. The trains run here on a Kurious principle. You take your seat. *You wait.* They don't say when you will arrive. Not they. Probably it will be in good time. Possibly at the right time. But it is not certain at what time. My train was due at 8 o'clock. I was five hours late. This is not a customary thing down hereabouts. O no! I asked the Conductor. "Conductor," sez I, "do you generally make good time?" "O yes, sir," he replied, "when we ain't delayed at stations, or the train don't break down, or our engine driver ain't drunk, or our brakeman ain't injured. O yes, sir, we sometimes get in in very good time." "So I thought," I said, and smoled.

Halifax reminds me of a one-horse hearse, tacked onto the end of a first-class funeral. It air the end of the Intercolonial, the end of the Dominion, the end of all things. Yet one might like it. I see a scarce people at Halifax. Now and then you see a man or woman along street. Some shops are open. One ounce of tea is sold here. One ton of coal there. There is truly an immense business going on. Yes, there is so. The N. P. pursues its beneficial work down here. From one end of the country to the other, its effects are seen. They worship a certain knight, of fame in railway circles. That is, the people worship him, not the beneficial effects. They like surpluses. They are fond of taxes. And all goes merry as a marriage bell, but hush! wait! a second monopoly, a second syndicate approaches. This also will pass, and once more the N. P. will pursue its way, unchained and unknelled.

Halifax, as you know, has imperial soldiers. About 1,500 all told. In fact, Mr. GRIP, askin' pardon, you might put a wall around Halifax, set up a few more charitable institutions, constitute a governing body, and pass it off as a superfine naval and military Hospital. Deduct from the city all the churches, and property owned by the Imperial Government; and there would not be enough land upon which a last year's cricket could sing his dying carol.

I have said I'm a regular reader of your valuable paper. I am. Do as you will with my effusions, I'll still read the jolly pages of GRIP. I hope to be in Canady soon, once more. At present I'm in the Ultima Thule, as W. Pitt observed of C. J. Fox, Esq.

Yours truly,

HOSEA DOOLEY.

There is a young man travelling around in Eastern Texas, vaccinating the negroes with beeswax. He charges a dollar a vac., and represents himself as being appointed by the United States government, and threatens that dire penalties await those who refuse to be operated on. That young man will be a credit to some penitentiary yet.—*Texas Siftings.*

Jocular Jumbles.

There is too much chican-ry in passing off an old hen for a spring chicken.

When a horse beats another horse can it be called a nag-ravated assault?

Can you call a friend who "buzzes you to death," a "buzz-um friend?"

Can the man who fractures his cranium on the stairs be said to be ex-stair-pated?

I-ice cream as the vendor of a frozen mixture of milk, flour and sugar, said last summer.

Is "Sea-foam" a l-otion? You require a bay-rum-meter to measure the depth of this joke.

The Scott Act will require something more cunning than Soot tact to carry it out successfully.

"Yes, sir! I stick up for Mor'mon'y," as Jones said when asked for his views on polygamy.

Can the bank clerk who skips out with a few odd thousands be said to be of askiptical turn of mind?

Do sportsmen ever by any process of induction come to the conclusion that ducks are ductill birds?

What is the difference between a new policeman and an old hat? One is sworn in and the other's worn out.

Is it out of place for a strapped student to tell the registrar that it is not feasible for him to pay his fees?

"Cal'endar" and git one of GRIP's Almanacs" as the darkey said to the man who was inquiring for some amusing literature.

Our little Johnnie does not consider himself extra smart, but he says, "that killing a nanny-goat's little baby is a very wee-kid thing to do."

"Heat your fill," was the sympathetic remark of Mrs. Grubbins as she beheld her new boarder hesitate over the second mouthful of boiling hot tea.

"Eddy's Parlour Matches" are very popular, but there are other matches, made in the parlour, which are quite as pop-ular and don't require any light on the subject either.

An argument in favour of marrying your deceased wife's sister is that you don't have to get a new mother-in-law. It is better, you know, to "endure the ills we have than fly to others we know not of."

A Catholic and Baptist see their duty in the same light. One uses candles and the other dips.—*Exc.* We can 'tallow such wick-ed jokes. It's candleous to make light of such cereous subjects.

Is a punster necessarily a puny man, or ought his motives always to be impugned. When he perpetrates something too utterly awful, ought he merely to be punished, or, as some suggest, should he be expunged from the face of the earth? Upon our word we think he ought.—*Ed.*

PULMON-ARY COMPLAINTS.—Orders have been issued to Pullman Conductors, making it compulsory for them to be vaccinated in order to prevent them "taking" anything. A Montreal drummer, en route to St. John, the other evening, not aware of the edict, suggested the propriety of taking a "snifter." The conductor looked at him with a "rye" face and said, "Should like to oblige you, old fellow, but can't 'take anything' since I've been vaccinated. 'Kind of scabby treatment to shut down on you that way," said a Boston drummer. "That's what's the matter," chipped in a serious-looking youth from Toronto. "Don't see vi-rus-pectable young men like the Pullman conductors should be subjected to such incongruous contumaciousness," blurted out a tony-looking bummer from London, Ont. "Moncton!" shouts the conductor, and the drummers go out "to see a man."

Ode to Louis Honore Frechette.

BY AN ONTARIO BARD, UNCROWNED BY ANY ACADEMY.

"Poete! on te corronne!"

Among the crowned ones crowned!
New France can boast a son
By Old France laurel-bound!

Poete! on te corronne!

Thy Peers, to whom belong
To bind or loose, alone
The gifts of Fame and Song.

Sons and assessors they

Of all the great of old—
Who in men's souls held sway—
Who spake the words of gold!

Racine, Moliere, Corneille!

The mighty shades are there—
Rousseau, with passion pale,
And flashing-eyed Voltaire!

L'ACADEMIE FRANCAISE!

In all its splendours, lit
From dead historic days
Of Old-World worth and wit;

These praise your songs, that tell

Of each Canadian scene:
Niagara's thunderous swell;
The Thousand Islands green;

And of each pleasant sight

Among the forest trees,
When through the summer-night
You wandered with Louise.

For such your lyrics were,

And well they won the praise
And honours of *cette chere*
Academie Francaise!

A poor Ontario bard

Has no such chance as that!
Nor hopes he to discard
For laurel wreath his hat!

However, friend Frechette,

We're glad they crown your rhyme,
And to the praise you get
We tumble every time.

And very proud are we

That Canada has met
Such honour for LOUIS
HONORE FRECHETTE.

C. P. M. Toronto.



COPY OF A VALENTINE

sent to a well-known Professor by a young lady who was refused admission to the lectures at University College, accompanied by the following lines:—

Dear Doctor, be careful and don't let 'em mix,
Keep 'em widely apart for they're full of queer tricks.
"Due order and discipline"—stick to the rules—
Co-education will not do for fools.

Boston Com. Bulletin: Pearly teeth and diamond eyes are delightful but a topaz nose is dreadful.



BRADLAUGH AT THE DOOR.

"YOU AIN'T GOOD LOOKIN', AND YOU CAN'T COME IN!"



EN ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

GRIP.—BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, HAVEN'T YOU? HAVE YOU GOT YOUR POLICY WITH YOU?

How We did the Montreal Public.

BY A HERVEY INSTITUTE LADY.

Now was not this a simple plan?
I think it was, by Jingo!

(After Tom Ingoldsby.)



COME listen, directors and all
Who have charge of Canadian
charities,
And should matters untoward be-
fall,
You can learn by example by
far it is
The easiest thing to be done
To muzzle the fangs of a city,
And to turn all its wrath into fun
Through an Investigation Com-
mittee!

Our matron—a true shining light
Of Crescent Street Church
Christianity,
And when matters in "Hervey"
go right
A model of strictest Humanity—
One day by her charges was pes-
ter'd,

(A beating is "cruel," we tell her),
So she thought she would have them all blister'd
With mustard and locked in the cellar.

When we heard, we were quite interested,
We thought it ingenious rather,
But, as people will talk, we suggested
With plasters she should 'nt go farther.
That was all; for, although two or three
Proposed, it is true, to dismiss her,
We refused; for when over our tea
In the parlour, how sadly we'd miss her!

But when the affair got our,
(The *Star*, you know, 's always too curious),
"Humanity" rais'd a wild shout
And the Montreal public was furious;
So, by way of allaying suspicion
And making all right, we elected
Our male relatives on a commission
To decide on the case—as directed.

As we thought, the whole matter came right,
Though the treatment turned out as related,
And, perhaps, Mrs. Greig for her bright
Idea at last will be fet—d!
Yes! the Montreal public came round,
No one hinted at jobs or collusion,
And triumphant we still hold our ground,
In our own little pet Institution.

A Bangor paper describing the dress of the
Apostle of Aestheticism, Oscar Wilde, Esq.,
when he made his debut at Chickering Hall,
says, "On his immaculate shirt-front was a
solitaire composed of pearls and diamonds."
This may be the a'sthetic definition of a "sol-
itaire," but it seems, at a first glance, to be
quite too awfully utterly too too.

War Imminent.

I have read with fear and trembling the ac-
counts of the declarations of hostility made by
the Ontario Ministry against the Dominion
Government for refusing to acknowledge the
award of the arbitrators in respect of the bound-
aries of Ontario.

I may say that I am an Ontario man, and
would second any efforts on its part to obtain
the territory, even if we had to do so with
"Four and twenty men, and six and thirty
pipers."

So much alarm did I feel on the emergency
that I thought it advisable to obtain some in-
formation respecting the movements of the
Council, and I find the following to be the
result:—

Resolved—That volunteers should be called
for to aid the Government in its lawful views.

Then there was some discussion as to the
proper party to act as Commander-in-Chief.

Upon the name of the Premier being men-
tioned, he stated that he did not believe he had
a pistol in the house, and if he had he did not
know how to use it.

It was then suggested that the Minister of
Education, as he had been so long teaching
"the young idea how to shoot," that he would
be the proper party. However, the Minister
thought that however efficient he may have
proved himself in directing how the scholars
were to shoot, for himself he neither wanted to
shoot nor be shot at. He added that there were
other members of the Ministry who were more
belligerent than himself.

At this another gentleman arose and stated
that he was ready to shed his own blood and
the blood of all his relations—his cousins, his
sisters, and his aunts. Subsequently the meet-
ing adjourned.

Golden Information!

Awhile ago, said Mrs. Dr. A. A. Jordan, 51
Lincoln-street, Worcester, Mass., one of my
friends from the South spoke to me very highly
of St. Jacobs Oil. I resolved to try it on my
patients, and I must confess I was surprised at
the results. It has never failed to cure all that
it claims to, and I prescribe it willingly and
confidently to those of my patients who suffer
with rheumatism, sprains, and all bodily pains.
It is certainly a wonderful remedy, and I can
highly recommend it.

ST. JACOBS OIL

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet
and Ears, and all other Pains
and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as
a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy.
A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay
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The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.



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And be silent that you may hear.'
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DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR.
ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.

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To Correspondents.

M.B.S.—Glad to hear of your convalescence, and shall welcome the return of your pen.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—By and with the advice and consent of Parliament, Miss Canada was a few months ago inoculated with the virus of monopoly, by the distinguished political doctor, John A. The results are every day becoming more manifest, and the opposition physicians are predicting the worst consequences. So far as we are aware, however, they have no particular method of treatment to propose in the case, and nature (or the Syndicate) must take its course.

FIRST PAGE.—This sketch requires no comment. It is intended to express the view GRIP takes of the much argued question of Canadian loyalty.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Temperance Colonization scheme may be a good one on its merits as a money-making speculation, but as an exhibition of philanthropy it is calculated to provoke laughter, if nothing more. It is just such a combination of piety and grab as would have delighted the heart of Tartuffe, though there is probably more grab than anything else about

it. If truly good people feel disposed to take a share of the truly good things that are going in the Nor'-West, by all means let them do so, but let it be done frankly and above-board, without cant and hypocrisy.

Ballad of the Blisterers.

THE BLISTERING MATRON.

(BY THE BLISTERED BOYS.)

Air,—“A Japanese Young Man.”

Conceive her if you can,
This motherly, mild wo-man
This humanitarian,
Disciplinarian,
Blister-our-backs wo-man;
Who for each childish fault
Immures us in the vault,
Or claps on the blisters
To us and our sisters,
Yet no one bids her halt!
This “Christian, kind wo-man,”
To-the-ladies-mind wo-man,
This starve us, and thrash us, and down-
Cellar-lash us,
Motherly, mild wo-man.

THE BLISTERING BRIGADE.

(BY THE ANTI-BLISTERERS.)

Conceive this fair brigade,
Who no objections made
To these applications,
Or very short rations,
And making of babes afraid;
The reason we have sought,
‘Tis children they have not,
If they ever had any,
‘Twas years ago many,
And their hearts are as hard as a pot!
This tender, fair brigade,
This blistering *sair* brigade,
This very delectable, highly respectable,
“Error-of-judgment” brigade.

THE BLISTERING MAJORITY.

(BY THE MINORITY.)

Conceive this packed committee,
With hearts unknown to pity,
Whose investigations
Of these allegations,
Aroused the ire of the city;
But the *blisterers*, their wives,
Would lead them such sad lives,
Did they find aught amiss,
Since women *who live*
Must make it quite hot in their lives.
This Presbyterian clan,
With a very well-laid plan,
Against the minority held the majority,
And whitewashed this dark wo-man.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Believing that many of our subscribers would be glad of an opportunity of securing some share in the proprietorship of GRIP, we beg to call their attention to the fact that a joint-stock company, having this journal, and our special artistic, printing and publishing business, as a basis, is now being organized. The capital stock of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$10 each. It is intended to call up only \$30,000 of this amount, upon which sum the business, as at present running, will guarantee a dividend of ten per cent., and with the aid of the additional capital, it is quite safe to calculate on the net profits being doubled in a very short time. Enclosed is a prospectus of the Company and a form of application for stock. Those who wish for shares will do well to secure them at once. Applications for stock may be made to Messrs. Gzowski & BUCHAN, Bankers and Brokers, Toronto; or to the promoters,

BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH,

GRIP Building, Toronto.

Bridget O'Flannagan gives her Reasons for Leaving her Last Place.

Och, Mollie Moriarty, as soon as I set fut in this counthry, me troubles began. An', in-dade, I had me full share o' thim afore landin'. But yez'll remember the very lasht advice me mother gave me afore her partin' worruds o' counsel.

“Biddy,” says she, “niver lit on till thim Americans but fwat yez unthunderstand ivery-thing, they'll think all the more av ye, an' ye kin jist kape yer eyes open, an' watch, an' yez'll soon find out.”

Well, Mollie, yez can picter me to yersilf, sated in Mrs. Laughton's kitchen, jist runnin' round a sort av maid-av-all worruk to assist the cook.

The very mornin' afther I came, I hearrud Mather George playin' the pianny. “Sure,” sez I, “that's the cliver boy, an' fwat is it he's playin'?”

“Och,” said Mrs. Travers, (that's the cook) “it's nothin' but scales he's practisin'.”

“Scales!” sez I to mesilf. “Well, it's the quare counthry, fur I niver heard av weighin' music in ould Ireland,” but I niver lit on.

Well, afther a while, “Biddy,” says Mrs. Travers, “I'm wantin' to make a cake an' would yez jist weigh me out the ingrejinces?”

“It's mesilf that kin do that same,” sez I. So she tells me how mooch av butter, an' sugar, an' flour, an' other things she wants, an' goes off down cellar.

Mollie Moriarty, I was all av a thimble, fur I didn't unthunderstand their new fangled scales at all. But I puts the things until the bashkit an' goes intil the parlour, an' glad to find no one there. But fur the life av me, I didn't know fwat to do. But I jist takes a little package o' flour, an' one o' butter, an' one o' sugar, an' sits thim down until thim little black an' white things they call notes, an' av course, they weighed down all right, but bad luck to thim papers, didn't they all break jist whin I was liftin' thim off, an' the flour an' sugar wint scatterin' all over the carpet, an' betwane thim little cracks in the pianny. Yez'll belave Mollie, that I swipt it all oop in a hoory, an' ran down and told Mrs. Travers that I had weighed the ingrejinces. But somehow the cake turned out heavy, an' she said I musht have made a mistake in the weighin', but I niver lit on.

But the worst av all was, there was company that avenin', and whin Miss Evy wint to play, didn't that pianny make the greatest sounds, an' they was all worrukin' at it, but couldn't find out fwat was the mather, till the next day a man cooms oop an' takes it to paces, an' finds the ingrejinces betwane the cracks, an' av course they all thought it was the baby's worruk, but I niver lit on.

Well, jist a few days afther, Miss Evy takes sick. Och! she looked bad though, an' Mrs. Laughton was with her constant, but one day she had to lave her, an' sez she, “Biddy, can I thrust yez to take care av Miss Evy,” an' sez she, “kape very quiet, but say anythin' cheerin' yez can think av.” Thim she shows me where the medicine was kep an' tells me to give her too av the little white powthers, an' to mix the powthers in the sugar. “I'll do that same,” sez I.

Well, poor lamb, it wint to me heart to see her lyin' there so white an' quiet, so I jist goes up an' takes her hand, an' sez I, “I'm not goin' to talk till yez, honey, but I jist like to thry to remember yer face, fur we'll not be seein' it long, but,” sez I, meanin' to be cheerin', “shure ye'll be missed, an' if the dead could come to life, wouldn't you be a proud gurrul to see all the fine carriages follin' to your funeral, for yer father's hild in grate respit.” Well, wid that, she burrusts out cryin' an' whin I sez “don't cry honey, though the parin' cooms harrud, and Mr. Morton, that's her swateheart, “gone up to Manaytoby, but they say thim land booms is dredfuk up there, an' there's few



WEEFLECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

A stwange fellah it seems to me is—aw—Wobinson of New York, *Apropos* of a wesolution of the American Congress requesting President Autheh' to demand a list of American citizens imprisoned in English gaols, Mr. Wobinson expressed himself in most—aw, widiculously silly mannah, wegawding England. Nothing shawt of laying London in ashes will satisfy Wobinson. He said the Bwitish in o'deh to twee some subjects in Abyssinia faucibly released the pwisoners, demolished the Abyssinian capital, and killed the King, which he consid'ers a good pwecedent faw the United States to follow now, in wegawd to her relations with England. Pewsaps Mr. Wobinson would not go to the extent of executing Her Majesty, possibly atfeh wazing London to the ground and sowing its site with—aw—salt—he might welent. Wobinson says he "asks no more" than twoops should be sent ov'eh in sufficient fawce "to take the men out of pwison and lay London in ashes by ouah awtillewy,"—ya'as indeed, that's about all Mr. Wobinson wants. Mr. Wobinson likewise explained to his countwy the glawing fact that "Admiral Pawtweh is idle, Genewal Gwant is out of the awmy and wants to get back, and that "Shehman is a pwetty good Genewal." Theahfaw it may be pwesumed that these three hewoes of the webellion are the fav'ehd ones picked out by Mr. Wobinson to lead the desolating hosts frowm America to institute the gweat goal deliwery and destwowy London, "lay it in ashes by ouah awtillewy." Wobinson must be a tewible fellah indeed, to advocate the destruction of such a lawge and—aw—flouwishing town, which would leave about the same number of people as are in the whole of the State which has the honah of wett'ning him as one of its wewepresentatives to Congress—aw—out in the cold. That would be too cwuel, altogethah, and I weally wondeh at Wobinson for suggesting such a howible and uncivilized mode of waw-fa'ah. Then again pewsaps it has not oc'ehed to Wobinson that the Bwitish might object to such a pweceeding on the pawt of Wobinson and his fwienids, and twy by some means to pwevent such a di'ah calamity as the destruction of theah Metwopolis. The'ah own men of wah, faw instance, might be utilized by themto—aw—in-tehfeah with Wobinson's plans. It is possible that the Bwitish authorities might look with philosophy on the removal of the "American Citizens" frowm the gaols, pawticularly if it were gawanteed that they—aw—would wemain away. But Wobinson must not be too sanguine as to the—aw,—laying in ashes business—faw ye see, people don't like to have theah pwoperty destroyed. Wobinson should wefect that even an American citizen if he mixes himself up in practices wegawded as tweekonable towards the countwy in which the afaw-said citizen is sojourning must wun his chances along with the "wetched subjects of twywan" that he conspians with. Mr. Wobinson will wecollect the late Mr. Seward's stowy of the poteny of his "little bell," which duwing the webellion he used to wing and consign fwee Americans, or anyone else for that mattah, to—aw—let us say, Faut La Fayette, or Gov' neh's Island. Wobinson is wight wegawding

Genewal Shehman being a "pwetty good genewal. He was so good that he put the abominati-on of—aw—desolati-on on the "webellious" distwicts that he passed through, and he didn't seem to ca'ah a—aw—"continental" for the wights of the gweat American citizens' fweedom of opinion, but cwushed the unhappy "Sesesh" as if he weah a howid Bwitisheh or a—aw—satwap of some Eastehn' despotism. In fact it appeahs to me that the actions of the Bwitish in Iweland, a countwy which just now calls for the gweat sympathies of Mr. Wobinson, is—aw—wildness itself when compawed with those of Shehman in Geoghiah, or Phil Shewedan in the—aw—Shanadoah Valley. Ya'as. Shewidan desolated the—aw—Shanadoah Valley because it affawded a—aw—base of supplies faw the "webels." An American citizen was at a gweat discount in those days, and had to be much moah pawticular in the tone of his speech than even is wequied in that much distwessed countwy the "Sistah Isle." Ya'as, on weflection, I cannot help thinking that Wobinson has made a gweat ass of himself in talking of mattahs not concewning him, in such a—aw—violent mannah. And I—aw—have about the same opinion of Cox of New York, as I have of—aw—Wobinson of New York.

Lying Epitaphs.

BY FORCUPINE.

The parting beams of crimson eventide
Flung golden glory o'er the country-side,
As pensively I passed each narrow bed,
Beneath whose shade repose the silent dead.

'Twas the sweet melancholy sunset hour
When way-worn hearts by a mysterious Power
Are lifted from the world, with gentle hand,
And drawn more closely to the Better Land.

Each marble shaft upraised its lofty crest,
Bathed in the saffron'd splendour of the West,
And when the calm of Even fell around,
It seemed as though the place was hallowed ground.

In truth 'twas more than passing fair, I ween,
As lengthening shadows fell achround the scene,
And—blending with the sunset's golden dress—
Veiled Evening's thousand-tinted loveliness.

In fancy I could see the falling tear,
The mourning friends, the tomb, the sable bier,
And hear the words of simple faith and trust,
Consigning Earth to Earth, and Dust to Dust.

Whilst gazing on that monumental scene
I thought, how good those sleepers must have been,
How sorrowful their friends at the sad doom
Which marked these loved ones for the silent tomb.

For every epitaph belauded so
The quiet ones who slept in death below,
Whose saintly lives had only been surpassed
By legates who buried them at last.

"What peaceful lives. What loving friends," I said
Unto a white haired man. He shook his head;
And then, I grieve to say, I rather think
I saw that patriarchal stranger wink.

"Oh yes!" he said, "what peaceful, honest lives,
What faithful husbands, oh, what virtuous wives;
What heavenly-minded, fatherly papas;
What tender-hearted, motherly mammas.

"Don't you believe it, sir," this old man said,
"Not quite so good were these much-flattered dead;
Marked by their absence were the goodly traits
Ascribed to these sweet 'lights of other days.'

"The tombstones here are neither more nor less
Than eulogies on bygone wickedness;
For did one pitch in vales of vice his tent,
The grander here that scoundrel's monument.

"Behold that carving on the tombstone there,
(An angel in the attitude of prayer.)
And note those precious lines, which all but say,
'Below, Perfection waits the judgment day.'

"Perfection? No! A low-lived swindling cheat,
A hideous mass of mercantile deceit,
Who honoured Nature's debt when life decayed,
The only debt the rascal ever paid.

"Here lies another saint, so good! so pure! a true
And charming pupil of La Fontaine, who,
When fears wax'd strong and strength of lust grew faint
Reformed, called in the church, and died a saint.

"And yet this man was one of those old cocks
Whose hearts are harder than the Plymouth Rocks
Where Pilgrim Fathers fell upon their knees,
(N.B. And fell upon the aborigines, Editor's Note,

"Again, read that. 'Sacred to one, whose life
Was innocent of all unseemly strife;
For many years he wooed the 'pious' Three,
But most of all he loved sweet Charity.

"A frigid lover of them all was he.
He must have sparked them 'very cautiously,'
For e'er he e'en a thought to Hymen gave,
Death stayed the farce, and wed him to the grave.

"Oh, I could tell you more than I have said,
About these same departed, vaunted dead,
But falling dews, and evening's fading light
Warn me that I must go. And so, Good Night.

ASTONISHED by his sneers, he left me there,
Somewhat surprised that one whose reverend air
Would seem to mark the calm Philanthropist,
Should prove a melancholy Pessimist.

But oft his words have passed my mental view,
And oh, if what he said be really true,
Then are those epitaphs which strangers see
But flattered emblems of hypocrisy.

And each of our "God's Acres,"—if 'tis so—
Is nothing save a marble-cutter's show,
And each "Here LIES" the good, the great, the wise,
But upright stones of downright ohself'd Lies.

Cometh Down Like a Shower.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMETH UP LIKE A FLOWER."

VOL. I.

"What is steam?" was the question propounded by my venerable uncle, the Rev. Silas Sheepshanks. He was a Welsh parson, and had come over on a tour to Toronto, with a view to bringing over next year a colony of Welsh girls as wives for Lord Lorne's Canadian bachelors. "What is steam?" said my uncle, who was giving me a lesson in chemistry. "Oh! seems to me steam is smoke in a perspiration," was my flippant reply, which resulted in my being sent in disgrace to my room on the second story of the Queen's Hotel. I had nothing to read. In the chamber opposite mine I could see, temptingly displayed, the last number of GRIP. An intelligent-looking young man, in the uniform of an officer in the Governor-General's body-guard, was reading it, ripples of laughter and gleams of intense amusement every now and then irradiating his golden-bearded lips. It was not, perhaps, strictly ladylike to write a note requesting the loan of GRIP, to tie it to the kitten's tail, and throw it with a dexterous jerk into the young officer's room. I was soon in delighted possession of GRIP, and many times that afternoon was the kitten flung to and fro with little notes in which we improved each other's acquaintance. Of course we managed to meet often after this. We learned to love each other, the only difficulty being that Captain Carruthers was already engaged to a girl away down in Quebec,—a guy with red hair and eyes like a shot partridge. But true love can loose as well as bind; the former engagement was put away with the broken picurast of affection out of date; we were all in all to each other.

VOL. II.

The girl with the shot partridge eyes had resolved to take a hand in the game. My Rupert had gone to Ottawa. While there I received a parcel of letters in his hand-writing, and addressed to an Ottawa lady famous for the audacity and number of her flirtations with married and engaged men. To her Rupert had written words of ardent affection on the very day that he had last written to me. I tore his image from my heart, and wrote to forbid him my presence. Six months I languished in incipient consumption. Once Rupert passed the window, looking lovely in a new shako; he looked pleadingly at me, but I turned away.

VOL. III.

Rupert was sadly walking home when he a former comrade, very shabbily dressed,



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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Budget speech is of course the feature of the week at Ottawa. The Financial Minister's statement always makes a red-letter day in the session,—or rather several days. This year the Statement and subsequent debate are unusually warm and interesting, though the dispassionate observer who stands by and listens to both sides will find it as hard as usual to make up his mind whether the country has reached the acme of bliss, as per the Ministerial orators, or is on the verge of ruin, as per the Oppositionists. Mr. GRIP is in the position of such an onlooker, and simply adopts the showman's invitation—"You pay your money and you take your choice." There is only one consoling thing about the Budget Speech—it invariably delights both parties.

FRONT PAGE.—It is but justice to admit that, to some extent, our artist drew upon his imagination before he drew upon our first page.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The ancient author who wrote the nursery literature here quoted, probably did so without knowing that he was writing an allegory exactly setting forth the facts in relation to the great matter which is at present agitating Toronto.



PROF. FOWLER EXAMINES YOUNG CANADA'S HEAD.

Taking advantage of the visit of the veteran phrenologist, Prof. O. S. Fowler, to Toronto, Mr. GRIP, like many other proud parents and relatives, took his protegee, YOUNG CANADA, to hear what the Professor would advise as to his future training. Seating the youth on a chair, and placing his fatherly hand on the boy's head, the Professor proceeded in his quaint fashion as follows:—

"Ambition, sir, is your predominant characteristic, and it takes the form not so much of show as sense. You desire to be well spoken of both at home and abroad, and you will work like Jehu to make a name for yourself. You are proud of your Canadian ancestry on both sides of the House, and would as willingly live under uncle Blake's roof as with your more aristocratic relative, Sir John—provided, of course, that they gave you the proper kind and degree of Protection, and nourished and cherished you equally well. You have a very strong love for home—home pets and home industries, and dearly like to gaze at the tall chimneys on your father's factory and boast to your playmates about your father's success. You are frank, generous and genial in your manner—too much so for your own good. Cultivate suspiciousness, reserve, caution. Take a leaf out of Sir John's book, and have more policy about you. You are fond of society; let this faculty have free scope among your own people, but don't be carried away by the charms of Miss COLUMBIA over the way. Matrimonial union with her would be the fatal mistake of your life—and you are so promising as a boy that I should hate to see you marry at all if you didn't do better than that. Better look for a wife on your mother's side; and don't think of marrying, or even courting, without consulting her.

"You have remarkable literary faculties, and could be very successful as an author. Tell your uncle LEONARD this, and see if he won't give you half a chance to compete with the neighbour boys. You need encouragement, not criticism.

"You are quick to learn, and must not see the inside of a school-house this side of 15, and you will be the smarter man the less book-learning you get before 16. Wait till the school regulations are changed; for 'cramming' in your case would mean murder. You are too smart now. You need muscle. You can be an orator, a poet, a statesman—which you choose, or all if you like.

"Don't allow bigger boys to impose upon you; cultivate combativeness. You are smart enough—even if you ain't very big—to make your own treaties with your playmates, and

your mother ought to give you free scope in this direction. Fighting your own battles will strengthen your muscle.

"Restrain your appetites, and be careful to sleep all you can. I notice a strong predisposition to intoxicating liquor. If your parents and relatives love you wisely they will remove all these temptations so as to save you. You are conscientious, and strive to do the right thing every time, and right up to the handle. You are benevolent to a high degree. Look out better for number one.

"You have a strong grip on life, and if you get over the effects of the monopoly vaccine that is now in your system, you can increase in vigor as you grow older. If you want to have a happy and successful future, be particularly careful how you conduct yourself now. You may go."

While the youngster was preparing to leave, Mr. GRIP asked the Professor if he didn't think Canada was sufficiently well protected now, to which the veteran bumpologist replied in the affirmative, stating that he observed an abnormal growth in the boy, and hence had warned him to sleep well.

The "Grip" Printing and Publishing Company.

Last week we issued to our subscribers a prospectus of the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto, now in course of formation, and offered an opportunity of investing in the stock of the Company to those desirous of doing so. A number of our subscribers made application for an allotment of shares, and in case there should be others who would like to secure a financial interest in GRIP, and the business connected with it, we will engage to keep the stock-book open for the application of subscribers living outside the city, until Wednesday, the 8th inst. There are now more than 2,500 of the shares applied for, and as it is proposed to call up only 3,000 shares, it is probable that the stock-book will not be open after the date mentioned. We are confident the investment will prove a profitable one, and can therefore heartily recommend our subscribers to secure some shares in the Company.

The business, as at present carried on, consists of GRIP, GRIP's Almanac, a Publishing Department, from which issue profitable specialties, an Engraving Department, and a well-sustained Printing Department. In its present state of development the business pays a clear net profit sufficient to declare a dividend of ten per cent. on the stock it is intended to call up, (viz., \$30,000); and by the use of the capital thus procured, it is almost certain that the profits can be increased by from \$5,000 to \$8,000, if not the first year, at all events the second year of the existence of the company. The terms of payment for stock are so easy that every subscriber can become a stockholder, and we shall be glad to allot them any number of shares they may direct, until the 3,000 shares have been subscribed. As we cannot promise that applications received after 8th inst. will be in time, those who desire to secure shares will please make application at once, either to Gzowski & Buchan, bankers and brokers, Toronto, or to the promoters, Bengough, Moore & Bengough, GRIP Building, Toronto. Copies of prospectus, forms of application, and all necessary information, may be obtained through either of these firms.

The Passing Show.

Hick's Hiberian Minstrels concluded a successful engagement at the Royal on Wednesday night. The present attraction is Hyde and Behman's Star Specialty Company, a combination which furnishes an entertainment of the most mirth-provoking kind. For the week commencing next Monday, the old Toronto favourite, Herndon, reappears with his Company in "Lost and Won," "Rip Van Winkle," and "Out of the Fire." Mr Herndon's performance of *Rip Van Winkle* is considered by competent judges to be as fine as that of Jefferson, and his support on this occasion will be good.

A Grand Editorial.

CALMSOUGH HOWE, Feb. 20, 1882.

DEAR MR. GRIP:—I've just been readin' a grand editorial in the *Hamilton Times*, an' though the paper was a fortnicht auld or ever I got my een on't, there's nae doot it was a maist wonderfu' production; I wadna missed readin' that article for something. Hamilton is a bonnie bit toonie, an' ane that ought to be gratefu' tae an all-rulin' Providence for the blessin' o' sic a paper as the *Times*. Hech, man! but the writer o' sic an article on co-education as that, maun be a wonderfu' fallow. I tell ye what it is, he's a hantle mair in's heid than ye can bring oot wi' the fine tooth kaim, an' in justice till himsel', he ought to be wearin' a goon an' ban's, an' waggin' his pow in a poopit. His remarks on co-education are railly by-ordinar', an' are weel worth the consideration o' a by-ordinar' sensible men. Just luck hoo sensibly he says that when the lads an' lasses are studyin' thegither it's a "very onequal race after all." Noo, that's the very thing I'm aye sayin'. It's awfu' onequal, for de'il a scholarship can the lads get when the lasses kilt their coats an' start for the goal, an' I'm a wee inclined to think that it's pairtly on that account that they are tryin' tae dae awa' wi' scholarships a' thegither; only thing rather than be likit wi' a lassie. Then he tells us something I never kent afore. He says the higher eddication o' women in the States has gar'd them be "deteriorated phisically." Weel, noo ye see I aye thoct it was their way o' livin' on pies an' pastries, an' keepin' sic onnaturnal hours that was the cause o' that; it never aunc entered my heid that knowledge an' learnin' was bad for the health. I aye thoct that livin' on parritch an' gude sweet milk, an' kail, an' beef, an' taties, wi' plenty o' caller sea air to breathe, was the cause o' the better phiesical type in the auld kintra, but ye see I was wrang, an' ignorance maun be a gude thing after a'. Then he quotes a Mr. D. D. Hay, M.P., wha declares that it's far mair important that they should excel as cooks an' hoose-keepers, than as scholars, which is vera true. An' that bein' the case, I've nae doot but that his speech 'ill hae the effect o' makin' the onmarried an' widowed members o' Parliament marry their cooks an' hoose-keepers forthwith. An' seein' that a woman canna cook Greek verbs, nor soop the hoose wi' mathematics, nor fasten on shirt buttons wi' English Literature, it follows that a' the man marry's for, namely, to get his cookin', soopin an' sewin' done, he's no' likely to get, unless, indeed, as some folk maintain, the learned can dae hoose-wark a great deal better than the unlearned, in which case the grey mare would prove the better horse, an' that wad never dae ye ken. The *Times* thinks it wad be "a national calamity" if the Canadian girls should become a "set of bluestockings, or if a large percentage should take to lecturing, law and medicine." Weel, about the colour o' their stockings, it's a thing I ken naething aboot, an' I believe a' married women are born lecturers already. But about the law an' medicine, if they tak tae that, I'm afraid the milliners 'ill find their occupation clean gane, the wo-



POSITION OF THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA, METAPHORICALLY.

SIR LEONARD—IT'S NO USE, SIR JOHN. HE CERTAINLY CAN'T MAKE ENDS MEET. WE MUST INCREASE HIS SUBSIDY!

men will get ower sensible a' thegither, an' there wad be an end o' a' nonsense. There wad be nae mair lingerin' in agonies o' admiration ower the trimmin' o' a dress, or spendin' hoors in earnest an' solemn consultation as to whether a knife plaitin' or three frills wad luck best on the tail o' a goon, or windin' up the day's gossip wi' their hair on a crimpin' pin. Na! Na! if we eddicate the women oot o' a' that, it wad be a "national calamity" indeed, second only to the shuttin' up o' the whusky saloons. Clubs wad dee oot for want o' patronage, for men wad find the attractions o' learnin', intelligence an' culture at their ain firesides, mair than they wad be able to resist; sma' waists, ill health, fancy dresses, an' lang milliner's bills wad be clean oot o' fashion, oor laddies they wad bring up like Spartans or modern Graechi, wi' their newfangled notions o' the responsibilities o' life, an' sic like; in fact, I wadna wonder if they turned them oot wiser an' better men than their ain faithers! Na, na, we want nae sic "calamity" as that. The *Times* gies the lasses a solemn warning, to consider that if they persist in eddicatin' themselves as they are doin', they rin a awfu' risk o' bein' auld maids, because there are sae few men that ken much, an' that few like to marry women wha ken less. Noo there's plenty o' folks mean enough to insinuate that after a while, wearyin' o' the beauty o' a face that has naething ahint it, a man begins to crave for something mair satisfyin' than weel sewed buttons, an' has serious doubts whether a weel eddicated, intelligent woman woulдна' hae worn better an' made a mair satisfactory mither to his sons, that a' the fine cookin' an' hoose-keepin' has failed to keep off the streets or oot o' the road to ruin. But atweel, Mr. GRIP, maist marriages are an awfu' mystery to me, an' I'm sure if there wasna ordination in it, plenty o' them wad never tak' place. But when I see a fine, clever, intellectual fallow tied to a simperin' nonentity o' a wife that he is veeisibly ashamed o', I canna help admirin' his patriotic self-sacrifice in passin' by his second self in the person o' an intelligent, well-read woman, an'

marryin' a fashionable What-is-it, rather than matrimonially encourage co-education, and thereby precipitate a "national calamity" sic as my freen', the editor o' the *Times*, anticipates an' deplores. An' I really dinna ken but what, in view o' the fearsome prospect o' the consequences o' sic an awfu' an' unheard o' calamity, we ought tae petition the Governor-General tae appoint a day o' fastin' an' humiliation, tae avert this second deluge o' education an' keep it frae swampin' the kintra. Howpin ye'll gie this suggestion o' mine hoose room,

I remain,

Yours to command,

ICHABOD HOOLET.



THE BOARDING-HOUSE BOOM IN WINNIPEG.

GAMIN.—(Proprietor of Packing Box).—Can't accomodate you, boss; very sorry, but this hotel is occ'ped by a snoozer who secured rooms by telegraph!

"Does it pay to steal?" asked the Philadelphia *Times*. It is a leading question. We cannot stop to discuss it. The gentleman in the neighborhood of the roost will please hand down another chicken.—*Elmira Free Press*.



THE LONE FISHERMAN.
OR HARRY, THE PRINCE OF WHALES.

(BOTH THESE GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITIES MAY NOW BE SEEN AT THE ZOO.)

"Popular Mysteries."

No. 2.

THE CLERGYMAN.

Clergymen, like students, are of different classes, and the characteristics which these different classes have in common are not numerous. In fact the only thing that can be regarded as belonging equally to all is the mystical prefix "Rev.," which is worn attached to the name. Originally this "Rev." implied a certain amount of respectability in the owner, but now it has about as much meaning as the "your obedient servant" that one feels bound to write at the close of a letter, even when addressed to a man he thoroughly despises. Then there are grades of "Rev.," for example, all write Reverend before their names, but only a few Right Reverend. D'ye see? The duties of a clergyman are numerous. Of course the principal thing is to preside at "socials" and tea-meetings, but this is not all. He must be present at charity dinners and the annual banquets of all public institutions, orphans' homes, etc.; he must superintend the Sunday-school picnics; he must be honorary president of all the congregational, missionary, union, and Dorcas societies and things; and then he has to scold about the smallness of the collections, and periodically threaten to leave if his stipend is not paid regularly. These matters take time, and when people sneer at clergymen and say they haven't much to do, they forget all this. As we have already intimated, clergymen are of different kinds, and very seldom do you find a kind that will "recognize" one of any other kind. This, of course, is to be expected, for charity occupies a prominent position in every clergyman's sermons. The position it occupies in every clergyman's pretence is much less prominent, but that's not the point. A Roman Catholic, for example, refuses to have any "truck" with Anglicans; an Anglican would suffer the pains of martyrdom sooner than be friendly with—aw!—any of the "sects"; a Presbyterian is away above a Methodist; a Methodist won't speak to a Plymouth Brother; a "Plymouth" has nought but contempt for the Salvation Army, and so on down.

If one goes to work properly he can get more solid amusement out of a High Church Angli-

can—one of the real, genuine, topleft-y kind—than out of any other one subject. He does not preside at tea-meetings; no sir, nothing so vulgar. He never preaches—not much—he "instructs his parishioners!" He never conducts service—not much—he "sings matins or even-song." He never can speak of a plain Bishop, it's always "My Lord Bishop." He isn't a minister, he's a priest. He isn't a Protestant, he's an "Anglo-Catholic." He doesn't wear clothes in church, he is attired in "sacerdotal vestments." He can't speak of the Presbyterian Church, but he has heard of a sect called Presbyterians, "mostly Scotchmen, aren't they? wear kilts, I presume?—just like these dissenters—haven't decency enough to wear trousers." If he's an Archdeacon or a Dean he wears leggings, and bands on his hat. Sometimes he ventures on the street in a cassock simply. His conversation is principally on "the Church"—by this he means the Church of England—and "our hallowed liturgy," and the "evils of dissent," and such things. He always reads the *Dominion Churchman*, and speaks of the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School as a "Methodist training establishment." Generally, however, he is quite harmless, and frequently he cherishes a longing for Rome. The Low Churchman is in full accord with his High brother on the subject of dissenters and tea meetings, and such trash, but he disagrees with him on some theological questions. This matters but little, though.

The "Methody" comes next. He is generally loud-voiced, earnest, uneducated. He glories in "grub-fights." He's in his element at a "bun-tussle," or a christening party, or bazaar. He is a useful adjunct to any of these, but apart from them he is nothing. He is to a bazaar what the 0 is in 80; with the 8 he is of value, but by himself he isn't. He has never been known to be satisfied with his salary. He always has a large family—principally boys, who are—are well, they are not fit candidates for the ministry. He fairly loves "union meetings," and if there is one thing which more than another affords him delight it is giving his "experience." He—but we must pass on.

The Presbyterian brother is chiefly remarkable for austerity of countenance, length and monotony of sermons, whiteness of cravat, sleek-

ness of hair, shininess of coat-back, and a Scotch accent. Presbyterians are funny people. Stewpan says that they never have any clever preachers, and that when they do get one by accident they excommunicate him, as for example, Robertson-Smith. Stewpan always was a perverter of the truth, so we can't depend upon his statements. Presbyterians don't believe in Apostolic succession, or organs, or anything of that kind, but the amount of belief they expend annually on the doctrine of "fore-ordination" is something enormous. It is a curious fact that no Presbyterian has read the "Westminster Confession." Of course everything contained therein is absolutely true, and there is no occasion for reading it.

We now come to the Baptists, or as a vulgar scoffer once called them, the Bathists. The fundamental doctrine of these people is that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and they therefore insist on a good solid wash being taken. Water funny idea this is. A Baptist is popularly supposed to be—next to the Methodist, of course—the most inveterate beggar, the most relentless subscription fiend in the denominational world. He has no mercy. He bores you to buy lecture tickets; he offers to sell for a very moderate sum any desired number of "bricks" or stones in the "edifice which we contemplate erecting;" he pesters you for donations to this, that, and the other thing, until—but if we dwell longer on this subject we will lose our temper and so, perhaps, say thing, which it would be better to leave unsaid.

The Plymouth Brethren are so called because they are mostly poor uneducated people, who have never been to Plymouth or anywhere else. They and the members of the Salvation Army are the special *protéges* of the High Church journals. This may not be generally known, but it is a fact. We know it to be so, for in the *Church Times*, the charitable, liberal, and affectionate organ of the English ritualists, we saw them spoken of as "canting, ranting, hypocritical blasphemers." We were at a loss to understand this brotherly language at first, but it was all perfectly plain when we remembered that all were working toward the same end, all serving a Master who taught that charity was not only good but necessary.

ATCH BEE.

The Hervey Institute.

Song of the Blistering Brigade, who "accepted with deep regret the resignation of Mrs. Greig, and bore witness to the faithful and efficient manner in which she blistered the babies!"

Twenty blistering ladies we—
Blistering with a right good will;
Though our matron goes, we'll be
Twenty blistering ladies still!

SOLO.—Mrs. Physical Force.

The press can kill, they say, and will not lie.

ALL.—Ah, miserie!
I'll fight the press, altho' small hope have I—

ALL.—Ah, miserie!
Alas, poor plasters! hide them all away—
We now must let the children play—

ALL.—Ah, miserie!

CHORUS.—

All our whitewashing is done,
Yet the vict'ry we have not;
She is scared and must be gone,
Tho' for her so hard we fought!

ALL.—Ah, miserie!

SOLO.—Miss Lowder.

Go, matron, dear;
Go, dream of other blisters!
Go, for we fear—
Go, from your loving sisters!

Go, quickly, now,
The S.P.C.C.'s waking;
To trap us all
Quick measures it is taking!

ALL.—Ah, miserie!

CHORUS.—

Twenty blistering ladies, etc.

"YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY AND YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE!"



The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

An inexpensive animal.—A cent-i-pede.

Is a horse a rodent because it travels on the road?

Is there any connection between steeple and steep 'ell?

Is a vessel stove in when it has a base burner on board?

What missile does a drunkard's coffin resemble? A bomb-shell.

A minorological characteristic.—A three-hair-to-the-inch moustache.

Go-education.—sending Toronto University lady undergraduates to Queen's College, Kingston.

Migrate is cold, as the wild goose said when it took its departure southwards on the approach of winter.

It's utterly ridiculous, as the Tory said when his Grit opponent advocated the abolition of the Senate.

Song of the Harvard students—"Sixty busted Bunthornes we; busted all by Oscar Wilde."—*Puck*.

Persons desirous of learning insect life should interview the bee. He can always give you a point.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The *Mail and Express* says: "Lent will be physically appreciated by the fashionables." "Physically appreciated" is good.

When the Boston *Post* man wants to roil an artist he asks him: "What will you take for that handsome frame with the picture thrown in?"

A Gotham scientist says the best remedy for drunkenness is absolutely pure liquors. Probably the Gothamites never heard of absolutely pure water.

They say that money does not bring happiness. This is an experiment, however, that everybody would like to try for himself.—*McGregor News*.

The odor of boiled cabbage is thought aristocratic now, owing to the price.—*Indianapolis News*. May heaven keep the price of onions from going up.

The winter in St. Petersburg has been strangely mild. Even in January a man could pull an icicle from a friend's nose without freezing his fingers.

When a child cannot answer a question he never says, "Oh, don't bother me now, I'm busy." Only children of a larger growth deal in such subterfuges.—*Boston Transcript*.

In a Western town the other day a man killed his neighbour for disturbing his peace by practising on a brass horn. The jury brought in a verdict of: "Ought to have a banquet."

Hail to the thief who in triumph advances,
The more he steals the more renowned,
The bigger his pile the more he prances,
And cash keeps him up while others go down.

—*Lampoon*.

The Vanderbilts had a grand ball in their new house the other night, and New Yorkers who did not receive invitations are explaining that the Vanderbilts do not move in good society.

"Though we cannot control the wind, we can adjust our sails so as to profit by it," says a philosopher. A good many so-called Independent papers are run on the same principle.—*Phila. News*.

When it once becomes known that fire-escapes are handy to have around when creditors call, every one of the men too mean to provide them for employees will at once erect them for their own accommodation.

That little girl unwittingly gave utterance to the principles of many of her elders when she wrote in her composition: "We should make mistakes and tell lies as seldom as it is convenient."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"Well," says a canvasser, "I must keep walking and talking. That's the way I get my living, and that's the way I got my wife. But she has done all the talking ever since. Good day!"—*The Toledo American*.

No tidings have been received from Stanley, the explorer, for two years. It is rumoured that he did not go to Africa, but that he joined the New York police force and has gone to sleep on his beat.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

A Paris photographer has invented a process by which he can take a likeness in the one hundredth part of a second. This is not so short, however, but the average boy could change his position three or four times during a sitting.—*Titusville World*.

A New Yorker, who lost an eye on a 3d-street horse-car, has obtained \$10,000 damages from the company. In New York an eye is worth all of \$10,000, for a New Yorker has to have two eyes, and keep them both open to prevent his bosom friends from swindling him.

When is a turkey like a ballot-box? When it is stuffed.—*Richmond Baton*. And when is it like a rooster's top-not? Same answer. When it is tuft.—*Earl Marble*. And when is it like a man training for a prize-fight? Same answer. When it is toughed.—*Steubenville Herald*.

"Why," asks an English writer, "does dance music cheer us and sacred music make us solemn?" He should come to this country and attend one of our fashionable churches where sacred music is wedded to dance tunes and a cornet is employed to aid in destroying the solemnity.—*Norristown Herald*.

A college girl at Hillsdale declares she would like to be a buggy-wheel, for then, you know, she would have so many fellows.—*Detroit Chaff*. She would probably soon get tired going around with them.—*Richmond Baton*. It is not so here in the "Hub." Just now, Boston girls are being sleighed.—*Boston Satchel*.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is averse to punning, because, no matter how brilliant a pun he might produce it could never be considered anything other than a Ho'mes-pun affair.—*Rome Sentinel*. And as to his poetry, probably his *chef d'œuvre* is only ranked as a One-horse Shay.—*Baton*. And this is the *Baton's chef-d-pun*. But, then, they are both doctors, and that accounts for it.—*Richmond (Va.) State*.

A Connecticut pastor was given, on his 50th birthday, a pie containing half a hundred gold dollars. It was a pleasant but dangerous experiment, for never having seen anything but pennies and nickles, he came very near eating them. Fortunately a professional beggar, who happened to be present, explained to him the uses and value of the strange coins.

"Dad, can God see in the dark?" asked a Brooklyn youngster who strongly suspected his father's frequent visits to the pantry were not wholly unconnected with the presence of an unlabelled bottle upon one of the shelves, "Why do you ask such an nonsensical question?" sharply queried the old gentleman. "Because," returned the candid child, "I notice that you never go into the closet without shutting the door after you."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Tom Brown at Oxford" was a great success; but from the disastrous failure of Mr. Hughes' colony in this country it looks to the Norristown *Herald* as if it was Tom green, at "Rugby."

Boston is an inconsistent town. Her milk street is a whole mile away from water street. How are they to go together?—*Detroit Free Press*. It is not necessary for them to go together, for in Boston milk and water are always sold separately. The milk passes for cream, and the water, with the addition of a little chalk, brings eight cents a quart as milk.

Teacher—"Are animals musicians?" Boy—"They are." Teacher—"Cite instances, if you can." Boy—"The horse performs well on the corn-et, and the bear is good on the tambourine." Teacher—"How so?" Boy—"If you can't teach her out of the cage you can tam'er in; see?" Teacher—"Correct. Can any animal perform martial music?" Boy—"Yes, the drummer-dary." Boy took the first prize in music.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

A gentleman who was inspecting a house in the most fashionable parts of Austin, complained that the location was too lonesome—that there was no life. "It may seem a little dull now," responded the owner of the house; "but you wait to the first of the month, when the grocers and butchers are trying to collect their bills, and you will think there is a fair or a circus out in this part of town. I know it is a little dull during the day. That's the way it is in all fashionable localities; but just wait till about twelve o'clock at night, when these high-toned roosters come home drunk, and pound on their front doors and whoop."—*Texas Siftings*.

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Perilous Position

OF THE ONLY LADY MEMBER OF THE QUEBEC PRESS ASSOCIATION AMONG THE "BLISTERERS."

Our only lady-member often proves useful, as she is allowed to "rush in where angels—I mean ordinary reporters—dare not tread." Her reception at ladies' meetings has always been pleasant and polite, until last Tuesday, when she was invited by the *minority* to attend a meeting at the Hervey Institute, and when, according to her own account, she had a narrow escape from a personal experience of the blisters and black holes prescribed by that establishment; at least she certainly had an encounter with Physical Force, which left her incapable of giving a lucid account of the affair.

According to the late published reports of the "whitewashing committee," the regulation discipline of the establishment for *lying* is the immediate application of a mustard blister, therefore we may judge of the alarm of the "only lady member" when accused of this crime by one of the stern disciplinarians, who declared in *forcible* terms that she did not believe the O. L. M. had been authorized to give a report by any paper. Then mustard plasters rose up before the mental vision of the terrified O. L. M., and the doubt as to whether they put a *rag* between racked her sorrowing soul. "Please, ma'am, I was told to come," she cried, "and if you'll wait I'll get you a letter from the editor." "Don't interrupt me," shouted the attacking party, while she continued to pour forth the vials of her wrath; and all around gathered the frowning faces of the blisterers, with growls of "scurrilous press," "literary scavengers," "blistering too good for them," etc., etc. "Please, ma'am, do you put a rag between?" ventured the O. L. M., "and couldn't you put it on the editor instead of me?" Then the minority came to her rescue, and the O. L. M. was allowed to escape, going on her way a sadder and a wiser woman, for she vows she will never go near a "blisterer" again.

At the Social.

Mrs. Smith (*sympathetically*)—"Poor Mrs. Siren! they say she has been ordered to a warmer climate. Do you think she will go?"
Mrs. Brown (*grimly*)—"No, not while she lives."



THE GLOBE'S PATENT PLAN.

(The lady teachers in the Toronto Public Schools are greatly incensed at the action of the Trustees, who have responded to their petition for an increase of salary by granting an advance of only \$25, whereas the male teachers have received double that sum.—*Daily Paper*.)

Editor of Globe to Lady Teacher.—You see, the male teachers are likely to devote their lives to the profession, and so it pays to give them high salaries; whereas the ladies—now, if you will just sign *this*, I think you will have no difficulty in fixing the Trustees!

(But of course she won't!)

The Cold Ground.

SCENE, FASHIONABLE MONTREAL BOARDING-HOUSE DINNER TABLE.

Charming Young Widow.—"So, sir, Hugem-fast is really going to marry again already!"
Aesthetic Old Maid.—"What a shame! his wife can hardly be cold in her grave!"
Lively Matron.—"Why, yes, Miss Robinson; with the weather we have had this winter, she must be quite cold." Tableau.

Perhaps.

One of the charges brought against the matron of the Hervey Institute, during the late investigation was that she gave the children only rice with milk and water (lots of water) for dinner. This charge was pooh poohed by the ladies of the majority; probably they thought it excusable, knowing Mrs. Greig's own inordinate fondness for Rice.

Some Radical Views.

DEAR GRIP,—I am a student, but I am a radical. Yes, sir, I am a radical, every inch of me, and I am proud to confess it. I abhor conventionalities with an intenseness that would satiate even the hungry soul of Oscar in its wild yearnings utterwards. I am somewhat incoherent at times when I get worked up over the grand original ideas that evolve themselves from my inner consciousness; but that is a minor matter, and, if you have no rooted objections, I will proceed to give you the benefit of my ideas on things in general. The first principle I lay down is, that whatever is popular is necessarily wrong. To me this is a self-evident axiom, incapable of proof, because of its utter truth. (N.B.—Don't imagine for a moment that I am an aesthete because I use the word *utter*. I ain't. Anybody who has seen me will certify to that.) This principle being infallible requires, according to all scientific and metaphysical doctrine, an exception or two to strengthen it. I am happy to say there is an exception. Everything that is popular is wrong, except when I am popular; then I find it all right. I make this rule the guide of my life, e.g., by way of illustration, everybody shaves. I don't. Radicals should always wear beards. Most ordinary mortals wear stiff felts. I wear a skull cap. Most students sport elegant canes. I am addicted to the manipulation of a cudgel of unknown circumference. Yes, sir, I am a radical, and radicalism is bound to triumph. Grant me the truth of my fundamental principle, "*Si, illud me da, vis*," as the Latin poet exclaimed in the ecstasy of his phrensy, grant me that (and get people to believe it) and I will revolutionize the world. Once get the masses to believe that everything that is popular is wrong, and the golden age of poets' dreams will have dawned, the millenium itself will be upon us, and existing conventionalities will sink into the chaotic oblivion of utter nothingness. Say, don't you think that that last sentence is just a trifle poetic. If it is, I had better stop. There is no poetry about me. I hate the conventional; poetry is conventional, *ergo ipso* I hate poetry. There are lots of conventionalities around the college that enjoys the honour of my attendance, which I would like to see levelled to the ground, such as scholarships, medals, prizes, honours, and similar trashy frivolities. I have, of course, enjoyed my share of them, but it is the principle of the thing I object to. They are conventional and popular in all famous Universities, *ergo* they must be wrong and should be abolished if my fundamental principle is correct. As it is conventional to write long letters in which little or nothing is said, I will stop short on the assumption that you are highly impressed and instructed.

Yours unconventionally,

R. ADICAL.



SAD POSITION OF A STATESMAN.

It is always painful to record the fall of a man who has occupied a position of honour in society, and these feelings press upon us as we perform the duty of chronicling the fact that one of our most distinguished statesmen was the other day cited to appear before the bar of the Police Court. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, whose youthful goodness gave hopes of a long and prosperous career of usefulness; whose studiousness in later years strengthened those hopes, and whose achievements in active life actually realized those hopes in a very high degree;—the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, who had risen from the humble avocation of a stonemason, to the highest dignity open to Canadian worth and genius in the realm of politics;—the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, whose name had become synonymous with the prompt and faithful discharge of duty—cited to appear before the Police Magistrate!! Ah! reader, this is a terrible example of the danger to which all are exposed, and ought to be pondered by all who would escape the fate which befel this once good man. Little did the admiring throng that but lately surrounded the Reform Premier's carriage think that the day would come when their hero would be cited before the Police Court! Little did Mackenzie's good and honest parents dream that their beloved child would one day be hauled up before Denison! Alas! nobody could have believed that Mackenzie, the industrious, earnest, and energetic Mackenzie, would ever neglect to *clean off his snow*, and so be brought before the beak!



AN EVIL OF "LONG STANDING."

Which is not likely to be abolished until customers refuse to deal with store-keepers who will not provide means whereby their saleswomen can rest their weary limbs during their long hours of duty.



AN ADAPTATION FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

FIRE WOULDN'T BURN STICKS—STICKS WOULDN'T BEAT DOG—DOG WOULDN'T BITE PIG—PIG WOULDN'T "GO!"

The Civil Service.

The Ontario Premier was called upon by a shabby genteel individual. The Premier, as his manner is, received him with effusion, and talked to him in a benign, good-natured, agreeable, jovial, edifying and instructive voice. "But," said Mr. Mowat, "if I were you I would, at this season, wear a warmer coat."

"I can't afford it, sir," said the visitor. "I am, you know, one of the Ontario Civil Servants, and our salaries, promised some years ago to be raised, never were. Everything is up, and all have to make one dollar do the work of three."

"But," said the Premier, with the air of a crusher, "the matter cannot be pressing, for I have settled it long ago."

"Indeed, sir," said the Civil Servant, "perhaps there is some mistake. The money may be ready for us if we apply for it."

"No," said the benign Premier, "not exactly that; in fact you cannot possibly get any money, not any actual matter of fact money, till I say so. But I have done the very next thing, so near as to be almost the thing itself, so near as to satisfy any reasonable man; in fact we have almost utterly anticipated and executed your wishes."

The Civil Servant smiled joyfully. It was so long since he had smiled that it almost cracked his mouth, and he clapped his hand to it. He could not speak. He waited in agonized happiness to hear more.

"Yes," said Mr. Mowat. He struck an attitude. "I have done all any one could ask. I have taken it into my consideration!"

The Civil Servant's face had broadened with joy. A remarkable change occurred. It lengthened so suddenly that, being rather brittle with low diet, it almost cracked in a new place. "Yes, sir," he gasped, "I am very grateful. But still it does not exactly help us."

"Not help you!" said Mr. M. "What more could you desire? Are you not aware that that is the way I perform my functions; that I am celebrated for doing it, and not particularly for doing anything else? Everybody knows it, and all the meetings now pass resolutions complimenting me, and pledging candidates to support the Hon. Mr. Mowat, whose glorious stand in defence of the liberties of our noble Province, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. Read the *Globe*. I am afraid you do not read the *Globe*."

"But, sir," said the applicant, "we are very hard up. We were promised——"

"Of course you were," said Mr. M. "It was just, and proper, and Christian, and moral, and noble, and excellent, and worthy, and proper, and correct that you should get an advance. In fact, we got an advance. So did the Members. We did not, I believe, on that occasion take it into consideration. But with respect to you, we will do all we possibly can. We will take it into consideration at once, and in the course of a few years——"

"But, sir," said the Civil Servant, "we shall all be starved!" His face was now so long that you expected it every moment to form a sort of pillar from the floor to the ceiling.

"If that happens," said Mr. Mowat, "we will again take it into our best consideration. Good morning; good morning; good morning: I am very busy; I have several matters I want to take into my—— Good morn'g."

Nonsense.

There were two old maids up in Kalamazoo, Whose friends didn't know what to give them to do. So they packed them off west with their ancient mamma, And they all three got husbands in Manitobah.

Do you know the latest craze,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann,
Do you know the latest craze,
Mary Ann?

It is to spend your days
'Neath a big sunflower's rays,
Or to sit up with a lily,
Mary Ann.
—G. G. M.

Art and Oil.

The Norfolk (Va.) *Virginian* of Jan. 16, 1881, refers to the remarkable cure effected by St. Jacobs Oil in the case of Prof. Cromwell,—known the country over for his magnificent Art Illustrations—who had suffered excruciating torments from rheumatism, until he tried the Oil, whose effects were magical.

Better left unsaid: Fogg went into the carpet store of Brussels & Tapestry. He was shown several patterns, but none seemed to satisfy his taste until the dealer unrolled a beautiful Brussels, saying: "There is a carpet that will suit you. That carpet is hard to beat." Fogg said he didn't want it if that was the case, and walked out, leaving the dealer a sadder but wiser man.—*Boston Transcript*.

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The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.



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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.**Please Observe.**

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Messrs. J. S. Robertson & Bros., Whitby, are Special Subscription Agents for GRIP, and have authority to appoint Sub-agents and countersign receipts issued by us.

Mr. George Crammond, our sole Advertising Agent, is also authorized to transact subscription and collecting business.

"Grip" Printing and Publishing Co.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The tone of assurance in which the *Globe* announces the intention of the Government to bring on the general election immediately after the present session, convinces us that its "unquestionable authority" for the statement can be no other than the Premier himself. Indeed the *Globe* itself declares that in making the announcement it has done the work of a regular government organ. The *Mail* would have a right to feel cut had Sir John seen fit to make his confidential communication to a paper belonging to the Opposition, but as it is there is no cause for complaint, as the *Globe* some time ago declared itself to be the organ of no party. The Premier deserves credit for using the Independent press on great State occasions like this—that is if he did really authorize Mr. Brown's paper to make the announcement.

FRONT PAGE.—For appropriate comments on the subject of "Spring Openings" our readers are referred to the ladies who do the shopping this month, and for ornamental variations on their comments, apply to the heads of the households who furnish the purses.

EIGHTH PAGE.—This cartoon, which we copy from London *Funny Folks*, sets forth the *Cloture* question exactly. Gladstone's measure is intended to "smooth the way," and the state of the road makes it absolutely necessary. No amount of howling and yelling on the part of the "dogged" Opposition will make the country believe the traction engine to be a foreign monster.

Grip Printing and Publishing Company.

The inaugural meeting of the Board of Directors of this Company was held on Tuesday, the 7th inst., for the organization of the Company. The charter of incorporation, granted under the Joint Stock Companies' Act, was read. The Directors were all present, namely, J. L. Morrison, Geo. Clarke, J. W. Bengough, S. J. Moore, and Thomas Bengough. Mr. Morrison was elected President and Mr. Moore secretary of the Provisional Board. A number of By-laws regulating the affairs of the Company were adopted, and arrangements were made for taking over the business of Messrs. Bengough, Moore & Bengough. The Secretary reported that stock to the amount of nearly \$28,000 had been subscribed, and it was decided to make calls according to terms of prospectus. Mr. J. W. Bengough was appointed editor of GRIP, with sole literary and artistic control of the paper. Mr. Moore was appointed Manager, and the Quebec Bank, Bankers for the Company.

The first annual general meeting of the shareholders will be held in Toronto, on Friday, 21st of April next, timely notice of which will be given through the press.

**A "SOFT MONEY" FABLE.**

One day as an able Finance Minister was walking abroad, he came across a poor man who was laboring upon a public work.

"Well, William," said the Minister in a pleasant voice, "and how are you getting along?"

"I am doing good solid work, sir," replied William, "every stroke of my pick enriches the country."

"True," responded the Finance Minister, "and I hope it is also enriching yourself."

"Well, sir, I regret to say it is not," replied William sadly. "I was paid my wages for last month in bank bills, and on presenting them to my grocer, I was informed that the bank had just broken, so that I lost all my wages, though the country received the full results of my labor."

"That was very sad indeed!" remarked the Finance Minister, with deep sympathy. "Let us hope you will have better luck next month!"

"Thank you, sir," responded William "but it would suit me still better if you made some arrangement by which labor would be paid for in some medium more sure and certain than bank notes. What's the reason I couldn't be paid in Dominion notes, with the security of the whole country to back them?"

The Finance Minister looked very thoughtful indeed, and walked slowly away without answering the question.



A far greater audience would have assembled at the Grand Opera House on the occasion of Mrs. Owen Flint's entertainment, if the musically-loving citizens of Toronto had been familiar with the name of Miss Nora Clench, which in the advertisements was modestly given in subdued type. This young lady—or rather little girl, for she is only about thirteen years of age, is a marvellous performer on the violin. She is a daughter of Mr. Clench, barrister, of St. Marys, who is himself a good violinist. Miss Nora has had the advantage of tuition under some of the best teachers available, amongst them being Remenyi, who is enthusiastically proud of her genius, and considers her an ornament to the Dominion. Her playing is distinguished for purity and depth of feeling, and has a large measure of that peculiar quality which marks the performance of the great Hungarian violinist. We hope this gifted young Canadian may visit Toronto again shortly, when we feel sure she will receive a welcome such as she deserves.

At the Royal, Mr. Herndon and Company are playing a round of popular pieces, amongst them being *Rip Van Winkle* and *Toodles*. The audiences have not been so large as the performances deserved, though it is safe to predict a rousing house for the regular Saturday matinee.

Editor "Passing Show."

SIR,—Don't you think it would be a good idea for the proprietors of our two Opera Houses to pool their interests, and give us just one first-class theatre at popular prices of admission—say 75c., 50c., and 25c., according to position. We venture to say it would be money in the pockets of both gentlemen, and if I mistake not it's money they're after.—Yours,

AN OLD STAGER.

Toronto, Mar. 7.

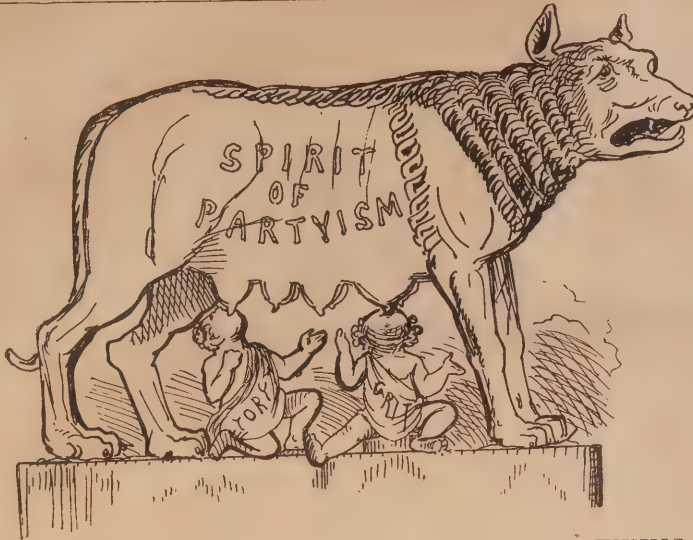
Conceive him if you can.

Professor Daniel Wilson, President of University College, has refused certain young lady undergraduates of the University admittance to lectures in the College, on the ground that it would interfere with the discipline of the institution. One of these young ladies, an undergraduate of the third year, with high standing in first-class honours in Classics, has applied for and been admitted to lectures at Queen's College, Kingston, whose liberal-minded Principal, Dr. Grant, in sympathy with the practice of some eminent American and German Universities, sees no very alarming impropriety in the attendance of young ladies at the regular lectures of the College.

Conceive him if you can,
This matter of fact old Dan,
With his notions antique,
And his masculine pique,
This girls' *bête noir* old Dan,
Who won't let them learn,
In our College halls stern,
Because of the awful,
Outrageous, unlawful
Results he can discern,
Of such a modern plan,
This behind the times old Dan,
This very dogmatic, by no means Quixotic,
Not very co-education Dan!

—CUDGELS.

The offer of \$5,000 to the inventor of a "humane cattle-car" has brought out 700 models, none of which come up to the mark, however. What seems to be wanted is a car carpeted with Wilton, furnished with mirrors, and roomy enough so that all the old cows can have lower berths.



ROMULUS AND REMUS, THE POLITICAL TWINS.

(DESIGN FOR A BRAZEN GROUP TYPICAL OF CANADIAN POLITICS PROPOSED TO BE ERECTED IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE, OTTAWA, BY THE MUNIFICENCE OF MR. GRIP.)

O'Toole on the Boom.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBY, March 1st, '82.

MISTHER GRIP,—Shure an' it's meself fales loike shakin' yer fisht, me boy, I'm in rich shpirits. "An' f'what is the raison?" sez ye. Howld yer whisht, an' I'll till ye the sacrit from wan ind to the othder. Shure an' wasn't I in Ould Oireland a few wakes forinist Decimbir, a wurruckin' on me bit av a place. But me sowl was put out av me betwane lan' laguers, an' lan' lords, an' that ould divil, Gladstone. Ye darsent call yer nose yer own fur fare av bein' clapped into some bashtile or anothder. "Bad scan to it!" sez I to meself; "I'll imigrate to some place where wan kin live dasant an' quite loike." An' shure I made up me moind to go to the Shtates, whin wan day I was in Lim'rick I got howld av a copy av the Markis av Lorne's spache at Winnipig, an' it changed me iday at wance. So I wint home, an' I sez to me wife; "Judy," sez I, "ye'd bether pack up the childer, fur I'm goin' to imigrate to Canada be the nixt shtamer."

"Och, Larry, jewel," sez she, "an' don't go loike a good man. Shure we'll all be drowned in the say, or aten be thim wild cannibals, the Canajuns."

"Cannibals!" sez I. "An' f'what d'ye mane? Shure an' they're no more cannibals than yerself!"

"Och, yes, Larry," sez she, "the praist sez so."

"Bad luck to him thin," sez I, fur I was gittin' mad, "an' it's tellin' lies he is!"

Me ould woman hild up her fishts. "Och, honey," sez she, "an' a wicked man ye are to shpake av the praist loike that. I hard him say they wuz cannibals wid me own airs, an' he sed there wuz lines an' toigers an' othder wild bastes as thick as ye plaze."

"I don't care if there wuz a millin lines," sez I, "I'm goin'; so pack up yer duds, an' none av yer chat, or I'll line ye, ye ould blather!"

Shure an' she kipt mighty quite afther that, me lad, an' it wuzn't more than a wake till we got on the shtamer, bound fur Quebic. We rached the ind av our thrip in the latter part av November, an' afther spindin' a few days viewin' the sanery, we shtarted fur the Quane City. It's mighty plazed I wuz wid it, an' I soon flit loike wan av the citizins meself. But

I wuzn't there long till I hard iviry wan shpakin' av lots in this, that an' the othder city in Manitoby; an' to foind out f'what it all mint, I jist wint to wan av the sales. Bliss yer sowl! I wuzn't hardly in whin the faver shtruck me, an' I wuz biddin' away loike mad. I got howld av a quather av a dozen lots in as foine a city as I ivir hard till av, an' home I wint, feelin' loike an imperor.

"Judy," sez I, as I flung me cap in the carner, "Judy, I've spikilated!"

"Wirra, wirra!" sez she, "an' it wuz a sorry day whin we lift the ould sod. F'what'll the childer do now?"

"An' f'what's the matter?" sez I. "Is any-wan goin' to ate ye?"

"F'what's the matter?" sez she; "an' d'ye nade t' ax that an' ye gone an' turned proteshtint?"

"Proteshtint!" sez I; "an' who's turned proteshtint?"

"Didn't ye say jist now," sez she, "that ye'd spikilated?"

"May the divil spikilate ye!" sez I; "shure wid yer toigers an' proteshtints ye'll be the dith av me. It's makin' me fortin' I am; that's f'what I mane be spikilatin, so git in ordher, fur we shtart fur Manitoby nixt Chewsday."

Will, to make a long shtory short, we rached hare six wakes ago, an' I shtarted out to foind me lots, but shure it wuz no aisy job. At lasht I axed a gintleman at Portish Lapperairy if he ould till me where I'd foind them. He winked wid his lift oye, an' sez he, "Ye'r sowl, me lad. Thim lots av yours ain't worth tin dollars, so ye may rist aisy about thim." Shure I didn't belave him at first, an' I sarched fur a wake afther thim, an' I did foind thim, too, but the divil a tint as much wuz widin twenty moiles av thim! "It's sowl ye are, shure enough," sez I, an' I flit loike kickin' meself fur bein' sich an omadhaun. But I didn't wape long, fur an iday saized me, an' I turned auctionare. Bliss yer sowl! an' it wuzzent a wake till I had Judy an' the childer dreshed in silks, an' meself marchin' up Main-Strate wid a shmoke-shtack hat on me hid an' me thumbs in the arm-howls av me visht. It's a made man I am, an' I'll soon be an im p e. Judy sinds her besht respiks to ye.

Yours obediently,

LARRY O'TOOLE.

Results of Travel.

SCENE—*Æsthetic Club, London, England.*
Pots of lilies. On table, Ruskin's Stones of Venice, Rosetti's Poems. On walls, pre-Raphaelite Marys, Giotto's O, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—*Æsthètes awaiting Oscar Wilde's return from America.*

Rosetti—Our delicate apostle, concrete emanate of all the spirituality of the beautiful, returns to-night. Let us all hail.

[Enter Oscar hurriedly.]

All—All hail.

Oscar, brusquely—How do ole fels? Shake! Silence prevails.

Oscar continues—What, ne'er a chin? Pull down your vests. Let us smole a smile. Nominate. Dwey lagers? Pick me-up? Cobbler? Smash? Say!

Symptoms of uneasiness among the æsthètes. Oscar, boisterously—What, silent all! and silent still? Du tell. O, hunky dory!

Æsthètes make for the door, exclaiming—He is possessed by a Yankee devil!!!

In Anticipation of a Change in the Tariff.

GRIP to Sir John—Never say die! Polly put the kettle on, we'll all have tea. Hip, hip, hurrah!

"Established industries should not be hastily interfered with" Vide Mr. Mackenzie's speech. "Whistle and I'll come, Tilley, my lad."

OAD TO THE BIG WHAIL.

Composed while kamly gazin into his veloominus jox, and a feelin' of him occasionally.



WHAIL! jiganuk and prodjus annimile!
How sick ye must be of bein' gazed at,

By countless multichoods of kewrus fokes,
And havin' pins and things run inter yu!
Eksaggerated sarden! How very dri
Yu must be after bein' wet so long.
But I forget. Yu air defunk—ek—
Seedingly so—and never worst agen
Kin waz yure elefantine tale.
Nor snort, nor pranse a round az formerly of year.
Yu air a tremenjus broot and no mistaik,
And must a had to go outside to turn
Around without a steppin' onto yureself.
How okwerd must it be to gro so big
And phat, that yu don't kno what to do
With yurself. But nevertheless, I bet
Yu was a giddy burd when yung
And hed a good time permiskusly
A swishin' round with that there tale, and blow'n
Hole bukketful of water thru yure knose,
And chasin' littler fishes round the bloo,
Bloo see. I wonder wot yure age might be,
And ef yu knode the whail wot swollered Jonah;
Or praps yu was a juvenile, and not
Arrrove onto diskreshun which akounts
For yure bein' here ez ded ez yur klam.
Yu went ashoar down inter Novey Skosha,
And got left, wich wos foolish for
So large a whail. Yude probably kno better ef
Yu got annuthder chause, wich probably yu wont.
Stoopenjus kriter! yu must waz ez much
Ez Mister Baxter in his stokking feet
And m! whot lodes of korsits yu will maik,
And guse-oil and St. Ja—I beg yure parding—
My mistaik. Yu never hurd of that.
I wish I hadnt. I wish I saw yu wen
Yu hed the Boys Home in your mouth wich
happened lately, and must have ben a grate
And glorious site, and worth a quarter eny da.
O mighty and orful beast, and has it cum
To this, that yu are stuffed with ha and hawled
About the country for a sho. Alas!
How are the mitey fallen, and wot are we
A kummin' to!

SCRANTON.



"THE SCOTT ACT IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION."

A7 "STRAW" WHICH SHOWS HOW THE WIND BLOWS IN THE VICINITY OF ST. JOHN, N.B. SCOTT ACT DETECTIVES MAKE A NOTE OF IT.

Mrs. Sniffins' Adventure with a Dramatic Elocutionist.

"It's perfectly himpossible to get a bit o' peace or quietness in Mrs. Arassall's boardin' ouse with the hincessant screechin' o' that hodious Hamanda Larkins, as seems to think erself the Supreme Madonna o' the country, but I don't wonder if she complains o' sore throat, such screamin' must be very hagger-evatin' to the vocal corns and cartridges.

"As to 'er boastin' about runnin' hup to E flat, which 'as no connection with singin' in my hopinion, I remarked in my most hysterical manner, that though no light-weight now, when I was 'er hage I could a'run hup to henny number o' flats, and wouldn't o' thought I 'ad no call to boast on it either. And she, that himpertinent, bust out with 'er silly giggle right in my face.

"But I must say, as she was pretty nimble on 'er pins, the other hevenin', wich all 'appened through a slit in my tongue, as the sayin' is, for 'avin' fallen asleep on a sofy, I was waked hup all on a suddint, by 'earin' a man's voice shoutin' in the most voracious manner, 'Awake, arise, ring the alarm bell.' I, feelin' that dazed like, I 'ardly knew what I was doin', jumps hup, throws hopen the window, and rings the dinner-bell vociferously, shoutin' at the same time 'fire' till I 'adn't a whiff o' breath left.

"Such a promotion as there was, with people rushin' in and draggin' hout the furniture, and throwin' buckets o' water all hover Mrs. Arassall's carpets; and, to clap the climate, as the sayin' is, participatin' all o' Miss Larkins' yeast-settic china right hout o' the window, though it wasn't much less in my opinion, bein' about as full o' cracks as 'er own voice is. Just wen the hagitation was at its 'ighth, down comes a young man, as 'ad arrived the previous hevenin', and asks wot in the world there was such a row about, as there was no fire, only 'im a practisin' o' 'is rheumatic hexecution. With that they all seemed perfectly satisfied, and quietly aspersed. But it wasn't no sort o' hexplanation in my hopinion, as I don't care to be livin' in the 'ouse with a hexecutionist, though I must say, much more like a lunatik, with 'is long 'air parted in the middle, and a wild roll in 'is heyes.

"Well, I makes hup my mind to watch 'im, and the very next mornin', jest wen I was readin' a letter from John Caesar—I 'ad better hexplain that John Caesar is my boy at Hoxford, and is quite a gasical scholar—I 'ad my 'art nearly analyzed by 'earin' these words spoke in a sepulchral tone: 'My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.'

"And, lookin' hup, I saw that lunatik, wriggin' 'imself into hall sorts o' haptitudes, and 'is heye, as the poet says, with a wild infuency rollin', wile 'e goes on a sayin':—

'Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.'

"Hup to that time I 'ad stood as if prefixed to the spot, but now, rememberin' that lunatiks could be 'eld with a steady glare o' the heye. I fastens my troptic on 'im, at the same time superstitiously stealin' round the room in the direction of the coal grate, with the hintention o' seizin' the tongs. Till then, 'e 'adn't hobserved me, but now says, pointin' 'is long finger at me, 'Whence and what art thou, hexecrable shape?'

"Says I, feelin' my nervous sistem fortified by a pair of tongs with a live coal in the hend o' them, 'I'm no more a hexecrable shape than you are.' With that, 'e screams hout, 'The woman's mad!' an, 'seizin' the piano-stool, dodges round the room as if 'e 'ad got 'old of a galvanic battlement.

"Of course I didn't mean to 'urt 'im, honly to 'old 'im at bay, as the sayin' is, till 'elp arrived, but, just at that moment, my foot tripped hover a darned patch in the carpet, an' the way them tongs went flyin' through the hair, just lightin' hon that lunatik's 'ead, and bringin' 'im down with a crash, nearly vitrified me on the spot; an' I'm sure the blow that piano-stool gave 'im must 'ave halmost stove in 'is ribs, an' by the time I 'ad regained my hequal-iveryman, that coal 'ad begun to make a regular consternation in 'is shirt-front.

"Of course I didn't want 'im to burn hup, an' 'im a lyin' there as frigid and 'elpless as one o' them 'igh hact statutes, so I seizes a large hantiquarian as was standin' in the bay window, an' I pours the 'ole contents hover 'im. I soon distinguished the flames in 'is shirt-front, but it did go to my 'art to see the lizards and

gold fishes and hall them hother reptiles wriggin' habout so huncomfortable through not bein' hin their native helement.

"By that time there was a crowd collected, an' they picks 'im hup and lays 'im on a sofy, sayin' 'ow I 'ad murdered a 'armless young gentleman, as was only practicin' Macbeth to fecite in the hevenin' at a church sociable.

"Well, says I, paragorically speakin', 'I've spread a shelterin' wing hover that church sociable.'

"But it did give me a turn seein' 'im lyin' there lookin' very murdered, dead wite, an' a large cut in 'is forehead, so I leaves them pickin' the gold fish an' lizards hout o' 'is 'air and whiskers, an' goes to the kitching to make 'im a poultice.

"When I returns I finds 'im beginnin' to give a few feeble wriggles, an' at last 'e sits hup an' says in a very weak voice, 'Is that a dagger that I see before me?'

"No, says I, 'its a poultice o' soap an' sugar, though some do 'old as sweet hoi is better for burns, but in my hopinion soap an' sugar is more drawin'.

"Then, says he, 'avin' the rulin' passion strong in death, as good old David says, 'Throw physio to the dogs, I'll none of it.' But they pays no 'eed to 'is demonstrances, an' poultices an' bandages 'im hup till 'e looks like a becalmed mummy, though not nearly so brown in complexion.

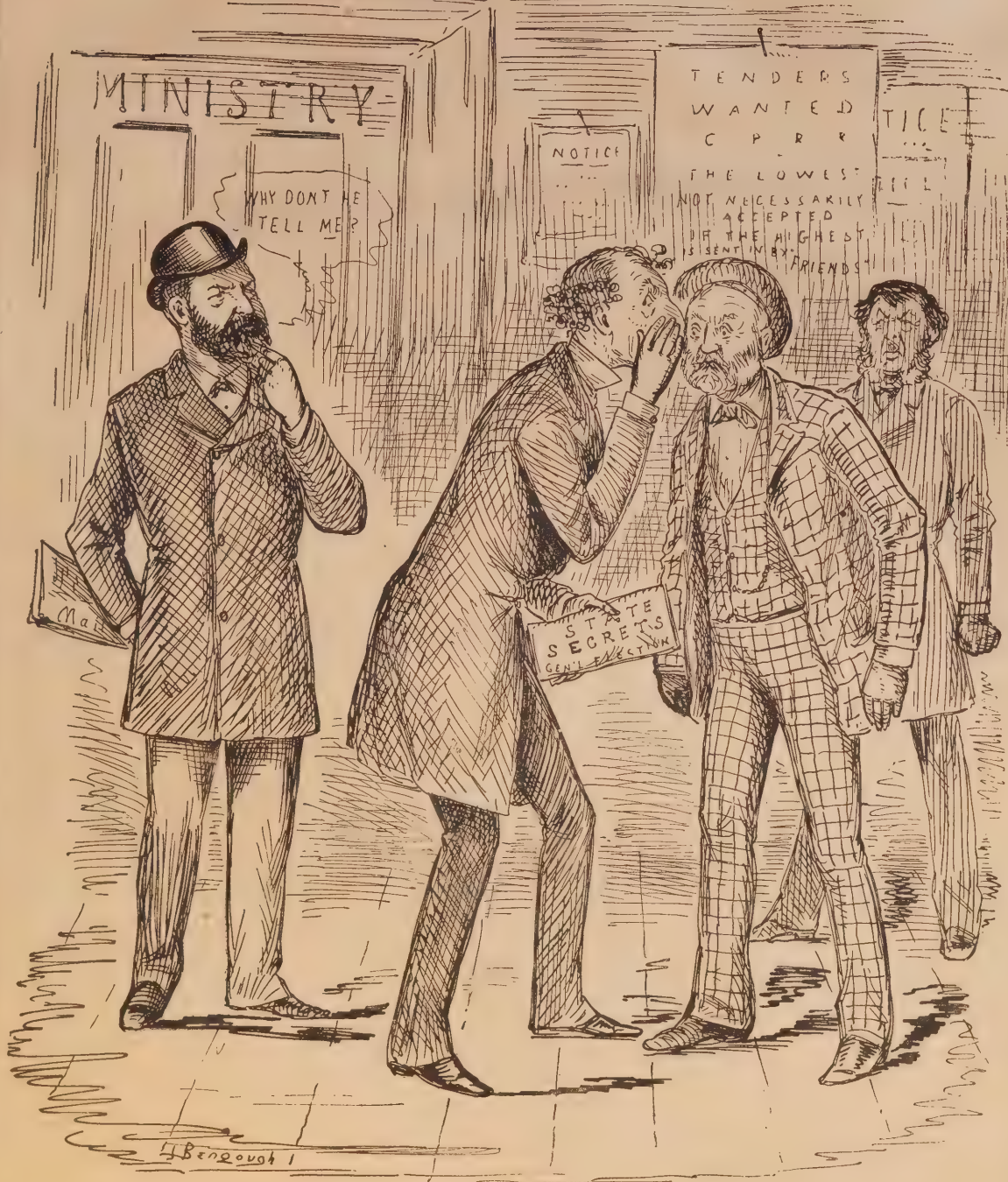
"But I must say as 'e is a good-natured young fellow, and larfed quite 'early this hevenin', wen I was a sittin' by 'im bathin' 'is damaged brow, an' hexplainin' 'ow it all 'appened, so as I might hexterpate the label on my character."



LETTER FROM THE OTTAWA LOBBY To the Manitoba Ministry.

DEAR PALS,—I am sorry to report that since my last letter I have made great progress. After a long and tedious wait—I am of course stopping at the Russell and you will have to bring in supplementary estimates to a large amount to settle my bill—I at last got hold of John A., and prevailed upon him to promise to show me where he kept his grindstone. After a few weeks of additional dilly-dallying, he directed me to the Axe-Grinding department, and handed me the key. I was so pleased at having succeeded in my mission that I retired to my hotel and rested for a fortnight. I then went to the department in question, taking my axe with me. On entering the room I found the grindstone in first-class condition—evidently been out of use for a long time. I got fresh water in the pot and took off my coat to go to work, when I made the startling discovery that the handle of the grindstone had been removed. I learnt that Sir John keeps it looked up in his desk. After another month's wait I got the key and as you have already heard, my axe has been ground. Yours patiently,

J-HN N-RQ—Y.



"PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL."

SIR JOHN.—WE INTEND TO BRING ON THE GENERAL ELECTION RIGHT AWAY—MAKE HASTE AND ORGANIZE OR YOU'LL GET LEFT. HUSH! NOT A WORD TO BUNTING OR THE MAIL!

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The average young man cannot hold thirty pounds of iron on his knees for twenty minutes, yet he willingly kills himself trying to hold 140 pounds of girl for two hours.

A prisoner at South Bend, Ind., tried to commit suicide the other day because the Warden seemed to feel above him in society. This is evidently going to be a dreadful summer.

Few parents would believe it, but it is nevertheless true that their boys in college had much rather win a medal for swinging Indian clubs than the prize for the best essay.

New York *Commercial Advertiser*: In China they punish adulteration of food with death. The more we think of these benighted heathens, the more we are convinced that they must go.

The London *Telegraph* doesn't believe that the hanging of Guiteau will alone suffice, and the *Courier-Journal* suggests that five or six base ball clubs be hung with him. Why not?

"Gath" has gone to Florida, where he will no doubt hunt out the biggest alligator he can find and interview him, to see if the animal has a mouth that can rival his own.—*Boston Post*.

The Sprague divorce case is settled without his proving her unfaithful or she proving him a great brute. Just as well. The public understand all that either could wish to prove.

The *Steuben Republican*: "It is when an actor attempts to make an extempore speech that we fully realize what a horrible effect the scandalous grammar of Shakspeare has had on him."

Tom Thumb has had it announced that he gave his wife \$7,000 worth of diamonds on her late birthday. That's pretty good for a little shaver who had to mortgage his home six months ago.

The *Courier-Journal* can't see why twenty Michigan men armed with axes should run away from one bear. If the editor of the *Courier-Journal* had been there he might have comprehended it.—*Boston Post*.

John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, has contributed \$250 to the Harrison revival cause now in progress in that city. He ought to. His paper has done much to make a revival necessary.—*Buffalo Express*.

The two friends were talking about theatres. "How wide is the stage opening at Music Hall?" asked one. "Well, I don't know exactly," said the other, "but it is just the width of a Gainsborough hat on the seat in front."—*Lowell Citizen*.

Precocious children—"I know," said the little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, "that you will join in our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The Toronto *World* hits off Northwest speculation in these lines:

"I scoop, thou scoopest! he scoops,"
Thus sings the Winnipegger,
"We scoop, you scoop, they scoop,"
And who'll be left a beggar?

It cannot be too frequently stated that strangers are not allowed to carry concealed weapons in this city. They do not vote here, and they cannot expect to enjoy all the privileges of citizenship on a fifteen minutes' acquaintance.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Perhaps our people do not sufficiently appreciate street railroads. The late Mr. Ko, Chinese Professor of Harvard, being asked once what he had seen in this country that pleased him most, in contrast to the mode of life at home, promptly replied, "horse cars."

The Poet.

"Is the literary editor out?" asked a rather subdued-looking young man, as he gently opened the door of the editorial rooms and peered furtively into the apartment.

"You bet he's out," replied the trotting-horse reporter, "somebody sent in for review a book on how to compute logarithms, and the literary editor is allowing the full effulgence of his radiant brain to illumine that little work just now—you'll see a daisy notice of it in the paper next Saturday."

"What I want to know," said the mild-looking young man, "was whether—"

"Oh, I know what ails you," interrupted the young man, who once attempted to convince the editor that Iroquois was of more value than a protective tariff, when it came to keeping British gold in this country; "that table-cloth collar of yours and the little thimble hat on your head gave away your racket to me, the moment you turned into the home-stretch so that I could get a good look at you. Unless you are a ringer, and trotting out of your class, you have in the right-hand inside pocket of your coat a poem, which you would like to have printed in Sunday's paper. It is written on foolscap paper, in a very plain hand. All this is dead-certain, and we are prepared to bet seven to four on it to any amount. Am I giving it to you right?" and the biographer of Goldsmith Maid smiled affably.

"You are certainly correct, sir," said the young man, "and if you would be so kind as to—"

"Don't say any more," was the response. "I can see by the way you score down for the word exactly what class you are in. Just plant yourself in the corner over there and hoot forth your madrigal or song-and-dance, or whatever it is. I can pipe you off from here, all right."

The young man looked somewhat surprised, but took the position indicated, and read as follows:—

Ah! ne'er can I forget that happy day
When you and I—not thinking it amiss,
And no one seeing us who might betray—
Each to the other gave a rapturous kiss.
I felt the passing pulses of your heart,
Responsive like an echo to my own:
Your dreamy eyes and dewy lips apart
O'erwhelmed me with a thrill I ne'er had known.

Since then, I know not whether thou hast kept
The kiss I gave; nor whether, in my nightly rest,
Dreaming, thy arms have wandered while thou slept,
Seeking again to fold me to thy breast;
I only feel that thou art strangely changed;
As thou wert warm, so art thou calm and cold:
While I, unconscious why thou art estranged,
Burn with the passion I gave thee of old.

"It reads pretty smooth, doesn't it?" said the self-constituted critic to the law reporter.

The latter individual nodded assent.

"But that's just the kind of gruel that's easy to write," continued the critic. "Almost anybody can grind out slush like that—something that will rhyme every other line, and not shift its gait. I could make a pretty fair bluff at it myself."

"Allow me to suggest, sir," said the mild young man who had been doing the reading, "that poesy is the flower of the soul—a tender plant which thrives only where genius exists. I may venture to assert that no person, unless gifted with the true poetic fire, can write verses."

"Well, my pony-sucker," replied the exponent of turf law, "just to show you how far from the pole you are trotting I will give you a little exhibition of speed. Gimme a pencil somebody."

The pencil was produced, and the trotting horse reporter began to write. In a few minutes he had finished.

"Now this stuff," he said to the poet, "is in just the same metre as yours. Every other line rhymes, just like yours, and it tells the story exactly as well." He then read as follows:

Ah ne'er can I forget that summer night
When I went up—not noticing the pup,
Nor thinking that the little brute would bite—
To the front gate—and latchet lifted up.
I felt the passion pulses of my heart
Responsive to the bulldog's savage bark,
I braced myself and got a running start,
And showed a daisy clip across the park.

Since then I know not whether thou hast kept
The dog tied up; nor whether you imagine that
At jumping gates I have become adept,
Or can move on the fly, like midnight bat.
I only know that I am not a chump;
No steeple-chase for me, my bonnie lass;
I nevermore will leave you on the jump—
When bulldogs deal the cards I always pass.

"Well," said the poet, in a hesitating manner, "of course that isn't bad—for a parody—but in the essential points of poesy it is hardly equal to my verses."

"Perhaps not," replied St. Julien's friend, "but there is one place where I lay over you."

"Where is that?"

"My verses came out of my head and yours were stolen."

"It's a cold day when the trotting-horse reporter gets left," said the law reporter to the managing editor later in the day.

"That's so," was the reply, "and that reminds me that it must have been pretty chilly around Rochester, N. Y., last July. I sent him down there to report a big race on the Fourth, and he never showed up in Chicago until the 8th. He said he got left."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Chicago Tribune: The people of Alaska, who ought to be contented and happy, do not seem to know when they are well off. With whiskey at fourteen cents a quart, and neither a city council nor a supreme court to worry them, these skin-clad aliens are clamoring for a government.

"The distress among the poor is something awful this winter," said our Funny Contributor to his domestic the other morning; "I have just given a poor tramp his breakfast." "La sir!" answered the servant, "I gave that man his breakfast an hour ago." Our Contributor sighed as he saw the tramp disappearing in a precisely opposite direction to that which he had directed him to look for work.

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A POLITICAL NOVEL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE *Mail*.

CHAP. I.

"I can a tale unfold," etc.

—*Shakespeare*.

'Twas a wild and stormy night. The wind roared and howled round the Parliament Buildings, and the drifting snow whirled in fleecy clouds through the deserted streets. 'Twas a night in short

"Fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

[The printer will please put this and other quotations in nonpareil, and indented so as to attract attention to my aptness at citation and wide range of reading. I flatter myself that there are mighty few Canadian journalists that can sling in more quotations to the column than the writer. But to resume:]—

The debate was over. The members had gone to their respective houses and hasheries. Silent was the chamber that but an hour previous had re-echoed with the trenchant, brilliant rhetoric of a Lauder, and the fiery, impetuous eloquence of a Morris,—the logical statesman-like utterance of a Meredith on the one hand, and resounded to the ruffianly brawlings of a Fraser, the sniveling, tremulous tones of a Hardy, and the impotent truculence and blasphemy of a Mowat. Long had the discussion been waged, and at every point had the imbecile and disloyal creatures on the Ministerial benches been worsted by their able and patriotic antagonists; though, insolent in the strength of numbers, they had been enabled to snatch a seeming and shortlived triumph by brute force.

Now, in the Executive Council Chamber they were consoling themselves for crushing humiliation inflicted upon them, by a banquet worthy of the palmiest days of Lucullus. Choice viands bestrewed the board, and wines of the costliest vintages sparkled in richly-chased goblets.

Good brands of liquors and cigars,
Good stabling and attentive ostlers.

—*advt.*

Needless to say that the plundered taxpayers of Ontario sustained the burden of this reckless extravagance under the head of "unforeseen, and unprovided for." Oliver Mowat paced the apartment wrapped in thought and a heavy overcoat, arresting his steps at frequent intervals to drain a copious draught of the liquor he needed to nerve him to his desperate purpose. The unesthetic and brutal Fraser had thrown off all restraint and was revenging himself upon his absent opponents by unseemly jests. Before him lay a copy of the Orange bill unfolded, which, with a degree of incredible malignity he used at intervals as a cuspidor. A pile of registered letters which contained remittances from settlers and lumbermen, lay opened upon the sideboard. Messrs Wood and Pardee having had a dispute as to which should have the opportunity of appropriating their contents, were settling the matter by a game of euchre, accompanied by frequent accusations of foul play and abjurgations which made the messengers shudder.

Suddenly the Premier,

"By merit raised to that bad eminence,"

—*Milton*.

stopped, and turning to Fraser remarked in a deep hoarse voice,

"Our plan is working favourably, methinks. Its consummation must be hastened.—Not another month must elapse before—

"I tumble," said Fraser. "Tumble" is a very coarse expression which is only used by vulgar and uneducated people. They would not even have known what it meant in the

Twelfth century. They would not know even now, in Rome or Florence—which goes to show how much superior the cultivated Italian is to the Canadian who spits on the floor and sneers at Oscar Wilde.

"I tumble," he repeated, "we are ready." "Your trusty Land Leaguers will not fail us?" said the Premier.

"No, they have been secured by appointment of two additional messengers, and our promise to pass a resolution of sympathy with the Cause of Ireland, and to hoist the Green flag on the Lieut.-Governor's residence on the 17th. We can count on them."

"And the Agnostic contingent?"

"Ah, they are impatient for action—the *Mail's* Saturday articles have roused their indignation to fever heat, and they only wait the signal. Let me but flash the word over the wires, and Sir John, Mousseau, and the *Mail* fiend shall fall beneath their daggers. Ber-lud!"

And the blood-thirsty Commissioner of Public Works emitted a Satanic chuckle over the anticipated success of his fell devices. This was improper on his part. We may be charged with a morbid scrupulosity in such matters, the cynical may sneer at our views as impracticable, but nevertheless we must put on record our solemn conviction, that assassination, as a means of accomplishing a political object is decidedly wrong. That is, it is wrong on the part of any mere nineteenth century upstart like Mowat! When a Ruler by Divine Right, born in the Imperial purple, finds it necessary to thin out the Opposition benches it is ever so much different. They used to do these things in Rome and Florence quite frequently.

CHAP. II.

Amid immeasurable wastes
We walk this arid earth,
Of people of congenial tastes
There is too great a dearth.
Who culminates his nature's wealth
Will ne'er ingubriate by stealth.

—*Oscar Wilde*.

"Why thus moodful, Augustus?" queried Elvira Tavistock of her lover Augustus J. Swinkerton, as they strolled along the classic slopes of Parkdale, in sweetest soul communion.

Augustus hove a sigh and lapsed into thought. "Creighton and Lauder have been moving for more returns," he remarked sadly. He was a civil service employee and wore an eye-glass and yellow kid gloves.

Elvira stopped short, withdrew her arm from his and looked him in the face.

"No, Augustus J. Swinkerton," she said emphatically, "You do not deceive me by the subtle sophistries which are characteristic of the representatives of a corrupt government seeking to evade popular indignation. You are a Grit, Augustus, and even in your hours of dalliance your long continued habits of mendacity will assert themselves."

A flush suffused the cheek of the youth as he responded, "What have I done Elvira, to deserve this at your hands? To you, at least, I have been true as the Russian to the Pole.—Ah, Elvira if you only knew!"

"Then you are concealing something from me, cruel, cruel Augustus!" and the maiden sobbingly threw her convulsed frame upon his bosom as he chewed a clove to conceal his emotion.

"Get up, Elvira. The local reporter of the *Telegram*, anxious to pander to a depraved public appetite for sensations, looms in the near distance. Even now he sharpens his trusty pencil, and produces his note book,—Oh this is too much!"

"Then you will tell me?" she said, bracing up suddenly.

"Yes,—anything—everything. Let us take refuge in yonder friendly refreshment room, whither the *Telegram* fiend being impecunious dare not follow us. Alas! foiled! foiled!"

Have a stew, or dost like 'em in their native rawth?"

"Oh, you are too good, too kee-ind," she quoth murmuringly,—"But the secret, Augustus—the terrible secret which so weighs on you!"

"Hearken then, idol of my soul. There is a deep laid plot! There is treason in the air! The leaders of the Government 'have sworn that ere another month Ontario shall strike for independence. Even now Gen. D. D. Hay is on a bee line for the western boundary, to hoist the standard of revolt, and dare the Manitoba land scoopers to come on."

"Oh, this is indeed, quite too muchly awful," said the maiden, in accents suffused by oyster stew. "But it must not be. We must save the country from civil war. But how—how? Ha! I bethink me of a plan. Yes, this very night will I see Creighton, and have him move for returns, and put a series of questions to the ministry which will reveal to the world their dark designs. He is young and chivalrous—he will do it—he shall—he must!"

And the brave girl, without stopping to finish the oysters, dashed out of the restaurant, hailed a passing street car, and was gone before her lover had time to realize her object.

Presently a thought struck him which caused the cold perspiration to stand in beadlets on his brow.

"Hevings!" he muttered, "if they find out I've given them away I shall be fired, sure pop."

He was so overcome that he sort of drifted out into the street in a mechanical way, forgetting to interview the cashier, and broke into a heedless, absent-minded kind of a run on getting outside.

(To be Continued.)

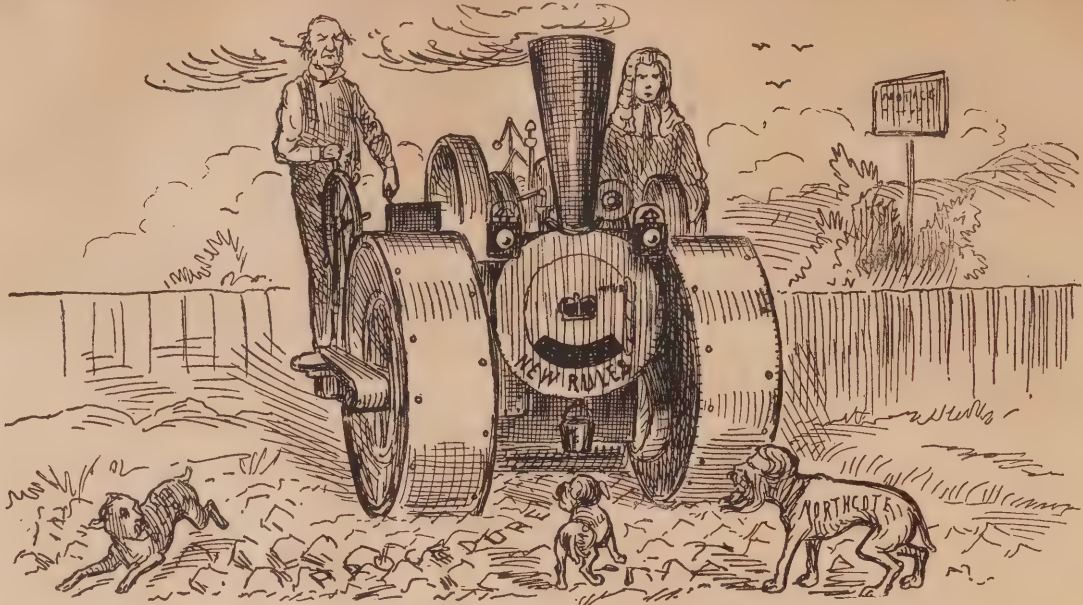


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Whenever you read of a city boy 14 years of age going West and killing twenty-six Indians and fourteen grizzly bears in one week don't you believe it. That's too many Indians by at least three.



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There by Proxy.

New York fashionable circles have lately been convulsed by the discovery that many of their most favoured swells are in the habit of *renting* their dress suits, finding it easier to pay \$5.00 a night than to shell out \$60.00 at one fell swoop.—*Burlington Hawk*.

Montreal swells can beat this, as it is well known that the fashionable parties of the season have been attended by many of the *jeunes dorees* in borrowed raiment, for which they did not pay one cent, as it was supplied by obliging friends. One young journalist, when asked if he had attended many of the balls this winter, replied, "No, but my dress clothes have been at them all."

Nothing on Earth so good.

Certainly a strong opinion, said one of our reporters, to whom the following was detailed by Mr. Henry Kaschop, with Mr. Geo. E. Miller, 418 Main St. Worcester, Mass. "I suffered so badly with rheumatism in my leg last winter, that I was unable to attend to my work, being completely helpless. I heard of St. Jacobs oil, and bought a bottle, after using which I felt greatly relieved. With the use of the second bottle I was completely cured. In my estimation, there is nothing on earth so good for rheumatism."

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The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.



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VOLUME XVIII.
No. 26.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1882.

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Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT.—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The voice of the numerically weak opposition in Parliament is lifted against the Redistribution Bill, and in this case we think it echoes the feeling of a majority of the electors outside, but notwithstanding that, it is a hopeless protest, and perhaps before this reaches the eye of the reader, the Bill will have become law. Nobody for a moment supposes that the ministers or their followers will listen to any arguments advanced against their determined programme. Sir John is in a position to ask with Shakspeare's hero "on what compulsion must I?"—or his attitude is perhaps better represented as a counterpart of that of the recent distinguished municipal Statesman of New York, who propounded the unanswerable conundrum, "What are you going to do about it?"

FIRST PAGE.—The incidents connected with this Redistribution Bill and some other measures which have been carried through Parliament during the present session, give peculiar point and force to the utterances of Rev. Prin-

pal Grant, made recently in an address to the students of Queen's College. That address has been widely published and we hope more widely read and pondered. The Principal, who is one of Canada's intellectual ornaments, inveighs against the stupidity and wickedness of partyism when it goes the length of dethroning men's moral sensibilities and paralyzing their consciences. He utterly fails to see any reason why Canada, in ordinary times, cannot be governed without the "machine." It is proper and inevitable that parties should be formed for the discussion and settlement of specific questions, but there is neither reason nor prudence in sustaining these distinctions—but, as experience has shown, a great deal of positive evil. Principal Grant's watchword is "Loyalty to Canada," and if that sentiment were sincerely adopted by our political leaders to-morrow, present party lines would inevitably melt away. But selfishness and not loyalty is the ruling force at present.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A despatch informs us that Mr. John O'Donohoe, Patrick Boyle, and other patriotic Irishmen, are at present in Ottawa, arranging to barter the Irish vote of East Toronto to one of the parties (which one it may be this time is immaterial) for a consideration, to wit, a seat in the Cabinet for the patriotic John. The Irish blood we happen to have in our veins feels inclined to Boyle at this announcement, but if our fellow countrymen of the East Division are content to have their franchise taken to market like a fat pig, there is no reason why we should do anything more than utter this printed protest.

The city of Winnipeg certainly deserves the sympathy of all its neighbors. No sooner is the immediate danger of ruin by water overpassed than another and more terrible prospect arises—that of ruin by fire. There are some miscreants lurking within its borders who seem determined to burn the place down. A vigilance committee has been organized, and GRIP sincerely hopes the human monsters may be caught and fitly punished.

Mr. Plumb deserves the thanks of weekly newspaperdom for his successful efforts to have the prepaid postage nuisance done away with. There are more rapid roads to fortune than by the publication of weekly papers, and every atom of weight lifted from the devoted shoulders of the editor is gratefully acknowledged.

Some of our contemporaries have remarked that no one has been found to approve in the slightest degree the revolting assassinations in Dublin. This is not precisely true. That sneaking cur, O'Dynamite Rossa, has given it his endorsement in public print, and considering the ruffian's antecedents, it would not be surprising to learn that the murders were committed at his instigation more or less directly.

At Ottawa, on the 10th instant, Mrs. Canada of four new Provinces.

These Provinces are made up from a division of the North-West Territories, and are named respectively, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, and—we forget the other infant's name. It is to be presumed that the Government in fitting out these new members of the Confederation family, have arranged to have them give a solid Conservative vote. If not, it is a serious oversight, as it will put John A. to the trouble of bringing in another Redistribution Bill some time.

In reply to inquiries we think it well to say that the gentleman who reported to the license commissioners the cases of two proprietors of hotels who refuse to accommodate travellers with meals, is *not* an attache of this paper. We know nothing of the merits of the cases, and do not wish to be annoyed any further by mediators on behalf of the unfortunate publicans. No doubt the commissioners will do what is right, as they always do.

Speaking of hotels, reminds us of the cleverness of some would-be saloon proprietors. We know of a case in which an applicant for a license proposes to cut a temporary door into an adjoining house in order to bamboozle the Inspector by appearing to have the required accommodation, intending to close the said door and rent the tenement as soon as that official's visit is over. Surely Mr. Dexter is not green enough to be taken in by such a trap door as that!

A Canadian Monte-Christo—Historical-Political Romance.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THREE BOMBARDIERS."

VOLUME I.

Jack Mount-Christie was familiarly known among his brother medical students as "the Count de Monte-Christo." Like that celebrated character, he resided in one of the strongest and most securely guarded of prisons, in the capacity of assistant-surgeon. While there he earned the gratitude of a former member of his own profession, who had been condemned to the gallows for the crime of secret poisoning, but who had been reprieved by the English Home Government at the demand of the United States Consul of his native town. This man was a chemist, of profound and mysterious skill. By the kindness of Jack Mount-Christie he was enabled to continue his experiments for several years, and when about to die confided to Jack several of his most valuable discoveries, among others a cheaper and more facile process for the use of the electric light, and a method of making artificial diamonds, rubies and emeralds, by applying electric currents to crystallized carbon. Jack went to travel in Europe, where he realised enormous profits by contracts to light up the European capitals. He also sold jewels manufactured by this secret process, and rapidly accumulated wealth that baffles our imagination to estimate it! In a few years it was rumored that he intended to return to Canada, and fix his residence in the intellectual centre, having built a huge brown stone palace in the neighborhood of Grip's office. Some said that he had bought out the entire Syndicate of the Pacific Railway. Others reported that he cherished enormous, but most chimerical, plans of political reform, while it was regarded as certain that the Pope, in gratitude for the gift of a diamond as large as a duck's egg, had conferred on the eminent capitalist the actual title of Count de Monte-Christo.

Quite Too all "Butt."

(ADDRESSED TO A GOAT OF THE MALE PERSUASION.)



Tell me, ye bearded quadruped
That answereth to the name of "Billy,"
Why is thy character so much maligned?
Wherefore thy front name so exceeding silly?

Why dost thou shun the pasture green?
Content to graze on vacant lot,
And masticate the oyster-can,
Hoopskirt, door-mat, and all such rot.

Sad is thine eye, O goat!
Hast ever felt the darts of Cupid?
Thy look is pensive, also, Goat!
Say, is it love, or something else more stupid?

Hast ever wandered out at night,
When earth was quiet and the moon so pallid,
To sing, "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me,"
Or some such sentimental ballad?

Perhaps thou hast loved in vain,
Or perhaps been jilted by thy fair;
And that accounts for thy dejected head,
And thy most vacant stare.



I'm leaving thee in sorrow, goat!
With feelings better not expressed.
Oh, Goat! thou'rt too all but (i) for me,
I've such a pain behind my vest.

H. B. W.

Conversations for the Times.

A LITTLE ALLEGORY.

MR. BRITTY SHILES. What a confounded noise there is in my garden! Why, there's a cur got through the fence, and he's routing out my fowls, and chasing my cat about, and destroying my flowers. Here! Hi! be off, will yer? Shish!

MASTER COE LUMBIA (looking over the fence). Here, Mr. Britty Shiles, it's rather cool of you to shish my father's dog off your premises. Perhaps you're not aware that he's my father's property, and under his protection. I'm not going to have him frightened by anybody.

MR. B. S. Why, the cur used to belong to me at one time, but he ran away because I wouldn't allow him the privilege of eating off my plate and flying at my throat at the same time. Your father's welcome to him if you want him, but perhaps, as he is under your control, you'll be good enough to keep him out of my garden?

MASTER C. L. Oh, he isn't under our control he's only under our protection. We can't undertake to keep him out. It's no business of

ours to prevent his damaging your property, and it's very cool of you to make it *your* business!

MR. B. S. Why, confound it! if that cur hasn't got in again. There he is inciting my fowls to claw each other to death, and setting all my dogs against me, and turning everything upside down! I'll be hanged if I don't shut him up in the tool-house! (*Does so, reluctantly.*)

MASTER C. L. Here, I say, I will not have our dog locked up! He shall fill your garden with blood and feathers if he chooses. I shall demand that my father shall extend to him the full protection his allegiance guarantees.

Explanation of the Allegory:—"The Mayor and other citizens of New York issued a call for a mass meeting in the Cooper Institute, on April 3rd, to protest against the arbitrary action of the British Government in imprisoning Irish Americans, and to demand that the United States Government shall extend to them the full protection their allegiance guarantees."—*Globe, &c.*

Sequel (as we venture to hope) to this little Allegory:—

MR. BRITTY SHILES (with his ear to the wall). Dear me! How our neighbor Mr. Coe Lumbia is reprimanding his offspring, to be sure! Hark at him—"Meddlesome young monkey!"—"Getting me into hot water with my neighbors!"—"There now!"—(dear me, what a thick cane that must be!—whack! whack! whack!)—"perhaps you'll behave your dirty little self in the future!" H'm—well, I'm glad to find our neighbor is not quite such an idiot as his son. . . . What's this? A note from Mr. Coe Lumbia, expressing regret at his son's insolence, and requesting me to do as I think fit with that cur.

I will; I'll just go out and hang him.—*London Fun.*

Spots on the son—the measles.

Printers invariably prefer pudding to pi.

There seems to be quite a difference between a variable and a very able man.

The Prince of Wales' wedding present to Leopold is a \$25,000 piano. The report that he earned the money to purchase the gift by writing spring poetry lacks confirmation. It is more likely that he told the dealer to "charge it."—*Norristown Herald.*

The press of this morning contains an account of how a man lost a gold watch on a Market-street car, and states that the case is in hands of a detective. If the case is in the hands of a detective, we venture to inquire what has become of the works?—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A preacher recently said in a sermon that nine-tenths of the redeemed in Heaven will be women. Bless their little hearts, how they will crowd the men off the golden sidewalks!—*Hartford Journal.* Guess not, no crowding off the golden sidewalk when there is only one man to nine women.

Shakespeare's Irish characters: "Which of Shakespeare's plays do you like, Mr. O'Flannigan?" "Well, I like the Irish ones the best." "And which may those be, O'Flannigan?" "Are you so ignorant as that, me son? sure your eddication's been sadly neglected. Why, G'Thello, Corry, O'Lanus, Mike Beth and Katharine and Pat Ruchio."—*Springfield Republican.*

A New York girl published an article in which she asserted that lemonade, ice cream and cake were very unhealthy, and should never be allowed to enter the stomach. Since then her parlor has contained as many as nine suitors at a time, with half a dozen hopeful youths hanging to the fence outside, waiting for a chance to declare their love and poverty.—*Evansville Argus.*



An oyster breathes bi-valves.

A soldier eats his meals *rational*ly.

A heavy suit—A submarine diver's.

Plain speaking—Prairie conversations.

What kind of a feller is Jerry Mander?

"Everything by turns"—A kaleidoscope.

Is John A. any relation to Jerry Mander?

Noah was the Arkitect of his own fortune.

What kind of a fellow is redistribution, Bill?

A rifle is a presentable gift for a sportsman.

A religious crank—A hurdy-gurdy in church.

"The merchant service"—Shop-boys and clerks.

If you have scare crows you will have scarce crows.

Awl soles day should be observed by all shoe-makers.

If a brewer has a cat around at all, it should be a multi-ese cat.

The old counties' slang expression, "We are all broken up."

When a man falls down a cellar stairs he gets accelerated motion.

Hint to politicians—Society gents generally make good party men.

If you ask a horse if it is gentle it will frequently answer neigh.

When you tell a fireman to "go to blazes," is the expression necessarily offensive?

"Betty and the baby are getting rich.—*Andrew's Bazar.*—You bet they are!

A signet ring—Wringing a young swan's neck. Some men think a deal of the kind of board they get.

If you place a newspaper between your ear and a telephone receiver, it's an attempt to go to Parry Sound.

If you burn your finger in a lamp are you light fingered? Bliss—the highest happiness: *Webster's Dictionary.* Example, Dr. Bliss gets \$25,000 for attending President Garfield.

One biggest elephant, one suit of Guiteau's old clothes and a baby camel is a complete outfit for a circus this season.—*New Haven Register.*

"What kind of board can I get here?" queried a seedy-looking chap of a hotel clerk. "Well!" whispered he of the Koh-i-noor, with a ghastly smile, handing out a tooth-pick, "there is a sample of the board we can afford, but if that is not satisfactory, you can go round to the planing-mill in the next block and get some sawdust, or you—!" At this point the inquirer fled with a yell of horror.—*Lockport Union.*

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TAKING THE PIG TO MARKET.



Mr. Torrington's first orchestral concert, given at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, was a most gratifying success. The large audience present testified very warmly their appreciation of every number given, and demanded *encores* in the case of several of the solo efforts. Mr. Delahunt's baritone songs were fairly given, though our own Warrington has done them more to our liking. Miss McManus acquitted herself admirably under the circumstances. Had her selection been a tuneful English ballad, however, the effect upon the audience would have been more marked. Mrs. Petley rendered a selection from "Ernani" in a manner that secured a hearty recall. Mr. W. W. Lauder's performance of Beethoven's Emperor Concerto was brilliant, and established that gentleman's claim to a first place amongst the pianists of the day. Herr Otto Dosenbach proved himself to be one of the best violinists our city has heard.

The Choral Society's second concert, under the leadership of Mr. Edward Fisher, will take place on Tuesday evening next, when Mendelssohn's "Athalie" will be given.

Prof. Cromwell's Art Entertainments are amusing and edifying large audiences at the Grand this week. If you cannot afford a journey to the art centres of the world, the next best thing is to go and see this exhibition.

Prince Daschkoff says that the Czar will get his roof shingled in August next. —koff is one of the Czar's private and pulmonary ministers.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Men who write alleged splendid hands, acquired by some new process of self-instruction, all sign their name alike. There is as much character in their hand-writing as there is in a lot of old newly-cut pine shingles.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

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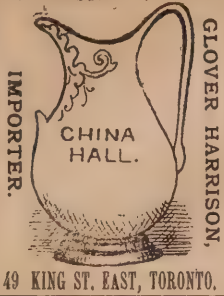
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No. 12

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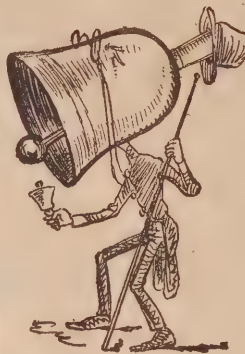
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Chapleau has resigned the Premiership of Quebec to take a portfolio in the Dominion Cabinet, having made another historical "swap," this time with Mr. Mousseau. The Province of Quebec feels herself jolly well rid of the brilliant little man, for with all his talents he certainly lacks the ability to govern prudently or economically. It is to be hoped that a term under the tutelage of Sir John and his colleagues may give Mr. Chapleau a deeper insight into the mysteries of state-craft, and it can hardly fail at the same time to inspire him with a sense of the beauty and value of economy and retrenchment in public affairs.

FIRST PAGE.—Master Willie McDougall has left the Tory Lacrosse Club and finds himself on the field of the Grit organization. But his presence appears to give trouble. Master Blake, the ostensible Captain of the Club, is quite willing to let Willie join the sport, in fact he is rather glad to have him as the club is at present short-handed, and

Willie is a good player. But alas, the Club has a deputy Captain in the person of Master Gordy Brown, and Gordy says if Billy McDougall is allowed to play he will go right straight home, now! The moral is that there should only be one Captain in the Club, and any member who gets ugly ought to be thrown over the fence.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is officially announced that Mr. Hawkins is the member elect for Bothwell, though, so far as we are aware, nobody denies that the majority of ballots were cast for his opponent, Mr. Mills. It is the intention of the election law that the candidate who receives most ballots should have the seat, but in this case confessedly the opposite course has been taken. The returning officer used his prerogative to reject enough of the Mills ballots to secure the election of Hawkins on the ground of certain irregularities, committed not by the candidate but by the deputy returning officers of certain divisions. The matter is to be brought before the court, and we feel confident justice will be done in the premises.



THE
CITY
BELL-
MAN.

In my official capacity of City Bell-man, it is very seldom indeed that I can seek the umbrageous shades of even the local parks, yet occasionally I am, so to speak, let out to play. How I envy those happy people who apparently free from care, day after day keep trooping to the water side to embark for all manner of nice and cool suburban spots—some for Niagara, some for "The Beach," Oakville or the adjacent parks.

Speaking of Oakville, on a certain Saturday I obtained leave of my cruel and hard-hearted boss, who for once removed his tyrannical iron hoof from my neck and gave his gracious permission that I might go where I listed for the day. I took his permission and my leave, and chose Oakville as the place that I would honor with my distinguished presence. What strikes the observant beholder in visiting this interesting hamlet is the excessive love of verdure manifested by its residents. There is foliage every where, even the streets seem to partake of the characteristics of "meadow land," inasmuch as most of them display a luxuriant crop of grass.

While in Oakville I visited "The Park." The park consists of a number of pine trees, an orchestra forum, and a dancing platform. The park on the occasion of my visit was occu-

pied by several distinct and separate corps of pick-nickers, among whom were Brakemen, sturdy fellows all, and a Caledonian, otherwise Scotch party. From reasons that I do not here feel at liberty to explain, I cast my lot with the Caledonians, and by re Ladie, I did not regret it, for they proved i' faith a merry lot. A piper, a goodly lad, blew his national instrument to his heart's content. An *alfresco* and excellent lunch was spread on the sward, and

"As long as memory holds its seat
In this distracted globe,"

will I remember Flora Macdonald, Helen McGregor, Lady Macbeth, and the Fair Maid of Perth, who, strange to say, were "all present" at the picnic.

I have been thinking of writing an obituary to hold in readiness for each and several of the city officials who in all likelihood are doomed to an early shuffling off of this mortal coil in consequence of their compulsory occupation of that pestilential mansion known as the City Hall. Can nothing be done to avert the fate of the few remaining survivors of the old staff? Let us, my friends, in a spirit of love inquire.



The Haverly Opera Co. have given *Patience* at the Pavilion this week, and a rare evening's amusement the play affords. All the leading roles were excellently performed, but the *Bunthorne* of Mr. Dixie is simply perfection. Oscar Wilde himself couldn't "utter his platitudes in stained glass attitudes" with more utter tooness than this clever comedian does. After the performances of *Pinafore* we are to have *The Pirates of Penzance*, in which Mr. Florentine will sing the part of the Pirate King.

ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

No. IV.—THE FLY.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

Some may say that the fly is not a domestic animal. Perhaps it is not. I hardly think that it is, but it can cause just as much trouble and swearing in the house as any other domestic nuisance. Therefore, it has an undeniable right to be immortalized. It may not be an animal, but is there anyone who has the sublime cheek, the superlative amount of impudence to say that it is not domestic? If there is, let him keep away from wise men. The man who says that the fly is not a domestic animal would swear by the hatchet of George Washington that pumpkin pies are made of radishes.

The fly is built of about ten per cent. of genuine flesh, blood and bones, fifteen per cent. of buzz, and seventy-five per cent. of skittishness. This latter is only the summer proportion. The heat is not interesting enough in winter to warrant researches as to what he is like at that season of the year. There is no "go" about the fly in the winter. It is laid away done up in starch for the summer season. When the heated term arrives, it gets away with the starch just as a man who endeavours to catch a fly gets away with the starch in his inner apparel, viz., by fuming and shooting about as if it were treason to the British Crown and the King of Flydom to keep cool.

There is but one particular breed of flies that I know of. That is "Shoo Fly." No one knows what it is like because they cannot distinguish between it and any other fly. We read about it, and that is enough. We do not need to see it in order to be convinced. The great majority of the people believe there is a person called Satan. They never saw him, but they believe that he exists, and they do not want to be brought face to face with him—prematurely—for the sake of being convinced. They take the same ground for believing that there is such a fly as "Shoo Fly."

Without exaggeration, without the least desire of being renowned as the ablest and most fearless exponent of the fundamental principles of prevarication, and without any diminishing of my respect for the popular weather prophet whose laurels I do not wish to take from him by making an untruthful assertion of tremendous proportion, I wish to say that the fly is the most aggravating animal that has ever trod the mundane sphere. If one is annoyed by an ordinary animal, one can catch it and wreak revenge. But the fly is extraordinary. One is not able to catch a fly without superhuman endeavors. Suppose that a fly—ordinary when compared with other flies, but extraordinary when compared with other domestic animals—persists in promenading over the face of a man who is dozing. That man will naturally make a grab at that fly—to develop a more intimate acquaintance. But is that fly grabbed? Not at all. It simply moves two inches out of the way, and that man's hand comes down on the side of his face with a noise like that made by a barn door when slapped shut by a hurricane. Again and again, he seeks rather forcibly to develop the acquaintance, but he is as often foiled—the fly won't develop worth a cent. Even if that man does catch it, he is in a quandary. He cannot swear that the fly he holds is the one which tickled his proboscis. If he is a truly Christian man, he will hesitate before he dooms that fly to death. He is not sure that it is the criminal, and how can he kill the poor brute? Rather let the fly go for once, and in future mark the fly that troubles him, or sleep in a refrigerator.

Unfortunately for the peace of many a household, the fly is partial to butter—or rather butter is partial to flies. How many boarding-house keepers owe their present large fortunes to the assiduous care that they have taken in seeing that there was always a fly in the butter! Well did they know that no boarder with a moderate appetite would cover his staff of life with the stuff in which a fly took an oleomargarine bath.

The shining surface of a bald man's head offers great inducements to a fly that is looking for a place to make a settlement. In fact a bald head is one of the chief roosting places of a fly. If baldheaded people would be charitable, they could make their craniums quite comfortable for flies by covering them with something sweet and sticky. But they are not charitable. It is shameful to see the small amount of stock that people take in charity nowadays. The average man—be he baldheaded or provided with an ample share of hirsute scalp—would as soon think of paying his subscription to a newspaper as of putting any stuff on his head to accommodate a fly. Alas! for the degeneracy of mankind.

After all, the fly is not by any means a valuable animal. Some animals are useful even after death. Their carcasses may be used for fertilizing purposes. But you can't fertilize to any extent with dead flies. You can even do something with the remains of a man. They may be fruitful of great good to science by being donated to a medical college—but a fly—bah! So useless. So unimportant.

The fly is infinitesimally insignificant.

A MEMORIAL OF "PHIZ."

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Did you know that there exists in Toronto indubitable circumstantial evidence that the late Mr. Hablot R. Browne had sometime or other been in the city and had left "Phiz" memorials on the glass of certain windows in a favourite restaurant? Fact, I assure you, as you will see for yourself when you have discovered the restaurant I mean. There on the windows is displayed an illustrated shirt, covering, one must suppose, the artist's model of Mr. Pecksniff, as his head surmounts the aforesaid shirt with an effect of pomposity belonging only to that classical and architectural individual himself. There is no mistaking the "phiz"-ical personality as the well brushed spiky whiskers, the puff adder cheeks, the pumpkin head surmounted by the Pecksniff lock, are all there, and challenge the admiration due to the immortality of the conception. It is a pity Mr. Oscar Wilde did not see these charming productions, as he would certainly have been able to illustrate thereupon some valuable lessons on propriety in decorative art.

Yours quizzically,
A LUNCHEON-OUT.

AT ALEXANDRIA.

The work seemed done when every gun
Had ceased its awful booming;
And through the thinning banks of smoke
Old Egypt's forts were looming.
All shattered they—their stone and clay
With Arab blood were dripping;
O Ptolemy! look down and say
Which side has got the whipping.

The foe has fled and left his dead
In sunshine there to fester;
But that fair city—did his hordes
Ere they went off, molest her?
An answer came—a smouldering flame
Was here and there appearing.
See, growing fast, its brightening crest
O'er roof and dome careering.

A blood-stained hand now rules the land,
And arms around are flashing;
With blade and brand a murderous band
Through street and square are dashing.
A signal sweet to all the fleet
With gladness they're replying—
"Oh yes, we'll go ashore to meet
And send the rascals flying!"

No time to waste, in eager haste
The Jacks and Jollies muster;
And on each vessel's towering side
Behold, they crowd and cluster.
Well-filled each boat—they're now afloat,
And thrusting all for glory;
Full soon they reach that sultry beach
Renowned in ancient story.

What meets their view? more boys in blue—
Oh say whence come these others;
Out rings a cheer, and shouts they hear—
"We'll help our English brothers."
That is the plan, O Jonathan!
To stop such fires and slaughters;
And you may bet we don't forget
Your aid in Chinese waters.

Your wide domain doth not in vain
Invite all men in trouble;
Already strong, you may ere long
Your fifty millions double.
Where British hands in many lands
The old red-cross has planted,
There Britain's sons and Britain's gun
Are ready when they're wanted.

What do we seek? to aid the weak
'Gainst murder, greed and rapine;
You're just the man, O Jonathan,
To help,—whatever may happen.
With two such powers as yours and ours
For peace and right uniting;
The world, no doubt, will soon find out
The foolishness of fighting.

"Birds in their little nests agree." Yes, but this is probably owing to the fact that their little nests are too small for them to fight in conveniently.

When the *Globe* accuses the *Mail* of misrepresenting its views from old copies, it might be called garbling from old issues.



THE WITTY GARDENER.

MAUD.—Please, Perkins, which are the best flowers to make a nose-gay?

PERKINS.—Well, Miss, I finds barleycorn does for me furs' rate!

THE POOR MAN'S BEER.

(To the Editor of Grip.)

SIR,—A great deal has been said and insinuated in your valuable paper, about the evil properties of intoxicants. Even the comparatively innocuous ale and beer have been pitched into even as the soul-corroding "budge," has been treated. This, in my opinion, Mr. GRIP, should not be. Did you ever, or did any of your numerous staff of reporters, ever hear any of the "Gentlemen of England" who honor this country with their distinguished presence albeit they no doubt with justice object to the beer of this country—did you ever hear them say one word derogatory to the ale of old England? They say that in the first place we "ave not the 'ops," and moreover if we had we "ave not the hoppertunity." The "hoppertunity," I take it, is the absence of "Tems" water. Now, Mr. GRIP, water from the amber-scented Thames is, of course, unattainable here, except at vast expense, which would inevitably bring up the price of a "schooner" of ale to the enormous expense of ten cents, and would place the same out of the reach of the poor, and consequently the rights of the already "down-trodden workman" would suffer. But, one of our leading brewers, actuated by a spirit of philanthropy and a knowledge that our city water has noxious properties, whence no doubt all the evils arising from the consumption of home-made malt liquors come, has actually, brought out a force of men, and, with a laudable desire to obviate the evil, brought a cargo of water from the Muskoka lakes. Now, Mr. GRIP, kindly withhold any further opinion of the action of malt "likers" until the new brewing is distributed among the different dispensing places, for I trust, with the above mentioned benevolent gentleman, that a "great change will be worked in the condition of the beer consumer, who instead of going home of an evening 'chuck full' and perhaps taking a header over the bannisters of the hall stairs, may return to the bosom of his family, like unto one who had been to a strawberry festival, or a Sunday-school picnic." Now do, friend GRIP, wait until you see the effects of Muskoka water in its association with ale before making any further sweeping accusations against the "poor man's beer."

Sir,
I have the honor to remain,
Yours respectfully,
JOHN H. BARLEYCORN.



JOHN BRIGHT'S NOBLE STAND.

INTELLIGENCEVILLE CITY COUNCIL.

BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

A meeting of the City Council was held at the proper place and time; the biggest City Father in the chair. Present—Aldermen Common-sense, Radical, Easy-go, Citizen, Learned, Conservation, and Energy.

A COMMUNICATION

was read from Dr. Righthold complaining of the existence of twenty undrained w. c-s on the property adjoining his own, which rendered all the surrounding air foetid and unfit for respiration. Especially was this the case on damp days and summer evenings after sunset. Dr. Righthold asked that the owner of the property complained of, be ordered by the City Council to take the requisite means for abating this nuisance, as it endangered the health of all residents in the neighborhood, and was especially hurtful to weak people and young children.

Mr. Easy-go moved that this letter be taken under due consideration, and be reported on at next meeting.

Mr. Radical could not understand what his friend Mr. Easy-go was thinking of. Here was a matter in which the health, if not the lives, of many people was involved. Diphtheria, scarlet-fever, typhoid, small-pox, were all hovering over the heads of helpless citizens, and might strike them with the fatal dart of death at any minute, and yet Mr. Easy-go talked of next meeting!! Why by that time half the population of Williams-ward might be in their graves. He blushed for some aldermen's consciences. The chairman here intervened by remarking that he was sure there was no member of the Council who did not recognize the gravity of the case before them.

Mr. Citizen was of opinion that all things should be done upon due consideration, as his friend Easy-go had suggested, and he was glad to find Ald. Radical so heartily alive to the necessity for immediate action. He begged to move that the City Commissioner be empowered to have the necessary drainage done at once, and report on his action at the next meeting.

Mr. Common-sense would like to know who would be chargeable for the consequent expense.

Mr. Learned replied that in case the owner

of the property was not able to meet the cost at once, the city should lend the money at one per cent. per annum, to be repaid by half yearly instalments covering a period of time at the discretion of the City Solicitor, who should consult with the property owner aforementioned.

Agreed to.

The Council went into Committee of the whole on the recommendation of the Board of Works, that three acres in the worst part of the old city should be purchased at a fair valuation for a public square and recreation ground.

Ald. Conservation was glad that this recommendation had come before the Council. The spot in question was favorably situated for the comfort and recreation of the poor whose little homes, and the factories where they were employed, stood on every side. He hoped the purchase would soon be made, and that the fine old willow now standing in a corner of the plot would be carefully preserved and made subservient to the beauty of the Health Garden, as he might call it.

Ald. Energy proposed that the Council should go on their own bicycles and view the plot of ground spoken of to-morrow, so that the owner might be treated with at once.

Ald. Citizen was delighted to find that the need for a Health Garden or public square, or recreation ground, was so well understood by the Council that it went without saying. He hoped to see the place a blooming flower garden next summer, with seats all round, and the children of the neighborhood enjoying the sport of feeding the ducks in the pond near the willow, or swinging at the further end where there was a nice piece of flat ground suitable for marbles or top-spinning.

Ald. Common-sense hoped order would be provided for by the appointment of a good-natured old man as caretaker, who should prevent bad language and feed the ducks.

A visit to the place was at once arranged for the next day.

NOTICES.

Ald. Easy-go gave notice that he would move at next meeting for the planting of certain shade trees.

Ald. Common-sense gave notice that he would move at next meeting for a term of years to be allowed to elapse before the by-law on the removal of certain old trees to which certain fussy people had objected, was put in operation.

MAHAFFEY, THE FLOOR-WALKER;

OR, THE REVENGE OF THE DOWNTRODDEN "SALES-LADIES."

A Tale with a Moral.

In my sanctum I'm reclining, having just returned from dining, and its influence refining creeps my satiate senses o'er,
And thro' all my fancy flitting float some curious thoughts, befitting GRIP, or some such quaint and curious journal filled with comic lore;
And I think of what once happened to a dry-goods clerking chap, and straightway seizing pen and paper, on the sheet my memories pour.
Come and listen, I will tell a short romance about a feller, who the exalted rank and title of a counterskipper bore—
Just a thin-legged counterskipper, called a clerk and nothing more.

I will tell you how this beauty by his overzeal in duty, found much favor in the sight of him who owned and ran the store;
And by cringing, servile sneaking, and his crack and key-hole pecking, got the rise that he was seeking, and thenceforth "bossed" or "walked the floor."
Then this mean and craven creature, with no manhood in his nature, bullied all the helpless girl clerks till they writhed in anguish sore.
And the underpaid "salesladies," female clerks, who disobeyed his orders whistled him down in Hades, on the dark Plutonian shore;
In that dismal, dreary land, which Beecher says is now no more.

Now, this flabby, fluent talker, this contemptible floor-walker, had a pride in one thing only, 'twas the glossy hair he wore;
And he loved it to distraction, this capillary attraction, and he fondly smoothed and brushed and stroked and twirled it o'er and o'er;
Till the little cads in wonder, stood and gaped and cried "By thunder! surely all the heavens under such a nut was ne'er before

Seen with 'air so slick and greasy, lyin' down in gobs so easy, and that cove now just the cheese? he is, you better bet. Oh! lor!

'Ow I'd like to punch his bloomin' shinin' 'ead till it was sore."

Full three hours every morning did he spend in vain adorning of his locks all central parted, perfumed, rubbed with sweet Macassar.

Far more vain was he than any of the beauty-gifted, many charming, lovely, love-inspiring, sweet girl graduates of Vassar;

And the lady clerks conspiring, in their plottings never tiring, hit upon a scheme of vengeance, for the many wrongs he'd done 'em,

Which should put a stop instant to his bullying and banter, and should cause the swell floorwalker ever afterwards to shun 'em—
Shun them after evermore.

It was on the fellow's birthday, jolly fun and jovial mirth-day, that the female clerks approaching, gathered round him in the store,

And the fairest one consenting, had agreed to the presenting of a dressing case enchanting, nickleplated o'er and o'er,

And containing crystal bottles, filled with liquid to their throottes, labelled, "Sweet ambrosial hair oil, Rowland's far-famed Kalydor."

These, with many a word of taffy, gave they to the beast, Mahaffey, who with beardless grace accepted, and retired by private door.

To his sanctum, many mirrored, went he by his private door.

Next day came, and noon was nearing, as the girl clerks, trembling, fearing, in each others optics peering, "said, Mahaffey's late this morning."

And at noon from belliv tower rang the clanging bell the hour, from its brazen, loud, sonorous throat rolled forth the midday warning.

Still Mahaffey came not. Later came a note borne on a waiter, to the boss, which read as follows, 'I am sick and shall be sicker,

'Ere I come again to business, I am bilious, and my dizziness now detains me, please excuse me, don't ascribe my ills to liquor.

Yours, Mahaffey, evermore."

Three months later, pale and silent, crept Mahaffey, once so 'fient, down towards his place of business, changed indeed from what he'd been.

Not a glossy curl displayed he, as he bowed to each sales-lady, whilst upon his once luxuriant head could not a hair be seen.

Ah! that gift so quick and fatal, given to him upon his natal day by those pale, bullied worn out, ill-paid, patient counter girls,

Had been, oh! the vengeful store, bottles of Depilatory, which, with fierce, remorseless burnings, had destroyed his glossy curls.

Counterskipper and floorwalkers, gifted, gabby, fluent talkers, ye who treat the weaker vessels not as women should be treated.

Let Mahaffey's fate be warning, lest upon some fine Spring morning just such justice overtakes you as to him was duly meted.

Women have not got the biceps, deltoid, trapezoid and triceps, muscles quite so well developed as you youths who swing the oar;

But in cunning they will beat you, and most certainly defeat you, and from your high horse unsseat you, vanquished, conquered, evermore!

SWIZ.



MADAME QUEBEC'S WILD BOY.

MME. QUEBEC.—IT'S SO KIND OF YOU TO TAKE HIM, SIR JOHN! HE'S NEARLY BROUGHT ME TO RUIN!

SIR JOHN.—HAVE NO FEAR, MADAME; UNDER MY TUITION HE SHALL LEARN PRUDENCE, ECONOMY, INDUSTRY, AND THRIFT!

The Joker Club.

"The Dun is mightier than the Sword."

A mount for a bailiff.—A dun-colored horse.

A tumbler full of whiskey.—A drunken acrobat.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

New rendering of "an old Scriptural text"—"Take a little wine for thy stomach's ache."—*Hull Bellman.*

A tailor requires a number of yards to cover a man, but a burglar will cover him with only a small revolver.—*Cinn. Sat. Night.*

"I am determined to keep peace and quietness in this house," said Mrs. Blobbs, "if I have to pull every hair out of your head."—*Wheeling Journal.*

Said his prudent friend: "Why, three dollars for a carriage is extravagance. Go in a horse-car or take a Herdic." And the extravagant man replied: "I can't. You see, the lady I'm going to take isn't my wife."—*New York News.*

We wish we had Blaine's faculty for neglecting one's private business. He has done it during twenty-three years of public life—just as long as he can stand it, and his material possessions have shrunk from the paltry outfit of a country editor to ten millions of dollars.—*Toledo American.*

"A Brooklyn boy, George Lehman, has attracted much attention at the Leipsic Conservatory of Music by his violin playing." There are boys right here in this town who also attract much attention—and other things—by their violin playing. But we are not proud of them. They should go to Leipsic.—*Norristown Herald.*

When the young man stepped up to the soda fountain engineer, with his country cousin, he said he would take the usual thing, giving the engineer a peculiar wink. You can bet that engineer was dazed when the country girl said, "Wal, that's good 'nough fer me; I'll take the same," and gave the same kind of a wink.—*Syracuse Times.*

A debtor who was sued by his creditor acknowledged that he had borrowed the money, but declared that the plaintiff knew at the time that it was a Kathleen Mavourneen loan. "A Kathleen Mavourneen loan," repeated the court with a puzzled look. "That's it, judge; one of the it may be for years and it may be forever" sort."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Young America: First Proud Mother—"My boy is only eleven years old, and he comes in every day with his pockets full of fruit. He can get over the top of any fence they can put up, the darling!" Second Proud Mother—"Pooh for your boy! Why my Jimmy is only ten, and he's a corner loafer and has been to the Police Court twice?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"I say, sir, do you want to hire a boy, sir," said a bright-looking little fellow, as he stepped into a business office.

"What can you do, sir?" was the respondent inquiry.

"I can tell the truth, sir," was the bright reply.

"Don't want you, my little man; my business can't stand truth telling."

"Better take the boy," said a bystander. "I know him. When he says he can tell the truth, he lies like blazes. He can't do it, nor his father before him could't, either." Boy engaged on modern business principles.—*New Haven Register.*

"I never was in favor of war," said an old Arkansawer, "but I notice that some of the world's greatest men are not of my opinion. Now there's old Trademark. He's a great man, yet he believes in war."

"Old who?" asked a bystander.

"Old Trademark."

"Who the duce is Trademark?"

"No wonder they call us ignorant, when such fellows as you show your lack of schoolin'." Didn't you ever hear of the great German military man, Trademark?"

"I've heard of Bismarck."

"That's a fact. Biz mark. I knowed that it was some sort of a commercial name."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Smith was so overtaken with joy at meeting his old friend that he "set 'em up" a number of times without giving the latter an opportunity of even once "saying" anything. Smith—"Well, Jones, old fellow, I must say you are looking well. If it is not asking too much, where have you been this long time?" Jones—"Io——" S.—"My dear sir, don't worry yourself about that. You came in here on my invitation and every time you drink you drink at my expense." J.—"You're laboring under a wrong impression, sir; I say Io——" S.—"And I say you don't. What's more, everything is paid for, and that settles it. Barkeeper fill 'em up again." J.—"You don't understand me; what I mean is Io——" S.—"For the third and last time, allow me to say you owe nothing. If you insist on it again I shall consider it an insult." By this time the barkeeper, seeing the dilemma, came to Mr. Jones' rescue by informing Mr. Smith that by giving his friend a little more time he would convince him that he owed him nothing, but meant the state of "I-ow-a." At this Smith's eyes opened and he remarked: "I-ow-a" drink to the whole party." He had his own way the rest of the afternoon in "setting 'em up to his old friend."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE DETROIT FUNNY MAN'S LATEST.

That 200-mile wire fence in Texas will be a beautiful thing to look at after being struck by a dozen cow-boys, but Texas delights in the beautiful.

"Are we forgotten when we're gone?" asks the Toledo Blade. Skip out and see. If you want to be doubly sure, take your neighbor's wife along.

Any kind of motion is "poetry of motion," just as any kind of jingle is poetry. If you want something that will keep all winter, take prose.

If kerosene oil was selling for a cent a gallon some man who had no chance to sink \$50,000 in a daily newspaper would set about driving a new well.

The Milwaukee man who knocked a burglar down with a shoe is just selfish enough of his own character to come out and explain that the shoe belonged to his wife.

All the New York papers "worked up" the glove fight in the sweetest possible manner, and then next day turned around and denounced the "brutal exhibition."

What has become of all the train robbers? Can it be possible that the shot-guns furnished train hands has had anything to do with bringing about this state of calmness?

Americans who visit Bret Harte in his foreign home declare that he is a red-faced, supercilious snob of the first water, but perhaps he doesn't like to be counsined.

Eighteen women met together at White-water, Wis., and prayed for rain, and when the rain descended seventeen of them screamed because they had no umbrellas.

A Vermont woman has been arrested for scandalizing a man because he did not cry when his wife was buried. He is prepared to prove that he felt bad, but couldn't weep.

What are the wild waves saying

On the sands near the hotel door?

"You've got to do some steep old paying,

When you summer by the sad sea shore,

—*Fall River Advance.*

According to a recent decision in Iowa the girl can retain any presents made her by a lover whom she gives the cold shake. Jewelry for that state will be made very light after this.

It cost this government over \$150,000 last year to let the Indians experiment on farming, and the said Indians raised about fifteen cents' worth of corn and a million dollars' worth of yi! yi!

When you buy blackberry jam at the grocer's don't ask him if it is made of wormy figs, soft peaches, and poor brandy. He was never in the foundry where such things are put up.

Chicago has opened a home to reform women who eat opium. Chicago is always meddling with everybody's business. If a woman takes any comfort eating opium let her chew away on it.

The gas company of Augusta, Ga., has lowered the price of gas four different times since the war, and that, too, without being kicked into it. Some queer things happen down South.

THE SUPERINTENDENT IN LOVE.

Supt. E. J. O'Neill, of the Dominion Police Force, Ottawa, Canada, thus spoke to a representative of one of Ottawa's leading journals: "I am actually in love with that wonderful medicine, St. Jacobs Oil. I keep it at home and likewise here in my office; and though my duty should call me hence in an hour to journey a thousand miles, St. Jacobs Oil would surely be my companion. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world, without any exception, I believe. My entire family have been cured by it. We have used it for twenty different ailments, and found it worth half a score of doctors. My men here on the Dominion Police Force use it right along and very justly think that there is nothing like it. I believe it is the long sought *Elixir Vitæ* and possesses the power of making the old young again. I know it often enlivens me, and although I am past fifty years of age, I am, thanks to that wonderful agent, a lively man yet."

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THE CROP THIS YEAR MAY BE SHORT
IN ENGLAND BUT THERE'S SCORN
IN EGYPT!

NOTES FROM H GH SOCIETY.

(FASHIONABLE SCIENCE).

DEAR MR. GRIP,—This nineteenth century is full of civilization, culture and improvement. That is a truism, but what I have to say on the subject has not, I think, ever before appeared in any scientific journal. Yours, venerable sir, shall have the honor of first giving it to the public.

In every department of thought we have made gigantic strides. In philosophy, in history, in geology, in botany, in chemistry, in astronomy, in mineralogy, in anatomy, in ethics, in metaphysics, in theology, in morals and in dress. It is of the last mentioned science that I would speak, as it is the science of which I know most. I know enough of all the others to talk about (all in our circle must), but not enough to write about (none in our circle do). But in the science of dress we are one and all well versed, especially our sex. We apply ourselves to the task, we lend our whole mind to it, we study books, we gaze at engravings, we listen to harangues, we eagerly ask questions of strangers, we try experiments, we observe phenomena, in short we leave no stone unturned by which we may become proficient in the noble art of dress. We give to this engrossing study, our time, our talent, our care and our money. If philosophers and scientists did as much their favorite studies might then hope to attain the excellence of ours. I have nothing to say against these harmless old men or their pursuits, let them, let us all inquire into all learning, but above all, let us perfect ourselves in dress. And I can show you good reasons for this preference.

1. It is the one perfect science. Every one will tell you science is incomplete. The more you know, the more you feel your ignorance. There is still something to long for, you are unsatisfied. Now with dress it is not so; of course you must study and ponder, and try, and spend. But having done so the effort is over, the mind is at rest, and a feeling of completeness and satisfaction possesses you as you look at the result of your labors.

2. It is the only science that is universally appreciated. The others, if you know enough of them, and have the organ of language, you may talk of to your little circle of friends and a few of them may understand and admire you; or you may lecture and run the risk of being hissed from the platform; or you may write and a few equally learned men may or may not read your book, but the people you meet day by day know nothing of this, and pass you with, at least, unconcern. Mark the contrast. One who has arrived at the dignity of M.A. in dress, has but to walk the street, every eye follows her admiringly.

It does not require a college education to appreciate her excellence. She may be in a strange land and yet command attention.

3. It is within the reach of fashionable people. It is impossible for us, going out as we do, to give much time to books. We go to school as children but our heads are full of more important things than reading, writing, and arithmetic. The evenings are devoted to parties, etc., so it would be unreasonable to expect much of us. But the science of dress knows of no waste time; at the very parties that interfere with our other studies we learn most of it. We never take a walk, a drive, pay a visit, or go shopping, but we bring home some useful thoughts on dress.

4. It gives scope for originality. For the other sciences there is nothing but a beaten track to which the traveller must confine himself, in that of dress there is a large plain over which he can wander at will. Take astronomy for instance; declare that the sun revolves round Venus, that the moon is the morning star, the earth a balloon sent up long ago by Adam and suspended stationery in mid air by gravitation. Why your be friends would laugh at you. Invent a new history, you will be shut up in a lunatic asylum; be original in theology, you will be burnt as a heretic. But strike out for yourself in your toilet, turn things upside down, inside out, back foremost, wear a startling combination, a graceful mixture of all that was considered ugly before and your success is assured.

5. It is the most universally useful science through life. You have often heard men say, and I am sure, honored Mr. GRIP, you yourself think, that study unfits a woman for her sphere. Be it so, we do not wish to study, we are content to live and be gay, and while our ambition goes no farther your monopoly is safe. But this one science can unfit you for nothing. Whatever our lot in life be we must dress. If we marry a nobleman we dress; if we marry a bishop we dress; if we marry a Chinese washman, a bus conductor, a prince, a sultan, a poor doctor, a poorer curate, a gipsy chief, a mulatto or a negro we still must dress.

I could go on thus forever, but I must stop now, my dressmaker is waiting to fit my last dress, and I must hurry to her.

Yours sincerely,
JEMIMA.

CONSIDER.

Consider the lilies how they grow.
Consider the creditors whom you owe.
Consider the cash you spend each year
In whiskey fixes and lager beer;
Consider the head-aches that each morn
Do represent each nightly "horn."
Consider you're wife, if one you've got.
Consider your business going to pot.
Consider the friends that pass you by.
Consider they wouldn't but for old rye.
Consider the swell behind the bar,
Consider his diamond like a star.
Consider you're made a butt for scoff
When you try in vain to "stand him off."
Consider you've stopped, or if not you'll
Consider yourself an A 1 fool.
Consider, consider, for if you fail,
Consider yourself some day in jail.
Consider, consider, consider, consider,
But what's the odds when your wife's a "widdier."

Thrashy boots and shoes should certainly come under the head of shoddy.

Our Funny Contributor says that when the history of his dealings with his creditors comes to be written it will be "an over true tale."

"Prince Arthur's Landing," sung out the purser of the Campana. "Is he?" said the newly arrived emigrant. "Where? I didn't know he was on board."

The *Globe*, in speaking of Hon. Mr. Huntington's defeat, says "it was a question not of politics but of race." That's it exactly; it was a race, and Mr. Huntington came in last.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

The bull-frog is busily croaking,
The small frog is rattling away,
The house-fly has put up his shutters—
His business has closed for the day.

Mosquitoes are out promenading,
Their harvest's about to begin;
They'll tackle a fair lady's shoulder,
Or pierce a gay cavalier's shin.

The night-hawk is skimming the landscape;
The musk-rat is out for a swim—
As regards any fish that he catches,
Bad for fish, but good—very—for him.

The toad, with his jewel so precious,
Hops along by the Queen's own highway;
The "Queen's Own" battalion is out, too,
At a drill for the next review day.

The note of the bright bosom'd oriole
Has died on the echoes at last,
And become like the "Consolidated,"
A thing of the dark, misty past.

The kine in the meadows are lowing,
Bled to-day by the insects so still;
The "bulls" of the stock exchange too, have
Been bled by the "bears" to their fill.

The sheep on the road now are lying
Calm after the heat of the sun;
The "lamb's" of this country, in general,
Have been fleeced on the exchange for fun!

As long as sheep live there'll be sheep ticks
To keep them from growing too fat;
As long as the "lamb" crop continues
There'll be fleecers, and don't forget that.

The potato-bug steadily labored
From sunrise to set of the same;
Now an ogre with Paris-green ducks him,
And kills him—a new landlord shame.

The garden gate's hinges are creaking
Beneath the unusual weight
Of Willie, the good-looking bank-clerk,
And "home-for-the-holidays" Kate.

All nature rejoices in evening,
And people go out for a stroll;
Just newspaper men have to work to
Together keep body and soul.

No! alas! in full many a garret,
By candle or lamp burning low,
Pale women and young girls are working
At one never-ceasing sew, sew.

Oh! ye who in comfort are living,
Remember the poor in your joy,
Nor let the God pleasure o'er-rule ye,
For pleasures of earth soon must cloy.

But be kind to your down-trodden neighbors,
Give them help whenever ye may,
E'en a smile or a kind word in season
May shine to eternity's day.

CHARLIE JAY.

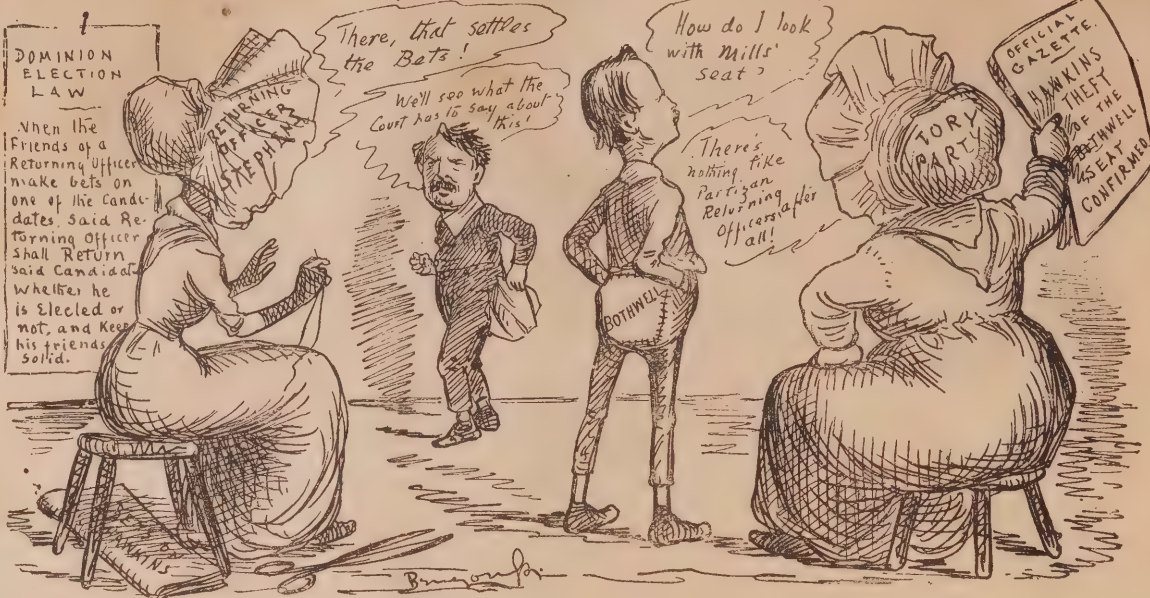
The Coming ornamental printer—Cumming,
of Rosemont!



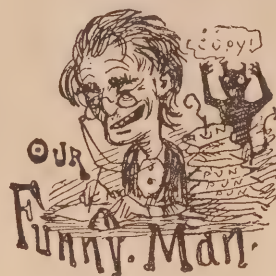
EXPLICIT.

YOUNG GENT.—And so your daughter has married a rich husband?

OLD GENT.—No, sir; she has married a rich man, but a poor husband.



ROBBING DAVID TO PAY JOHN JOSEPH!



A jock-ular creature—A monkey.

An early grave.—One dug at 4 a.m.

If a cooper gets intoxicated at all, he should get staving drunk.

Does the Editor of the N. Y. Clipper use the editorial scissors much?

Home stretches.—Excuses husbands make who come home at 3 a.m.

Plate glass windows are appropriate for china and jewellery stores.

Notwithstanding tramps are poorly clad, they always present an imposing appearance.

What kind of a bridge resembles the House of Lords?—One that has piers—jottings—or rather one that has a milor two in it.

The fort the whole world will dispute but Arabi—Fort Ras-el-Tia, which, being easily translated, signifies Raise-the-Wind.

"Is 'Jack Straw' a good novel?" asked a friend of our Funny Contributor. "Hey?" said our Contributor. "What sort of a book is 'Jack Straw'?" repeated the friend. "Good as the wheat," replied our Contributor.

Our Funny Contributor lately entered a store in Lindsay in which a sign was displayed: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." "Do you think you can furnish me with a modest, reasonable request in the dry goods and millinery line?" inquired our contributor. "I think so, sir," said the proprietor. "Then, furnish me with a wife," said our Contributor.

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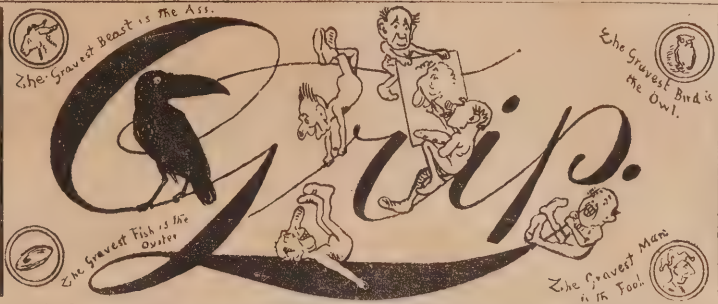
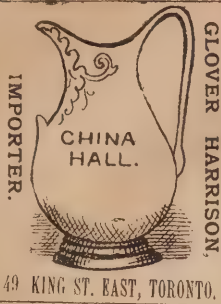
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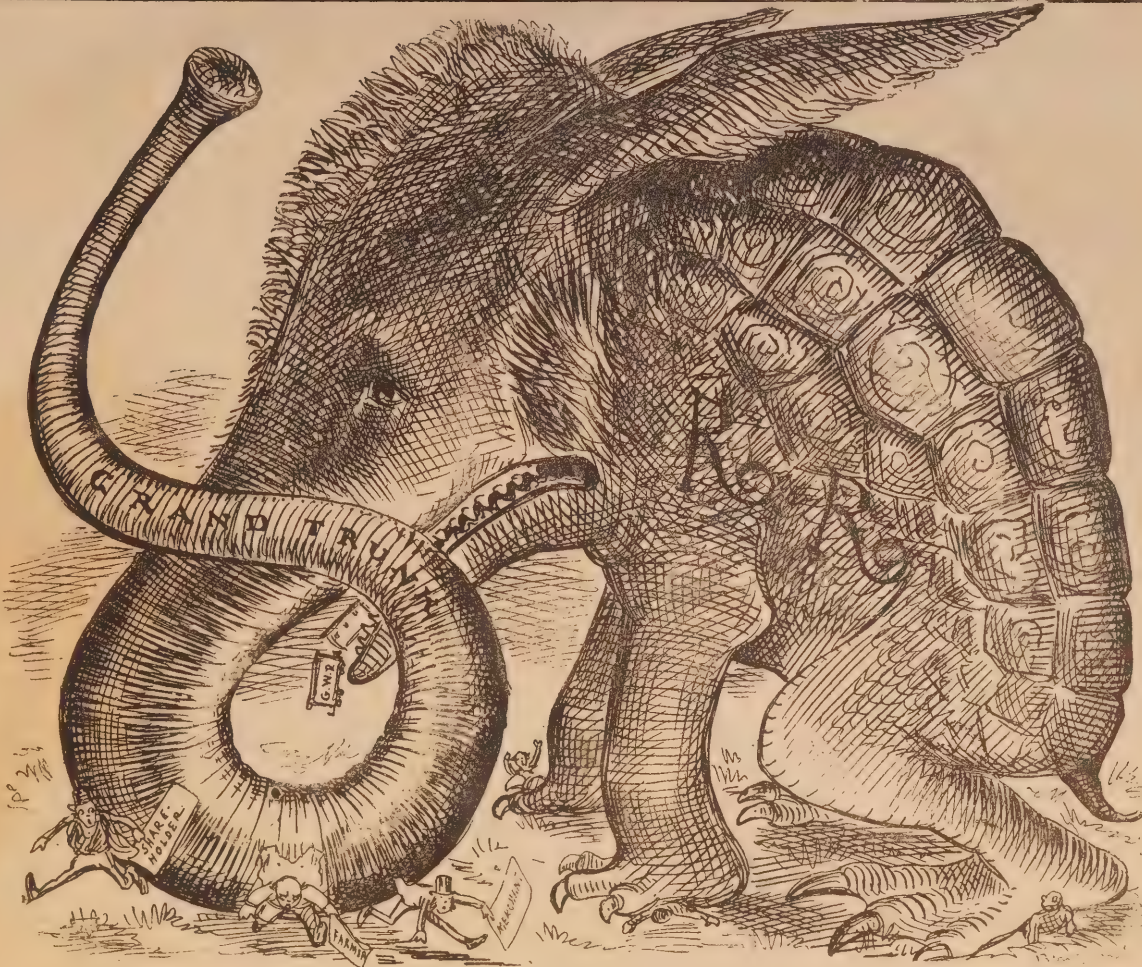
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Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can
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Do "Ontario, Ontario!"
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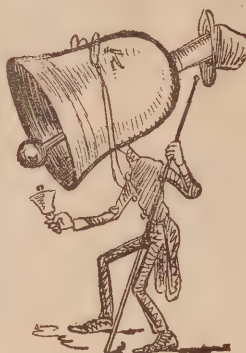
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. David Blain, formerly Reform member for West York, has published a long letter in the *Mail* in support of the allegation that Hon. Edward Blake is responsible for the destruction of the Grit party. The *Mail* greets its new correspondent with effusive affection, and mingles its tears with his over the destruction aforesaid. The sublime innocence of Mr. Blain in going to the chief government organ for consolation in such a matter, and the equally sublime exhibition of hypocrisy made by the organ in pretending to pity him, are incidents too rich to escape the political historian, and are even worthy of being commemorated as laughing-stock in these pages.

FRONT PAGE.—The Grand Trunk railway, already a very powerful corporation, has succeeded, after many preliminary gulps, in swallowing the Great Western, and henceforth will be recognized as one of those beneficent monopolies for which our country is becoming noted throughout the world. Of course there

is a good deal of grumbling over this development in Western Ontario, but this is, to say the least, very illogical on the part of people who by a large majority supported the Dominion Government in establishing a similar institution to rule over the Province of Manitoba.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Premier Norquay of Manitoba is not too proud to be taught, and he appears to have the capacity for taking a lesson with remarkable celerity and in a practical fashion. As a public man he has heretofore been distinguished by a marked deference to the will of Ottawa in all matters pertaining to his Province, and when Ottawa thought fit to disallow Manitoba charters and otherwise interfere with local rights, Mr. Norquay acquiesced with the utmost politeness. Meantime his opponents howled against these unjust measures. When the Dominion election came off, and it was found that public opinion in the Prairie Province was against Ottawa interference, Mr. Norquay at once saw the point. The local elections are soon to be held, and that valiant statesman is at present amongst the loudest and firmest enemies of Disallowance, and his organ, the *Times*, has also added the new tune to its repertoire.



THE
CITY
BELL-
MAN.

I went over to Grimsby camp ground the other day on that solid, steady, and withal rapid steamer, the "Empress." It was my first visit, and I was immensely pleased with the spot. The magnificent grove, crowning the high bank, from which one could gaze almost across the lake; the cunning little cottages; the tents, the hammocks, the happy faces of the sojourners, all went to form a beautiful holiday picture.

Truly Toronto is blessed above many cities. If you don't care to go so far as Grimsby, or Olcott, or Niagara, or Whitby, or Port Dalhousie—and you can get to any of those points for a trifle—why there is Victoria Park, a bewitching spot and now excellently managed; there is Lorne Park, a little further off, but equally lovely; there is High Park, and Sunnyside, and Mimico and the Humber, all within a half-hour of town, and lastly, for a ten minutes' trip, there is the Island.

That Island, aside from its utility as a break-water, is worth about \$20,000,000 to Toronto as a park; and the man who would sell it to a monopolist for that sum would deserve the lasting execrations of all future generations.

I hate monopolists and monopolies; I hate them with my whole heart and strength. I don't care what shape they take, whether railroad, or manufacturing, or land-holding—they are utterly detestable; against the spirit of the age, a standing outrage on human liberty, and a perpetual menace to human happiness. Away with them!

I recognize and respect only one sort of monopoly—that of the intellect. If a man can strike out a line for himself in which he may stand alone without a rival, I say good luck to him; I like to see him flourish and enjoy riches and honor. Take yourself, Mr. GRIP, as a case in point. You have a monopoly of the field of comic journalism in Canada—as absolute as that of the Syndicate in the West—but nobody hates you; nobody envies your growing wealth—and you are growing rich, my ebony bird. I know it!—nobody feels wronged. Why? Because your monopoly is not guarded by acts of Parliament contrary to the wishes of the people.

And there's your friend Dr. Wild for another example. He has a monopoly of the church-going people on Sunday evening, and he enjoys a huge popularity with his regular hearers, and I venture to say there are but a few croakers who grudge him his laurels. I by no means agree with many of the Doctor's theories, but I honor him, monopolist as he is.

This reminds me that I have seen some spiteful things of late in the papers about Dr. Wild. He may have got his degree from an obscure University as alleged, and he may be rather eccentric in some of his utterances, but he is now exactly what he was, to my knowledge, years and years before he came to Toronto. He did not assume any new role when he came to Bond-street. And as to his verging on blasphemy, etc., there is not a more reverent or, as I believe, sincerely pious man in any Toronto pulpit than the aesthetically-long-haired gentleman in question.

Mistr Tommis Bengof, who bleeds in spelling as he rites, sends us the follerin abovt the Canadyan Shrtthnd Convenshun to be held in this sitty on the 29th and 30th inst.:

"Deep interest attaches to this meeting, as it wil doubtles result in the organization of a Canadian Shorthand Society combining the influence of professionals and amateurs, or, technically speaking, of 'Stenographers' and 'Short-handers.' Alredy the art-scienc of Shorthand has taken hih rank in this yung Dominion—the demand for amanuenses being greater than the supply. Among the papers to be red is one by Mr. Wm. Houston, M.A. on 'Fonetic Shorthand as an Universal Medium in Writing and Printing.' Rev. Dr. Wild, Rev. Robt Torrance, of Guelph, and other prominent short-hand riters and representative stenographers from New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, and other American cities, will participate. Shorthand riters and learners will find the meetings very profitabl. Reduced fares have been secured for delegates." Ald. John Taylor is Chairman of the Committee. The Secretary's address is No. 11 King St. West, Toronto.

Our Funny Contributor, having occasion to send many newspapers, etc., to his friends, uses up a good deal of wrapping paper. Asking for some one day lately in a store in Lindsay, a clerk remarked, "we can't afford to give away so much paper, wrapping paper is going up." "Well," rejoined our contributor, "this is going up too, it's going up to Toronto."



"EXACTLY SO!"

SMITH—Ha! Jones, let me congratulate you,—I hear you've had some money left you!
JONES—Yaas; it left me long ago!

THE MEANDERERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was night, "a phenomenon," as says the *Omaha Journal of Commerce*, "occurring seven times a week." But it was night in Woodbridge, that charming major village of the fertile township of Vaughan. The moon rose over the eastern pine-clad hill, as per usual loving couples meandered up to the station to see the last train of the day pass on its rushing journey from the Sound to Toronto, ruthlessly running over the thousands of stolid sleepers in its bed. It heeded not the sleepers' groans. They were too wooden to groan. The train dashed into the station. This is figurative, and means that it drew (not with pencils, but by means of coals) up on the track in front of the depot, where it paused for ninety-two seconds in its career. The usual crowd of passengers disembarked. The village dogs barked two, two or perhaps three, or, before I proceed, if I've made a possible mistake, six. The other ordinary crowd got aboard. Those who did not get aboard were content with toothpicks. There are no ordinary people in Woodbridge, so the departing crowdiers were not natives. They were from Parkdale—some distance—and came out with the Solteros Club. It was so long since they had experienced a whipping that they knew not a threshing machine when they saw one, and asked "Charlie, what that red and green thing was?" Ah! if they had known the true name of that part of the thresher they would have implored their Charlies to hurry up street, and would have thought of home and father. It was a separator! But where ignorance is bliss there's no need to seek a blister, so they didn't hurry unduly.

SUB-CHAPTER I.

It was at this station above referred to that the smiling station-master was asked one evening when the train was late, why the said train was like Christmas, but the conundrum was so innocently simple that he guessed the answer immediately. You know it too, but the next was better. Why was the engine of the Christmaslike train like the village corporation after it had instituted a pound and appointed a pound-keeper? The answer had to be left to the propounder, who announced that it was because it had a cow-catcher. This is respectfully referred to *Dick Dumpling* when

he comes to write his *bos* essay. But leaving beef let us return to our mutton.

CHAPTER II.

The train had glided off into the night, the thirsty had gone for a drink, and the drink had "gone for" some of the thirsty, when one of the loving couple aforesaid turned their faces villageward and gave themselves up to the pleasing pastime of holding sweet converse, and occasionally (when they came near the drain so lovingly lingered over—in their deliberations—by the Council) holding their noses too, while they performed mentally the operation which one landed proprietor threatened to do with a spade:

Not the hanging of the crane,
But the damming of the drain.

In such moments they covered their beaks with their handkerchiefs, an action which would have been totally unnecessary had the drain been as faithfully covered by plank. But we all have to submit to drains—many on our own purses.

SUB-CHAPTER II.

On they went past the cage of the red bird, whose owner on being interrogated as to its species, replied "It is a cardinal." "Did the present Pope create it such?" "I know not, but this I know: I am going to make an Orangeman of it." "Then, by my halidome, must it dye first."

CHAPTER III.

So on went our meanderers till they reached the noble bridge which spans the silver stream. Here they paused and gazed upon the beauty of the scene spread out in an eight-o'clock-dinner-in-the-park-table fashion—sumptuously before them.

The moon, now high in the heavens, beamed benignly down and tipped each little wavelet with a bamboo-cane-silver-ferrule-tip, while the silent, stable stars strewn strips of lesser light in a gas-jet-at-the-corner-of-Yonge-street-under-the-electric-illumination manner around, only more so.

The ripple of the river made music for their ear, but the beating of their own hearts was what they best could hear.

SUB-CHAPTER III.

The night owl hooted beyond the sombre hill, and the tom cat looted the creamery until he had his fill

CHAPTER IV.

A faint æolian-harp-like-music-producing breeze sprang up and floated down the river, winding through pleasant meadows and grassy glades. Why did that melancholy music of the evening wind cause the maiden to turn pale, and the youth to experience an out-in-mid-lake-on-board-the-"Empress-of-India"-on-a-rough-day feeling?

SUB-CHAPTER IV.

It didn't.

CHAPTER V.

It was a strange, an indescribable, but very palpable something—if our Wilde method of description will be tolerated—a something floating on the pinions of the wind which wrought the mischief. Not the odor of wild woods skirting the river's bank, except a dead horse was handy, not the pleasing perfume of the flower-sprinkled meadow, not the odor of the green and grassy-glade—no!

SUB-CHAPTER V.

Not much!

CHAPTER VI.

It was the beastly smell of the slaughter house close by, which came in like a home-

wrecking Bedouin, destroying all that was sweet in the air and leaving instead the fatal blast of its own foul breath! Even as a deliberately committed mortal sin will blight the fruit of a good life, so came this diresome stench annihilating the pleasant spicery and balm of the charming evening zephyr.

SUB-CHAPTER VI.

It was real bad—horrible.

CHAPTER VII.

"My love," said HE—and she trembled violently (was it the unwonted word or the stench from the slaughter house?). "My love, I fain would speak with thee—but not here, 'tis too skunk-like: let us go up Canal street." So they went. "What is't my Romeo?" murmured SHE as the purer air, and the reaction, set in. "Darling," quoth he, National Policy Willis says, "The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife," and, but you will accept me and give me a welcome as unclouded as is yon moon above us brightly beaming. I am constrained to think that I would verify N.P.'s saying for myself." "Willingly would I acquiesce, but that yet I lack a week of twenty-one; still, as a charming little actress (now dead, alas! but formerly of Toronto) used to sing (so tells my cousin):

I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know
Next Saturday afternoon."

They sealed the compact with the usual seal—tulips rampant!

SUB-CHAPTER VII.

Saturday afternoon came. So did the answer. It was favorable, and our meanderers are now happy in each others' possession and in—Kansas.

CHARLIE JAY.

SMITH'S PHENOMENAL ROOSTER.

Smith was a man, whose fancy lay
In rearing stock in the poultry way.

Unrivalled by other folk,
And once he went across the main,
For British birds of purest strain;
He scorned the foreign yolk.

He bought a rooster and seven dames,
Of lineage pure and noble names,
And faultless pedigree;
And, when those hens began to lay,
He "ova" looked them day by day,—
A farming man was he.

And there he kept his patient seat
Till incubation was complete;
When something strange befell
That startled Smith's expectant sight,
For one, a little rooster mite,
Crowed as he cracked his shell.

And Smith has frequently averred
It was the most precocious bird
That one might well desire;
A little forward, strutting thing,
That scorned the warm maternal wing,
And perched beside his sire.

And strange it was to hear and see
That youngster crow in treble key,
Beside his "daddy's" bass;
And all the hens declared it too,
Who heard his minor "doodle-doo!"
A most unusual case.

But though that bird would early crow,
He has not grown a bit; and now
His voice one seldom hears,
He's lost his cheek and early strut,
And of the hens he's quite the "butt,"
He's getting, too, in years.

A moral here one might with truth
Apply to some Toronto youth
Who early failings show;
Don't strut and ape and play the fool,
Nor scorn the mild maternal rule;
Whatever you do, don't "crow"!

R. C.

Motto for a scandal monger—All's fish that comes to my net.



(From Western Figaro.)

LADY OF THE HOUSE.—JOHNNY, WILL YOU HAVE SOME MORE CAKE?

JOHNNY.—NO, I'VE HAD ENOUGH.

MOTHER.—YOU NAUGHTY BOY, TO SPEAK LIKE THAT; YOU NEVER DO SO AT HOME.

JOHNNY.—NO, BECAUSE I NEVER GET ENOUGH AT HOME.

SCOTTY'S OPINION.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—Considerin' the parcel o' lees that the papers are filled wi' aboot yer fine kintra, I think its only richt that ye should publish this letter to let folk ken the richt state o' things. I never saw sic a kintra as this in a' my born days. The farmers here are a parcel o' impident fallows, they'll hae naething but their ain way in every thing, an' when they get haud o' the like o' a gude practical farmer like mysel, that aye been brocht up on a farm, an' kens a' aboot it, they dinna ken how to value him. When I cam oot here I hired first till a French Heilin'man. The fallow would gie me naething but nine dollars a month, an' wanted me till get up at fowr i' the mornin', an' at nicht it was aucht o'clock afore we got through. I just tell't him plump an' plain it wadna dae, an' then came awa up here to Ontario, and hired wi' a farmer here. I didna like the way he managed his farm ava, he was aye gettin' things broken, an' he had his tools scattered a' over the place, an' then they were aye to rin and see. His 'boors were just as bad as the ither ane's, but I got twa'ree dollars a month mair than afore. Naething wad suit him but I maun bind the wheat his way, instead o' the way I had aye been used to, an' I didna believe in his new fangled notions o' this an' that. Ae day I tuk him aside an' tell't him hoo I thoct he ocht to manage his farm, an' the way the farmers do in the auld kintry. Wad ye believe me, instead o' thankin' me kindly for my advice, he cursed an' swore like a dragoon. I never heard sich swearin'

a' my life. Of coorse it was my duty as a member in full communion wi' the Established Kirk to speer at him whaur he thoct he wad gang tae when he de'd, if he swore like that, but he just glowered at me an' said if I didna get oot o' that he wad gie me a rise in the salary. Weel, I tell't him I had nae objection to that ava, that in fact a dollar or twa mair a month wad be very acceptable, an' wi' I looted down to bind a sheaf, when afore I kent whaur I was I flew ower the tap o' a' stook an' lichted in the heart o' anither ane, the only thing I was sensible o' bein' a most terrible pain in the bottom o' my backbone just exactly whaur I sit down on. I couldna account for sic an extraordinar' circumstance, unless on the supposition that I had been kicked ahint, but I hardly think he would hae done anything like that till a respectable man like me, especially when I was advisin' him for his ain gude. Oh way I left him, an' I've written hame to ma mither that the climate dinna agree wi' my health, an' to send oot the bawbees to tak me hame at vance. He insulted me tae my very face when I left, he said "Of a' the self-conceited fules on top of creation, commend me till a Scotch greenhorn." Aye! that's what he said, and mind ye he's a Scotchman himsel, but he's gotten perfectly corrupted in this country; and like Ephraim he is joined till his idols, let him alone. Noo, what I want you tae dee, Mr. GRIP, is tae see if ye canna pit a stop to the papers printin' a' the lees about this kintra. They wad make ye believe it's a perfect paradise, when it's a most miserable hole. For instance, noo, I had

to rise an' open the window twa inches last nicht, it was sae hot, an' there was me sleepin' wi' the nicht air comin' in on me, a thing I never did at hame. An' its tea in the mornin', tea at dinner time, tea at tea time, till I'm clean scarned at tea, an' my mouth's waterin' a' the time for a drap o' gude brose. Ye never ken what it is to get a gude meal, its beef—beef—beef a' the time. I declare when I get hame I'll turn a Hindoo an' eshoo beef a' thegither. The folk here canna bake bannocks, they mak naething but that fashionless white bread, an' thae clarty pies. Sic a meeserable kintra I never kent tae bring a decent man till. An' for the Sabbath they've no respect for it whatever. Its awfu. They sit wi' every door and window in the house wide open, an' they play on the organ an' sing, an' they let the bairns play aboot the hoose, instead o' garrin' them sit up straight on a chair an' read their Bibles a' day, the way I was brought up forty year syne. I've gone to the expense o' paper, envelope, and a three bawbee stamp to send this to you, so I houp ye'll hae the decency an' justice enough to print it, and let the truth be kent aboot the barbarity o' the place they are wheedin' decent folk tae.

No more at present, but remains yours truly,

JOCK LITTLEWIT.

A LAMENT FOR THE DEAD "SPECTATOR"
(MONTREAL.)

Ah! yellow, yellow, yell oh!
What time the grieved *Spectator*,
With five years' ripeness mellow,
Expires from high-toned think;
How paint the readers' woes,
Knowing as well he knows
No wrongs are rectified with printers' ink.

When from the thoughtful's praise
This Montreal journal shrinks,
That journal which was Bray's;
It teaches 'tis not intellect which thrills.
How shall one hymn its throas,
Knowing as well one knows
Men pay not for exposed ills?

Is it, and can it be
This Nation's dire decree,
"Nothing that's 'toney' in this land shall sell?"
Or that in all our works
Something chaotic lurks,
Not to be righted if 'tis done too well?
'Tis a conundrum—and—I cannot tell.



This (Friday) evening the Haverly Opera Company conclude their present engagement with a repetition of *Pinofores Patience* enjoyed a capital run during the early portion of the week, the performance being a great artistic success. Mr. Temple's *Bunthorne* was very fair, but would not bear comparison with the "consummate" effort of Mr. Dixie in the same role. It was found impracticable to put on the *Pirates of Penzance* as announced, on account of the non arrival of the costumes, but there is a probability that this excellent company may return shortly and present that opera. Meantime they visit Hamilton, whose citizens may be assured of a great treat.

"Tug" Wilson thus soliloquises this morning as he handles his \$10,000 in cash: "It is better to have gloved and won, than never to have gloved at all."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.



SYMPATHY!

OR, THE LITTLE BOY WITH THE SORE HEAD.



FIENDISH REVENGE.

(London Fun.)

Major Doodlefog.—“WHY ON EARTH IS THAT PRETTY MISS HARRINGTON TALKING TO THAT ANIMATED HAYSTACK?”
 Captain Dunderhead (who would like to be in his place).—“SHE’S LOOKING FOR THE PROVERBIAL NEEDLE, I SUPPOSE, AS
 I SEE HER DRESS IS TORN.”
 [Of course it isn’t, but all Miss H.’s pleasure for the evening is spoilt.]

The Joker Club.

“The Pun is mightier than the Sword.”

THE DETROIT FUNNY MAN’S LATEST.

Most of the world seems to believe that a thorough good drubbing will benefit instead of hurt the Turks, and the belief is also widespread that Admiral Seymour is the man to handle the club.

Kentucky lover who swore by the great horn spoon that he’d like to die for his girl stood on the river bank and saw another chap pull her from the water and never even offered him fifteen cents’ reward.

A Jersey City woman tried to trap her husband by flirting with him on the street, and when he had given himself dead away he felt so cheap that he tried to drown himself in eighteen inches of water.

The National Republican of Washington is said to have been largely supported by contributions from the Star Routers. If the Star Routers are convicted and it suspends, Washington could probably stand the loss.

The city of Alexandria had three daily newspapers when the bombardment began, but not one single reporter stayed after the second shot. They don’t draw salaries over there for writing anything worse than a runaway.

It is estimated that one English iron-clad would walk her way into New York Harbor without firing over a dozen shots, and those would be fired simply to scare the hackmen away from her intended landing place.

An old “bach” wanted to get even with the widows of Williamsport, Pa., who had gossiped about him, and so he left them \$33,000 in his will. He knew they’d fight over it until the last dollar went to the lawyers.

A New York stone mason says he can supply the trade with Egyptian obelisks looking to be 6,000 years old for \$5,000 a shaft. The price is certainly reasonable for the times, and one obelisk is as good as another.

HAPPINESS IN THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Conner, Royal Opera House (Toronto), he spoke as follows to a representative of a prominent journal in reply to a question concerning his health: “During the early part of last October I had a severe attack in my right knee, of what my physicians pronounced as acute rheumatism. I used many so-called rheumatic remedies, without receiving any apparent benefit. Observing that St. Jacobs Oil was being constantly recommended by many of the leading members of our profession, I decided to give it a trial. Accordingly I pur-

chased a bottle of the article and applied it as directed. From the first application I commenced to improve, and before I used two-thirds of a bottle, I was entirely cured, and have experienced no return of my ailment.”

RUPTURE CURED.



BY four months’ use of Charles Cluthé’s Latest Spinal Truss. Patented in U. S. and Canada. POINTS OF EXCELLENCE: 1st, Weighs only one ounce. 2d, Perfect ventilation; air circulates freely under (as) 3d, Constant pressure. In speaking the tongue acts as a valve in the mouth, which causes a corresponding pressure immediately on the hernia. The pad is so perfect that it instantly imitates the motion of the tongue when speaking. 4th, It will give to the slightest motion of the body. It is made of best brass, therefore rusting is impossible. The pad when pressed (as above shown) has a clamping pressure, the same as by placing the hand upon the leg, extending the thumb and drawing together. This truss is the result of a life’s study and 18 years’ material experience. Twenty-four thousand reduced in the last seven years by the inventor. Recommended by leading physicians. I defy the rupture I cannot hold with ease. Spinal instruments, most improved. A new apparatus for straightening Club Feet, without cutting or pain. Send 6 ct. stamp for book on Rupture and the Human Frame (registered, by Chas. Cluthé), valuable information. Address CHAS. CLUTHÉ, Surgical Machinist, 113 King Street, West, TORONTO, Ont., and corner Main and Huron Streets, BUFFALO, N. Y.



PERSONAL.

Scene—The Zoo.

Gamin (to chum in distance) Hi, Jimmy, come here and see the two-legged pup!
Jimmy—Naw! I kin see him any time on King-street; come an' look at the lions!

DOMESTIC EXPERIENCES OF JONAS JOBSON, ESQ.

Jonas Jobson is one who may be termed a self-made man. Although not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he has been through life shrewd, economical, upright, and of business habits, and early in life became a well-to-do tradesman. Having amassed a fair proportion of this world's goods, Jobson and his wife Maria have settled down in a nice little villa in the suburbs, where they intend to reside for the remainder of their allotted span. This abode Jobson has christened "The Bower." Jobson, although possessed of more than sufficient to provide for himself and his Maria during the period of their natural lives, still believes strictly in economy being observed in his household. One girl, a maid of all works, Sarah Josephine by name, constitutes the establishment, and household expenses are kept down proportionately. The diet is almost invariably of the plainest description. It is only now and then that Jobson having exceeded the bounds of moderation in the "liquor" line, Mrs. J. is favored with something out of the ordinary in the shape of a treat. These treats, however, are more of the offspring of fear on the part of Jonas, lest he should be taken to task by his Maria for his indiscretion, than of husbandry forethought or wishfulness to please. Last week the weather being intensely hot, and the spirit having moved Jobson so to do, and having brought himself to believe that a good "blow out" was well nigh essential, Jobson set out on one of his "boozing" excursions, and a royal day he spent, you need not doubt. In returning to the "Bower," and pondering over in his mind what would be most likely to please his Maria and save himself from being hauled over the coals, the dear old man espied some geese on a stall in the market-place. As quick as thought Jobson became the purchaser of a fine large goose, and with glee he pursued his homeward course so that he might present to his Maria the subject of his purchase. On arriving home he rushed into the good old lady's presence, hauling the goose by the neck, "Good gracious," exclaimed Mrs. Jobson, "what have you been thinking about, Jonas; whatever induced you to bring a goose here? You know we are not in the habit of indulging in such luxuries, and as to the cooking, how is that to be done? I am sure Sarah Josephine seldom if ever dined off goose, and as to her being able to cook this bird she knows just as

much about it, less, if possible, than the goose itself." "Come, come, my dear," said Jonas, "do not lose your equilibrium so entirely over nothing. There are several ways of cooking a goose." Roast it, broil it, or boil it," chimed in Sarah Josephine. The old man smiled. Later in the evening when Jobson was enjoying his pipe of peace in solitude, Mrs. Jobson and Sarah Josephine repaired to the kitchen, where they held a council of war. After mature consideration they decided that the goose should be prepared and cooked in the oven for dinner the following day. Bed time arrived, but failed, however, to bring with it any sleep for poor Mrs. Jobson. She was haunted with dreams of the unwelcome goose, intermingled with visions of giblet pie. Early next morning Mrs. Jobson arose, and having again repaired to the kitchen, she together with Sarah Josephine held a post mortem examination on the bird, and surveyed its intestines. At length the preparations were complete, and the "quacker" placed in the oven. Not long however, did the bird remain in close confinement before the spluttering of the fat on the sides of the oven, and the consequent perfume arising therefrom, brought the dear old man on the scene of action. He stumbled into the kitchen and demanded of Sarah Josephine whether the rag bag had got on fire. When informed, however, that his recent purchase was the cause which had affected his strong sense of smell, and that dinner would not be ready before two p.m., Jobson intimated that he would make a business call in the meantime, and departed. Very much business, I'll be bound, thought Maria. Dinner hour arrived, and with it Jobson. The goose having been dexterously deposited on the table by Sarah Josephine, Jonas and his wife took their seats. The cover having been removed, Jonas surveyed the bird with wondering eye. "Well, my love," said he to his spouse, "how and where do I start." "Well I never," replied Mrs. Jobson. "You ask me that question. You bought the thing. Why did you not get your instructions how to proceed labelled upon it? How do I know how you should go to work?" This was not at all calculated to inspire Jonas with hope, so with knife and fork in hand, and the perspiration standing on his manly brow, he once again surveyed his purchase. It must be done, thought he. No sooner had Jobson drawn his blade over the bird's carcase than he became aware that his task was no slight matter. The knife seemed to have no effect. "Why don't you amputate the legs and wings?" suggested Maria. "Easier said than done," responded Jonas. Several attempts having been unsuccessfully made upon the bird, during which the gravy had been sent in every direction over Mrs. J.'s snow-white tablecloth, Jobson thought a little more persuasion must be necessary. He picked up dish, goose and all, and bolted into the kitchen. There he laid hold of the meat chopper, and prepared to hack the obstinate bird in twain. The first stroke proved disastrous, the clipper gliding off the bird, and instead of doing the work he intended it should do, it made Mrs. Jobson's crockery list less by one item. Again and again did poor Jonas strive to accomplish his ends, until at last his temper getting the better of him, and omitting that care and prudence which usually characterized his every action, Jobson succeeded in not dislocating a limb of the bird, but in chiselling about half a pound of flesh out of his left hand. This was sufficient for Jobson. He perceived it was useless to dream of dining off goose that day, so he and Maria had to make the best they could of the potatoes and gravy. Jobson admits that to live is to learn, and he has made up his mind that in future when he shall feel inclined to have goose for dinner he will previous to purchasing his bird demand of the vendor a

written guarantee as to its modernness, and a certificate of its birth he will obtain from the nearest registry.

MARS IN EXTREMIS.

Great Jove, oppressed with heavy cares of State,
Lay soundly sleeping, though the hour was late;
Ambrosial odors floated on the air;
And all the goddesses were long astrid,
On tip-toe tripping o'er the marble floors,
Or closing noiselessly the palace doors.
The bell was muffled at the outer gate,
And all in languid expectation wait.
Vulcan, whose hammer a dead silence keeps,
Grown tired of waiting, by his anvil sleeps;
His roaring bellows utter not a sound,
And half-wrought thunderbolts lie grouped around;
His fire as feeble burns as Hymen's torch,
And Bacchus, drunk, sleeps off his first debauch,
But one approaches now whose heavy tread
Shakes the whole palace and great Jove in bed.
With iron greaves his mighty legs are bound,
With leathern thongs his loins are girdled round,
A garment loose is o'er his shoulders thrown,
And as he walks its heavy folds hang down,
Swift, at his tread, each heavy portal swings,
And all Jove's waiting breakfast-service rings;
The war-dogs barking, at the sound rejoice,
And strain their leashes at his well-known voice.
So loud the echoes were when he had spoke,
That 'midst the general hubbub Jove awoke;
To various worlds despatched his golden cars,
And then came down to breakfast—and to Mars.
"Ah! god of battles, is that you?" said Jove,
"I'm glad to see you, and I pledge my love."
"Ho! Vulcan; what's the time of day?" "Let's see."
Said Vulcan, "eighteen-eighty-one, by me."
"Pardon, my friend," said Mars, "you're rather slow,
It's eighteen-eighty-two; at least, below."
"That's near enough," said Jove, "I'm glad to find
If anything, we are a shade behind;
Considering the distance of the climate,
The system, on the whole, keeps first-rate time.
But where the thunderbolts? Come, Vulcan, quick!
On all below as hail, I'll hurt them thick."
"My liege," said Mars, "they've bolts enough of
war;
Such bolts as, perhaps, your Majesty ne'er saw—
I'm straight from earth, and 'ould astound you
The change in mortals this last day or two.
I'm sure the bolts which their poor fires disgorge
Would take friend Vulcan all his time to forge:
And those huge shafts by 'Armstrongs,' moister
hurled
Pierce the firm rock, and desolate the world."
"And who is 'Armstrong,' Mars? and how allied?"
"Entirely human sire; no god-like tide
Flows through his veins; but, though of mortal birth,
He rivals me in 'thinning out' on earth."
"Couldst't pierce Achilles' shield these shafts of
steel?"
"Achilles' shield, my liege? Ah! like an eel
'Twould I through it, sire." "O, Mars! don't pun," said
Jove;
"That noble Grecian boy had all my love,
And when that arrow hit the vital part
I only wish his heel had been his heart.
And what of Egypt, Mars? How goes the war?
Is Arabi yet conquered?—your dread car
On poor old Alexandria's fair plain
I'm told was ankle deep in Christians' slain."
"It made my heart bleed, sire." "O, come, that's
good,"
Said Jove, "why Mars, your garment's drenched in
blood."
"It is," said Mars, "for there has been some spilt,
In fact, I've worn my sword down to the hilt—
You see, I've fixed the handle on the sheath;
But that's a ruse, there's not an inch beneath—
There's not enough to take a single life—
'Twould scarcely serve you, sire, for oyster-knife.
And working with such tools perplexes me—
I've been compelled to strangle two or three."
"Strangle!" said Jove; "I almost doubt your word:
I'd never work, dear Mars, without my sword."
"This dirty work, my liege; you're well surprised,
And may my next good sword be oxidized
By morning's idle tears, or purling brook;
Or Vulcan twist it into pruning hook,
Before I'll slit a wind-pipe to the good,
Or pander to their savage thirst for blood.
I'm thankful, sire, I had cooled my birth;
I can but scorn the wretches now on earth—
The cut-throat heroes—there are none of mine;
I had enough of them beside the Rhine;
And Britain's boastful isle, that 'guiding star,'
Has got on hand this other dubious war—
Ah! sire, when Greece beheld her sons deploy,
Or Hector led the noble youth of Troy,
'Twere pleasure then to mingle with the brave,
And trace each hero to an honored grave;
But let me rest, my liege, I've grown sick since then
To hate the mercenary sons of men."

R. C.

"A round of pleasure"—Riding the flying
horses.



THE MANITOBA MINSTRELS;
OR, LEARNING TO PLAY THE STOLEN MUSIC.

The personal appearance of none of our popular writers is less familiar to the public than that of Mr. Clemens's (Mark Twain), unless it be that of Mr. Henry James, Jr. Of both these gentlemen Mr. Cole is engraving portraits in wood for *The Century*, and Mr. Howells has prepared the sketches which are to accompany them. Mr. Clemens's, which is spoken highly of both as a work of art and a faithful representation, will form the frontispiece of the September number. Mr. James's will follow soon, together with a piece of literary work by the writer, which, it is said, will be of greater popular interest even than "Daisy Miller."

A national sentiment—"Here's luck."

Motto for a counterfeiter—"I have set my life upon a cast and I will stand the hazard of the die."

Fashionable Intelligence—It is said that the Princess of Wales has sat upon Lady Harberton's divided skirt.



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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

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DR. E. G. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees are used only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

FROM THE LEADING HOSPITALS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND

over twenty-five physicians and surgeons have connected themselves with Dr. Souville, of Montreal, and ex-aid surgeon of the French army, in founding an international throat and lung institute, which has been long needed in the Dominion of Canada, and the offices are 75 Yonge-street, Toronto, and 13 Phillips-square, Montreal, where specialists are always in charge. Physicians and sufferers can obtain free advice from the surgeon, and use Dr. Souville's spirometer, which is recognized in all leading hospitals in Europe as the only means of curing Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases. Parties unable to visit the Institute can be successfully treated by letter. Consultation free. Call or write to the International Throat and Lung Institute, 75 Yonge-street, Toronto, 13 Phillips-square, Montreal.

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RESOLUTIONS.

NOT GENUINE WITHOUT THE
SIGNATURE *John A.*

RESOLVED that Mowat
MUST GO because he is
Convicted of
Extravagance
Centralization.
Hostility to the N.P.
Manipulation of the
public offices for Poli-
tical Ends
Sowing the seeds of
Dissension between the
Provinces
Invading private
Rights by the Streams
Bill.
Demanding the
Boundary Award
without further
Reference.

MOWAT
MUST GO.
(BY) John A.



TAKING THE MOWAT OUT OF HIS NEIGHBOR'S EYE!

The Joker Club.

"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

This American nation has about concluded that the North Pole isn't worth searching for.

If tramps only knew enough to go in gangs they would be called gypsies and be thought romantic.

In the last twenty years 300 Connecticut people have deposited money in savings banks and gone away and forgotten it.

Charles Lamb wrote that a good laugh was worth 100 groans, but he never succeeded in making a man with the toothache believe it.

It isn't likely that Attorney-General Brewster carries six hats with him when he travels. He probably carries five hats and a night-cap.

The idea that a bonnet is always uppermost in a woman's mind is entertained only by unmarried men. She wants everything else first.

A society journal says it is only one man in a dozen who can leave a house in a graceful manner. Do the other eleven slide down the steps?

A Virginia negro wasn't satisfied with his wife drawing the plow, but wanted to put a bridle on her. She bridled up and cracked his skull.

An Indiana schoolma'am says it is not only less trouble to rule the boys by love, but she thus manages to get the best apples and nicest bouquets.

A young man in Buffalo kept up a correspondence with seven young ladies of good family and position for a year and then married a cook.

Mike Welch, of Colorado, managed to squander \$400 in one year without drinking a drop of whiskey or betting on a horse race. He bet on base ball.

Only about one out of ten negro cabins in the South have windows. When the occupants want any daylight for any particular purpose they walk out doors.

George T. Reynolds, of Kansas, carried an Indian arrow-head in his shoulder for sixteen years, but got tired of being a hero and had it cut out the other day.

A country which can pan out 550,000,000 bushels of wheat in such a season as this cannot be sat down on by any power on earth, and don't you forget it!

The longest cucumber ever grown in the South is now on exhibition in North Carolina. It stopped an inch short of four feet and contains sixty cases of colic.

It is announced that the Prince of Wales owes over \$300,000, and yet people are anxious to give him more credit. There are several good things about being a prince.

When Illinois lightning can jack the boots off a farmer without even scorching his feet, what's the use of Eastern speculators trying to make a corner on boot-jacks?

A Brooklyn blacksmith held out a hammer on his hand for seven minutes to win a bet of twenty-five cents, and the doctors say he won't use that arm again for a year.

When an Edgefield youth goes to spark a girl he finds the old lady in one corner of the room, the old man in another, and a dog under the melodeon, and he is required to speak up like an orator.—Augusta News.

The mosquito is little, but his brave example is contagious. He makes the most cowardly come to the scratch.—Boston Transcript.

Arabi Pasha does not dash along his lines on a foaming steed. He cannot ride, and when he is obliged to mount a horse the animal is led.—Philadelphia News.

"The French speak in the nose, the Germans in the throat and the English through the teeth." Either of which is more agreeable than speaking through the telephone.

Mrs. Livermore always has some female friend who wants a place on a newspaper. Out of ten she has secured places for eight could hold their places four weeks.

A Washington shop-keeper says that females employed in the departments are head over heels in debt, and would take home grindstones if they could get trusted for them.

It is now considered vulgar in England to display much jewelry, but an American woman with seven rings on her fingers over her kid gloves still shines like the evening star.

The young man who wants to look tony this winter will have to get something different from an ulster. A red and white blanket, buttoned under the chin, would attract attention.

An Ohio cow devoured a pocketbook containing \$600, and yet the owner can't sell the animal for one-fifth of that sum. He'll never get the green back.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Blondin, the tight-rope performer, is not dead—not by any means. There are no less than four of him scattered through India, Australia and Europe, and each one is the genuine Blondin.

An average of six fools a day write an "all are lost" message, bottle it up, and manage to have it float ashore at a watering-place. The trick will never be old with certain cunning young men.

The bill of a mosquito is a finer piece of work than any jeweller could bring out, and has more science than any patent yet applied for, and yet man thinks only of getting a whack at the insect with his whole fist.

"Is your master in?" asks a visitor of the servant of a man about town, a treasure of honesty and truthfulness fresh from the country. "He is, but he cannot see any one sir! 'Ah! is he sick? Nothing serious, I hope.' 'No sir. He's drunk!'"

A SAINT AT THE ZOO.

Capt. Harry Piper, Superintendent of the Zoological Garden, lately communicated the following facts to a reporter of one of Toronto's most influential papers: "Some time ago, we purchased from the collection of animals at Central Park, New York, a monstrous Russian Bear, which we have named 'Peter the Great,' on account of his tremendous size. Not long after 'Peter' arrived, we found that he was suffering from the rheumatism, and in a pretty bad state. Pete was not the only one in the 'Zoo' which had a touch of that delicious torture; the lion likewise had it, and, in fact, I was just being cured of a bad case of rheumatism myself, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I found St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy, for it cured me in a short while, and my case was a very aggravated one. I argued that if it cured men it must be good for animals as well.



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Meaford Works," will be received until FRIDAY, the 29th inst., inclusively, for the construction of

WORKS AT MEAFORD, GREY COUNTY, ONTARIO,

according to plans and specification to be seen on application to Mr. Matthew Robinson, Meaford, from whom printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 11th September, 1882.



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Port Hope Works," will be received until TUESDAY, the 26th inst., inclusively, for the construction of a

BREAKWATER,

—AT—

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO,

according to a plan and specification to be seen on application at the office of the Harbour Master, Port Hope, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 8th September, 1882.



BY four months' use of Charles Cluthe's Latest Spiral Truss. Patented in U. S. and Canada. POINTS OF EXCELLENCE 1st, Weighs only one ounce. 2d, Perfect ventilation, air circulates freely under and over the truss. 3d, Constant pressure. In speaking the tongue acts as a valve in the mouth, which causes a corresponding pressure immediately on the truss. 4th, The pad is so perfect that it instantly imitates the motion of the tongue when speaking. 5th, It will give to the slightest motion of the body. It is made of best brass, therefore rusting is impossible. The pad when pressed (as above shown) has a clamping pressure, the same as by placing the hand upon the leg, extending the thumb and drawing together. This truss is the result of a life's study and 15 years' material experience. Twenty-four thousand adjusted in the last seven years by the inventor. Recommended by leading physicians. I defy the rupture I cannot hold with ease. Spiral Instruments, most improved. A new apparatus for straightening Club Feet, without cutting or pain. Send 6 ct. stamp for book on Rupture and the Human Frame (registered, by Chas. Cluthe), valuable information. Address CHAS. CLUTHE, Surgical Machinist, 118 King Street, West, Toronto, Ont., and corner Main and Huron Streets, BUFFALO, N. Y.



The New York Comic Opera Co. (late Havrily's), are performing this week in Montreal. Next week they go to Ottawa, and afterwards visit Hamilton and London—appearing in the latter city during the Western Fair. Two new members have been added to the Company in the persons of Mr. John E. Nash, baritone, and Mr. Harry Pepper, tenor. Miss Manfred remains as *prima donna*, and is sure to be popular wherever she sings. No better performances of the popular operas have ever been given in the city than by this organization.

Mr. Sheppard has an immense card for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week in the person of the incomparable Lotta, who will appear in her new play "Bob." Go for your seats instantan, if you want to make sure of them.

"Atkinson's Jollities," the present attraction at the Royal, presents an entertainment of the most original and droll character, which must be seen to be appreciated. All who can enjoy two hours of hearty laughter should make it a point to see these clever comedians. Harry Webber returns next week with his popular and successful play, "Nip and Tuck."

Lovers of "the noble animal" should take the opportunity of seeing the exhibitions which are being given nightly at the Zoo by Prof. J. G. McPherson and Mr. W. H. McConkey with their educated horses, "Salamander," and "Mexican Chief." As an illustration of the power of kindness the show deserves at all events the hearty patronage of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

THE ZOOLOGICAL CONVENTION.

A MIDNIGHT MEETING—THE WHALE'S SPEECH—ITS RESULTS—A TERRIBLE ROW.

This is an age of conventions and "annual meetings." Every profession, every trade, every class convening either for the purposes of organization or mutual greetings. Not to be behind the times, the quadrupedal, tripodal and bipedal inhabitants of the Zoological Gardens recently determined to inaugurate a yearly pow-wow for the edification of the members of the Zoo. A preliminary committee was appointed, arrangements were completed, and the first annual gathering was held last week. The hour of midnight was aptly chosen for the time of meeting, when the grounds were clear of staring spectators—and reporters, as they fondly imagined. Little did they know that one of their number had proven himself a traitor to their plans by secretly informing your reporter of the proposed convention. But so it was, and, as a consequence, GRIP has the honor of presenting the first report of the interesting proceedings to the public.

As the cathedral chimes broke upon the stillness of the night by striking the witching hour, two of the more active monkeys visited each cage and released its inmates, who then ranged themselves around the fish-pond. The sea-lion and an aged turtle stationed themselves on either side of the gate: a baldheaded eagle and Peter the Great next fell into line; Romeo held Juliet on his lap; the three black bears sat in a row; the sword fish and a horned toad hobnobbed together; the panther and the

crane cracked jokes in a corner; in short, the whole population was in attendance with the exception of a homesick owl, who regarded the whole affair as a "bit o' peacockery."

The whale, by a unanimous vote, was elected chairman, and ascended the platform amid the heterogeneous plaudits of the assemblage. After quiet had been restored by banishing the parrot and the guinea pig to an outer corner, the chairman made a few happy remarks, in which he expressed the gratification he felt at being placed in such an honorable position. He assured the audience that Nova Scotia, his native province, would also feel highly delighted at the honor paid her by appointing him. Proceeding, he gave a sketch of his life and career, and finished by relating an amusing story of a lampooning he once received from his father for plugging up his brother's blow-pipe, and pinching the tail of a younger sister. Referring to his present surroundings, and to the curious people who daily ply him with a volume of questions, he advised his hearers that it was a foolish rule to be crabbed—

MRS. TURTLE—"I protest against such language. To be snapped up in this public way is intolerable. I move to submit a clause."

CHAIRMAN—"My friend misunderstands me. I merely meant to say that I think it is not always wise when questions are put to you to be dogged."

The two-legged representative of the canine race mildly said "Will you kindly curtail these unpleasant references? If you are going to embark—"

CHAIRMAN (somewhat out of patience)—"There's no use storking this way—"

STORK—"Confound your old cranium! You must think we are easily galled to submit to such insults. If Jack Daw or Bob O'Link were here, we would knock all the spermaceti out of you!"

CHAIRMAN—"Really, friends, this is disgraceful. I shall have nothing more to say, but will call on Mdlle. Juliet to sing 'Romeo or the deep blue sea.'"

At the conclusion of the fourth verse, the tiger cat, in his quivering tones enquired of his neighbor, Mr. Bab Oon, "Who was doin' all that owling?" "Did she macaw'll that noise herself?" "Sparrow spare our feelings!" and similar reflections on the talented lady. These immediately led to a general uproar.

"I venture to say," the chairman remarked, "as heron this platform I stand, that during my 400 years of experience I have never witnessed such a scene. I would like to see the perpetrator ferreted out and treated to a dose of cat-o'-nine appendages. Hard lions, you may say, but none too severe for such unbearable conduct!"

"Would Juliet your wife be insulted like that, Romeo?" asked the warlike Peter. "I would beaver-y loath to see any female thus badgered."

These taunts at last succeeded in arousing Mons. Romeo, who inaugurated what bid fair to be a terrible fracas. Your reporter at this critical moment found it necessary to descend from the poplar tree that had sheltered him, and to hurry to his chambers to transcribe his notes, and was thus unable to give you a detailed account of the remainder of the proceedings. A visit to the grounds the following day, however, found sixteen paws, nine tails and twelve heads bandaged; forty three teeth missing, and a coroner's inquest ready for the evening.

POLYCARP PENDENNIS.

The banks are now looking out for chance for new investments, in view of the fact that next month the hackmen will return from the watering places and make their deposits—Puck

THE REAL LAST WORDS OF CONSTANCE AND MARMION.

Addressed to the Hon. Adam Crooks on his action in withdrawing, by a sudden edict, his own deliberate act a year ago, of putting Sir W. Scott's Marmion on the list of subjects for the Intermediate Examination, on the alleged ground, 1st, that the *convent scene might offend Roman Catholics*. 2nd, that MARMION IS IMMORAL!!!! (the notes of admiration are from GRIP's own beak). This concluding portion of Sir W. Scott's lovely and Christian poem has been secured at immense expense from a noted medium.

CONSTANCE'S LAST WORDS.

Ontario's late remorse shall wake,
And then such vengeance shall she take,
As will make Mr. Crooks be fain
To cower, a lawyer's clerk again.
Behold the crookedness of Crooks!
Those mean tergiversations look!
The intermediate course upon,
Last year he added MARMION,
Which did not seem IMMORAL, then,
To Crooks, the crookedest of men!
And Campbell published then, and Gage,
Two new editions, sound and sage,
With hopes of profit to be won
From students crammed in Marmion.
And with all students' twas the rage,
To buy from Campbell or from Gage.
But now hath Crooks, with cheek supreme,
Made all their hopes an idle dream.
Forbids that Marmion shall be read,
Since there of Rome hard things are said,
Because he wants the Catholic vote,
He crams such nonsense down our throat.
But lo! a darker hour ascends,
Crooks only injures all his friends,
And GRIP's good friend, our trusty Mow
Will own the fact, he sure must know it.

LAST WORDS OF MARMION.

"Say I'm 'immoral'? like your cheek,
With Truth who play at hide and seek,
Vamoose, git, go! false Crooks, begone,"
Were the last words of Marmion.



"KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE."

MOTHER.—Elizabeth Jane, there's a ring at the door; will you please answer it.

ELIZABETH JANE.—Answer it yourself! (Resumes playing).

The doctors are now telling their creditors to call round after the gunning season has opened.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

Mark Twain's residence at Hartford is pointed out as one of the most tasteful, as well as comfortable, houses in that city. His study, wherein he performs expertly on a type-writer, is in the rear of the house, and screened by vines and evergreens. To deter the large number of sight-seekers who invade the place, Mr. Twain has posted on the study door the sign—"Step softly! Keep away! Do not disturb the remains!" In the centre of the study is a table covered with books.



HON. JOHN O'D-N-HUE AT HIS OLD BUSINESS.

NOT WORTH IT.

A citizen of Michigan who has something of a reputation for his infidel views and arguments happened to meet seven or eight clergymen at a railroad station as they were waiting to take the train to attend a conference, and introducing himself to one of them he said:

"I want half an hour's talk with the smartest one of your crowd. Who is he?"

"Well, Brother White is pretty smart," was the reply.

The infidel walked up to the clergyman named and bluntly began:

"Preacher White, you hold that there is a God, don't you?"

"Yes, sir,"

"And a heaven and hell?"

"Yes, sir,"

"And that none but believers can be saved?"

"Just so,"

"Well, sir, I don't believe any such thing, and I'll defy you to convince me?"

"I shan't try to, sir,"

"You won't?" "Don't you want me to be saved?"

"No sir—no, sir! I wouldn't waste five minutes to send you straight to heaven."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Why, sir, folks have been going to heaven by the millions for thousands of years, and there is now such a crowd up there that a small soul like yours could no more be found or heard of than an atom of sand thrown into the middle of the ocean. It's too small potatoes to pay for the hoeing!"

Homeward bound—The tethered goat. Go to the butcher's if you would hear joint debates.

Never lend your ivy plant, because you cannot get an IV green back.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Archimedes invented the slang phrase, "Give us a rest," when he offered to move the world with his lever.

Step on a woman's trail and she has a claim for damages. Her redress is a new dress.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"There's no time like the present," gleefully remarked the boy who had received the gift of a watch.—*New York News.*

ST. JACOBS OIL



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages.

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FROM THE LEADING HOSPITALS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND

over twenty-five physicians and surgeons have connected themselves with Dr. Souvielle, of Montreal, and ex-aide surgeon of the French army, in founding an international throat and lung institute, which has been long needed in the Dominion of Canada, and the offices are 75 Yonge-street, Toronto, and 13 Phillips-square, Montreal, where specialists are always in charge. Physicians and sufferers can obtain free advice from the surgeon, and use Dr. Souvielle's spirometer, which is recognized in all leading hospitals in Europe as the only means of curing Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases. Parties unable to visit the Institute can be successfully treated by letter. Consultation free. Call or write to the International Throat and Lung Institute, 75 Yonge-street, Toronto, 13 Phillips-square, Montreal.

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SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS.

IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

GLOVER HARRISON.



Grip.

The Gravest Beast is the Ass.
The Gravest Bird is the Owl.
The Gravest Fish is the Quiver.
The Gravest Man is the Fool.

IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

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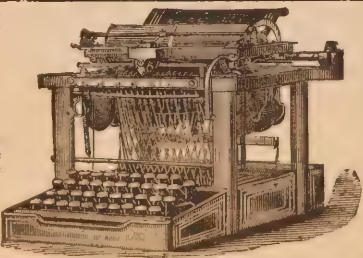
"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

GLADSTONE.—BRAVO, SIR GARNET, THE IRISH HAVE FOUGHT NOBLY FOR ME, AND NOW IF THEY'LL PERMIT ME I'LL GO ON FIGHTING FOR THEM!

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**THE FAMOUS
TYPE-WRITER.**

Three Styles, Perfect Mechanism, Best Results. Speed thrice that of longhand. No Business House complete without it. Writing as legible as any print. Call and see it in operation, or send for particulars to

THOS. BENGOUGH, Manager,
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU, HAND TYPE-WRITING
HEADQUARTERS, 11 King St. West, Toronto.



1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
STUDIO—118 King st. West.

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Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

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Editor & Artist.S. J. MOORE,
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payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.**Please Observe.**Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
particular to send a memo. of present address.**Cartoon Comments.**

LEADING CARTOON.—If Mr. Mowat is convicted of extravagance, jobbery and injustice, it is only right that he should be deposed from place and power, and his position given to a man who will *not* indulge in any similar wrongdoing. But it would be more seemly for some less extravagant, jobbing and unjust person than Sir John Macdonald to lead the prosecution in the case. There never was a more striking instance of the man with beam in his own eye presuming to pull the mote out of his neighbor's optic.

FIRST PAGE.—By the peculiar logic of politics the victory in Egypt will go down on the books to Mr. Gladstone's credit. This is fortunate for the cause of Ireland, whose sons acquitted themselves gloriously side by side with their English, Scotch, and Indian fellow citizens. The triumphant close of the campaign in Egypt will strengthen the heart and hands of the "grand old man," and we may confidently believe that that strength will be bountifully spent by him in prosecuting the great work he has undertaken for the removal of Irish grievances.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A meeting was held the other day at which Mr. O'Donohue was present, and the business in hand was understood to be the disposal of the "catholic vote" in view of the coming local election. It would be more candid and commendable if the hon. gentleman would on these recurring occasions mount the rostrum as in days of yore and auction off the chattel he professes to own. The affecting scene at the convention when the hon. John clasped the blushing hand of the Grand Sovereign was calculated to fetch a big price from the Lib. Cons., but we have reason to believe that on this occasion the vote will be sold out to the other party. By the way, we have often wondered what respectable and honorable—not to mention pious—catholics think of all this?

The cultured no longer call it hash. Mosac nutriment is the correct form.—*Boston Transcript.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY H. C. DODGE.

"Dear Jones" (I will not do as he
Request and I am fervent
In saying so)—"and I remain
Your most obedient servant."

"Dear Brown"
(He's not the company
A wise man would select)—
"And pray believe me, sir, I am
Yours with profound respect."

"Dear Tom,"
Your favor is at hand"—
(But I decline to lend
The small amount he mentions)—"and
As ever I'm your friend."

"Dear Smith"
(I like him not at all;
I tolerate him merely;
He bores me when he makes a call)—
"And I am yours sincerely."

"Dear Will"
(It certainly would please
Me, if for lack of breath,
He'd go where he would never freeze)—
"With love I'm yours till death."

"Dear Ned"
(I hope he'll not again
Ask favors from me)—"and
I have the honor to remain
Yours humbly to command."

Dear Friends—
When we are obliged to sign
Our names to letters duly,
Both much and nothing we combine
By saying just—
"Yours truly."

CLERICAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

1st.—The rector of So-and-so endorses the action of the Bishop (Catholic) of Blank-blank, in denouncing the hair frizzes, etc., etc. He says: "To such an extent does extravagance abound that one can hardly tell mistress from maid on the street." Well, now, this is going too far, why will girls look so like their employers? But there, it's no use talking; that is just another of the many evils arising from too close proximity to the democratic element on the other side. Dear knows, it's bad enough for a rector to be ogled by a pair of mischievous eyes, laughing at him from beneath the shadow of a wonderful "friz," a "Saratoga," or a wicked "Kiss-me-quick," when these adorn or disfigure the face of one of his own "set," but when his own or his neighbor's cook, house, or nursery-maid follows suit with frizz and frill, until there's no telling 'tother from which, it is high time to call a halt to this march of democracy, and insist that some distinctive badge of servitude be used to indicate the gulf between mistress and maid. Ye gods! Fancy a rector of the High Church of England bowing by mistake to somebody's cook! The very idea takes our breath away. What balm is there in Gilead for the wound, "the deadly stound," his dignity would, in such a case, receive. How strange that the Divine Master could be so careless as to omit in His teachings, the necessity of servants dressing differently from their employers, then the rector could have divine authority to back up his protest, and be saved the risk of such an unfortunate and absurd *contretemps* as he apparently lives in dread of. Even St. Paul, generally so explicit in his directions how to live, has neglected this, as, for instance, when he advises "to be adorned, 'not with plaiting of the hair, etc., but with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.'" Here again he forgets to make the necessary distinction between mistress and maid, and addresses them simply as women. MR. GRIP tenders the rector his fullest sympathy, especially as he must needs

confess that some of the Toronto girls who earn their living by domestic employment, come out looking so stylish and lady-like that really he shouldn't be surprised to find himself bowing with the profoundest respect to some of them one of these days.

2nd.—A Scotch presbytery the other day passed a resolution condemning "the practice of admiring the works of God in Nature on the Sabbath day." "Land of the mountain and the flood! Land of the extra 'unco guid,'" hail! And don't forget to characteristically go the whole hog while you are about it. Close the doors, draw down the window blinds, and don't attempt to set a foot outside the door unless on your road to the kirk, and on your way there hermetically seal your eyes and ears, for the tempter is there. There is the blue sky overhead, birds are singing in the trees, whose leaves glisten and whisper and bow to you as you pass, brooks wimple and laugh and sparkle as they race along, and in the distance old ocean luxuriates sleepily in the Sabbath sunlight. It's dangerous, very dangerous, to let your eyes look abroad on such scenes, at least on the Sabbath. Dear me! dear me! what another glaring omission on the part of the inspired writers, the neglecting to forbid those who earn their bread by hard labor in close confinement six days in the week, to walk abroad otherwise than to and from the kirk on Sunday. Clearly the Blessed Book is not so strict as it should be, and it puts a great responsibility on the ministers of the kirk to be under the necessity of forbidding what is not forbidden in the divine code of morals. In fact, MR. GRIP almost feels like questioning the wisdom of recording that memorable walk among the ripening corn one Sabbath long ago, considering the bad effect of precedent on some people, you know.

**THE MODEL MAJOR-GENERAL.**

LUARD KICKING UP AN AWFUL RUMPUS
ALL ABOUT A TOWEL!

Our Funny Contributor was badly sold lately. He went into Cobourg to see his lady-love, but found she had gone up to the Fair, which led our Contributor to remark that he was afraid she was a fair deceiver. On his way home, our Contributor purchased some fruit on the train, so that his journey might not be altogether fruitless.

BENRABBI'S WIFE.

A DOLEFUL LEGEND.



Good people all, give ear while I
A doleful tale relate
Of Jacob Raphael Benrabbi,
A Jew of large estate.
He had a wife; but sad to say,
Her health each day declined,
And he, with Doctors' bills to pay,
Could scarcely feel resigned.

And yet this very simple Jew,
At least, so I've been told,
Adored his wife, as few men do,
Far more than all his gold.
And when he saw Death's blighting grip
Defied the power of wealth,
He took a trip on a clipper ship
To benefit her health.



Now, when upon the open sea
A week had scarcely passed,
He saw as plainly as could be,
His wife was dying fast.
Now, in the learned books you'll see
That Jews are all agreed
The burial of their dead at sea
By no means suits their creed.

So to the Captain came this Jew;
And as he sorrowing crept
Along the decks, as oft they do,
The very dead-eyes wept.
The tears they pitched from out their eyes
Came trickling thick and fast,
And the Captain screamed as the tear-drops streamed
Down the newly painted mast.



"Oh, Captain," said the doleful Jew,
"If you'll to port return,
A thousand pounds, or even two,
Your kindly act shall earn—"
Then warm were the tears that the Captain shed,
(A warm-hearted man in his way),
But, turning his head, in a gruff voice, he said:
"And what would the owner say?"

"Though you offered the whole of your golden hoard
It is out of the question quite;
With my cargo aboard, and my ship insured,
It certainly wouldn't be right—"
Oh! then this Jew he tore his wig,

And wailed like a child in his grief,
And his sorrow found vent in a break-down jig
That seemed to afford him relief.



"Oh, Captain," he cried, "then lower a boat,
There were six in the davits near,
"And Lizzie and I on the sea will float
Till some inward bound vessel appear."
"No!" roared the Captain, "you fool! don't you think
If a tempest arose you would drown?
Besides that," he muttered, "those cock shells would sink
If I ventured to lower them down."

Oh, sad was the face of that wrathful Jew,
As he turned to depart in pain;
When another thought fled, like a flash through his head,
And he turned to the Captain again.
"Oh, Captain! now, come, you've got plenty of rum,
Of that if you'll give me a vat full,
To keep my wife's body preserved in the toddy,
Of money I'll give you a hatful."

"All right," said the Captain, "but let me reflect—
I'll give him the rum, for I see,
When I've got the coin, if my crew should object,
It wouldn't much matter to me."
So the Jew got the rum, and the skipper the gold
Ben Rabbi went smiling below,
In his innocent heart never deemed he was sold,
But he was, and most awfully so.



For Mrs. Jew died, and was pickled in rum
Some three days, it couldn't be more,
When up to the Captain three spokesmen come,
With the bo'sun, Ben Truck, to the fore,
"Oh, Captain," said they, "you have learnt ere this day,
Since you've fought all descriptions of squalls,
When a body aboard of a vessel is stored,
Ill-luck to that vessel befalls."



So bold Ben Truck and his mate, Bill Wreck,
While the Jew serenely snored,
With four or five tars, brought the barrel on deck,
And lowered it overboard—
And then, in the nook beside his bed,
That the cabin might look the same,
A barrel of pork they placed instead,
And the Jew never twigged the game.



FACTS.

A few speeches emanating from well-known individuals, and others in a city not far from Lake Ontario, and worthy of being embalmed for their wisdom, in the most popular publication of the day.

"Yes, sir, though I believe a steam fire-engine would be a most excellent thing for the city, and one that is urgently needed, still I am opposed to getting one for the reason that the chief of the department is already too pompous, and if additional importance were added to his position by the acquisition of a steam fire-engine, he would become unbearably so. Therefore, I say, let the city burn to the ground before we purchase one of these engines."

C. M...L, Esq., M-Y-R.

"It is indeed strange. Three nights in succession a darkness that might almost be felt has brooded over this city, and yet hardly a lamp has been lit. It is not so in Toronto, and they manage these things better in Ancaster."

STRANGER IN THE PLACE.

"I'm an athlete, and St. Jacobs oil has my unqualified approval."

A. D. S., C'F OF PLEESE.

"I may as well send this down to the 'Sphere.' I know it isn't true and the paper will have to apologize for me, but what's the odds so long as I scoop the locals here. How many inches of my collar can you see, eh?"

CORRESPONDENT OF "SPHERE."

"I notice a great improvement in the place since it was placed upon the Grand Trunk. Neat little way station on the N. & N. W. R. R. as well."

MR. HICKSON.

"When I was in Winnipeg—"
EVERYBODY THAT ISN'T THERE YET.

"If the Speckletator ever speaks the truth, it is by accident."

"METIS."

"Veracity and the 'Metis' are strangers to one another."

"SPECKLETATOR."



THE SULTAN AROUSED AT LAST!

PORTER—"AH! NOW I CATCH YOUR MEANING! ARABI IS A REBEL: OF COURSE HE IS, AND I HAVE NO HESITATION IN ISSUING A PROCLAMATION TO THAT EFFECT!!"
 DUFFERIN.—ZAGAZIGI SO! BUT A TRIFLE LATE IN THE DAY, I'M AFRAID.

A LETTER FROM ELIZA.

RURAL DELL, August 30th.

MY DEAR MARIA,—Since writing to you last we have been for what Lucius calls a little "run to the seaside." I wasn't particularly anxious to go, but Lucius said he felt he must get a change to recover from the electionary fatigues, and the girls said they wanted to recruit for next season, though, as their pa says, he won't be bothered with any of the females of this family next winter at Ottawa, I think they could stand the gayeties of Rural Dell without anything to strengthen them; however, I never stand in their light. So I said nothing about it, as Lucius, in common with other heads of families, requires no hints as to economizing the expenses at home. So we went. I hear a great deal about the pleasure of traveling. It's all very well when you get there, but, for my part, I haven't experienced much "on the way." I can't see any earthly pleasure in spending two nights and a day on the cars. Some women may enjoy living and sleeping on a pullman car, but I defy any one to say she enjoys dressing on one. Lucius says it's because they take such a confounded amount of rubbish with them; in fact, he said that, and a good deal more not necessary to repeat, the second morning we were on the cars, but, considering the circumstances, I forgave him. I don't know how it happened, but he had walked off with my bangs caught in the button-hole of his coat, and never knew he had them until he was going into the gentlemen's dressing-room, and an impudent boy, who sells peanuts and books, drew his attention to the fact by saying, "Say, mister, who've you bin scalpin' or air you in the hair-line?"

When he did see my curls (which I had bought expressly for the trip) his language was unparliamentary. He instantly, in great wrath, threw them out of the window, where, I daresay, they will lie near the track, until perhaps some one finds them and they figure

in the papers as the "melancholy remains of another victim to the iron-horse."

We got through the journey pretty well, though Jane had a narrow escape. When getting down from the top berth, her clothes caught some way, tripped her, and she would have fallen to the ground if a man, who was passing, had not caught her. I was thankful for her escape, but as it was the porter of the car whose arms had saved her, she regarded him with rather a "dark eye." (Excuse the pun.)

We were lucky enough to get rooms at the hotel at the American watering place we had chosen, but the charges were enormous, and set a damper on Lucius' spirits. Indeed, I believe he wouldn't have remained at all, only the landlord insinuated that Canadians were generally the only people who complained of his prices, "not that he blamed them, he understood they hadn't much money, but he was willing to do all he could for us, and if we would go up three flights of stairs he'd take fifty cents a week off our board." As the reputation of our country is dear to a public family like ourselves, of course we didn't go up stairs, and paid without any further murmuring the prices asked. I'll quote you an article which was in an American paper: "Among the distinguished arrivals at the Larkspur House, Larkspur, are Lucius Pencherman, Esq., M. P., a prominent politician from the Dominion of Canada, his lady, and two beautiful daughters, who charm all hearts, and report hath it, have made more than one brother Jonathan desirous to convert them to the annexation scheme." It was of course very gratifying to us, and we bought a dozen papers to distribute among our friends, and the item is already copied by the Rural Dell weekly. The girls had a lovely time. There weren't many beaux, (where is the Eldorado of a seaside place that has?) but what there were wouldn't look at anyone else when Jane and Mary were by, and as you know yourself Maria, though a dearth

of them may be regretted by the generality of the girls, the ones who monopolize the attention of the few have all the more honor and glory. I enjoyed seeing the girls enjoy themselves with all a mother's pride, but I couldn't help wishing there was some amusement for middle-aged women; men of all ages have some provided for them, but I haven't yet found that there was any caterer for the pleasure of women who, in the words of the poet, are "fair, fat, and forty."

We only staid a month, and spent a frightful amount of money. I found the house, when we got home, in a frightful muddle, and the boys running wild. By and bye, when we are settled, I am going to the city for our fall things, so keep your eyes open regarding the fashions, for you know how grateful for any hints about dress or style is

Your Affectionate Cousin,
 ELIZA PENCHERMAN.



"Stern necessity"—A rudder.

In at the death—An undertaker.

An article has been lately published headed "The comfort of an elevator." Many bibulists believe devoutly in the article in question.

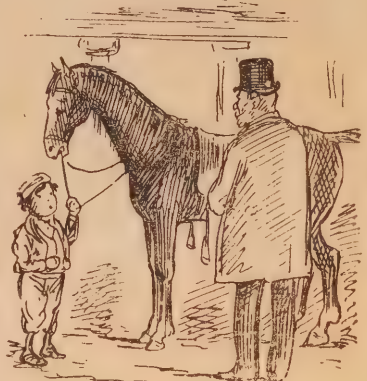
Although coal merchants like to go in good society, many don't believe in the *bon ton* (good ton.)

"I call this taking stock," as the thief remarked when he picked up a roll of tweed at a shop door.

A very persistent agitator—The wind.

A large amount of gold was found lately in the chimney soot of the Royal Mint, Berlin. Our Funny Contributor says that a find of this sort would just soot him.

All for love—The female sex.



CONSIDERATE.

OLD GENT.—Why in the world have they cut the horse's tail so short?

BOY.—You see, the boss is a member of the society for preventing cruelty, and he cut his horse's tail to save the poor flies!

SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS.



49 KING ST. E., Toronto



49 KING ST. E., Toronto

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1882.

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ONTAYREEO!"

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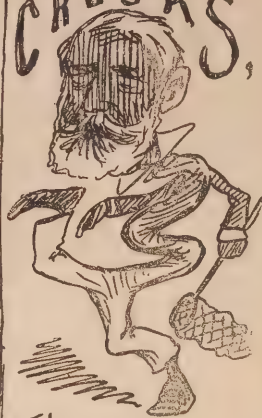


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THE GREAT FARCE
"SAVING THE PROVINCE."

CROOKS,



The VOLATILE,
IN HIS FUNNY ACT
ENTITLED
"CATCHING THE
CATHOLIC VOTE."

WAIT FOR US—WATCH FOR US—KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE DATE.



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If we could not get another, we would not part from
this one for three times the amount we paid for it.

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BRUCE
THE PHOTO.

1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. REMOVES
DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR.
ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.

CINGALESE HAIR RESTORER!



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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Editor & Artist.

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The gravest Beast is the Ate; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Latest Manitoba exchanges to hand inform us that the Hon. Mr. Norquay has deliberately accepted the responsibility of the Disallowance policy of the Dominion Government. He has, with a measure of frankness, informed the people of the Province that however unpleasant the situation may be, they must grin and bear it. The only mitigation he promises is in the shape of some equivalent for Provincial Rights, which he has reason to hope the Federal authorities will grant. Now, if we are not mistaken in our belief that Disallowance means Monopoly, with all its accompanying evils, we fail to see what adequate compensation can possibly be given for the loss of the power to charter competing lines of railway. When Premier Norquay seeks to belittle the bad consequences of Disallowance, he acts as absurdly as we have represented him in the cartoon.

FIRST PAGE.—Hague's Minstrels at the Grand next week are certainly "immense" in their way, but no troupe in the theatrical profession can rival the company headed by the great and only Mowat. This superb combination of political stars are announced to appear in two grand Convention performances in this city on Jan. 3rd and 4th. The affair has been thoroughly advertised throughout the province, and "packed" Grit houses are certain to greet the performers.

EIGHTH PAGE.—This cut is intended to speak for itself, though it is not likely to say much for the *Globe*.

Said an eloquent preacher: "It is very likely, or in other words, highly probable that—" something or other was going to happen. We have forgotten the latter part of the sentence, but it really seems as if the former part is the sort of thing that the world does not wittingly let die.



A few opportunities still remain of witnessing the brilliant performances of "The Merry War" by Haverly's Opera Company at the Grand. Next week crowded houses will be certain to greet Hague's British Operatic Minstrels, whose former appearances in Toronto proved them to be by far the finest troupe that ever visited the city. Although the comedy element and the specialties are far above the average, the Company are strongest in the musical line. Every singer is a star whose voice would do honor to grand opera or oratorio. If you love merit, wit, and refined amusement, go and see Hague's Britishers.

Mr. Charles Gardner is drawing good houses at the Royal, where his stirring and interesting play, "Karl," is growing in popularity. Mr. Gardner in the role gives a capital delineation of German character, and is no less truthful and amusing in the other parts assumed during the progress of the piece. Miss Patti Rosa, the leading lady, plays her part excellently, and the support is on the whole good. Next week, the Western drama, "Nobody's Claim," will be presented at this popular house.

OUR JOURNALISTIC FRIENDS.

We are glad to observe that *The Consulting Engineer of Canada* evinces every appearance of prosperity. This journal of which No. 5 of Vol. I is before us, is a representative paper in every sense of the word, and is edited by gentlemen who are experts in the branches of industrial science and art treated of. Its twelve pages are filled with articles on topics interesting to architects, engineers, mechanics, artisans, operatives and artists, and large original illustrations are also given. The office of publication is in the Mechanics Institute building, in this city.

Truth.—Mr. S. Frank Wilson the enterprising proprietor of *Truth*, seems determined to make that journal to Canada what its celebrated namesake is to London. The paper has just been enlarged, and embellished with a highly artistic title page. In addition to the liberal amount of original and select reading matter given in each number, *Truth* now contains several sheets of music each week, which are engraved specially for its pages. Such enterprise deserves recognition, and we trust that Mr. Wilson may receive a due share.

How to build a railroad without buying the right of way.—Coax or bully from Council a right to use streets or roads free. Warranted to work. For terms and instructions as to mode of operating apply to London Junction Railroad Company's offices.

LUCY AND MARIER.

A SCIENTIFIC NOVELLETTE, IN FIVE CHAPTERS.
CHAP. I.

Not many weeks ago a vast wave swept over the bosom of Lake Erie. Scientists and savants set their gigantic minds to work to ascertain the cause of it. They found it—in their gigantic minds. They proclaimed it to have been one of those periodical tidal waves which will occur in the best regulated lakes and oceans, but these scientists were as far

away from the real cause as Vennor was in his October forecast. Three people alone on this globe know what made that wave. I am one of the three.

CHAP. II.

A sultry day, with a faint mist nestling on the bosom of Lake Erie. Two young ladies from Peterboro' spending their vacation at a little hamlet on the shore. This is the scene: these are the *dramatis personae*. (This is Latin.) The waves ripple, ripple, on the sandy shore. The young ladies walk by the murmuring waters and talk about their fellers. (This is slang.)

CHAP. III.

"Marier," said Lucy, "wouldn't it be too sweetly precious to dabble our feet in these pellucid waters?" "It would indeed be chawming," replied Lucy, "let's." Next to Bawsting perhaps Peterboro' boasts of more double distilled "culchaw" than any village on this boundless continent. The two sweet innocents sat down on a projecting tongue of land, and with many "ohs" and "I shall screams" divested their pedal extremities of their coverings.

CHAP. IV.

When a solid body is plunged into water it will displace an amount of that element equivalent to its own bulk. (This is science.)

CHAP. V.

"Now then, Marier," said Lucy, "both together," and into the water went the four feet. And immediately there arose that vast wave of which we have read, which caused so much terror and destruction as it swept onward in its course. Lucy and Marier were cast on a high cliff near by. Their shoes were found some days after, miles away. A cat and five kittens had taken refuge in one, whilst several barnyard fowls had found protection in the others. What does all this prove? Why, that scientists and savants are but human, and *humanum est errare* (this is Latin), and consequently they sometimes make mistakes; and that, besides "culchaw," the Pete. boro maidens are possessed of most astonishing understandings. (This is fact.)

—DABBADACK.



Current events—Freshets.

The best thing out—A bad cigar.

Ties between cities—Railway ties.

The worst thing going—A poor watch.

Bread-stuffs—Putting insertion in turkeys.

Behind the *Times*—Its editor and proprietor.

A corn dodger—A darkey when you throw an ear at him.

Are stockholders called "bulls" on account of the bullion they deal in?

The top of a mountain should be warm as it is often "wrapped in clouds."

Servants in the old country keep their eyes open and their mouths shut. In this country these conditions are precisely reversed.



"MINISTERIAL" CONSOLATION.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier th an the Sword."

DER LEEDLE SHARMAN POY.

BY JAMES ROY NICOLSON.

Dere vosh a leedle Sharmen poy,
Vot leef'd shust roundt der shdreet,
Dot vosh so vond of saushages,
Or anydings to eat,
Und used to hang around my shiore
Vere I soldt saushage meadt

He vos a leedle Sharmen poy,
Vot blay't upon a fludt;
He sometimes blay for pennish,
Und dut vas very goodt,
Und sometimes he would blay vor fun,
Vere people never stoodt.

Und den dish leedle Sharmen poy,
Ven he vos tired mit blay,
Vould see me near de door, und say:
"It Vos a bleasendit day,
Und vot vas shblendit saushage meadt,
Und vos it mush to pay?"

"Und vos the beoples goot to please
Und did der School Boardt meadt?
Und vos der long pig kill'd ash vell
As roundt vuns, fat und neat?
Und vos I vant a leedle goot,"
Vos vond of saushage meadt?

Und I vos bredly shout, you know—
Vas beoples shust as big
Und greasy, vonce upon a time,
s in der besent dig,
Ven men ish made of saushage,
Und saushage made of pig?

"Und did der parson often come,
Und leave a leedle pook?
Und vos it Vegetarium
Dey call my Sharmen cook?
Und vos it hear der leedle poks"
Got vorns to bait der hook?

Und den dis leedle Sharmen poy
Vould go und blay some more,
Und pring some mad bollicemans round
Der sidewalk at my door,
Und tell dem, "Schmell my saushages"
Und run away—und—svore.

Dis leedle wicked Sharmen poy,
Der next day after dot,
Vouldt come, so goot und innocent,
Und have a leedle schat.
Und say, "Bollicemans all vas ba
Und did dey schmell der lot?"

"Und had I any babies yet,
Or vas dey kill'd or dead?
Und vas I vond of saushages,
Und vas dey all home-led,
Or vas I soldt dem shust vor vun,
Und other vorks instead,

"Und how about der customers,
Und did dey like to stop
Und listen to his music ven
He'olayt 'Der Hangman's Drop?
Und vould it cost some dollars now
To start a saushage shop?"

* * * * *

Und so dis leedle Sharmen poy
Vot blay't grew up a man,
Und vas so gootd und clever dot
I took him py dei hand,
Und now he goes about der schtreets
Und leads a Sharmen band.

THE NEW RED RIDING HOOD.

The subject of this sketch was a clever little girl, who derived her odd name from wearing on her head the sleeve of one of her father's old red flannel shirts. She was an independent little piece, and when asked why her mother didn't buy her a new bonnet said she would "just sleeve wear what she had on." When one of the neighbor's children sneeringly said "Your pa gets drunk," Little Red Riding Hood responded, "Your pa would, too, but he can't afford it;" and when the next-door boy ill-naturedly said, "Your mother takes in washing," Little Red Riding Hood answered, "She don't take in much when your mother gets the first whack at the line.

It will be seen from these incidents in her life that, though little read, she was well post-

ed, and the confidence with which her mother dispatched her to carry codfish balls down into Stoops Township to her sick grandmother is easily understood.

Holding the lead dime which her mother had given her for car-fare tightly in her hand Little Red Riding Hood started for a street car, and, having a few minutes to wait, improved the opportunity by setting up a howl that attracted the attention of a benevolent old gentleman, to whom she explained her cause for grief. She was going, she said, to her poor, sick grandmother, and had just been put off a car because her dime was counterfeit. The gentleman gave her a quarter and put her on the next car. The conductor in due time called upon Little Red Riding Hood for a fare, when she produced the lead dime. "This is counterfeit," said the conductor, whereat Riding Hood fell to sobbing as if her heart would break; the conductor passed her, an old lady gave her a dime, and a boy shared some gingerbread with her. Arrived near her grandmother's house Little Red Riding Hood sat down and ate the codfish balls; then she bought some milk from a drunken milkman, upon whom she passed the counterfeit dime, receiving from him sixteen cents in change, after which she proceeded to her grandmother's and stayed with her for three weeks.

In contrasting this story with the original Little Red Riding Hood the reader should bear in mind the disadvantage our heroine labored under in having to be her own wolf, a role which she sustained with signal ability. There does not appear to be anything more to add, except that the town is full of our kind of Little Red Riding Hoods.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

AMERICAN FABLES.

THE WOUNDED OX.

An Ox who was one day passing along the highway fell and broke his leg. In a short time along came the Horse, who halted and called out:

"Mercy on me! but what has happened?"

"I have broken my leg."

"To bad—too bad! I assure you that you have my heart-felt sympathies."

When the Horse had disappeared along came the Mule and inquired:

"How now, my old friend—what's the trouble?"

"Broken my leg."

"Dear me! but that's unfortunate! You were always an honest, hard-working Ox, and I am deeply grieved that this accident has come upon you."

The Mule pursued his way, and the next animal to stop was the Hog.

"Hello! What does this mean?" he grunted as he checked his pace.

"Broken my leg."

"Is that possible! It isn't six months ago that you had a lame shoulder, and to have this misfortune come upon you is enough to discourage the best Ox in the World. If you don't recover from it always remember that you had my warmest sympathies."

After the Hog came the Goat, who halted at a safe distance and called out:

"Anything contagious?"

"No; I have broken my leg."

"Oh, that's it? Sure it's broken?"

"Yes."

"And you'll probably be laid up for months even if the master doesn't knock you on the head and make beef of you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm sorry for you, and if you happen to get well I shall be highly delighted."

The Goat had passed out of sight when along came the Rhinoceros on his way to the pool.

"Hello! What's up now?" he asked as he looked over the bank.

"Broken my leg."

"Is that so. Well, I never even had an introduction to you nor heard your name spoken but here goes to help you. I'll get you up, help you home and see you through as far as I can. It is sufficient for me that you are in distress and need help. Have you no friends?"

"Oh, yes. They have all extended their heart-felt sympathies, but left me lying in the ditch."

MORAL.

"Sympathy, my friend," said the Rhinoceros as he aided the Ox to stand up, "sympathy sticks in the ear and lets the stomach starve. Depend upon your friends no longer than they can depend upon you. Come, now—here we go."

The public will please observe that Vennor didn't receive a single vote at the late election. That shows what this country thinks of a false prophet.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY.

SAN LEANDRO, Cal.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir, —I have employed your "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alternative or cathartic medicines in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them. J. A. MILLER, M. D.

In the Russian language B stands for W and P for R. It is plain that the inventor of the Russian alphabet never took much interest in temperance.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

An exchange says: "There will be no pronounced loud styles this winter." Don't you believe it. The style of snoring will be just as loud as ever.—*Philadelphia Herald*.

HOW WOMEN WOULD VOTE.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

EARS FOR THE MILLION!

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Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as *Carchodon Rondellii*. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing was discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1400. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle.

Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

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To avoid loss in the Mail, please send money by REGISTERED LETTER.

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VERSA VICEY.

A Novel with a moral for Mothers. By the author of "Vice Versa," a lesson for Fathers.

VOL. I.—THE DABUDA STONE.

"Thank goodness this is the last day of vacation!" said Miss Versa's mamma, as she superintended the packing of her eldest daughter's valise. "I am sure you've had idleness enough this summer, with all the expense your papa and I are at for your education. I shall write to request Miss Backboard to keep you more to your lessons and to give fewer holidays." Miss Backboard was the Lady Superior of the Archbishop Cranmer Academy for young ladies in the good city of Toronto, and quite strict enough in her ideas of discipline not to need admonition on that score from any parent or guardian. So Miss Versa thought, but as the subject of pocket money was about to be discussed, so she with some difficulty suppressed an inclination to pout, and waited her mamma's next speech in dutiful silence. "As to pocket money, Versa," said her mother, "you are really better without more than is necessary." Versa remembered that the elder lady had lately bought a twenty dollar bonnet and a sealskin jacket of unknowable cost. "There's the church collections, mamma," said Versa, "all the other girls give five cents, and I don't like to feel mean." "Church collections," said her mother, "I think the collections are the only ceremony which all the churches agree in retaining, but there are two dollars and a very liberal allowance for a girl of sixteen!" Poor Versa thought with a sigh of the many pleasures of Toronto that were beyond the reach of impecunious young ladies. She took the two dollars and placed them carefully in her portmanteau, which was on the table. "Why, what's that you have rolled up in paper?" asked her mamma, as she took from Versa's purse a small fragment of dark polished stone which might be agate or blood stone. "Oh this is a fragment of the famous Dabuda Stone which poor Uncle Tommy left here when he was last on a visit; it is only a little bit of the original stone, mamma, but I thought it might bring me good fortune somehow." "Let me look at it," said her mother. The good lady took the stone in her hand and held it as she went on talking to her daughter. She was ignorant of the peculiar property of the stone by which, if a person holding the stone in hand expressed a wish to change appearance and dress with another person of the same sex, an immediate transformation was effected. "You school girls don't know how fortunate you are," she said, "why a school girl is happier than she will ever be in her life again. I only wish I could change places with you and be a girl of sixteen again!" Which thoughtless wish had no sooner been uttered than the soul of Mrs. Vacey passed into the body, the boots, the bodice and the garments of her daughter Versa, including a pair of pink hose not unfrequently darned, a short skirted grey dress of the kind appropriate to sweet sixteen, in whose pocket was a bit of slate pencil, some caramels wrapped in silver paper, the two dollars just given for pocket money, a dime and a two cent piece. With delight Versa saw the charm had worked, and resolved to give her mamma some experience of the delights of school-girl life.

VOL. II.—AT MISS BACKBOARD'S SCHOOL.

Mrs. Vacey was a widow of certain income and uncertain age; she was not an unkind mother, but like many selfish ladies took her own way through life without troubling herself about the wants of her children, of whom Versa, as being the eldest, was chosen to experience the benefit of boarding-school life. It was part of the charm of the

Dabuda Stone that the person affected by it did not perceive the change in personal appearance. Mrs. Vacey felt that some strange change had come over her, but by no means realized what had occurred. She left the room to give some orders to the servant. "Fetch a cab to take Versa to the railway," she said, "and tell the cook that I expect some friends to dinner at six." The servant looked at Mrs. Vacey, whom she took for her daughter Versa, with amused pity, they thought the girl was crazy. Just at that moment, Miss Backboard appeared, solemn and stately in black velvet bonnet and crape mantle, funeral, yet gorgeous. Versa, in the semblance of her mother, came eagerly forward. "I am so glad you have come," she said, "so that I can send Versa back to school under your care. She is a little inclined to be self-willed, and I shall be glad if you exert your strictest discipline." Mrs. Vacey was too much astonished at this to make any remark. "If so," said Miss Backboard, "there had better be no delay, and as I see a cab at the door, we had best start at once. Come Versa. Mrs. Vacey, resolving to explain what had taken place to her friend Mrs. Backboard followed her into the cab; in fact it would not have been easy to resist, for the good school mistress had an iron will joined with the muscle of a well preserved amazon of fifty. Mrs. Vacey made several efforts to explain what she considered an absurd mistake, but Miss Backboard who considered her pupil's manner objectionably free, ordered her to be silent for the remainder of the journey, adding that as a punishment for her impertinence, she was to write out the verb *punio* twenty times after school next day. At the railway station were several girls of ages from twelve to seventeen, also pupils of Miss Backboard, and on their way to school. Mrs. Vacey was greeted by all there with rapture, and asked many questions about cake, pocket-money, and a supposed flirtation with a bank clerk in Toronto. This Mrs. Vacey indignantly repudiated, to the astonishment of her companions, who said that Versa who used to be such a first-rate girl before last vacation had lamentably changed for the worse, got quite stuck-up notions, and was too proud to recognize her best friend. During the journey there was no escape, and Miss Backboard was far too dignified to give any opportunity for explanation. And so Mrs. Vacey had ample experience of school life, and was cut by some of the girls and teased by others. Her long want of practice in music brought her frequent rebukes and punishment. Indeed she quite changed her opinion of that lady, whom she grew to consider a most objectionable person. Meantime Versa astonished the servants and delighted her little brothers and sisters by instituting an entirely new departure in family arrangements connected with diet. A large quantity of candies were consumed, cakes to no end and multitudinous jam-pots graced the table; a general holiday was proclaimed, and things were rapidly going into a state of anarchy and demoralization. At last a letter from her mamma induced Versa to visit Toronto; and by aid of their Bahuda Stone to retransform the pair to their original likeness. By mutual agreement Versa was never again stinted in pocket-money, and became once more a favorite with her preceptress and her schoolfellows. And her mamma learned by a somewhat painful experience the motherly duty of sympathy with school girl troubles. The Bahuda Stone, Mrs. Vacey took care to have ground to powder and thrown into Lake Ontario.

C. P. M.

Write me a letter from home. But if you haven't time to write a letter send a note—bank note preferred.

A NEW OPERA.

"The Pot boils merrily in Manitoba."
—Ottawa Free Press.

On observing the above joyous sentence of our Ottawa contemporary denoting as it does, the evident satisfaction of the writer at the prospective ructions anent "Manitoba Rights," the possibility of a sanguinary revolution and the subsequent annexation of that Province to the territories of Uncle Sam, the master mind of GRIP at once grasped the idea that the situation affords an excellent and original theme for the Grand Opera. Sparing no expense Mr. GRIP has secured the valuable services of *Signor Steama Pennuth* to write the music and arrange the score of an Opera to be called "Il Terra Deserta," replete with thrilling situations and truthfully depicting the blood-thirsty characteristics of the nomadic and turbulent race now inhabiting that until lately almost unknown region. The libretto has been written, and stage settings and scenery arranged by one of the most talented of Mr. GRIP's theatroical poetical staff. Subjoined is a Barcarole, Scene 1. Act 2, of the Opera.

BARCAROLE.

Solo, Tenor.

Merrily, merrily boils the pot!
Poke up the "chips" and keep it red hot
As over the rolling prairie we go,
See that the fire is kept in a glow.

Chorus of Injuns.

Ca, wun, a, shin. Shaganos Skenta wa boo!
Bring out the *Chemmings* and shout out *do-joo*!
We'll bury our *pogranis* and *Thoma-h-wa*, draw
For we're all jolly Injuns of Man-ito-baw!

Solo, Bass.

Merrily, merrily boils the pot!
We'll never be satisfied till we have got
A line of our own, and can take our own car,
In spite of the Syndicate C.P.R.

Chorus of Speculators, Landgrabbers, Auctioneers, etc.

Hurrah for the jolly red Auctioneer's flag,
We'll haul down the dirty Dominion rag!
And as for the Union, we don't care a cent,
And we'll all go over to Uncle Sam.



THE GROWTH OF REGINA.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, one of the leading citizens, has been showing the visitor over the rising capital of Assiniboia. They have just finished a careful count of the houses.

"Now, sir," says the sprightly Nicholas, "we will have to begin all over again, as several buildings have gone up since we counted! Talk about places, me boy, there's no place like Regina!"

THE FAIRY CURATE.

(The Ballad upon which Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, *To antho, is founded, with Gilbert's original illustrations.*)



Once a fairy
Light and airy
Married with a mortal;
Men, however,
Never, never,
Pass the fairy portal.
Slyly stealing,
She to Ealing,
Made a daily journey;
There she found him
Clintis round him
(He was an attorney).

Long they tarried,
Then they married.
When the ceremony
Once was ended
On they wended
On their moon of honey.
Twelvemonth, maybe,
Saw a baby
(Friends performed an orgie).
Much they prized him,
And baptized him
By the name of Georgie.

Georgie grew up;
Then he flew up;
To his fairy mother.
Happy meeting—
Pleasant greeting—
Kissing one another.
"Choose a calling,
Most enthralling,
I sincerely urge you.
"Mother," said he
(Reverence made he),
"I would join the clergy."

"Give permission
In addition—
Pa will let me do it:
He's a living
In his giving,
He'll appoint me to it.
Dreams of coffin
Easter off ring,
Tithe and rent and pew-rate,
So inflame me
(Do not blame me),
That I'll be a curate."

She, with pleasure,
Said, "My treasure,
'Tis my wish precisely.
Do your duty,
There's a beauty;
You have chosen wisely.
Tell your father
I would rather
As a churchman rank you.
You, in clover,
I'll watch over."
Georgie said, "Oh, thank you!"

Georgie scudded,
Went and studied,
Made all preparations.
And with credit
(Thou, h he said it)
Passed examinations.
(Do not quarrel
With him, moral,
Scrupulous digestions—
'Twas his mother,
And no other,
Answered all his questions.)

Time proceeded;
Little needed
Georgie admonition:
He, elated,
Vindicated
Clergyman's position.
People round him
Always found him
Plain and unpretending:
Kindly teaching,
Painly preaching,
All his money lending.

So the fairy,
Wise and wary,
Felt no sorrow rising—
No occasion
For persuasion,
Warning or advising.

He, resuming,
Fairy pluming,
(That's not English, is it?)
Oh would fly up,
To the sky up,
Pay mamma a visit.



Time progressing,
Georgie's blessing
Grew more ritualistic—
Popish scandals,
To-nures—sandals—
Genuflections mystic;
Cushing meetings.
Bosom beatings—
Heavenly ecstasies
Brodered spencers—
Copes and censers—
Rochets and dalmatics.

This quandary
Vexed the fairy—
Flew she down to Ealing.
"Georgie, stop it!
Pray you drop it!
Hark to my appealing:
To this foolish
Papal rule-ish
Twaddle put an ending;
This a swerve is
From our service
Plain and unpretending."



He replying,
Answered sighing,
Hawing, hemming, humming,
"It's a pity—
They're so pritty;
Yet in mode becoming,
Mother tender,
I'll surrender.
I'll be unaffected—
Then his Bishop
Into his shop
Entered unexpected!

"Who is this,—
Ballet miss, sir?"
Said the Bishop coldly,
"Tis my mother,
And no other."
Georgie answered boldly.
"Go along, sir!
You are wrong, sir;
You have years in plenty,
While this hussy
(Gracious mussy!)
Isn't two-and-twenty!"

(Fairies clever
Never, never
Grow in visage older;
And the fairy,
All unwary,
Leant upon his shoulder!)
Bishop grieved him,
Disbelieved him;
George the point grew warm on;
Changed religion
Like a pigeon,
And became a Mormon!

A FEW REMARKS.

"My idea of bliss," said the young and ardent Romea, "is embodied in the words, June, balcony, moonlight, icecream, and sweet seventeen in a white dress near me." He has married since then, and now his idea of bliss is expressed by hot dinner, good fire, children snoring, wife smiling, last paper, and seven by nine slippers.

"And what is your object through life, sir?" demanded the fierce school examiner of the mute pupil. "Oh, I am an intransitive verb," replied the scholar in a passive voice. "If that is the case," continued the fierce man, with an active indicative wave of the hand. "I should consider you rather as a singular noun." "Oh, do not parse sentence upon me," implored the youth.

A newspaper reporter says that in spite of the cold, quite a respectable crowd was present. Well, we are real glad of that. The great tendency of cold, as everyone knows, is to make holes in a man's shoes, muss up his hair, tear his coat to tatters, and give his tall hat the appearance of a half closed accordion. It is to the credit of our citizens that they are able to make a respectable appearance in spite of this evil agency.

"What have you on your throat?" asked the aristocratic new doctor of the young lady whose cold he was prescribing for. "Turpentine," said Leonora, blushing. As soon as he left, she rushed for the turpentine bottle, poured a liberal supply of the contents upon the well worn stocking round her neck, and hysterically inquired, "Girls, girls, do you think a fib five minutes old is worth considering a fib at all?"

Little Tom Blinder is beginning to read the papers and take an interest in the affairs of the day. "Here's a man went in swimming yesterday," said he, looking up from the *Globe*, "and drowned himself." "What an old fool!" growled Mr. Blinder. "Just like a man," said Mrs. B. "Did he go in or fall in?" asked Miss Amelia. "He went in," replied Tom. "The idea of such a piece of foolishness in November," said the boarder. "Let me see the paper," said Solomon Blinder, who is a very wise youth, and is going to matriculate in two or three years. "Ah! it's just as I thought," said he; the paper is dated July 31st. Then they changed the subject.

PORTRAITS OF FAIR TORONTONIANS.

Not by FRANK MILES.

11.—MRS. LOVEM.



MRS. LOVEM (or Cramem or Miss Shylock, for since these prospectuses are all alike one copy will do for all), receive a number of young duchesses into their select and desirable establishments, for the purpose of filling their young and elastic bodies with all the delicacies of the seasons and a few over, and cramming their youthful brains with a picking from the bones of most of the sciences that have engaged the erudite brain of man since the fall of that vulgar and ill-conducted young woman, Eve. Mrs. Lovem (Mrs. Cramem or Miss Shylock) regret to say, that though weeping tears of blood at the vulgar selfishness of the demand, they are forced to request that the sum of \$500 per young duchess per annum be paid to their account at the Smashup Bank, strictly in advance.

N.B. 1.—A quarter's notice required before the removal of a pupil.

N.B. 2.—Each young duchess is required to bring her own knife, fork, and spoon, in solid gold, with her monogram set in diamonds on the handle.

NOTE.—These articles are not returnable.

N.B. 3.—Should any pupil die through neglect, or be seized with brain-fever in consequence of over-cramming, the principal will not be responsible.

Having thus introduced these talented ladies to the reader by means of their prospectuses, we may now commence our sketch.

Fat, fair, and not quite forty, Mrs. Lovem is a happy mixture of the old and new schools combined. She is always spoken of as "much liked by her pupils." She combines a motherly tenderness with a delightful ignorance of all mundane subjects; particularly those connected with the health and management of young girls. She possesses, however, in an eminent degree, the gift of the gab; and so beautifully can she expatiate upon the care and attention which the health of those exotic plants in her greenhouse require, that the parents, in ninety nine cases out of a hundred, depart in great satisfaction. Mrs. Lovem rules her pupils by "moral influence," and makes great capital of the intense love she bears them. She insists upon all the windows being tightly shut whenever the air is the least chilly. She keeps the house at a mean temperature of something like 157 in the shade, during all the winter months. In the summer, on the contrary, Mrs. Lovem awakes to the necessity of plenty of fresh air for young people; and the draughts that circulate through that academy in the dog days, are enough to blow the very hair off the loved ones' heads.

Now and again, Mrs. Lovem's pupils die from causes that she considers are not under her own control. On these occasions, the afflicted principal scatters all her pupils broadcast through the city, dresses in sable garments, and falls to bitter weeping. The amount of learning acquired by the pupils in this select academy is something remarkable. On one occasion we had the pleasure of the acquaintance of a pupil of Mrs. Lovem's, who had attended the classes for nine years. So magnificent an opportunity was not to be missed, and we promptly set to work to in-

crease our own knowledge by ascertaining hers. Being only eighteen years of age, we were stupified by the discovery that she knew the capital of England to be London. She was not, however, acquainted with any of the other capital cities of Europe, nor did she seem conversant with the geography of her native land or any other part of the world, but then, this could not be expected of any girl who was only eighteen years of age, and who had only attended nine years at Mrs. Lovem's. History, general and particular, was a branch of study to which this young lady had a rooted objection, therefore it would be ridiculous in the last degree to expect her to know anything about it. In arithmetic she could do multiplication and addition, also division, if not too hard. She was fairly acquainted with (How shall we utter it without a blush?) with —with vulgar!! (Oh, dear, can I say it?) with vulgar fractions; but having perpetrated the sublime act of self-denial and condescension, involved in teaching her pupils a subject so revolting, this refined lady-principal could not be expected to plunge any deeper into the mire which contained proportion, practice or reduction.

We will endeavor to present faithful portraits of Mrs. Cramem and Miss Shylock in our next.

F. E. DOWNES.

SELECTIONS FROM THE STANDARD POETS.

TUMULT.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
Toronto's students bright had gathered, when
A portion of "the boys" were somewhat tight
And loudly singing *Vive L'Amour*, and then
Startling from their slumbers weary men,
Their voices rose with wild, discordant yells;
When they approached the festive "boozin' ken"
They entered, and ne'er thought of "Number One's"
dark cell.

Beside a broken niche of a stone wall
Lay Jones, B.A., prostrate on his left ear;
He said he heard the peelers "buzzoo" call:
His comrades laughed because he deemed it near,
"Hip, hip, hurrah! Let's go and have some beer!"
Jones cried, "Dry up," he knew the sound too well;
As lawyers say, "On that point he was clear,"
And he was right, that night they passed in dungeon
cell!

Last morn beheld them in the lecture room,
At noon perhaps they felt a little gay;
The evening showed them all upon a "boom,"
At midnight they were "ready for the pay,"
And roared in accents wild each roundelay,
Till they were "copped" by a blue-coated squad,
Who then the erring youths did straight convey
To where, repentant all, they passed some hours in quad.
—Byron.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the Prairie Province passed
A youth who bore through snow and ice,
A satchel with this strange device—
Calgary.

His hands were cold, his nose was blue,
His bearded face was stuck like glue
With frost and sleet. Still on his back
The legend shone out from his "pack"—
Calgary.

He did not pause at Winnipeg
To taste the treacherous "rangleleg,"
When strangers tried to take him in
He only answered with a grin—
Calgary.

"Stay!" the half-breed maiden cried,
"The prairie is both long and wide,
If you keep on you will get froze."
He still replied, with thumb to nose—
Calgary.

A "sport" he met said, "Stay and rest,
Wipe off your chin, pull down your vest,
Let's go and have a game of 'draw,'"
The youth replied, with loud "haw, haw!"—
Calgary.

His weary westward way he tramped,
Until his legs grew stiff and cramped;
He cried, "I can no further go,"
And sighed as he fell on the snow—
Calgary.

Next morn a half-breed on his way
To Winnipeg with load of hay
Brought back the youth, who swore like sin
When he found out that he was in—
FORT GARRY.
—Longfellow.

A SIGN OF "THE TIMES."

Regina! loveliest village of the plain,
Which, erstwhile reached by humble oxen wains
Policeman's charger, or the festive mule,
Is now the favored spot of Fashion's rule,
The buffalo hump and ligneous pemmican
Have given place to chicken broiled and ham;
The crooked whiskey vile—the red man's bane
Forsaken is for sherry and champagne.
The dusky brave, with savage painted face,
Is seldom seen, his form has given place
To dukes and viscounts, earls and other nob's
(Barons and baronets are there in mobs),
Nobility of genius too, and men of mind
Are moving there, and very soon you'll find
A journal independent, bright and free,
The Times, and edited by N. F. D.
—Goldsmith.

SABBATH EVENING.

On Sundays passing to and fro,
Tho' slippery lies the trodden snow,
The ladies with mammas and beaux,
Proceed to church religiously.

But you may see another sight,
About the hour of eight at night,
When corner loafers mostly tight,
Are talking vile obscenity.

In ulsters and flat hats arrayed,
They ape the Yankee blackguard blade,
And form fit subject for a raid
By the police fraternity.

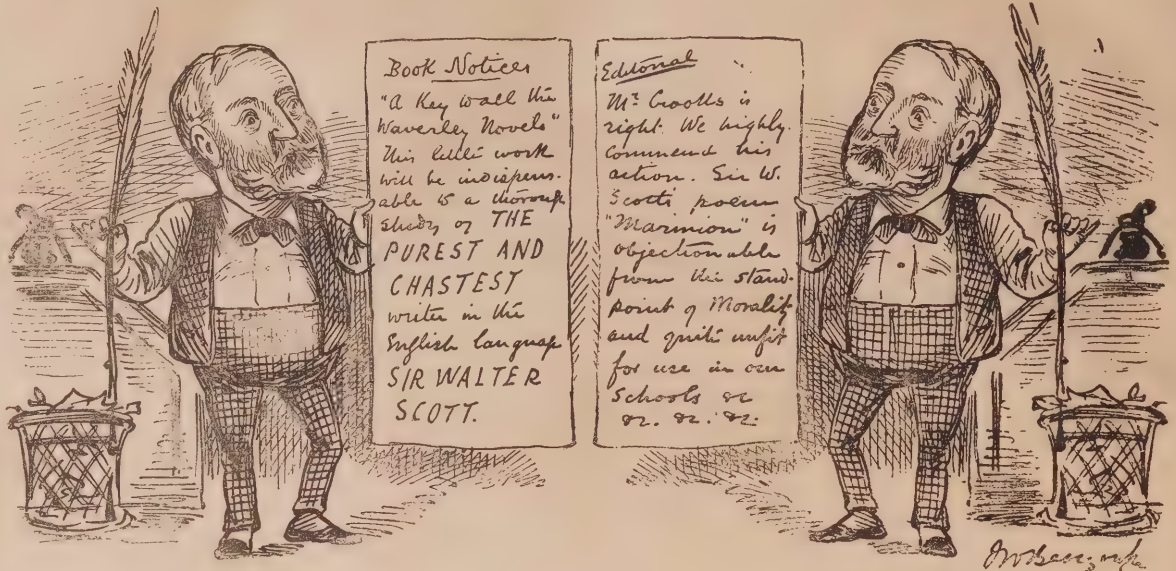
A girl goes by with prayer book—
Each beery "bum" and slip'ry "crook"
Will ogle her with lecherous look,
And grin with gross vulgarity.

Their lantern-jaws the "fine cut" crunch,
Suggestive of the late free lunch,
And pity 'tis some one don't punch
The heads of all the galaxy.
—Campbell.

"Willie, my precious boy," said Mr. Bunn, the other evening, to his newly arrived prodigal, "how could you have the heart to go a playing in the streets after school, instead of coming straight home? Here's your mother and me been a wondering and worrying and a-working ourselves up, and a-wearing ourselves out, trying to fancy what kind of a strange animal had swallowed you entire. Don't let this happen again, my own son, or you and I will have to have a little re-union in the back wood shed. You'll find it a very striking programme, and the music will be furnished by yourself, my cherub. There's no doubt in the world about that."

Hulton is a good enough young fellow in his way, but he is rather vain of his youth and cleverness, and fond of his dog. For these enormities he receives the scornful attention of a young lady-enemy in a letter to her friend as follows: "The all conquering hero, the irresistible, the lady-killer, the render of hearts, the young man of whom you spake is he yet alive? Is he as young as he used to be or younger? Is babyhood coming on apace? Can you see the sweet deciples coming round the dear little neck and wrists? would you kindly ask him to write a list of the things he doesn't know, as I want a bit of paper small enough to wrap round my finger before putting on the thimble. Is he making love to that good Sophy Miles? If so, please kick his dog for me. Is she going to throw herself away on him? If so, poison the dog."

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has become so thoroughly established in public favor that were it not for the forgetfulness of people it would not be necessary to call attention to its power to cure consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and other blood diseases, as eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, and "liver complaint."



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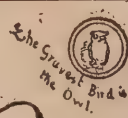
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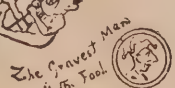
The Gravel Boat is the Air.



The Gravel Fish is the Oyster.



The Gravel Owl is the Owl.



The Gravel Man is the Fool.



49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

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No. 4.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1882.

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MORE

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Hath come so near creation?
AND GENT—(It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can
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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The local legislature is now in session for a brief season, prior to dissolution and a general election. Like the old-time author in Mr. Marks' picture, Mr. Mowat's effort in the speech from the throne falls very tamely upon the critical ears of the Opposition. The original from which our cartoon is adapted forms the frontispiece to the volume of the "Leisure Hour" for 1882, which may be found at any of the bookstores.

FIRST PAGE.—The popular feeling against Disallowance and all other encroachments upon provincial rights, continues unabated throughout Manitoba. Mr. Norquay's position is about as comfortable as that of a wight overtaken in the midst of a sea of prairie grass, with a fire raging in his rear, and without a match wherewith to light the grass in front, and thus provide the only way of escape.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A notable increase in American imports from Canada, and a great falling off in exports to this country, taken in connection with agitation in favor of Reciprocity amongst our Republican cousins, are current facts which must make Sir Leonard Tilley feel more or less jubilant. That the N.P. has done something to bring about this state of affairs cannot be doubted. We have hit Uncle Sam a hard one on the nose, but perhaps we have sprained our wrist in doing so.

NEW ROUND.

(To be sung by the Jubilee Singers.)

Says Cushing to Thompson,
"I'll smash your proud snout!"
Says Thompson to Cushing,
"O, you're a galoot!"
Says Cushing to Thompson,
"Take that in the eye!"
Says Thompson to Cushing,
"I'll meet you by-me-bye!"
Says the P.M. to Cushing,
"Doesn't Thompson appear?"
Says Cushing to Denison,
"No, he isn't here."
Says the P.M. to Cushing,
"The case is dismissed."
Says Cushing to Denison,
"Give us your fist!"



Toronto was honored last week with the presence of two theatrical "parties," the *Karl* party at the Royal and Haverly's *Merry War* brigade at the Grand. The *Karl* play was almost a mere vehicle to carry the leading man through the evening, and written, of course, with the object of giving him a chance to show off his *quasi* Dutch specialties. The gypsy scene in the second act, when the stolen child is rescued, was taken from *Rosedale*, and the gypsy characters were made up after the style of *Guy Mannering* hags and *Fra Diavolo* bandits, and the picnic scene a weak suggestion of that of the somewhat played-out *Vokes Family*. The wretched leg piece at the Grand was a mere apology for an Opera, the leading singers indifferent, and the chorus execrable. This company manifested their contempt of the public who so generously patronized their wretched attempts during the week by cutting out the only number worth hearing, "The Silver Line," and did not even condescend to "make up" for the "final march." If this party are to be considered exponents of Strauss' operatic works, and a criterion of their merits, he had better keep them for the dwellers on the banks of the beautiful blue Danube, for the way his "Merry War" was given here was an insult to, and an outrage on, a too tolerant public.

This week at the Royal, Jos. J. Dowling exhibits his talents as a shootist in "Nobody's Claim," which is, as a play, better than the usual samples of the backwoods drama. The scenery shown in the flatboat scene is very good, and the play is relieved by the more than ordinarily good acting of some of the company, who are evidently "old stagers." Taking it altogether, "Nobody's Claim" is interesting and worthy of a visit.

Hague's British Minstrels show three nights and a matinee at the Grand. One nigger performance is so much like another that any criticism is uncalled for regarding this. The inevitable quartette sang in the usual acceptable way, and there was no exceptional vulgarity displayed which would tend to keep the fastidious away. The Minstrels played to crowded houses as usual. For balance of week Robt. McWade as "Rip Van Winkle."

Those eccentric creatures of Mr. Stockton's humorous imagination, the Rudder Grangers, have gone to Europe, and the January *Century* will contain an account of some of their adventures in England. Pomona, with characteristic energy, calls upon an English lord to satisfy her curiosity regarding the aristocracy. Another humorous paper in this number will be the story of a trip on a lower Mississippi steamboat, amusingly told in "The Trip of the 'Mark Twain,'" with illustrations by Pennel.

KINDERGARTENS.

TODMORDEN, DEC. 10th, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—I am glad to see that there is some prospect of the Kindergarten system for teaching young scholars being adopted. For my part, I think the system an excellent one, as it combines instruction with amusement, and the child is glad to go to his lessons, instead of, as heretofore, playing "hooky," with a prospective lambasting with the "taws" at the hands of the cruel master. A practical illustration of addition or subtrac-

tion may be given by the manipulation of a number of blocks of wood or in the absence of the regular paraphernalia of the school, any article may be utilized. For instance, a boy has in his pockets twelve apples (which he has probably hooked out of some orchard) and the master takes away two, the boy will doubtless not forget the "remainder," and when asked will reply at once, "Ten." Or on the other hand, a boy who has but one apple, and the master gives him those he took from urchin No. 1, when asked the sum of the apples in his possession, will reply with glee and with promptness, "Three." This is a far better way than expressing the result— $12-2=10$, or $1+2=3$. How many of us are indebted for the ready calculation of the days in any given month by the familiar rhyme,

30 days hath September,
April, June, and November, &c.

Now, Mr. Grip, I am of the opinion, as the lawyers say, that the older or more advanced scholars could be taught, let us say the history of his or her country, by describing the various incidents and historical characters in pleasant rhymic verse. I will give you a few illustrations of my method, which may not be strictly accurate as regards the actual incidents in connection with the historical personages mentioned, nor do I intend them so to be regarded, but merely as the *modus operandi* of my system, after the manner of nursery rhymes. How well we all remember "Old Mother Hubbard," for instance. And I maintain that system is everything.*

Yours faithfully,

NEHEMIAH NUTT BUTTER.

P.S.—Here goes:

JACQUES CARTIER.

Oh, don't you remember Jack Carchy,
Who sailed from the port of St. Malo,
Who wore a shirt stiff and starched,
And anointed his long hair with tallow?
When he got to the mighty St. Lawrence
He commenced for to whoop and to holler,
For the rain poured down on him in torrents,
And took the starch out of his collar!
"I don't like this," said he, "in the least,"
As his visage grew pallid and sallow;
So he turned his ship's head to the East,
And sailed back again to St. Malo!

FRONTENAC.

Did you ever hear tell of Frontenac,
Who committed many a wanton act?
He used his shoes
For birch canoes,
Which might be called a pontoon act.

JOSEPH BRANDT.

Joe Brant was a long and lanky chief,
Who never used his hankychief;
So I suppose
He wiped his nose
Upon a captured Yankee chief.

GOVERNOR ARTHUR.

Bold Arthur was a governor in the year of '38,
We haven't had as fine a one to govern us of late;
He was amiable and kind, benevolent and good,
And he hung up all the rebels who were captured that he could.
But some people didn't like it, and it was their fondest hope
To see bold Arthur dangling himself from a stout rope.

1838.

Some forty years ago,
In the reign of Queen Victoria,
The vulgar had no show—
They ruled them *con amore*.

Res-pon-si-bil-i-tee
Was not then much in fashion,
And the grand ma-jor-i-tee
Of times received a tashin'.

The Government was prone,
When the House would pass a measure,
To let th-m know the Throne
Would consider it at leisure.

So children, be content,
Be your parents Grit or Tory;
Don't run for Parliament,
And you'll flourish hunky dory.

*You'll do.—ED. GRIP



A PICTURE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

See these three men? They are run-ning, are they not? You bet they are. What do you sup-pose they are in such a hur-ry for? Ask your pa-pa, and he will tell you they are after the hon-or of the May-or-al-ty. But your pa is wrong. These gen-tle-men are not all run-ning for May-or, but they are all dread-ful-ly in earn-est to get a copy of Grip's Com-ic Al-man-ac for 1883, and that is why they are mak-ing such good time just now. Mis-ter With-row is al-so aft-er the May-or-al-ty, and so is Mis-ter Bos-well, and if you want to win any mon-ey you just bet on both, es-pe-ci-al-ly Bos-well.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

BY SARAH JANE SMYTHE.

I.

Miss Evaline Magee had lately wound her tour up—
Just come across the sea, after taking in all Europe;
From her bonnet to her shoe
Every article was new,
And of the latest fashion, as no doubt they ought to be,
To grace the lovely person of the charming Miss Magee.

II.

She'd done the mighty Rhine, and each hoary rock and
castle,
The Alpine heights did climb and had many a serious
wrestle
With glaciers and crevasses,
In the snowy mountain passes.
She had traversed the blue Danube and had been upon
the Spree,
(Of course I mean the river), had the lovely Miss Magee.

III.

She had visited each city from St. Petersburg to Rome,
From the Netherlands to Naples she had made herself at
home;
In Palermo and Milan,
Cologne and Amsterdam,
In Metz and on the Matterhorn, Mount Blanc or Zui-
der Zee,
Most any time might be observed the gay young Miss
Magee.

IV.

Of course she travelled Britain from Land's End to Aber-
deen,
From Yarmouth west to Liverpool she everywhere had
been.
Cathedrals one and all
Of York, Chester and St. Paul,
And Salisbury, suggestive of the pilgrim on his knee,
Were gazed upon with rapture by æsthetic Miss Magee.

V.

She had invaded Ireland. In Dublin, Cork and Derry,
In Killarney and the Curragh, she had made herself quite
merry.
She had kissed the blarney stone,
And had learned to cry "Ochone,"
Just as natural as the natives of Tyrone or Tralee,
And could drink her glass of poteen, oh, naughty Miss
Magee!

VI.

Her speech was greatly tinged with German words and
French,
Though on the rules of grammar she'd occasionally en-
trench.
"Salvo Moonseer, Bong Yu!
Trey bang, Mercée; ay vou?"

She pronounced Vienna just like "wine," and Paris like
"Paree,"
And Naples she called "Napolee,"—Accomplished Miss
Magee!

VII.

In honor of her coming home her friends gave a large
party.
And all the friends of the elite had invitations hearty.
Of the *bon ton* and *beau monde*
She especially was fond.
But as for the low *hoi polloi* you must of course agree,
That they were hardly *la fromage* to visit Miss Magee.

VIII.

The evening came, the brilliant lamps lit up each window
pane,
Italia's sons (from noble ward) struck up a lively strain,
Each *galop*, *valse*, quadrille,
They "went for" with a will.
"I hope you'll all enjoy yourselves to-night *Sans cer-
monie*!"
Was the very neat expression of the radiant Miss Magee.

IX.

Among the honored guests who were invited to the party
Was a youth well-shaped and handsome, Mr. Hildebrand
McCarthy.
On the "list" was not his name,
But he was there all the same;
He accompanied a young man, friend of the familie,
And the accepted lover of Miss Evaline Magee.

X.

"Who is that gentleman—your friend? Why don't you
introduce him?
He looks so sad and lonely!" Her lover looked quite
gruesome,
For McCarthy, though his chum, . . .
Might perhaps not feel "to hum."
It was true he was a "slugger" and a rattler on a spree,
But he might commit some *gaucherie* if he spoke to Miss
Magee.

XI.

But Miss Magee insisted, and her lover brought forth
Mac,
And McCarthy felt an icy chill run up and down his back,
But her manners were so sweet,
When she waved him to a seat,
And brought another chair along and sat close to his
knee,
That she completely captured Mac, did sparkling Miss
Magee.

XII.

"Your face seems quite familiar, sir, we must have met
before,
Was it London or in Paris?" and she looked him o'er
and o'er;

"I was there last June," says Mac, □
In fact I'm not long back,
I'd sometimes go out to Berlin, but 'pon me word, d'ye
see,
I hate all them small places, they're lonesome, Miss
Magee."

XIII.

"Paris! Berlin! London! and you think them all too
small!
What thought you of Vienna. Did it suit you not at all?
Oh sir, I fear you joke,
And fun at me you poke."
"Upon me sowl I don't," said Mac, "for Miss I'll have
ye know
That Vienna is the meanest hole in all On-tay-ree-O!"

XIV.

"I used to bring my samples and stay there sometimes
nights,
(Twas in boots I travelled, Miss) Oh 'twas there ye'd see
the fights.
Sure London's bad enough,
But Vienna's mighty tough!"
Then Mac looked up, "Perhaps," he thought, "I'm talk-
ing rather free,"
But his listener had vanished, poor, disgusted Miss Ma-
gee.

XV.

Take this advice young ladies (and she "may read who
runneth")
If not "fixed" don't think of Europe, for herein one sho t
month,
You can say with truth you've been
To Paris and Berlin,
To Sandwich, Windsor, London,
Brighton and Scarboro,
And never cross the confines of your own On-tay-ree-O!
You can say "when we left London we went straight on
to Paree."
And astonish all the natives just as well as Miss Magee.



THE NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

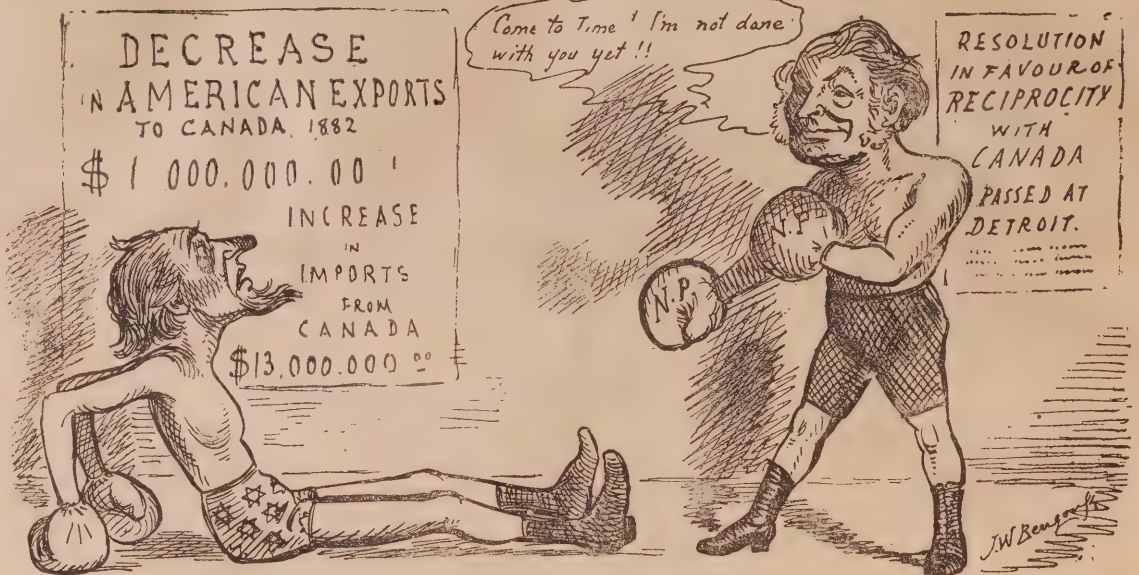
CHRISTIAN—Then said Christian, I will give
\$25 to the St. George's Society if any man will
produce one fact of science which is not con-
sistent with the Bible.

MR. ATHEIST—Done, sir, said Atheist, here
is my \$25, and now let us fix the terms of the
contest.

CHRISTIAN—Not so, said Christian. I know
you and your whole family. You want to
argy!

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The New Orleans Times observes that the "Escaped Nun" business is played out as a sensation for the lecture platform. Such characters are always frauds and less interesting than escaped lunatics.

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VOLUME XX.
No. 5.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1882.

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A HINT FOR TEMPERANCE REFORMERS.

MAKE THE DRINKERS TAKE OUT LICENSES AS WELL AS THE DEALERS!



MORE

Testimony in favor of the
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Thomas Bengough, Esq., Toronto, Dec. 11th, 1882.
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Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,
Manager.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The feeling that the *Globe* was mainly responsible for the ill luck of the Grit party, and that Mr. Gordon Brown was altogether responsible for the infirmities of the *Globe*, has at last "come to a head," and Mr. Brown has been deposed from the editorship and management of the paper. It is hoped that in other hands the journal will do better service for the Party under its chosen leader, Blake.

FIRST PAGE.—What have our temperance agitators got to say to MR. GRIP's proposed License Law, under which every drinker is obliged to take out a license before he can get his tippie? Here you have a statesmanlike solution of the difficulty about the liberty of the subject being infringed—while at the same time you increase the civic revenue and decrease the number of drinkers.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Lest everybody (who knows the Ontario Premier personally) should fail to recognize the awful character here portrayed, we beg to say that the *Mail's* article undoubtedly had reference to Mr. Oliver Mowat, Q.C., Attorney-General. The very same man.

The preliminary notes and studies for Hawthorne's posthumous novel, "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," are in two different groups, of very different character. One group, in the possession of Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, seems to consist of passages written out in narrative and dialogue form. Another group, of about equal length, consists of notes only, and these have been placed by Mr. Julian Hawthorne in the hands of the editor of *The Century*, and selections from them will be published in the January number of that magazine. They are said to form a record of extraordinary interest, being a complete revelation of the artistic principles and methods of one of the subtlest artists that ever lived—in fact, a full and clear recipe for the making of a Hawthorne romance.

The fastest city in the world—Velocity.
A clock speaks its own peculiar dialect.



Be in time! Be in time! Look out for the big Jubilee at Toronto's Semi-Centennial! Lasting four days, with four distinct and separate land and water parades! Parades "illustrative of the settlement, rise and progress of the city." (big thing.) Military, police, fire brigade, secret, benevolent, harbor and torch-light parades! (great scheme) the whole to conclude with a grand commemorative ball! Be sure and come! Plenty of time, however, to get your "claw hammer" coats ready. The performance will commence in 1884, *vive* McMur-rich!

Twenty-four Krupp guns have been sent to the Chinese to arm their forts, a clear case of Krupption.

How can ladies ever become thoroughly versed in their household duties, and of what use will the schools organized to that end be, when even medical students object to ladies learning to carve? Cruel man, who thinks their proper curriculum is a baby carriage!

GRIP has been assured that the objections raised by cavillers against the customary display at the opening of the Session were literally knocked into a cocked hat on the 13th. Whether it was the C. H. of the Lieut.-Governor or that of Col. Denison, our informant sayeth not.

The indignation against the expatriated rebel chieftain is still very great in Egypt. A firman has been issued ordering the authorities to seize all the copies of Lallah Rookh on account of the song "Farewell to thee, Araby's Daughter," being contained therein. The Khedive is under the impression that the words have some secret political meaning. Moore's the pity.

Now is the appointed time, O noble yeoman, honest mechanic, and horny handed son of toil, to put on all the airs you are possessed of. Your great excellence and stirling worth will be appreciated until after your vote is polled at the coming Provincial election, by the aristocracy, the plutocracy and the "politocracy" generally. Now your hand is shaken, by and by you will be "shook" altogether, and you will relapse once more into your normal condition, that of one of the greasy multitude. Rejoice, O workingman! You have still GRIP to look out for your rights.

Lord Dufferin, on account of the threatened action at law on the part of the Nationalists to take the control of the canal from the

foreigners or make them pay for the occupancy thereof, has insisted that the Khedive must change the name of it, as it sounds too much like "sue us" to be pleasant to English ears. The Khedive then asked with a grim smile if "own us" would strike him as a good name. "It might," replied his diplomatic Lordship, "but if it don't the name will rest in you, the *onus*, don't you see?" It took the Khedive six hours, aided by a learned pundit, to make out the joke, and even now he can't see the fun of it.

**

A great movement has taken place lately in Civil Service reform. Before obtaining a "gov. birth, now, it is necessary that the aspirant first obtain a certificate from the Board as to his qualifications, both from an educational and moral standpoint." "This is as it should be," says the joyous reformer. But, tarry awhile, my exuberant friend! John Solon Jones, Roderic Ramesus McTavish, and Patricio Polyphemus McGuirk, obtain their testimonials of moral character from a clergyman or local magistrate, they send their applications to the C. S. Board, which are accepted, they go before the Board and pass. Jones, McTavish, and McGuirk then seek the head or mayhap the deputy head of the department they aspire to, by letter or otherwise, and are told that there are at present no vacancies, but their application, which is on file "will meet with due consideration." They wait and wait for years, for

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast!"

But let John Solon, Roderic Ramesus, and Patricio take the advice of GRIP and "drop it," except indeed they are backed by a strong "friend of the family," for their chances are nil. The measure is principally got up to avoid reading the applications perpetually pouring in to the departments. So drop it boys, drop it!

THE GENTEELG OSSIP.

An excellent lady is Madam Remplit,
So portly, so grand, and so gracious;
At each Dorcas meeting and 5 o'clock tea,
May be seen her fine figure so spacious.
What interest she takes in each boy and each girl,
On their conduct she waxes lequacious;
Some say that she gives them a terrible "whirl,"
But of course I'm aware that's mendacious.

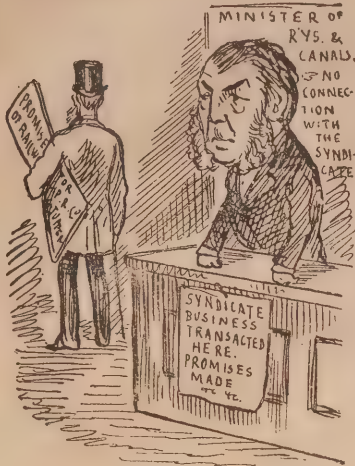
She kindly will call on a young chap's papa,
And reluctantly hint of his doings;
She next will "drop in" to a maiden's mamma,
And sighs when she tells of her wooings.
"I don't like to mention it, bless me! oh no,
But then dear, your daughter's a beauty,
And really the young man's not quite *comme il faut*,
I must tell you. It's only my duty.

"Your daughter, my dear's, but an innocent child,
And of course she can't be too discreet, for
You know that young men are so prone to be wild,
And then he so often does meet her.
Of course it's no harm to go out for a walk,
But night after night! it's quite fearful,
For you know, dear, the way that some people will talk,
Why really, I'm growing quite fearful!"

And thus she will talk, pious Madam Remplit,
And thus into very hot water
Will get "ma" and "pa," you can readily see,
And so will the son and the daughter.
She forgets when she used (tho' a long time ago),
To walk out with her now ancient lover,
And say, you're the *one* I love to her old beau,
And no harm in it could she discover!

What heart-breaking trouble this gossiping brings,
What sorrows, what tears and annoyance?
In having no faith in quite innocent things,
Or on honor or virtue reliance.
Now which is the worst, as a matter of fact?
(For my part I think it's a toss up)
'Tween a dangerous crank whose intellect's cracked,
And a vexatious voluble gossip!

"What is your boy reading?" is an expression made use of very often lately. We cannot undertake to answer this query, but the probability is that if he has a rich father the last thing he glanced at was an unreceipted tailor's bill for \$104.



A VERY PERTINENT QUESTION.

The Ottawa Free Press says that when Mayor Carney, of Emerson, Manitoba, came down recently to look after the railway interests of his town, his special business was with the C. P. R. Syndicate. The Emerson people sent his worship to see if he could not make some sort of arrangement with that powerful organization, with a view to securing much needed railway facilities, a boon which, under the "Monopoly Clause," the Syndicate alone could grant. Mayor Carney succeeded in his mission, but strange as it may sound, the whole matter was settled, not in the office of the C. P. R. at Montreal, but in the official Department of Sir Charles Tupper at Ottawa. This is a circumstance to which we invite the attention of Parliament. What possible authority can the Minister of Railways have for transacting business for an outside Company—especially a company which holds a government contract? Are we to understand that Sir Charles Tupper is a sleeping partner of the Syndicate? If so, the sooner he ceases to be a minister of the Crown the better for the Independence of Parliament Act.

THE GRIT CONVENTION.

(EDITORIAL FROM THE "MAIL" OF JANUARY 5TH, 1883.)

The first Convention which the Grits have had the temerity to hold for a number of years, was held in this city on the 3rd and 4th inst. It was only by resorting to strategy that our reporters succeeded in gaining an entrance to the "Pow-wow." Having gained admittance they were surprised to find that instead of three or four hundred honest, intelligent looking men, such as constituted the Conservative convention a few months since, there were scattered about the room a motley crew of eighty or ninety of the most dilapidated, spavined, ring-boned, bald-headed apologies for men one could find anywhere outside of a cemetery. Despair was depicted on every countenance, and any unprejudiced observer could not but be convinced that each member of the convention had mentally concluded that Mowat must go.

The proceedings were opened by Minister Crooks, who read a passage from a book lying upon the table. As the reader proceeded there were signs of restlessness all over the room, while the features of Mr. Frazer were painful to behold, and he had just risen to his feet with the ejaculation, "Mr. Speaker," when Mowat explained to the audience that Mr. Crooks had made a slight mistake. In the hurry and confusion the latter gentleman had picked up a copy of the distasteful "Marmion" instead of the "Rules and Regulations of the Conven-

tion," which he was to have read. Mr. Crooks apologised for the error, saying that "he had not looked into it."

At one of the sessions a deadly encounter took place between the Globe and Blake followings. Mr. Hardy, representing the latter, had dared to hint that Protection in some instances was desirable, and if not beneficial to the general community the Reform party should not so sternly oppose it, as the people were in love with it. Of course such sentiments could not be tolerated by the editor of the Globe. That loathsome object raised its Agnostic head and poured forth such a volume of abuse and invective as left the unfortunate Hardy completely vanquished.

Our reporters, though their presence was not known, succeeded in attending each session of the convention. For two whole days did the representatives of the "Great Liberal Party of Ontario" sit in council. During that time not a single new principle or idea was formulated, the precious hours as they passed being devoted to abuse of the Conservatives, and the lauding of each others' virtues. With such a demoralized party, under so imbecile a leadership, is it at all surprising that the public are clamoring for its removal from power in Ontario?

SULPHUROUS LITERATURE.

An intercepted letter, to a writer not connected with GRIP staff.



Y DEAR FRIEND AND ALLY,—

You ask me for instructions for writing a successful novel—one that will take. Well, my dear, you must impregnate it with the atmosphere it will circulate in. This is an age of preaching ver-

sus practice, of professing one thing and living another. Consequently, I advise you, first to buy a printed set of the Ten Commandments (nay, don't start,—I have, like you, got used to them, they don't hurt me now), large type. Let them be hung up over your writing desk, after the manner of charity and Sunday Schools, hospitals, jails, and so on. Second, you must study them thoroughly (Nay, I am in earnest, don't laugh), study them carefully, for to be successful you must model your heroine as a gentle, noble, heroic and lovable woman, who, in the sweetest and most engaging way, manages to be irresistible from the rising to the falling of the curtain, while breaking and trampling on every one of these rules; in short, you must make vice lovely and crime captivating. Proceed somewhat in this fashion,—1st.—"Thou shalt have no other, &c., &c." Her rhapsodies to her idol, the adored of her soul, effectually disposes of this, of course, and humanity with a fellow-feeling will readily pardon this in a woman,—in fact, it is fashionable. 2nd.—She must adore a crucifix, and, although a protestant, will kiss it passionately and alternately with her lap-dog. 3rd.—She will have a habit of exclaiming "My God!" when an unfortunate mouse, driven by hunger, darts across the floor, or when any similar horror harrows up her soul. 4th.—She spends Sunday as the other fashionables do—which is enough. 5th.—"Honor thy father and mother, &c." She must discover mamma to be a schemer and papa a selfish old screw, who has been narrow-minded enough to educate his daughter up to the pitch of despising him and his low-origin

ideas. 6th.—"Thou shalt not kill." H'm—stiff rather, but as she has already killed one or more men, morally and eternally, by her flirting propensities, her pretty little lectures, her fascinating efforts to do them good, and all that sort of thing, for which she is wholesomely cursed by the mothers of the soft fellows, who were, on the whole, not bad sons at all, you might wind up by making her commit a bona fide murder, if necessary. This will crown her in the eyes of your sensational readers.

7th.—The fifth is called, so I have heard, the commandment with promise, but commend me to this one for promise in the breaking of it. As to fulfilment, I lay my first digit on the side of my proboscis and am silent—it is not for me to warn. In order to the graceful demolishing of this commandment, it will be necessary to tie her to a good sort of a fellow who adores her, but whom she cares not a straw for, while her affinity flits across the horizon, grave and preoccupied. She pines, he pines, they meet, philosophise, they bow to the inevitable; meanwhile the little children come, and as a mother she looks more and more interesting. About this time the husband and father must be made to appear as a weak-minded bat who can't see worth a cent, quite unworthy of the dear creature who still now and again meets the affinity—he mournfully keeping watch over her as scandal and ruin threaten and menace the family. You may continue this sort of balderdash all through one administration if you like, trusting to your precious good name as a writer to tide you over the odium you incur by the possibility of injury to the morals of the young and unsophisticated. Don't let that phrase "It must be that offences come, but woe &c., &c.," trouble you, you must feed people with what they have an appetite for, and the present popular appetite palls on the game, unless it has positively approached the last stage of decomposition. As for creating a healthy moral tone—bah! my dear, it does not pay, society would vote you dull, you would come short of shekels. Some infatuated devotee of morality and common sense may call your lovely and pensive heroine a "hussy"—or, in Scotch parlance, a "two-faced limmer," never mind, common sense is generally in the minority any-way. About the 9th, your divinity must not be guilty of lying—unless it be in bed 'mornings, but she may equivocate and prevaricate to any extent, so be her overmastering passion for the affinity be her motive. Nor covet—nothing so low, she must only long for what the law says she can't have, but which will surely come in the end, not as the reward of self-sacrifice, but as a successful termination to a novel which will be sown broadcast over the land, bearing fruit after its kind fifty and a hundred fold according as it falls in prepared or unprepared soil. The husband you must get out of the way somehow, "fair is foul and foul is fair." What might happen if he should persist in living to the end of the novel, as the husbands in real life generally do, I do not pretend to prophesy, but once more elevate my digit as before. For the present, my dear colleague, I am yours sincerely.—SATHANUS REX.

A work of (he)art—A love story.

Bound to succeed—An apprentice.

A counter charge—Accusing a clerk of tilting.

The London tailors, Poole and Strickland have found a "Newmarket" in Canada.

When the gentlemen at the theatres go out between the acts don't be alarmed, they are only in search of an opera glass.

In Chicago McVicker's theatre has a new play entitled "In Paradise." This should certainly commend itself to the gods.



CHRISTMAS BEEF.

Bird's-eye view of a fat procession which halted in front of Mr. GRIP's office the other day, to enable that distinguished patriot to comprehend what Mr. G. F. Frankland and Ald. Mallon are doing for the cattle trade of this Province.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SYMPOSIUM

The first gathering of the members of the Social Club a day or two after the opening of the session was characterized by all the old-time hilarity and abandon of these cheerful occasions. About thirty of the members were present, Wood occupying his place as Symposiarch.

"Well gents," briefly observed the Hon. Treasurer in assuming his post, "you probably all remember the rules. Each one is expected to contribute his share towards the entertainment of the company either intellectually—or—or—"

"Or spiritually," interposed Ferris.

"Precisely. We'll begin with you."
"Take the gentleman's orders, waiter."
"Hot with sugar for me," said the Treasurer, "and while 'the cup which,' etc., is in circulation, I shall call upon Brother Creighton for a song."

Taking down his trusty lute from where it had hung silent on the wall since the last gathering, Creighton, after a little preliminary fingering, warbled in a clear contralto voice the following ditty:

MOWAT MUST GO.
(AIR—"Long, Long Ago.")

Long have we struggled for office in vain,
Mowat must go—Mowat must go!
Surely at length we our object shall gain,
Mowat must go—he must go!
Hardy and Pardee and Fraser must get,
Spite of their teeth we shall eulchre 'em yet;
This time we Tories will scoop 'em, you bet,
Mowat must go—he must go!
Onward we sweep with the favoring gale,
Mowat must go—Mowat must go!
Shouting the war cry composed by the Mail,
Mowat must go—he must go!
If we persist in repeating the phrase,
Quickly the public will follow our ways;
Thusly the prestige of victory we'll raise,
Mowat must go—he must go!
Oh, if Sir John will but come to our aid,
Mowat must go, Mowat must go!
Even the gods will assist in the raid,
Mowat must go—he must go!
With him to Bacchus, by Jove, we'll succeed,
Apollo-gies we no longer shall need;
Juno I think we shall conquer indeed,
Mowat must go—he must go!
When we have captured the enemy's spoils,
Mowat must go—Mowat must go!
Then we shall find sweet reward for our toils,
Mowat must go—he must go!
Mowat and Co. will be laid on the shelf,
Meredith, Lauder, and Bell and myself,
Then will come in for our share of the pelf,
Mowat must go—he must go!

Mingled applause and laughter greeted this effusion, at the conclusion of which numerous criticisms were passed on the rendition.

"I admired the refrain particularly," said Young, "so much so that I wished there was more of it. In fact it struck me that if Creighton would warble less and refrain more, or even refrain altogether, it would be an improvement."

"You are too much of a sarcast, Young," said Hardy. "The rendition was excellent. As to the sentiments—well, don't holler till you're out of the wood, that's all."

"It's you who'll be out of the Wood before long," suggested Metcalfe, with a significant nod in the direction of the Symposiarch, who forthwith called on him for a joke.

"Let me see," replied the member for Kingston, meditatively. "Ah—um. Why is Sir Leonard Tilley's policy sure to suit the farmers?"

"I could tell why it don't," said D. D. Hay, "because it goes against the grain."

Every one gave it up, and Metcalfe, being called on for the answer, replied,

"Because he is a pharmacistist."

Solemn silence.

"Explain yourself, please," said the Symposiarch.

"Well, Sir Leonard was a druggist—a druggist is sometimes called a pharmacistist—farmer-suit ist, don't you see."

"Balfour, let us hear from you."

"Eh—ah—Why is a—that is to say—What is the reason that, Well, come to think of it, it's a long time between drinks, and you may as well fill up."

The beverages having been replenished the Treasurer called on another new member, McAllister, of North Renfrew, to explain his anomalous political attitude, which he did in the following charming madrigal:—

THE INDEPENDENT MEMBER.

I'm the Independent member
Who was chosen last November,
And both from Grits and Tories I can always take advice,
But when it comes to voting,
Or my attitude denoting,
I'm just as Independent as the merry hog on ice.

I'm a patent combination,
Who attained my present station
By assenting to the parties' most ingenious device;
The fence I'm bound to straddle,
And my own canoe to paddle,
And I'm just as Independent as the merry hog on ice.

I'm free from all dictation,
And have no affiliation
With either of the parties, and I own I think it nice;
On no caucuses attendant,
I am free and Independent,
Yes, just as Independent as the merry hog on ice.

"Our friend from North Renfrew," said the Symposiarch, "promises to be quite an acquisition to our festive board. He has a fine tenor voice, and the liquid harmony of the notes of his upper register is particularly noticeable. I think we may fairly say that he has created a role for himself. If he would try a duet with Bro. Creighton, now—"

"Don't du-et," interrupted Boulter. Cries of "Shame!" groans, etc.

"Such interruptions are unseemly," continued the Symposiarch, "and if the gentleman who made that remark is possessed of the right feeling with which I have always credited him, he will tender the usual *amende*—and this time, waiter, you needn't put in quite so much sugar, and see that the water is hotter."

It was in vain for Boulter to attempt to expostulate, so he submitted with as good a grace as possible, and after a nightcap had been partaken of and charged to "unforeseen and unprovided for," the party broke up.

SCENES AT THE DEMI VICE-REGAL SHOW.

THE GOVERNOR.

Here comes the Governor out in full fig,
Here come the horses attached to the "rig,"
Here comes the coachman so healthy and fat,
Here comes the aide-de-camp's big bearskin hat.

THE "HOUSE."

This is the house built of pretty red brick,
In a quite early year of the reign of "Queen Vic"
'That is its moss-covered roof, which, perhaps,
Will come down by the run on the Parliament chaps.
These are the desks where the members all sit;
These are the walls just as flat as their wit.
That's the big chair, like a potentate's throne,
And that's the speaker, who sits there alone;
On his right is what's known as the Treasury side,
And the left is for those who their measures deride.
And—Oh, gracious me! there's a rat or a mouse,
So I'll say no more of the Parliament House.

THE GUARD OF HONOR.

Cavalry.

See the cavalry bold, with their helmets so bright,
How gaily they light up the scene!
How proudly they prance (when they're not very tight,
And their chargers excessively green);
Observe their keen scimitars hanging straight down,
While their "carabines" point to the sky.
You'd think that the rain would the bold fellows drown,
Yet I'll bet all the troopers are dry!

Infantry.

See the gallant Queen's Own boys,
One hundred altogether;
They have marched with drumming noise,
In spite of rainy weather.
They're standing now at ease,
While their clothes the rain is drenchin',
I rather think they'll freeze,
When the Captain cries: "Attention!"
Each wields a fitchion true,
Does the gallant Guard of Honor,
And if he'd run it through
Your corpus—you're a goner!

The Dread Artillery.

Now then you'd better scatter—see
Here comes the bold Field Battery.
Gunner No. 2
Doth daub
With his swab.
His uniform quite new.
He is No. 2
On the gun—
No. 1
Says fire! at the officer's desire,
Bang!
And the loud report doth jar us,
And frightens all the sparrows.
And at the last report,
Away to the old Fort,
Trots the gang.



"PARTY" POLITENESS.

HOSTESS.—WHAT, MUST YOU GO, MY DEAR MR. BROWN?

GUEST.—MY DEAR MADAM, I AM COMPELLED TO TEAR MYSELF AWAY!!

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

SAM WELLERISMS.

"That's a miss-take," as her friends said when an elderly spinster married a soft young man.

"I grow my own corn," as the man observed who wore tight boots.

"That's cool," as the young gentleman remarked when he first caught sight of Eton College.

"I thought I should have burst," as the empty boiler said when the servant put some cold water into it.

"Gin is a snare and a trap," as the Blue Ribbonist said, with a hiccup.

"I keep my own counsel," as the litigious gentleman with three Chancery cases observed, and a very pretty sum he costs me."

"Laugh and grow fat," as the proprietor of the prize hog said.

"RICHARD's himself again," as he remarked after successfully passing through the Bankruptcy Court.

"Turn over a new leaf," as the proprietor of the new journal said to the public.

"The pink of perfection," as the young lady whispered when she rubbed the powder carefully into her cheeks.

"Teach the young idea how to shoot," as the man observed who sold toy pistols and catapults.

"To remain till called for," as the fellow said when he was remanded for want of bail.

"Laughing naturally leads us to coffin," as the phonetic professor remarked.

"Your age protects you," as the hungry man said to the stale fish.

"It all depends, sir, how you take it." For instance, if you take red rum straightforward and proper, it's a regular good drink and medicinal, but if you begin at the other end and read backwards it means murder.

"What barbarity!" as the fish said to the hook. "It's sharp practice, I must admit," replied the hook.

"How do you do?" as the honest poor man inquired of the rich swindler.

Sacred hims—monks.—*Every Monday.*

THE MISERIES OF A MEAN MAN.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down. When the darkness closes in about him and he is alone, and compelled to be honest with himself. And not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look, comes to bless him again. Not a penny dropped into the outstretched hand of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; the strong hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of these things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself. How he must try and roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed. When the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how cheerless and dusty and dreary must his own appear. Why, even one lone, isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average ordinary man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world, anyhow, why should you

add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Don't be mean, my boy. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.—*Burdette.*

Truth is stranger than fish stories.—*Ec.*

A simple but significant inscription in a western cemetery: "The editor was in."—*Boston Star.*

A well-known theorist says, "The great curse of Americans is riches." We desire to be cursed.—*Somerville Journal.*

Ben Butler does not wear a toupee, but then he never did have much sympathy with the wig party.—*Gloucester Reporter.*

An old proverb says: "The anvil lasts longer than the hammer." We'll take the top position in a fight if we can get it, all the same.—*Somerville Journal.*

J. Lewis, of Woodstock, N. Y., drank water in the dark and swallowed a live wasp, and wondered how the blazes he happened to get hold of whisky.—*Boston Post.*

Everything isn't a failure this year. It is estimated that the toothpick-toed boots have added at least 1,000,000 corns to the crop of this country.—*Cedar Rapids Stylus.*

The comet has traversed a distance of 90,000,000 miles in the last four weeks, which leads to the suspicion that the blazing wanderer is really a first class scandal.—*Boston Post.*

Somebody has discovered that the correct pronunciation of the word Khedive is "Kedowa." They might as well tell us that the proper way to pronounce beehive is beehowa.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Salem Sunbeam says, "grief count seconds; happiness forgets the hours." It is presumed that "grief" has been married for some time and that "happiness" is about to be married.—*Toledo American.*

"I regard those buildings as perfectly safe," said a New York building inspector as he finished his rounds, and in ten minutes the walls caved into the street. They were an inch out of plumb and he couldn't see it.

Gen. Forrest says that he made his second start in life with \$1,500 won at poker, and that he won because his wife was home praying for his success. We pass the subject to anyone who thinks he can handle it.

A young widow in Brooklyn received \$18,000 insurance on her husband's life and handed it over to a lawyer to invest. He built him a house with it, and is so mean that he won't even let the widow in to see how it looks.

The Italians have gone into the cremation business more extensively than any other nation. An Italian widower who is permitted by custom to marry again in a few weeks can't bother to keep anybody's grave green.

Lightning struck a contribution plate in a western church just as the deacon was passing it round. "This is the first time that anything has struck this plate in three months," said the deacon, thoughtfully.—*Boston Globe.*

A LADY WANTS TO KNOW

the latest Parisian style of dress and bonnet; a new way to arrange the hair. Millions are expended for artificial appliances which only make conspicuous the fact that emaciation, nervous debility, and female weakness exist. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is sold under a positive guarantee. If used as directed, art can be dispensed with. It will overcome those diseases peculiar to females. By druggists.

Artists are fond of praising the "old masters" in oil. There are about a dozen old masters in crude oil that will find it to their advantage to keep away from this city. Even a lamb will turn when trampled on.—[*Pittsburg Telegraph.*]

A Nebraska clergyman who wouldn't accept two gallons of whisky for marrying a couple had to go without any fee at all. The bridegroom said he'd be hanged if Parker County wasn't getting altogether to tony for a common man to live in.

Probably not one preacher in fifty will ever say anything about it if the \$10 bill given him by the bridegroom represents a busted Canadian bank. Such bills can easily be secured for twenty-five cents each. Practice economy if you would get rich.

Paul Ford, who pretends to know what he's writing about, says: "An instance of a wife being jealous of the servant girl was never known in Russia." Fact is, gentlemen, that's the country for a married man to get along in without meeting trouble.

The *Philadelphia Chronicle* expresses the hope that during Thanksgiving week Republican papers will probably observe the spirit of the occasion and not call the Democratic party a set of bald-headed hyenas. Let us a east have one week peace during

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is a concentrated, potent alterative, or blood-cleansing remedy, that wins golden opinions from all who use it for any humor, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the formidable scrofulous swelling, or ulcer. Internal fever, soreness and ulceration, yield to its benign influences. Consumption, which is but a scrofulous affection of the lungs, may, in its early stages, be cured by a free use of this God-given remedy. See article on consumption and its treatment in Part III of the World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets, costs two stamps, post paid. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Hear what he Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey-street, New York, enclosing 1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like any body else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so.—EDITOR MERCANTILE REVIEW.

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A POSER FOR A PROPHET.

Oh Doctor Wild! Oh Doctor Wild!
Oh mystic and prophetic Child!
Thou'rt very learned about the Nile,
And thou can'st tell to half a mile
The distance to the fiery Mars,
Or ee'n the twinkling little stars.
Thou know'st the height of Old Goliath,
And when the prophet Jeremiah
Packed up his tent on Israel's soil,
And started for the Emerald Isle.
But wilt thou, Doctor, kindly show
What party in On-tay-ry-O
Next session on the right will sit!
Will it be Tory or be Grit?
Oh learned Doctor, tell me that,
In sooth I've wagered a new hat;
Canst thou do thus, oh Bond Street prophet,
I'll raise to thee my hat and doff it.



Signor Salvini is the next attraction at the Grand, and no doubt his reception will be as enthusiastic as on his last visit.

Mr. Jos. J. Dowling is still at the Royal, presenting this week an attractive melodrama entitled, "Republic Mine," in which he displays great skill as a marksman.

The sixth Christmas concert of the Toronto College of Music, under the direction of Professor Kerrison, took place at that Institution on Thursday evening. The programme consisted of selections from the various musical masters, and the pupils' comprehensive rendition of such a high order of music must afford the highest satisfaction to the management of the institution, which has produced such clever pianists as Miss Annie Lampman, Miss Lily Smith, and others.

It is reported that Mr. John Hague, late secretary of the Philharmonic Society, intends opening a Chesterfieldian Academy for Instruction in Polite Letter writing. His recent letters in the press, against Mr. J. B. Boustead, abounding in such elegant phrases as "audacious," "gross," "unwarrantable," "outrageous," "repudiating faith-breaker," "white-washed," "right-destroyer," "dictator," &c., are fine examples of *harmonic* English. (GRIP bespeaks immense success for the academy.)

One of our city's greatest musical favorites, Mlle. Marie Litka, will be heard here on the 25th-26th, supported by a new company, said to be much stronger and more attractive than

any that have travelled with the *prima donna* heretofore. Litta delighted every one of her hearers when she sang here last, and her popularity will be sure to attract a fine audience from our many music lovers. The company includes Signor Ernesto Baldanza, the great Italian tenor, late with her Majesty's Opera and the Strakosch Grand Italian Opera Troupe; Miss Annie E. Beere, the favorite New York contralto, late with the Thursby Concert Company and the Arbuckle Concert Troupe; Julius Bereghy, the great Hungarian *basso profundo*; Louis Blumenberg, the wonderful violoncellist, and Joseph Harrison, pianist and accompanist. This makes the Litta Company one of the finest musical attractions in the field, and their concerts on the 25th and 26th will, doubtless, be a rare artistic treat. This is Litta's last American concert tour, as next year she returns to Europe.

A MYSTERY OF THE DEEP.

IN THREE SCENES.

SCENE 1.

Adown by the sounding sea where the summer breezelets play,
And the wavelets of the zephyrets are murmuring all the day,
In the gladsummer season, in the monthlet of July,
Two lovers sat on the sad sea-shore. How swift the moments fly,
When eye to eye is speaking,
When heart to heart is throbbing,
And against the vest on the lover's breast,
Goes bobbity bob-bob-bobbing.

The lover's twain were as dainty a pair as ever felt the passion,
And each was dressed in the very best and quite the latest fashion,
A soup-plate hat, and a brief, brief coat, and tight, tight pants had he,
A weird, limp dress, and a poodle dog, and a Gainsboro' hat had she,
How swift the moment flew.
As they gazed in each other's eye,
And each discerned in the other's turned,
The joy of a glad surprise.

And there on a rock these lovers sat, away from the city's din,
And they took no heed of the silent tide as it came acreeeping in.
As it crept, and crept, and crept, till the rock was all surrounded,
And they little thought of the danger near, or how soon they might be drowned!
For unnoticed the moments speed,
When heart to heart is bumping,
For, like a pup from tether freed,
The souls go jump, jump, jumping.

SCENE 2.

On the deck of a gallant man-o'-war the Captain strode abaft,
And as he paced his quarter-deck, the middies larked and laughed,
And the bo'sun swept the horizon of the Oceanic blue
With his spy-glass, for it is the way that all good bo'suns do,
When sailing the raging main,
And scouring along the deep,
When the billows break in the vessel's wake
Like a flock of snow-white sheep.

"A sail, a sail!" the bo'sun cried, "away on the starb'd bow,
But, shiver my timbers, I never see so strange a craft till now.
She's never a stick nor spar, she's never a rope nor sail,
And she makes no way, but lies along and very much like a whale."
And he shivered his limbs and eyes,
And he swore till all was blue,
'Tis a way with sailors of expressing surprise,
And all good bo'suns do.
The captain he took his telescope, and gazed from the taffrail aft,
And he looked, and he looked, but never a thing could he make of the curious craft.
The second "luff" took a long, long look as he off to leeward spat,
"It looks to me," at length, said he, "like a monitor squashed out flat."
And they nearer, and nearer, drew
To the gruesome mystery:
Which heaved, and pitched like a thing bewitched
On the undulating sea.

SCENE 3.

"Oh! Chawlie, Chawlie, woe is me, how fearfully, awfully too,
The tide's come in, and we shall drown, oh! Chawlie, dear, boo-hoo."
And the maiden wept, and Chawles looked round and saw the seething wave
Had crept all round the little rock, and he quailed tho' stout and brave.
"Oh Cynthia dear," he said,
"One thing remains, that's flat,
Let's go afloat in that thing on your head,
That fashionable Gainsbro' hat."

"We must, we must, indeed we must," cried the weeping maiden fair,
As off she took her cherished hat, and a lot of her dainty hair,
And down in the water put the hat which made them a boatie brave,
"Hurrah!" cried Chawles, "cheer up, hurrah! for a life on the ocean wave,"
And the lovers got on board,
On board of the Gainsboro' hat,
And away they went as the billows roared,
Now this way, and now that—

Till afar on the boundless deep they floated, the veriest speck,
Till they were seen by the captain bold, as he paced on his quarter-deck,
And as we've said before, were seen by the gallant bo'sun too.
And the captain ordered the course of his ship to be changed a point or two,
Till at length they came close up
To where the lovers sat,
Upon the brim, with the poodle pup,
All safe in the Gainsboro' hat.

FINALE.

And now, you girls, who affect these hats when you go to the Theater,
Pray keep them till you visit the sea, like Chawles and Cynthia;
For there beneath their welcome shade, as on the shore you lie,
You'll find how quick and sweetly fast, the precious moments fly,
When eye to eye is speaking,
When heart to heart is throbbing,
And 'gainst the vest on your lover's breast,
Goes bobbity, bob, bob, bobbing. —SWIZ.

WHAT'S SAVED IS GAINED.

Workingmen will economise by employing D. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.



"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

G—N S—H.—Too late! Too late!!
Here I am again with the *Bystander* just in time to see Gordon Brown step down and out!
O, cruel fate! What is there now left for *Bystander* to live for!



THE SAD FALL OF OLIVER MOWAT.

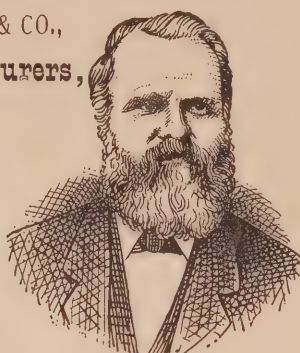
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An article just now is having quite a boom, entitled, "A New Use for Salt." The old use was to chuck a double handful into a shot gun, and fire it into the legs of the small boy just evacuating a melon patch. — Cheek.

Young lady, writing a love letter for the kitchen maid: "That's about enough now, isn't it?" Maid: "One thing more, Miss; just say please excuse bad spellin' and writin'." — Resuscitated by Louisville Courier Journal.

[Established 1854.]

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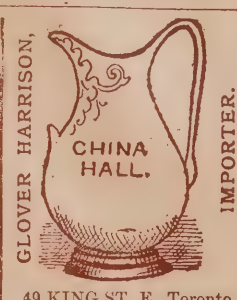
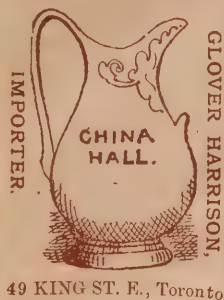
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 30 1882.

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POLITICAL ASTRONOMY.
THE "GLOBE" HAS COMPLETED ANOTHER REVOLUTION



MORE

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DEAR SIR,
We have now had the Type Writer purchased from you
in use in our office for four months and find it works very
satisfactorily. We could not get through our correspondence
without it. Yours truly, WELLS, GORDON & SAMPSON
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1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The only excuse that can be offered by Mr. Mowat for calling a convention is his belief that in the approaching election he will virtually be called upon to fight the Ottawa Government, backed by the money and influence of the Syndicate. What foundation he may have for this belief we do not know. The Dominion Government may have no such intention, and in that case Mr. Mowat's conduct in endeavoring to awaken still more an opposition which is already too weak is on a par with Sir John's Gerry-mander meanness, and very like that of the old curmudgeon in the picture, who grudges the little boys the pleasure they can get out of their "slide."

FIRST PAGE.—The revolution of the *Globe* just completed, has excited almost as much interest amongst political astronomers as the transit of Venus did. And yet everybody ought to know that this is the season of the year when this phenomenon regularly occurs.

EIGHTH PAGE. One of the first effects of the change on the *Globe* staff is a change in the attitude of the paper towards Mr. Goldwin Smith. This is a decided improvement, at all events. Mr. Smith is a gentleman who deserves better treatment than he has ever received at the hands of the *Globe's* late editor. He is an unquestionable force in Canadian politics and journalism, and stands head and shoulders above any of our public men in point of scholarship and literary power.

GRIP is loth to let Mr. Gordon Brown pass from the arena without a word of sincere admiration of his ability as a journalist and his geniality as a gentleman. In both respects he is a model worthy the imitation of his successors, whoever they may be. His untiring energy has been a large factor in the success of the *Globe*—and his deposition is the immediate result of a quality in itself admirable—

that of unflinching adherence to sincere conviction. Mr. Brown hates the N. P.—and some other things—and rather than pretend he does not he is willing to be turned out bag and baggage; or to stay in and, if necessary, split his own party into fragments. This is the sort of stuff great men are made of, and Canada has only a few of them. The deposition may be all for the best—under its new editor the *Globe* will certainly remain a power for good on all moral questions—but nobody will deny that in losing Gordon Brown journalism has lost a strong man. Moreover, Mr. GRIP regrets it because the new editor has a face which is not half so pretty from a caricaturist's point of view.



Maxwell Spectacular Aggregation at the Royal. Play not much; scenery a perfect essay on the sublime and beautiful: specialties away up above the average. Next week Denier's Pantomime Company are expected. Salvini at the Grand Friday night. Mr. and Mrs. Knight were warmly received, though the audiences were not very large.

A CHRISTMAS SMOKE.

MR. GRIP begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a fine sample of Davis Bros.' Cigars. They are immense, not only in quality but in size, and in addition have a delicious flavor. Amidst the repose induced by these soothing, the hardworked editor cannot but feel renewed vigor. Thanks, Messrs. Davis—the same to you, and many boxes of 'em.

Mr. Jewell, the popular Restaurant man, asks us to inform the lovers of good living that he is at present regaling his guests on choice cuts from those fat cattle of which GRIP gave his readers choice cuts last week.

TROIILUS AND CRESSIDA.

According to William Shakespeare,

Cressida.—Dr. Wild.
Alexander.—Public Opinion.
Pandarus.—Ontario Trade Benevolent Association.
Ajax.—The Hotel Keepers.
Hector.—The People.
Andromache.—The Home.
Helen.—Society Scandal.
Eneas.—The toast of the Queen.
Antenor.—“ “ “ The Gov-General.
Paris.—“ “ “ The Lieut-Governor.
Helenus.—Absent apologists.
Troilus.—The Liquor Traffic.
Agamemnon.—Total Abstinence.
Achilles.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson.
Troy.—The Dominion. Ilium.—The Queen City. Greece.—Britain.

SCENE.—Dining room at the Walker House on a late occasion.

Cres.—Who were those went by?
Alex.—A wife and her child.
Cres.—And whither go they?
Alex.—Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience is, as a virtue, fixed, to-day was moved; He chid Andromache, and struck his armor; And, like as there were husbandry in war, Before the sun rose he was harnessed light, And to the field goes he; where every flower Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw In Hector's wrath.

Cres.—What was the cause of anger?

Alex.—The noise goes thus:—There is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector; They call him Ajax.

Cres.—Good; and what of him?

Alex.—They say he is a very proper man *per se*, and stands alone.

Cres.—So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex.—This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature has so crowded humors, that his valor is crushed into jollity, his folly auaced with discretion; there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an ailment, but he carries some stain of it; he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of everything, but everything so out of joint, that he is a gouty Biareus, many hands and of no use; a purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres.—But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex.—They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame thereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus. (Ontario Trades Benevolent Association.)

Cres.—Who comes here?

Alex.—Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres.—Hector's a gallant man.

Alex.—As may be in the world, lady.

Cres.—What's that? What's that?

Cres.—Good morning, uncle Pandarus.

Pan.—Good morrow, cousin Cressid; What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander,—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres.—This morning, uncle.

Pan.—What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres.—Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan.—Even so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres.—That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan.—Was he angry?

Cres.—So he says here.

Pan.—True, he was so; I know the cause too, he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that, too.

Cres.—What, is he angry too?

Pan.—Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres.—O, Jupiter! There is no comparison. Pan.—What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres.—Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan.—Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres.—Then you say as I say, for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan.—No, nor Hector is not Troilus by some degrees.

Cres.—'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan.—Himself? Alas, poor Troilus, I wish he were,—

Cres.—So he is.

Pan.—Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres.—He is not Hector.

Pan.—Himself? No he's not himself,—

Would he wore himself! Sings
"I'm not myself at all."

Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end; well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in *her* body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres.—Excuse me.

Pan.—He is older.

Cres.—Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan.—The other's not come to't, you shall tell me another tale when the others come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres.—He shall not need it if he have his own.

Pan.—Nor his qualities!—

Cres.—No matter.

Pan.—Nor his beauty.

Cres.—'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan.—You have no judgment, niece; Helen herself swore the other day that for a carmine favour (for so 'tis I must confess) not carmine either.

Cres.—No, but carmine.

Pan.—Faith, to say the truth, carmine and not carmine.

Cres.—To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan.—She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres.—Why Paris hath color enough.

Pan.—So he has.

Cres.—Then Troilus should have too much; if she praised him above his complexion is higher than his; he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan.—I swear to you I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres.—Then she's a merry Greek, indeed. . .
(*A blare of trumpets.*)

Pan.—Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here and see them as they pass towards Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres.—At your pleasure.

Pan.—Here, here, here's an excellent place. Here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they go by, but mark Troilus above the rest.

(*Æneas (the toast of the Queen) passes over the stage.*)

Cres.—Speak not so loud.

Pan.—That's Æneas; is not that a brave man? He's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus, you shall see anon.

Cres.—Who's that?

(*Antenor (the toast of the Governor-General) passes over.*)

Pan.—That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one of the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon, if he sees me you shall see him nod at me.

Cres.—Will he give you the nod?

Pan.—You shall see.

Cres.—If he do, the rich shall have more.

(*Hector (the People) passes over.*)

Pan.—That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector. There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! There's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?

Cres.—O, brave man!

Pan.—Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good. Look what hacks are on his helmet! Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there! There's no jesting; there's laying on; take it off who will, as they say! There he hacks!

Cres.—Be those with swords?

(*Paris (the toast of the Lieutenant-Governor) passes over.*)

Pan.—Swords? Anything, he cares not, an' the devil come to him, it's all one. By yea and by nay, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris, look ye yonder, niece. Is't not a gallant young man too; is't not? Why, this is brave, now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? He's not hurt! Why this will do Helen's heart good, now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

Cres.—Who's that?

(*Helenus (Absent Apologises) passes over.*)

Pan.—That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is;—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cres.—Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan.—Helenus;—No;—yes, he'll fight in different well;—I marvel where Troilus is. Hark, do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus?' Helenus is a priest.

Cres.—What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

(*Troilus (The Liquor Traffic) passes over.*)

Pan.—Where? Yonder? That's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! There's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! The prince of chivalry!

Cres.—Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan.—Mark him; note him; O, brave Troilus!—Look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes. O, admirable youth! he ne'er saw t'ree-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, had I a daughter, were a Grace, or a Goddess, he should take his choice. O, admirable man!—Paris?—Paris is dirt to him, and I warrant Helen to change would give an eye to boot.

(*Forces (Principles and Arguments for Temperance) pass over.*)

Pan.—Asses, fools, dolts! Chaff and bran, chaff and bran! Porridge after meat! I could live and die in the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look, the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece. (*Total Abstinence and Great Britain.*)

Cres.—There is among the Greeks, Achilles (*Sir Wilfrid Lawson*) a better man than Troilus.

Pan.—Achilles! A drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres.—Well, well.

Pan.—Well, well? Why, have you any discretion? Have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres.—Words, compliments, smiles, speeches

fair I use,
Nor find it in my heart this cause to abuse;
For more in Troilus thousandfold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
So speak thus: Preachers are angels preaching,
Things said are said, truth lies not in the teaching,

And he that preaches knows that truth ne'er changes.

Though audiences may, and frowning strange 'is.

Men prize the truths they prove by dint of pains;

Though preachers may not always count their gains

To lie so much in principles evolved and put in use

As to please all their hearers, thus avoid abuse.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:

When you a preacher are mind what you preach;

Speak as you know your hearers wish you should,

And trust to Providence to bring out good.
Thus may you honored be by saint and sinner,

Nor stick for sentiments when asked to dinner.

A TERRIBLE STATE OF THINGS,

RYTHMICALLY POLYSYLLABLED.

I wonder what the scientists and analysts medicinal
Will find out next, for really now the matter's getting
serious;
There's hardly anything at all of eatables official
That they have not pronounced to be most highly dele-
terious.

I could make you feel a rising in your ornament capillary,
If I should tell all the tricks, in all their vast enormity,
Of tradesmen, and you'd never wish to wag your os max-
illary
Or jawbone, if you knew how widespread is their non-
conformity

To fact as honest people should. It's disgraceful to think
to humanity
That such men really do exist. No system of parenthesis,
Would teach them to be honest: no amount of Chris-
tianity
Can change them, tho' they read the Bible right slap
through from Genesis.

Each grocer seems to be endowed with more or less propen-
sity
To sell us, as pure goods, the most repulsive things
conceivable;
And very few imagine the extent and the immensity
Of the frauds of which we're victims, they are almost
unbelievable.

Why, the very simplest thing we use, some every-day
commodity,
Is not the thing we think it is, but some adulteration;
And if you get it pure 'twill be a most decided oddity.
Though one which surely we should hail with utmost
approbation.

Our sugar, that we used to think so pure in all its glossi-
ness,
These analysts have found is made of many a foul in-
gredient,
And owes a great deal of its bright appearance to its
drossiness,
And to go without it now would seem to be a good ex-
pedient.

To think that milk is only chalk, or something more in-
jurious,
And tea is only sloe leaves, and coffee nought but
chicory,
The very thought's enough to drive a saintly martyr
furious,
If not to make him wish to swear like blazes or old
hickory.

Our beer is dosed with opium, our pickles are eruginous,
Our bread has been discovered to be fearfully alumin-
ous,
Our drinks are dosed with something which is terribly
sanguinous,
And our wisest plan would be to live on things that are
leguminous.

Then as for eating meat, if a man goes to his kitchen, he
Will see some things which will be quite a shock to his
fancy;
The cook will tell him that the pork is full of loathsome
trichinae,
And he'll shortly be convinced what frauds there are
upon society.

Preserves have been discovered to be turnips mixed with
crecote,
And butter is a compound of vileness oleaginous;
But luckily all poisons are believed to have an antidote,
Though one would be required that would have to be
farraginous,

To work against so many ills. My verses contumelious
I now must end. I know they are a trifle apagogical,
But all these frauds have made me feel severely atra-
bilious,
And not at all like writing on matters theological.

I have not mentioned half the things which are not
what they've thought to be;
My space will not permit it, for they are so very num-
erous;
But every cheating tradesman or knavish grocer ought to
be
Set up for J. L. Sullivan to slug straight from the
humers.

That's all at present.

SWIZ.

It will be a dreadful thing for Oscar Wild if a
big snow storm should occur during his stay in
this city. Why, the illustrious idiot would
actually be compelled to wear boots.—*N. Y.*
Commercial Advertiser.

The deacon's son was telling the minister
about bees stinging his pa, and the minister in-
quired: "Stung your pa, did they? Well,
what did your pa say?" "Step this way a
moment," said the boy, "I'd rather whisper it
to you."—*Chicago Creek.*



A CHANCE FOR THE SONS OF TOIL.

SANTA CLAUS.—VOIE FOR IT, MY DEARS, AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT.



ANOTHER PUDDING!

SPILING THE SLIDE !



The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

ON THE SIMPLICITY OF SIMPLE SIMON.

Now, was this Simon, whose simplicity we have heard so much of, more knave than fool? Let us examine the facts of the case. The historian tells us that "Simple Simon met a pieman going to the fair," To begin with, what does this mean? Was it the pieman who was going to the fair, or was it Simon on his way to the fair who met the pieman coming back? Much more depends upon this than may at first strike a careless reader.

If any mortal pieman, with pie on his hands and hope in his heart, were saluted as Simon saluted this pieman with the memorable words, "Let me taste your wres," is it possible that he—allowing, of course, that Simon's simplicity was depicted in his countenance—would reply, "Show me first your penny"? Who, since the world began, ever heard of the most unconfiding costermonger, on a Saturday night, in the lowest and roughest district, wanting the money put into one hand before he passed the goods with the other? But here it is distinctly stated, "Says the pieman unto Simon, 'Show me first your penny.'" Now if, on the other hand, the pieman were coming back from the fair, and whilst at the fair had not only sold little, but had had his pies stolen from him, we can understand he had become soured and generally suspicious of human nature, even in its most childlike and blundest phases. But, then, if Simon were, to treat pieman's certain knowledge, a simpleton, why doubt the poor lad? Certainly there is one conclusion we may arrive at, which is that Simon was such an idiot that he did not any money would be required, and when questioned he replies, according to the three versions lying open before me, 1, "I haven't any," 2, "I haven't got any," 3, "Indeed I have not any." Do you, however, seriously suppose that this was Simple Simon's simplicity? Not a bit of it! The pieman knew our young friend and all his school but too well. He had been there before. It was a planned thing. Had the pieman parted with his pie it would have been a free gift, and when Simon owned up, can't you imagine how he thrust his tongue into his cheek? and can't you picture to yourself the snook and the hook he immediately took? I can; and how he subsequently and with great snubness, tried on the same game with some one of a more confiding nature.

To the above legend has been added, and I think there is sufficient external evidence to prove it to be the work of another hand, an extra verse exhibiting Simon's foolishness. Says this writer, "Simple Simon went a-fishing for to catch a whale, all the water he had got was in his mother's pail." This may be either dismissed at once as a mere fable, by one whose inventive powers were superior to his ability as a rhymester, or the whaling expedition was another of Simon's dodges to get his name up. Take my word for it—he was all there, was Simon.

"Solid facts"—Ice blocks.

TAKEN OUT OF BED.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir,*—I have to thank you for the great relief received from your "Favorite Prescription." My sickness had lasted seven years, one of which I was in bed. After taking one bottle I was able to be about the house.

Respectfully,
AMANDA K. ENNIS, Fulton, Mich.

WINTER RAIN.

BY AN OLD CURMUDGEON

How sweet it is to lie
Up high
Very high
The sky
In your garret, where it's comfortably dry;
When the rain
Upon the pane
Spatters,
And scatters
The mud-bedraggled wretch going by
Snowy slush,
Soft as mush,
Doth gush
Through his boots;
How he scoots
As to his far-off home he doth fly
Car the last
Has past,
And bereft,
He's "left
In the rain,
For in vain
Heto the car conductor loud doth cry,
"Hi! Hi!"
Come again!
Gentle rain!
Winter rain!



LATEST NEWS FROM THE "GLOBE" OFFICE.

Jimmel Briggs has had his hair cut! The new Directors are bound to revolutionize the whole establishment!

Central Prison Industries.

Offers will be received by the undersigned up to noon of

FRIDAY, JAN. 5th, 1883,

FOR

1,000 Cords of Wood

AS UNDER:—

700 Cords Pine,

300 Cords Mixed Soft Wood.

Delivery in the Central Prison Brickyard, Toronto, to be completed by the 31st March, 1883.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R. CHRISTIE,

Inspector.

Office of the Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 22nd December, 1882.

RECORD OF A SLEEPLESS MAN.

When the clock strikes ten
I retire to my den,
Intending to sleep, though I can't tell just when.
When the clock strikes eleven
I say "Would to heaven
That morning was come and the clock striking seven."
When it's twelve by the clock
I feel with a shock
That this will not buy the dear child a new frock.
When the clock strikes one,
It is really no fun;
The battle for sleep has now fairly begun.
When the clock strikes two,
I am awfully blue—
I turn and I twist and don't know what to do.
When the clock strikes three,
In my keen misery
I would like to be hanged to the very next tree.
When the clock strikes four
I hear a deep snore;
Some fowls crow and cats fight just outside the door.
When the clock strikes five
I am barely alive;
Too weary to struggle—too near dead to strive.
When the clock strikes six
I am out of the fix—
Sound asleep now, for sure, I put in my best licks.
When the clock strikes seven
I say, "Would to heaven
I hadn't woke up, but slept on till eleven!"
When the clock strikes eight
I must yield to fate,
I come down and am scolded for getting up late.

SNAKES AS LIFE DESTROYERS.

The loss of life in India due to the ravages of venomous snakes is almost incredible. Yet Consumption, which is as wily and fatal as the deadliest Indian reptile, is winding its coils around thousands of people while the victims are unconscious of its presence. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" must be used to clear the blood of the scrofulous impurities, for tubercular consumption is only a form of scrofulous disease. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy for all forms of scrofulous disease, or king's-evil, such as tumors, white swellings, fever sores, scrofulous sore eyes, as well as for other blood and skin diseases. By druggists.

EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as Car-chardon Rondeletii. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing was discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1470. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle.

Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better. I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Day-street, New York, enclosing 1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR MERCANTILE REVIEW.

To avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by REGISTERED LETTER.

Only imported by HAYLOCK & JENNEY,

Sole Agents for America.

Day st., N.Y.



"EVERY MORNING WHEN HE WAKES."

PRUDDER NO. 1. — "LET'S SEE: WHAT WAS MY POSITION ON THE PROVINCIAL QUESTION YESTERDAY?"

THE PARLIAMENTARY SYMPOSIUM.

The near approach of the holiday season infused an extra amount of festiveness into the blithesome assemblage which convened in the spacious *salon* after the close of the debate the evening previous to the adjournment. The place of Symposiarch was occupied by Mr. Pardee, the Treasurer having desired to vacate the position in consequence of his retirement from public life. The first act of the new Symposiarch, was to liquidate, so to speak, an appropriation which will be found in the Public Accounts under the head of "Sealing-Wax \$24." The wax was of a green color, but that is no reason why any exception should be raised to the item.

"I shall proceed," said the Symposiarch, "to state a few observations which occur to me on this occasion. This is the proudest day of my life, and the honor you have conferred upon me will be remembered, to quote the words of the immortal bard,

'While memory holds her seat
In this distracted globe.'
—(Sensation.)

No, gents don't misunderstand me. No pun intended.

"That a no-pun question," suggested Morris.

"I shall now," said the Symposiarch, "bring my remarks to a close, and call upon the gentleman who has just spoken for a song."

"Hear, hear!" said Bell, "A song and dance—a merry Morris dance, so to speak—seasonable and picturesque."

"As he pleases about that," said the Symposiarch. "Waiter sling Col. Morris the lute, and silence for the madrigal—mad-wriggle."

Mr. Morris struck a chord or two on the weapon to see that it was in tune, and then seating himself on the back of his chair, in approved negro minstrel fashion, burst forth into the following strain of song:

THE IMPENDING CRISIS.

(Air—*So early in de mornin'*.)

Local Gub'ment ain't no good,
Not sence losin' Brudder Wood;
Him could cypher just so slick,
Ebery time he take de trick.

Chorus.—*So early in de mornin'*
So early in de mornin'
So early in de mornin'
Before de broke ob day

Oliver Mowat—bery bad man,
Fool de folks on de license plan;
Dem licentious schemes won't work,
Pull 'em up wid a lively jerk

Chorus.—*So early, &c.*

Brudder Crooks, he runs de schools,
'Cordin' to de party rules;
Ebery time makes big mistake,
But de Marnion racket takes de cake.

Chorus.—*So early, &c.*

Brudder Wool he lead de way,
Now he's gone de rest can't stay,
Soon dey got to shut up shop,
Dey'll be bustle up sure pop.

Chorus.—*So early, &c.*

Clar de track when dey ring de bell,
Viccuallers vote am a gwine to tell;
'Long come 'lection—big defeat,
Grits broke up on de second heat.

Chorus.—*So early, &c.*

"Mr. Hay will now favor the audience with an impromptu joke," said the Symposiarch.

"Me?" said Hay, "why Mr. Speaker I never made a joke in my life. Indeed I can't, but I suppose I can do the other thing. Give your orders, gentlemen, Apollonaris water for me, waiter, with just a slight dash—a mere flavoring as it were—of OLD TOM."

"Brother Rayside will now be heard from," said the symposiarch.

"Well, if I must I must, so here goes. Why does the Provincial Secretary at work on a public document remind you of a doctor performing a difficult surgical feat?"

After two minutes reflection they gave it up.

"Because he's performing a scissorean (Casarean) operation," replied Rayside. (Aside.) "It's a trifle rough on the party, but then it would cost altogether too much to treat this crowd."

"If we had not just partaken of refreshments I should not let that attempt pass," said the Symposiarch, "however, you're a new member, so it may do."

"It is a cutting sarcasm," said McAllister. Bonfield was next called on. He thought intently for a minute, and then asked:

"Why did the Hon. Treasurer resign?"

"Well, why?" asked the Symposiarch after it had been given up.

"Casey Wood," replied Bonfield.

Cries of "explain!"

"Kase he would, d'ye moind."

The Symposiarch sadly smiled, and then slowly shook his head. It won't do my venerable friend. It really won't. It isn't up to the mark. Waiter please pass round the cigars on Mr. Bonfield's account."

"And now," said the Symposiarch after a pause in the conversation, "we come to the choice morceau of the evening, in fact very much more so. My esteemed colleague of the Public Works Department will warble a son-

ata to the lascivious pleasing of a lute. Air—*Viva la compagnie*. The company are requested to join in the chorus *con expressione*."

Fraser then, with a significant smile in the direction of Morris and Lauder, sang as follows:

THE OPPOSITION RING.

I'm going to mention a singular thing,
Viva la compagnie.

How the Tory lieutenants are all in a ring,
Viva la compagnie.

Chorus.—*Viva la, &c.*

They're afraid if new leaders the breach should step in,
They'd be left in the lurch if the Tories should win.

Morris, Lauder, Bell, Merrick, and Creighton they say,
Are thus giving their leader and party away.

To rule or to ruin they all are agreed,
How under the sun can they hope to succeed?

They'd greatly prefer their old places to keep,
Than that new Tory leaders the honors should reap.

Then why should we fight with such excellent friends,
Who would keep us in power to serve their own ends.
Viva la compagnie.

Chorus.—*Viva la, &c.*

At this stage of the proceedings our reporters left.



ART AND UTILITARIANISM.

ARTIST—I beg pardon, but really, sir, I cannot see that I am doing any harm, and I am sure you will—

FARMER (in amazement, stopping him short)—Well, I'm blowed, not a-doin' any harm; oh no, it won't, will it not? an' it won't be a-doin' any harm if you keep them sheep a-standin' all day a-starin' at you, instead o' fillin' up as fast as they can them bellies o' their' for me! Not a-doin' any harm, why—
[At this point Pingo packs up.]

CAROLLINGS BY A CRANK.

Wood he would to the wild woods go,
Heigh ho! says Pardy.
Whether his colleagues would like it or no,
With his Hardy, Pardy,
Fardy and Dardy—
Heigh ho! says Hardy and Pardy.

LINES BY A LUNATIC.

'Tis sweet to watch the rustic maiden stroll
Amid the shadowy cedar-sodden maze!
'Tis sweet to see her on the rising knoll,
With oxgoad whack the cow that round her plays
She pensive thinks of coming happy days,
With love's young dreams to captivate her soul,
When lo! the bovine on his horns doth raise
Her form, and *chucks* her in a musk-rat hole.

IDYL BY A TRAMP.

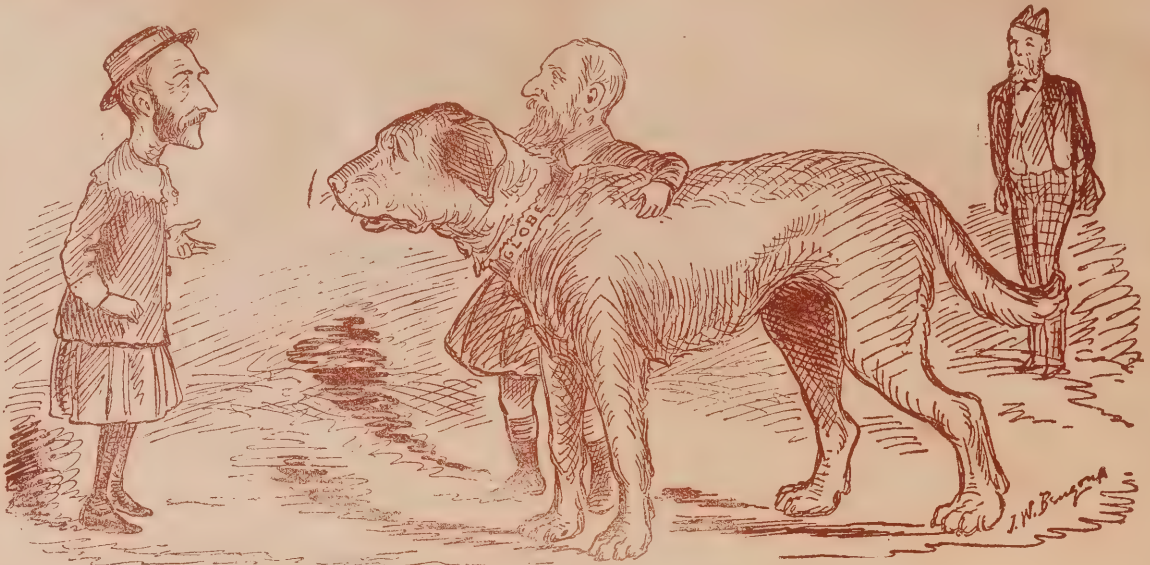
I sigh, I sigh for the sweet sunshine,
When I lay in the fair Queen's Park,
In the calm delightful summer time,
I'd stay till the night grew dark;
When the cruel crushers wild "bazoo,"
And terrible watch-dog's bark
Would hasten me off for pastures new,
Away from my best loved Park!

MACHINE OILS.

Four Medals and Three Diplomas awarded at
Leading Exhibitions in 1881.

McCOLL BROS. & CO.

TORONTO.



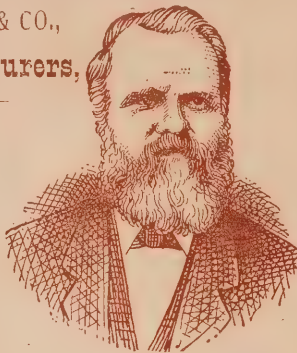
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Price List on application.
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orders pretending to represent us.
Look out for them. We have
no connection with any other file
establishment.

OFFICE & WORKS: 150 FRONT STREET E., TORONTO.

A little three-year-old girl, while her mother
was trying to get her to sleep, became interested
in some outside noise. She was told
that it was caused by a cricket, when she
sagely observed, "Maamma, I think he ought
to be oiled."—*Ex.*

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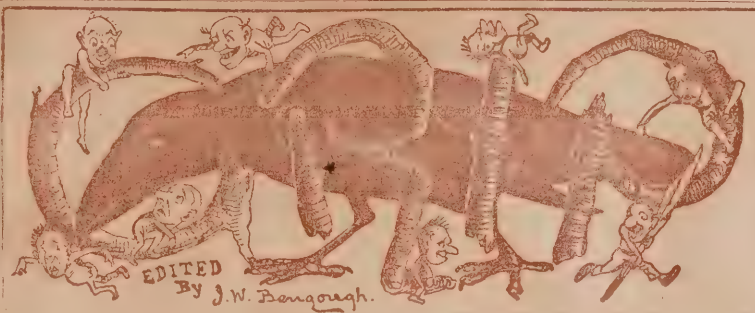
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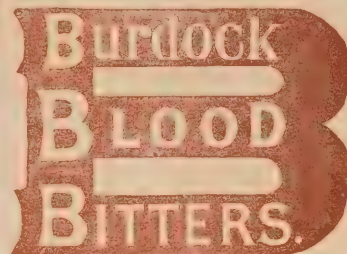
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DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

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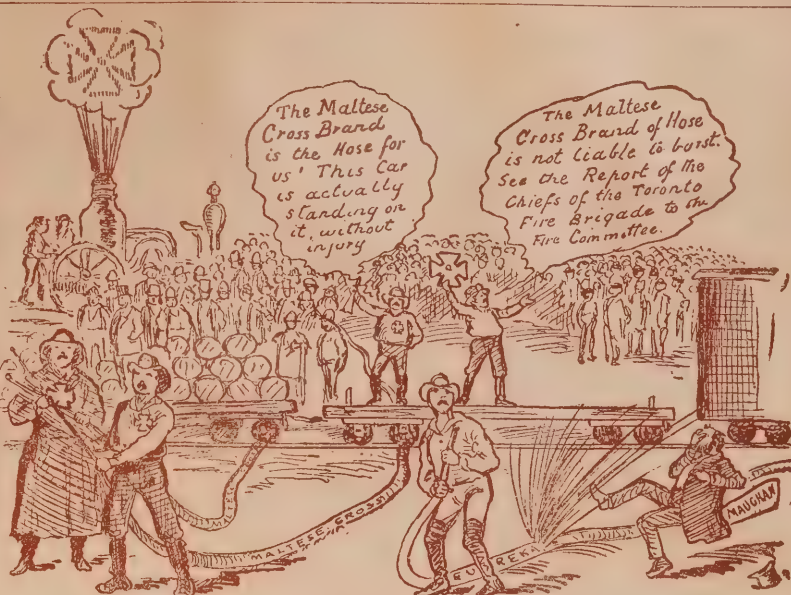
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FOR 1883.

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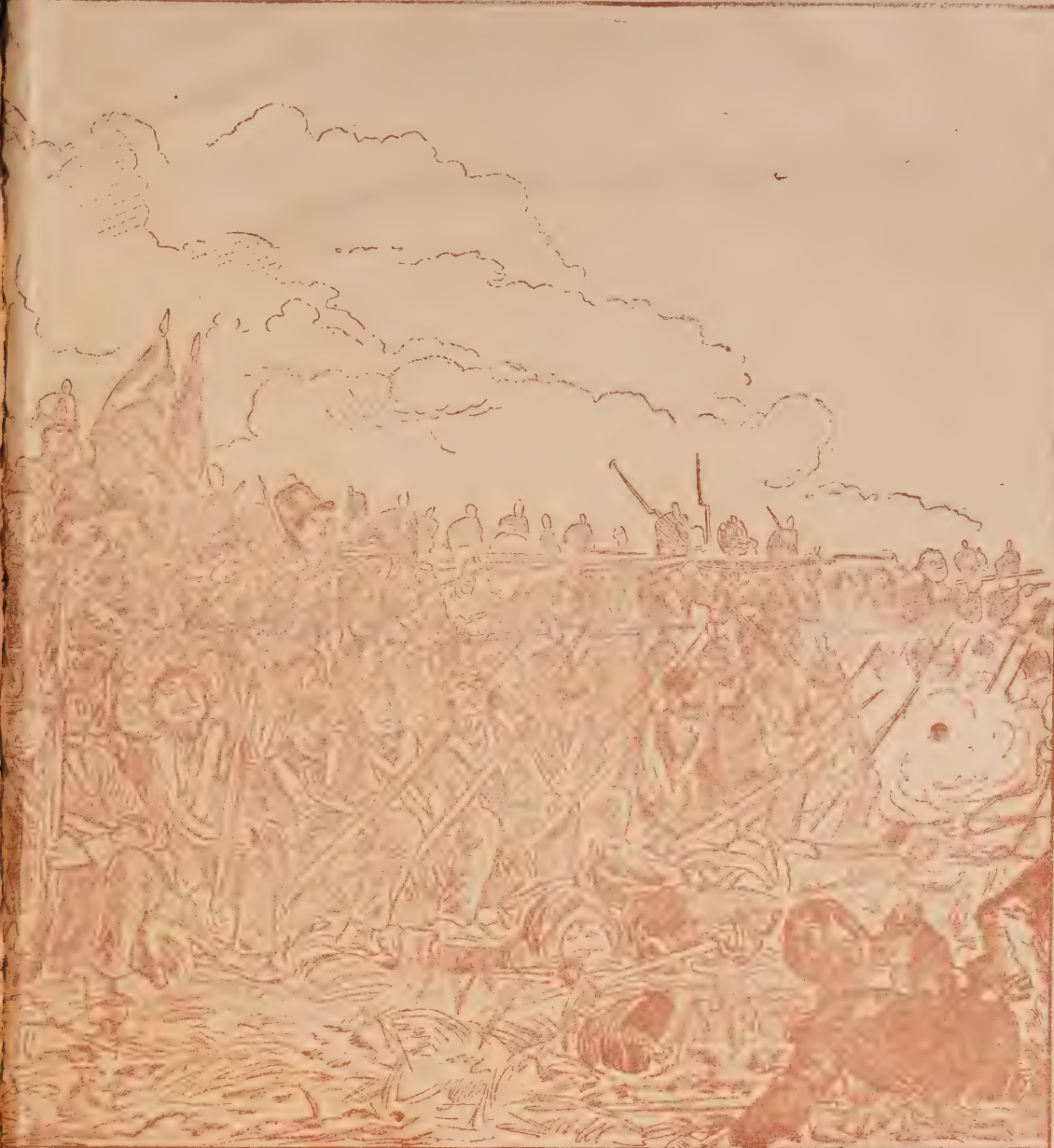
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Morris, M.P.P., J. L. Blaikie, Vice-Presi-
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Wm. McCabe, F. I. A., Managing Director.

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In thanking you for the promptness with which you have paid the amount of your Company's policy, No. 3,838, on the life of my late husband, I feel it is only due to you and the insuring public that the liberal treatment you extend to claimants, as proved in my case, should be made known. A little over one year ago my husband insured his life in your Company. I advised you this afternoon of his death, which occurred early this morning, and I was pleased to find that you paid the amount of the policy in full on my calling at your office and furnishing you with satisfactory evidence of his decease.

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1883.—Mayoralty.—1883.

Your Vote and Influence

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JOHN J. WITHROW,
—AS—
MAYOR.

Toronto's Interests her People's
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And interest are respectfully requested

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AS

MAYOR OF TORONTO,

FOR

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The directors have great pleasure in recognizing the growing popularity of the Association in the largely increased volume of new business.

The Profit results for the last quinquennium have given the greatest satisfaction to our policy-holders.

These profit results have created some JEALOUSY on the part of interested parties, who have adopted the questionable means of attacking this association through the columns of the "Insurance Times," of New York, and by the circulation of that periodical and reprints and other anonymous communications, at evidently CONSIDERABLE COST TO THE PERSONS CLAIMING TO BE DISINTERESTED friends of our policy-holders.

These SELF-CONSTITUTED PUBLIC BENEFACTORS no doubt fancied they were safe, but the Directors know them, and

TO-DAY A WRIT FOR LIBEL

Has been issued against the FIRST BATCH OF THREE, who will be afforded ample opportunity to prove their slanderous statements or take the consequences. The others will have attention in due course.

This Association can afford to submit to the fullest investigation and the directors are prepared to give good reason for any act of theirs which may be called in question.

As the statements made against the Association will be dealt with before a court of law, the directors for the present imply state that in every essential particular the charges made by the "Insurance Times," and circulated in this country are untrue.

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director C. L. A.

Toronto, December, 1882.

1882. YOUR VOTE 1883.

Is respectfully solicited for

WM. C. BEDDOME
AS COUNCILLOR,

Municipality of Parkdale.

WARD OF ST. DAVID.

Your Vote and Influence

Are respectfully solicited for the re-election of

GEORGE BOOTH,
AS

Alderman for the above Ward

FOR 1883.

Election takes place Monday, Jan. 1st, 1883.

YOUR VOTE

And Interest are respectfully Requested for

WM. P. ATKINSON
—AS—

Deputy-Reeve of Parkdale

—FOR 1883.—

WILLIAM ARTHURS

SOLICITS YOUR

VOTE AND INFLUENCE

AS ALDERMAN

FOR

ST. JAMES' WARD,

FOR 1883.

Election takes place Monday, January 1st, 1883.

JOHN E. MITCHELL

SOLICITS

Your Vote and Influence

—AS—

ALDERMAN

for St. George's Ward

FOR 1883.

Election takes place Monday, Jan. 1st, 1883.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

CHEAP

HOLIDAY: TICKETS.

SINGLE FARE

For Double Journey on

Christmas and New Year's Day,

Good for the day only.

FARE AND A-THIRD

On Friday, December 22nd, Saturday, December 23rd, Monday, December 25th, good to return up to December 26th, 1882. Also on Friday, December 29th, Saturday, December 30th, Monday, January 1st, good to return up to January 2nd, 1883.

J. HICKSON, General Manager.

ST. JAMES' WARD.

Your Vote and Influence are respectfully solicited for

W. MILLICHAMP
AS ALDERMAN FOR 1883.

Election takes place on MONDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1883.

Ye Legend of King Spondulicus and ye Tea Merchant.

BY DR. MULVANY.

I.

"Take hence this clammy nectar, the wine flask hence away, They only give me headache, and make me far from gay; I feel my crown too heavy, some better beverage bring, Go fetch our royal tea-tray," said Spondulicus, the king

II.

The tea proved harsh and bitter, the monarch cried "enough At once behead the merchant who sold such horrid stuff." From Retailicus and Co. they brought him other tea, but, lo! Soon rolled in dust the heads of poor Retailicus and Co.

III.

Great fear fell on the merchants, for none of all their teas, The over-dainty taste of King Spondulicus could please— "Your teas are harsh and bitter, worse than physic," said the king. "Why is this?" To which conundrum no solution could they bring.

IV.

When there came from the far Orient a most venerable sage He excelled all men in wisdom, and was ninety years of age; In his hand he held a package, and "Take this, my, liege," said he, 'Tis a sample of the famous, world-unequaled Li-Quor Tea.

V.

So the Queen she got the kettle and at once prepared the tea, And the perfume filled the palace, and the king, glad man was he. "What reward, O Sage, wilt choose thou, half my kingdom take or more, For this gracious, health-restoring, pleasant tea of great Li-Quor."

VI.

"No reward I seek, great monarch, save to let thy people know, And let not the king forget it, what the Li-Quor Teas bestow, With a healthy, pleasant beverage, books with wit and wisdom fraught, Many thousand varied volumes with the tea bestowed unbought."

VII.

So the king made proclamation, "We would have our people see The great library of book gifts, given with matchless Li-Quor Tea, By which whoso fails to profit, we will have our headsman bring The galoot's head here eftsoons," said great Spondulicus, the king.

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295 Yonge Street.
214 Queen Street E.

446 & 448 Queen-st. West.
34 Yonge-st., Yorkville.

P.O. Address, Box 744, TORONTO.

MONTREAL—177 St. Lawrence Main Street.

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